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ANSTIE, FRANCIS EDMUND, M.D. F.R.C.P.  
AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."  
ARNOLD, MATTHEW.  
ARNOLD, THOMAS.  
BASTIAN, H. CHARLTON, M.B., F.L.S.  
BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE.  
CHRISTIE, W. D.  
CLARK, W. G., M.A.  
DAVIES, REV. J. LLEWELYN.  
DAWSON, JAMES, JUN.  
DICEY, EDWARD.  
DUFF-GORDON, LADY.  
GARNET, RICHARD.  
HOBART, LORD.  
HUGHES, THOMAS, M.P.  
JONES, REV. HARRY.  
KINGSLEY, HENRY.  
LUDLOW, J. M.  
MUNBY, ARTHUR J.  
NORTON, THE HON. MRS.  
PATMORE, COVENTRY.  
POOLE, REGINALD STUART.  
PRICHARD, REV. C. E.  
ROGERS, PROFESSOR J. E. THOROLD.  
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G.  
SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, PRINCE FREDERICK OF.  
SIMON, T. COLLYNS.  
SMITH, GEORGE.  
SMITH, GOLDWIN.  
STACK, J. HERBERT.  
TRENCH, REV. FRANCIS.  
TREVELYAN, G. O., M.P.  
WHEWELL, REV. DR.  
WHITEHEAD, REV. H.  
WILLIAMSON, S.



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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1865.

## A GALLERY OF AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

### II. HARRISON TO JOHNSON.

As soon as we have passed by Van Buren's somewhat enigmatic figure, an oppressive dullness settles down upon the occupants of our gallery, and we have to look forward to one bright tall form at the end in order to resume with any cheerfulness the survey of their uninteresting physiognomies, amongst which the soldierly countenance of General Taylor, seen as it were but in profile, alone detaches itself with any distinctness. And yet there is more behind these dull faces than behind the far nobler ones of their predecessors. These mediocre Presidents are as screens placed before the fiery furnace of their country's internal development. They are utterly incapable of making its history; but its history is making itself rapidly under their nominal control.

Of the first in the list, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, of Ohio, a Virginian by birth, and thereby the fifth Virginian President (born 1773, died 1841), a few words will suffice, seeing his Presidency lasted but thirty-three days. His name was great, especially in what was then the wild West (now not even the centre of the Union), and some foolish taunt flung out against him by a Democratic paper (for his election represents a temporary Whig triumph), gave his supporters the unusual advantage

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tage of a popular cry in his favour, and caused his return—in the midst of the "log cabin and hard cider mania," pleasantly described by a late Secessionist writer—as a backwoods champion. But he was in fact a man of good family and education, son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, brought up to the medical profession, and who, besides a distinguished military career, in which he had won the victories, great at the time, of "Tippecanoe" over the Indians, of "the Thames" over our General Procter, had sat in the House of Representatives, in the Senate of Ohio and of the United States, had been governor and lieutenant-governor of territories, and United States' Minister in Columbia. I have had the unprofitable curiosity of looking through his life, in one of those biographies which form a regular element in Presidential elections; and, whilst the perusal fully convinced me that he was a worthy and well-meaning old gentleman, I must say that I found in all his recorded speeches the same pompous mediocrity which marks his "Inaugural," sole record of his Presidential life, and thereby rested satisfied in the conclusion that the world lost but little by his early death. Whether it gained anything, considering who succeeded him, is another question.



Now first came into play that provision of the American Constitution which promotes the Vice-President to the Presidency on any vacancy during the quadrennial term of office.

JOHN TYLER, of Virginia (sixth Virginian President, born 1790, died 1862), stepped into General Harrison's place. The son, he too, of an old revolutionary patriot; a college graduate at seventeen, a barrister at nineteen, soon rising to large practice, member of his State Legislature at twenty-one, sent to Congress at twenty-six, Governor of Virginia, United States Senator, a candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1836, and finally Vice-President and President in 1841. Thus far evidently a most successful man; but all his life, as I collect, one of the most unstable and shift of politicians. After supporting the election of John Quincy Adams, he opposed him in the senate; after censuring Jackson for his conduct in the Seminole war, he supported his election; then, turning against him, patronized South Carolina nullification, and voted alone against what was known as the "Force bill" for putting it down; spoke of the United States Bank as unconstitutional, and joined in the vote of censure upon Jackson for withdrawing the national deposits from it. Disgraceful as was the conduct of the Whig party—claiming to be constitutional and conservative—in supporting for the Vice-Presidency a former partizan of the nullification treason, they were richly repaid for it by the conduct of their *protégé* in the Presidency. He quarrelled and squabbled with his Cabinet and with Congress; had four Secretaries of State in four years, and ended by throwing himself into the arms of Calhoun and the South. Under Southern threats of "Texas or Disunion," Texas was admitted as a State without consulting Mexico; and, though the wisdom and moderation of Lords Aberdeen and Ashburton obtained the settlement of various pending questions of boundary, &c. by the Ashburton treaty (10th August, 1842), England received impertinent pro-slavery despatches from two successive Southern

Secretaries of State, and was insulted in Mr. Tyler's last message to Congress by an insinuation that she only kept up her anti-slave-trade cruisers to furnish her West Indian colonies with so-called free negroes, but real slaves. Mr. Tyler, however, had bid in vain for popularity, and could not even, on the expiration of his substitutionary term of office, be re-nominated on his own account for the Presidency, which was transferred over the head of Henry Clay to the personage of jaw-breaking name mentioned in the next paragraph (1845). He withdraws into private life; turns up again during the Secession crisis in 1861, to preside over a "Peace Conference" of Virginia, which did no good, and ended, fitly enough, as a member of the Confederate Congress at Richmond.

Was his successor in the Presidency any better? JAMES KNOX POLK, of Tennessee (born 1795, died 1849), was chosen by the Democratic Convention, which nominated him (Calhoun proudly refusing to stand) as being a second-rate man, and certainly justified his title to the character. A North Carolinian by birth, his family, like Jackson's and Monroe's, were from the north of Ireland. He had sat in the Legislature of his State in Congress fourteen years, and had been Speaker of the House of Representatives during part of Jackson's and Van Buren's Presidencies (1835-9); then Governor of Tennessee. Take out from Jackson every single higher quality, and the *caput mortuum* which remains of self-willed ambition and unscrupulous pro-slavery partizanship represents pretty correctly James K. Polk as a politician. He took James Buchanan's ill-starred name for Secretary of State; and entered at once, in his enormously long "Inaugural," upon a wonderful course of unscrupulous Southern insolence toward the world, bullying England on the Oregon boundary question, and Mexico, apparently for being as yet but partly eaten up by the American adventurers who had wrested Texas from her. England, however, had only to be coerced into a new boundary treaty (1846); but Mexico into a war. A thoroughly gal-

lant one, no doubt; in which mere handfuls of American troops, most of them volunteers, overran a whole vast country, beat repeatedly several numerous armies, confident in their own prowess, on their own soil, under all odds, supplied the United States with a fresh stock of heroes to last till the War of Secession, and finally tore away from a neighbouring republic 850,000 square miles of territory. But the conquest is big with mischief to the conquerors; the bitter slavery feud breaks out afresh over the division of the spoil. Calhoun openly denies the title of Congress to legislate on slavery for the territories. That which, in the view of the great founders of the Republic, was to have been but a temporary accident in the history of his country, he proclaims to be part and parcel of its Constitution. The right is boldly claimed for the slaveholder to carry his curse with him wherever he goes. The North on the other side tried, by the "Wilmot proviso," to preserve all territory acquired from Mexico free from slavery, as it had been under Mexican rule. California settled the dispute for herself by declaring against slavery. Like Mr. Tyler, Mr. Polk could not win the honour of a renomination to the Presidency, but, more fortunate than he, withdrew from it (1849) to die at his home three months after. A man exemplary in private life, Burton says, the only good acts of whose Presidency were his own, the bad those of his Cabinet. Considering by whom this was headed, we may believe at least that Mr. Polk did not borrow much good from it.

The next name in the list (which represents a temporary Whig triumph) is the only one, between Van Buren and Lincoln, on which the mind dwells with any degree of complacency. General ZACHARY TAYLOR, of Mississippi, another Virginian by birth and consequently seventh Virginian President (born 1784—as I find elsewhere, 1790—died 1850), had been bred a farmer on the then Kentucky frontier, took to arms in 1808, distinguished himself during the

war of 1812, and afterwards in the Seminole war, led (but only after almost extorting express orders to do so from the Executive) the invasion of Mexico, won victories at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, stormed Monterey, and won, with an army chiefly composed of recruits, his final victory at Buena Vista, where "Sherman's and Bragg's artillery," it is recorded, "did fearful execution," after General Scott had taken the chief conduct of the campaign. Beyond all doubt a first-rate soldier, gentle as he was brave; simple in manners, beloved of his soldiers, and who, to be carried by acclamation to the Presidency, in all probability never would have needed to stoop to the slave-power by that purchase of eighty slaves which gave Mr. Lowell occasion for a detail in the canvass of his immortal "*Birdofredum Sawin*." It is remarkable, indeed, that, differing from all his predecessors, Taylor had never filled any civil office before reaching the highest; but he soon showed that he was not the less fit for it on that account. His Inaugural was short and to the point, and dwelt upon the value of the Union, which he evidently saw to be threatened already from within. "Whatever dangers may threaten it, I shall stand by it, and maintain it in its integrity to the full extent of the obligations imposed and the power conferred upon me by the Constitution." General Taylor made good his words, so far as time allowed, by moderation towards foreign powers, and by firmness against filibustering. But the country was convulsed through the presumption of the Californians in deciding for themselves against the admission of slavery. The Missouri compromise had only directly *prohibited* slavery, north of 36° 40'; but the slaveholders had chosen to construe it as *establishing* slavery as far as that line, and, part of California running south of it, they howled as if robbed. Clay was trying to patch up the matter, as his wout was, by compromise, and bringing forward an "omnibus" bill of six different members, touching and tinkering everywhere the whole subject.



of slavery and the slave-trade. Calhoun was dying. His last speech, prophesying disunion, was read in the Senate by James Mason of Virginia (late Confederate Commissioner to Europe). He died four months before the President, who was killed, by a Fourth of July celebration. The oration was long, the wind was high, the old President listened bare-headed. The next day he was attacked by cholera, followed by remittent fever. In five days he was gone; his last soldierly words being:—"I am prepared: I have endeavoured to do my duty." But he left an ominous legacy to his countrymen in the person of his son-in-law, Mr. Jefferson Davis, hero of Mississippi repudiation.

The Presidency now fell to a Northerner by birth, MILLARD FILLMORE, of New York, Whig Vice-President, born in 1800; the first who had risen from the actual working classes, since he had been apprenticed to a wool-carder, others say, a clothier; but who had begun studying law at nineteen, risen rapidly into practice, sat in the State Legislature, in Congress, had been unsuccessful candidate for the Governorship of his State, and was finally elected on the same "ticket" with General Taylor, as a safe and respectable second-rate. A well-meaning man, no doubt; well-fitted for subordinate office; who, when he stumbled into the highest, had moreover the good sense to choose really able men (Daniel Webster, and, on his death, Edward Everett) for Secretaries of State. The country continued to be convulsed by Southern agitators. Mr. Jefferson Davis and others protested in writing against the admission of California without slavery; the slave states held a convention at Nashville; a Southern Congress was proposed; South Carolina fixed her quota of representatives at it, Mississippi passing also an act for promoting it. Clay, indeed, obtained what many considered at the time his greatest triumph by the passing of the greater part of his "omnibus" bill; the Fugitive Slave law last (18th September, 1850). But the

attempt to put its powers in force roused the nearly stagnant feelings of the North against man-stealing, and riots occurred at Philadelphia, at Boston. The South took huff again; South Carolina threatened to withdraw from Congress; her Governor, in his message, recommended separation. The filibustering spirit was abroad, and almost involved the United States in a war with Spain, besides various quarrels with England, and Peru. But the Unionist spirit was still strong in the South. Poinsett of South Carolina, Houston of Texas, Howell Cobb of Georgia (since a member of the Confederate Cabinet), made a vigorous stand against the Southern fire-eaters. In the midst of the agitation Clay died, and Webster (1852). Mr. Fillmore dropped out of office at the expiration of his term (1853); of which it may be said that he did but little mischief, and hindered some, during its continuance, but that it left him with the delusion that, having filled the highest office, he was fitted for it. Hence we see him turn up again during the great contest of 1857, as the candidate of the "Native American" party, called by its opponents the "Peace-at-any-price men," or "Dough faces"—men who thought that evil can be avoided by not speaking of it. His name was also mentioned last year as that of a possible Vice-President with McClellan.

FRANKLIN PIERCE (born 1804), elected against the candidate of highest character who had been put forward for many years for the Presidency—noble old General Scott, the ever-loyal Virginian—was by no means a favourable exchange even for a mediocrity like Mr. Fillmore. A Northerner (of New Hampshire), a graduate, a successful lawyer, he had risen rapidly through his State Legislature and the United States House of Representatives to the Senate at thirty-three; had withdrawn after five years' service, but had enlisted for the Mexican war as a volunteer, distinguished himself, and reached the rank of brigadier-general. Personally able, but without strength of will, endeared with much personal charm of character, he will live for a while in

the eulogistic biography of his friend Mr. Hawthorne. But his Presidency was most discreditable. He took into his Cabinet the notorious repudiator of Mississippi, the chief of the Southern fire-brands, Mr. Jefferson Davis, as Secretary of War; sent to Spain as envoy an avowed advocate of the conquest of Cuba, Pierre Soulé; promoted underhand, it is said, the so-called Ostend Conference of filibustering diplomats; kept in hot water with England; received an envoy from the filibuster Walker, then preying on Nicaragua succeeded meanwhile, and rapidly too, in setting Congress against him, and receiving from it various rebuffs. The North distrusted him as a renegade, governing for the benefit of those who were enemies to the Union; the South as a Northerner, even whilst he is acting as a mere Southern partizan. A man stood near, outside of office, who, though of lower type than the Clays, Websters, and Calhouns, yet overshadowed the President as completely as did those the Polks, Tylers, or Fillmores—Stephen A. Douglas, the “Little Giant of Illinois.” With his doctrine of “Squatter Sovereignty,” as it was termed in derision—*i. e.* of the right of the first occupants of a territory to decide for themselves on what terms it should be governed, with or without slavery—he held the Northern democracy, and much of the Southern; the latter, because it seems the natural corollary of the States-rights’ theory; the former, because it seems to contain the promise that the bulk of unoccupied territory would be secured, by mere overweight of numbers, to the free North. Practically, it meant the transferring of grave political questions from the few to the crowd, from the educated to the ignorant, from the decision of a majority in Congress to that of the bludgeon, the rifle, and the bowie-knife, all along every possible border-line between freedom and slavery; in short, the legalizing and organizing of civil war. To the arbitrament of force was thus referred the great internal question of Mr. Pierce’s administration—that of the settlement of Kansas—situate *north* of the Missouri compromise

line—with or without slavery. Yet the Kansas struggle, the direct fruit of Mr. Douglas’s Kansas-Nebraska bill (which allowed slavery to be introduced north of 36° 30’, whenever the people of the territories should think fit), was but the most palpable symptom of the fast advancing break-up of the American polity—otherwise evidenced by such acts, on the part of the South, as Brooks’s brutal assault on Sumner, and the cane of honour presented to the former by the ladies of South Carolina; as the open advocacy in convention at Savannah of the reopening of the slave-trade; as the famous Dred Scott decision of the proslavery judges in the Supreme Court of the United States, denying all rights of citizenship to the coloured race, declaring the Missouri compromise illegal so far as it forbade slavery anywhere, and consequently ensuring to the slave-owner the right to carry his slaves even into those states which absolutely forbade slavery; on the part of the North, by open legal resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law, by an Act of Massachusetts professing to repeal it; in both North and South, by the formation of the strange “Know-Nothing” party, having for watchword “America for the Americans,” which, however, soon split on the rock of slavery, but out of its better elements, combined with old Whigs, Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, gave birth to the great Republican party, second of the name.

Mr. Pierce in turn sank out of office without obtaining the honour of a re-nomination, nor has he since figured in politics—personal trials, indeed, overshadowing the later years of his life. The new election was a historical one. The Democratic Convention, after hesitating between Douglas and Buchanan, fixed upon the latter for candidate; the Republicans chose Fremont, explorer of the Pacific route, declarer of Californian independence, and first Californian senator; the Native Americans, a remnant of Know-Nothings who had refused to take ground against the extension of slavery, declaring, as before mentioned, for Mr. Fillmore, who, however, only car-



ried the single State of Maryland. The North was by this time far on the way towards unanimity, although Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana kept aloof, so that Buchanan won the day by 174 to 126.

JAMES BUCHANAN was a much older man than his predecessor (born 1791). He was a Pennsylvanian, like several of his predecessors, of a north-of-Ireland stock; well educated, a graduate at eighteen; as usual among Presidents, a lawyer by profession, and a most successful one; had volunteered, but without seeing fire, in 1812; had been elected at twenty-three to the Legislature of his own State; sat ten years in the United States House of Representatives; was sent to Russia, as Minister, by Jackson; then returned to his country, was elected to the Senate, where for ten years he was perhaps the most prominent of the pro-slavery Northerners of the day, loud in favour of annexing Texas, and always ready to invoke the "destiny" of the American people in favour of spoiling a neighbour. He became Secretary of State under Polk, and under Pierce returned to Europe as Minister to this country, where many recollect his unprepossessing, but not unintelligent countenance, and his fair niece, Miss Lane, who did gracefully the honours of the Legation. As such Minister he took part in that incredible Ostend Conference, at which three Ministers of the United States—Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Mason (the Mr. Mason of the *Trent*), and a hotter firebrand than either, Mr. Soulé—met to declare, amongst other things, that their country could "never enjoy repose, nor possess reliable security," so long as Cuba was not "embraced within its boundaries;" that it ought to be purchased, if practicable; but that, if the offer were refused, and it should be found (as they had asserted already to be the fact) that Cuba, in the possession of Spain, seriously endangered the "internal peace and the existence" of the American Union, "then by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain."

As President, his only work seems

to have been to steer the ship right on to the breakers. The wreckers were all around. His Vice-President was J. C. Breckenridge; his Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb; his Secretary of War, J. B. Floyd; his Secretary of the Interior, Jacob Thompson—all among the most prominent names of the late Secession. The instincts of whatever was yet sound in the American community were against such a captain and such a crew, especially when they saw him (1858) praising the Dred Scott decision, indicating fresh plans of encroachments upon Spain, Mexico, Central America, and asking for money to buy Cuba on the hypocritical ground of the need of extinguishing the slave-trade, besides following up to the full his predecessor's pro-slavery policy in Kansas. But Kansas refused to be bribed even into accepting slavery; an overwhelming majority formed itself against the President in Congress; Douglas, of Illinois, became his bitter opponent; the most damning scandals came out against members of the Cabinet and judges. Every day things fell everywhere more and more out of gear. The slave-trade was openly advocated in the South, and actually reopened by Lamar and his "Wanderer." Jefferson Davis claimed from Congress protection for slavery in the territories. South Carolina wanted a second President and second Senate for the slave states. Opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law by State legislation and judicial decision spread more and more at the North. John Brown made his wild Abolitionist raid into Virginia, and died (3d December, 1859) his death of wild prophetic martyrdom, professing himself worth infinitely more to hang than for any other purpose, and kissing a negro babe on his way to the scaffold—among the volunteer troops surrounding which one J. W. Booth bore arms, and one Major T. J. Jackson (to be known in history as "Stonewall" Jackson in two years' time) commanded a battery manned by cadets from Lexington military school, where he was artillery professor for the nonce.

The supreme crisis takes place in the

meeting of the Presidential Conventions. Douglas, head of the Northern Democrats, arbiter of the Senate, makes sure of winning the day, though almost frantically opposed by the President. But the South will no longer hear of "squatter sovereignty," which the example of Kansas shows to contain a promise of victory in each successive contest for the North. The Democratic Convention at Charleston breaks up. The Northern Democrats, with such few Northerners as adhere to "squatter sovereignty," put forward Douglas for candidate; the Southern Democrats, with such few Northerners as are for securing to the slaveocracy the right of overrunning the territories, Vice-President Breckenridge. Between either section and the Republicans stand the mere "Unionists," who dare not say their mind about slavery, but have for watchword "The Union, the Constitution, and obedience to the Laws," and for candidate John Bell, of Tennessee. Lastly, the Republican party meet at Chicago, and put forward that famous "Chicago Platform," which, whilst disclaiming any claim of right to interfere with slavery in the states, denied at the same time "the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States." Mr. Seward, the great champion of Kansas' freedom in the Senate, seemed the natural candidate of this party. But there is a tall Illinois lawyer, of great fame in the West, through several contests which he has had with the "Little Giant," who at the very first ballot—giving necessarily the most genuine expression of the feelings of the delegates—had united the largest number of votes—173½ against 102 given to Mr. Seward, the next in order of favour out of twelve proposed. At the third ballot the great majority of the votes (354 out of 466) have centred upon Abraham Lincoln, who about six months later (6th Nov.) is elected, by the all but unanimous vote of the free states—New Jersey alone, with Missouri among the slave states, going for Douglas, whose Democratic opponent, Breckenridge, carries

the remainder of the slave states, except Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, which vote for Bell. The President, like all his predecessors of late, is not even renominated.

Need I dwell upon the last few pitiful months of Mr. Buchanan's Presidency? Before he quitted office on the 3d of March, seven states were already in secession, had met by their delegates in convention at Montgomery, under the presidency of Mr. Buchanan's late Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb; had elected a President and Vice-President, adopted a constitution, a tariff, authorized a loan; Federal forts and other Federal property had been seized in all directions by individual states. During all which time President Buchanan sat still, and, denying the right to secede, professed that it was unconstitutional to coerce the seceders. The man lives still.

*"Non ragioniam di lui, ma guarda e passa."*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois, was a Kentuckian by birth (born 1809, died 1865). Not even Fillmore had sprung from so low to reach so high. The son of a poor uneducated white, who had however the good sense to migrate into a free state before his son was eight years old, he learned to read and write, earned his life as rail-splitter, deck-hand, farm-labourer, clerk; was captain of a volunteer company in a short "Black Hawk war" with the Indians; tried for the State Legislature, turned storekeeper, and did not succeed, though appointed postmaster to boot; then learnt Washington's trade of surveying, and practised it with success; entered now his State Legislature (at twenty-five), studied law, obtained a "law license" in 1836, and set up in partnership at Springfield, Illinois (from henceforth his home), in 1837. He was three times elected to the State Legislature; sat a while, from 1847, in the United States House of Representatives, as the only Whig from Illinois, and rather distinguished himself through a proposal (by way of amendment) for the prospective abolition of slavery in



the district of Columbia, with compensation to the slave-owners ; was in 1849 Whig candidate in Illinois for the Senate ; had a fresh contest with Douglas in 1854, on the occasion of another senatorial election, but resigned his candidanship to another, who seemed to have a better chance of uniting the party ; was named as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States at the Republican Convention of 1856, and received the largest number of votes after the candidate actually nominated ; fought Mr. Douglas on another contest for the Senatorship of Illinois in 1858—this time as the accepted Republican candidate, and was beaten (although carrying a majority of more than 5,000 on the popular vote) ; but, gathering strength like a true man from each defeat, united, as we have seen, the vast majority of votes as candidate for the Presidency at the Chicago Convention of 1860. We all seem to know the look of the man, even those of us who have not seen him. Six feet four in height—a man in whom a six-foot-three Pennsylvanian judge declared that he had found at last the President that his heart had for years been aching for ; one to look up to, gaunt, ungainly, large-handed, a grip of iron. The face thin, the features strongly-marked, the cheek-bones prominent, the mouth large, but the lips firm ; eyes deep-set, forehead high ; a humorous smile often playing about the mouth, a sadness hanging about the eyes. Altogether, I take it, the noblest specimen the world has yet seen of what will, I trust, be characteristic of the civilization of the future—viz. the union of bodily with intellectual labour. A man every inch a working man, yet every inch a lawyer ; carrying into the fulfilment of the mightiest work that ever ruler had to do the straightforward energy, perseverance, thoroughness of the good workman, who, having a job set before him, knows simply that he must do it, and, whilst doing his best, never stops midway to scratch his head and wonder whether he can finish it or not, but keeps steadily “pegging away,” till at

last he has broken the neck of it, and sees the end nigh at hand. Yet at the same time always occupied, at every stage of his mighty task, with putting into legal shape each result attained, or which seems to him within reach ; capable of boldly interpreting the law, but never satisfied until he has it at his back ; never for a moment forgetting to keep within reach at least of the Constitution ; submitting all his acts to the sanction of Congress, of the Supreme Court. At once singularly like and singularly unlike the only man who can be paralleled with him—Washington. Like him in all his virtues ; essentially upright, true, God-fearing, law-fearing, law-abiding ; absolutely fit to be a dictator in time of national emergencies, because absolutely incapable of losing sight of those higher powers which bound the power of man ; devoted to his country with a still more complete freedom from self-will than even the great Virginian. But utterly unlike Washington, not only in tender warmth of heart and broad geniality of temper, but in the whole character of his mind ; a backwoodsman much more than a surveyor ; a bad planner (except perhaps in military matters, his capacity for which has, I suspect, been greatly underrated), but on the other hand as ready as the other was unready ; much less occupied in trying to bend circumstances to his schemes than to fit his schemes to circumstances ; caring nothing for details so that the end be reached ; with no self-assertion, except to refuse doing that which he deems wrong to do for the time being, yet always ready to screen others beneath his own responsibility ; quite devoid of that confidence in himself which made Washington so often resent affronts, or insist on the grant of larger powers ; only confident in the power of the cause which he has in hand to sustain both himself and all who, like him, are endeavouring to serve it faithfully, and, like Jackson (whom he perhaps only on this point resembles), in the ultimate sound judgment of his people. I can almost think that it was only want of faith in himself that hin-

dered him from seeming greater in the world's eyes. All that is great in him is his own ; all that is small proceeds from his following others. Before the past heroes of his country and his party, from Washington to Clay, he seems to himself but as a little boy, not seeing that he overtops them all, one or two perhaps only excepted, by the head and shoulders. His plan for colonizing the coloured race abroad is the traditional one of the milder opponents of slavery, and it is small ; his proclamation enfranchising slaves under the war-power is his own,<sup>1</sup> and it is great. Wherever his reverence for Clay's memory betrays him into compromise, he is feeble ; wherever circumstances compel him to act on his own judgment, he is strong. This again is characteristic of the working-man. No other class combines such brave independence of thought on many points with such undue reverence for those whose superiority they have once accepted. Lincoln has stood fearlessly up to Douglas ; but he bows to the very shadow of Clay.

That Mr. Lincoln's abilities have been grossly, absurdly undervalued by those impudent critics whose privilege it is to blacken so much fair white paper for the misfortune of our daily and weekly press, is a fact which has begun to dawn upon the minds of not a few, even amongst themselves. Of his state-papers I must say that they appear to me to form a collection unsurpassed in interest by any documents of a similar class ; pregnant with thought, argument, and often wisdom ; seldom incorrect in style, rising occasionally to the most impressive eloquence, sometimes very models of clear and vigorous expression. Nor can I omit to point out that, although, latterly at least, most efficiently seconded, few great writers have ever owed less to subordinates, in the conduct of their general policy, than Mr. Lincoln,—Washington beyond all doubt incomparably more. And this result is achieved, strange to say, not by personal interference or over-ruling authority, but by

the very reverse. Few Presidents seem ever to have allowed such trustful freedom to the members of their Cabinet in their respective departments ; within their own domains, he leaves them absolute, almost tyrannical against himself. But an unerring instinct teaches him where the limits of the department stop ; where the sphere of the national policy begins. The diplomacy of his Secretary of State is often undignified, waspish, absurd ; the policy of the American government, as set forth in final resort by the head, remains throughout moderate, conciliatory, and wise. Amidst all the scholars and politicians who surround him, the rail-splitter is in short the true king ; the policy of the country is his policy ; its history, during five eventful years, centres and culminates in him. And yet he is king, as has been often observed, simply because he is thoroughly the man of the people ; because he thoroughly represents the people, embodies in himself all its greatness. A blessed hope, surely, for the future of God's world, that the dreaded bugbear, Democracy, should have lifted and re-lifted to highest power such a man as Abraham Lincoln.

Of his work I shall say nothing, beyond this, that, as the ages roll on, this War of Secession, of which we see the last embers now going out, will be felt to have been one of the grandest, noblest, and ultimately most blessed struggles the world has ever seen—a struggle, as the Americans themselves have felt it, mainly for national unity against the self-will of a party ; but carrying with it as a necessary element the abolition of slavery, and thereby infinitely more authoritative in its teachings than if it had had such abolition for its direct object. For henceforth it stands demonstrated in history,—on the one hand, that a Christian democracy cannot be built up on the fat of slavery, as the South blasphemously attempted to do ; on the other, that a Christian democracy cannot permanently maintain itself, as the United States long tried to do, with slavery in its bosom ; above all, cannot restore its unity when once

<sup>1</sup> I do not mean that he first thought of it, but simply that no traditional, no higher authority than his own, imposed it on him.



broken up without the enfranchisement of every part of the nation from slavery to any other part. I say deliberately, of every part of *the nation*. The only point on which Lincoln failed of grasping an essential portion of the great truth for which he lived and died, was that he did not perceive the American coloured men to be a *part* of the American nation, claiming its country as their home, entitled to the full rights of citizenship within it. He has left so far his work undone, for others to fulfil.

But of that work he has done enough for his own glory, since he did enough to deserve martyrdom—a term which may seem trite by this time in reference to him, but which must not be eschewed on that account. The martyr is only the typical witness, the witness who seals his testimony with his blood. Abraham Lincoln was emphatically *that* witness for the unity of the American nation, and as such he was shot through the back of the head by a member of a gang of assassins. Personally, the man had not made, could not make, any enemies. No more utterly guileless, spiteless, gentle, kindly, genial, lovable spirit, probably ever ruled a nation on this earth. But on behalf of that nation he had found it needful, to use his own words, to “put the foot down firmly;” had known how to meet force by force; and slowly, painfully, through blood, through fire, through destruction, and ravage, had taught those who would not submit to the peaceful decision of the ballot-box, the moment it went against them; that, as he said himself, “when ‘ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal ‘back to bullets.’” Richmond, the capital of that aggregation of state self-wills called the Southern Confederacy, had fallen; Lee, the one great Southern general, had surrendered. Abraham Lincoln’s task seemed well nigh done. His strength of body, perhaps of mind, had been overtasked. Several observers have recorded the melancholy which had been settling on him, and which his quaint humour scarcely sufficed to veil. Those four dread years of office had

visibly stooped his shoulders, wrinkled his face, whitened his hair, dulled and hollowed his eye. He was no longer the same man who had dared to take up a seemingly impossible task. Though impossibilities had been conquered, and only perplexities remained, his brave worn spirit was almost ready to quail before the latter. His very last speech—as beautiful perhaps as any he ever uttered, viewed as an expression of the man’s moral character, of his ever-abiding sense of duty—seemed to show some faltering before the needs of the time, some inability to grasp its true issues. Booth’s pistol-shot gave the last consecration to his work. As that dread theatre-scene at Washington recedes from our view, we feel more and more that we could scarcely wish it undone. At his first leaving his home at Springfield for the White House (11th February, 1861), Mr. Lincoln had said that a duty devolved on him “perhaps greater than ‘that which has devolved upon any ‘other man since the days of Washington.’” Prescient as those words were, they fell short of the truth. His duty was in effect greater than Washington’s own. To found the Union, nearly all the intellect and warlike power of the American people co-operating, was a far less work than to restore it, when well nigh all the statemanship, half the intellect and warlike power of the American people, were endeavouring to destroy it. For a single man to have carried out the latter work, he must have needed to be Washington and Jackson in one. Mr. Lincoln responded to half that need, so far as the Washington element was concerned. His character and temperament did not allow him to supply the other half, the Jackson element. Will his successor fill the void? The question of the present for America lies there. One may say at least that it is not impossible that he may.

ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, a North Carolinian by birth (born 1808), forms no exception to the rule which has so far assigned to the South (but, with one exception, to its more north-

ernly states) an overwhelming majority of the occupants of the Presidential chair.<sup>1</sup> Like Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Johnson was the son of a poor white in a slave-state; but, unlike him, he had not the advantage of being early rescued from the heavy atmosphere of slavery. Left at four, destitute and fatherless, he is said to have lived in an almshouse till ten; was then apprenticed to a tailor, and worked at his trade for himself successively in South Carolina, North Carolina, and Tennessee, fixing himself at Greenville, in the eastern portion of the last-named state. Here—having, meanwhile, amidst difficulties peculiar almost to the slave country, educated himself well-nigh unaided—he began by filling a few local offices (mayor of Greenville at twenty-six), was elected to the State House of Representatives in October, 1835, promoted to the State Senate in 1841, sent to the Federal House of Representatives in 1843; after sitting there ten years, was twice elected Governor of Tennessee (1853), then Senator for the State (1857). A man, it will be seen, unique among Presidents in being neither a lawyer nor a soldier, nor connected with agriculture, but belonging only to the artizan and trading class; yet full of continuous

political experience; when secession took place, a state politician since more than a quarter of a century; a member of Congress, with the exception of his four years' governorship, since eighteen years; in all this very different from his predecessor, with his brief and intermittent periods of service in his State Legislature, his single term of membership in the Federal House of Representatives, his gallant but unsuccessful contests for the Senatorship. But more different by far in this, that, until 1860, Lincoln was never but the champion of a local minority; Johnson always of a local majority. It is told of Abraham Lincoln, that "in the early years of his political career the state of Illinois was overwhelmingly Democratic, returning to Congress but one Whig representative out of ten or fifteen. The consequence was, that all the Whig leaders congregated in that district, and each took his turn in representing it in Congress. Among these, Mr. Lincoln was always the last to claim his seat, and if there was dissension in the party he was always ready to stand aside, if by doing so he could reconcile differences." Mr. Johnson, on the contrary, Mr. Conway has told us in the *Spectator*, was a safe "party hack," working steadily, year in and year out, with the Democratic majority; over-cautious in committees, slow to make up his mind, always insisting on going through all the papers; silent, temperate, a man of few friends; known chiefly by his reverence for Andrew Jackson, and by his sturdy assertion of his position as one of the small whites, in opposition to the aristocratic slave-owners of the South, so that he never would allow his tailor's sign to be taken down from his door, where it hangs still.

And now came the hour which was so strangely to unite the two men in one common purpose, yet still in contrasted positions. The champion of the Whig minority in Illinois had become the elect of the whole Republican North. The obscure member of the late Democratic majority stood out alone among

<sup>1</sup> Virginia has given birth to	7 Presidents.
North Carolina to	2
Kentucky to	1
South Carolina to	1

—  
Total Southern Presidents 11

Massachusetts to	2
New York to	2
New Hampshire to	1
Pennsylvania to	1

—  
Total Northern Presidents 6, or less than the quota of Virginia alone.

If we reckon the terms of office, the disproportion is still more striking. Out of the 76 years which had elapsed till the beginning of Mr. Lincoln's second Presidency, Southern-born Presidents held office during 53 years (Virginians only 37) and Northern-born ones 23, or less than a third (30 per cent.) of the whole period. Supposing Mr. Johnson only to complete his term of office, the figures will stand as 57 to 23 out of 80; reducing the Northern aggregate term of office to under 29 per cent. So much for the oppression of the South by the North.



Southern senators for the Union. At first, indeed, as an avowed partizan of slavery; claiming only, against Mr. Jefferson Davis, to fight the battle of slavery within the Union; taunted by his opponent with not really intending to fight any battle at all, and at the same time with seeking to turn the powers he possessed as Senator of the United States to the destruction of the Government he was sworn to support. Surprised at the bitter attacks on himself by those he was accustomed to work with, slowly, unwillingly, Andrew Johnson grew to the conviction that it was treason that the Southern leaders were plotting, and his wrath knew no bounds. In the presence and beneath the chair of Vice-President Breckenridge, for whom he had voted at the Presidential election, he declared that, if he "could find the "men who are plotting in the dark the "destruction of their country," who "are "writing treasonable letters to traitors on "the very tables and stationery of this "Government, he would try them, and, "if found guilty of treason under the "law, I would, by the eternal God, have "them executed."

The whole South was indignant. At Memphis Mr. Johnson was hung in effigy. As he returned home from Congress, under threats for his life, he was seized and maltreated by a mob at Lynchburg, and at Liberty, in Virginia, and at the latter place, with the knot already round his neck, only saved on the states-right plea that Virginia had no title to hang a Tennessean, sure to be hung in his own state. At Greenville, however, though insulted, he received no personal injury; and, on his return to Congress through the free states, he was enthusiastically greeted. But, in the course of the terrible conflicts which occurred in East Tennessee between Unionists and Secessionists, he lost every cent of his property; his daughter was shot on his threshold for keeping the Federal flag waving; his wife lost her health by confinement in

a Confederate prison. On March 4th, 1862, he was appointed Military Governor of Tennessee. He was still a mere Unionist. Mr. Dicey, who was at Nashville a few months later, quotes a speech of his, repelling "with scorn" the charge that "the North had come here to set negroes free," and speaking of the "abolition fanatics" as "secessionists, traitors, brothers of Southern "secessionists." Yet he himself, we are told, liberated early in the war his own slaves; and, as the logical necessities of the war gradually opened on his slow but tenacious understanding, the proslavery Unionist gradually developed into the enemy of slavery, till at last, in a memorable speech of his from the balcony of the State Capitol to the coloured men of Nashville—Tennessee, it will be remembered, not having been included in the emancipation proclamation—he declared that "with the past "history of the State to witness, the "present condition to guide, and its "future to encourage me, I, Andrew "Johnson, do hereby proclaim freedom, "full, broad, and unconditional, to every "man in Tennessee." Bold words, indeed, but which were made good by an Act of Emancipation, passed by a general convention of the State. He was elected Vice-President with Mr. Lincoln at the re-election of the latter, but, by a strange mishap, on taking the oaths of office, showed himself under the influence of drink. It is now universally admitted that he is not only temperate, but abstemious, and that it was the unwonted use of a stimulant to overcome the nervousness of indisposition which threw his mind off its balance. Of his conduct as President I shall leave the future to speak. But I shall be much surprised if this Tennessean tailor—this dark-visaged man, with grey eyes and brown-grey hair and deep-lined brow, "grave almost to grimness"—turns out one of the least remarkable occupants of the Presidential chair.

## THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## FRIEDMUND IN THE CLOUDS.

THE stone was quarried high on the mountain, and a direct road was made for bringing it down to the water-side. The castle profited by the road in accessibility, but its impregnability was so far lessened. However, as Ebbo said, it was to be a friendly harbour instead of a robber crag, and in case of need the communication could easily be destroyed. The blocks of stone were brought down, and wooden sheds were erected for the workmen in the meadow.

In August, however, came tidings that, after two amputations of his diseased limb, the Kaisar Freidrich III. had died—it was said, from over-free use of melons in the fever consequent on the operation. His death was not likely to make much change in the government, which had of late been left to his son. At this time the King of the Romans (for the title of Kaisar was conferred only by coronation by the Pope, and this Maximilian never received) was at Innspruck, collecting troops for the deliverance of Styria and Carinthia from a horde of invading troops. The Markgraf of Wurtemberg sent an intimation to all the Swabian League that the new sovereign would be best pleased if their homage were paid to him in his camp at the head of their armed retainers.

Here was the way of enterprise and honour open at last, and the young barons of Adlerstein eagerly prepared for it, equipping their vassals and sending to Ulm to take three or four men-at-arms into their pay, so as to make up twenty lances as the contingent of Adlerstein. It was decided that Christina should spend the time of their absence at Ulm, whither her sons would escort her on their way to the camp. The last busy day was over, and in the

summer evening Christina was sitting on the castle steps listening to Ebbo's eager talk of his plans of interesting his hero, the King of the Romans, in his bridge, and obtaining full recognition to his claim to the Debateable Strand, where the busy workmen could be seen far below.

Presently Ebbo, as usual when left to himself, grew restless for want of Friedel, and exclaiming, "The musing fit is on him! He will stay all night at the tarn if I fetch him not," he set off in quest of him, passing through the hamlet to look for him in the chapel on his way.

Not finding Friedel there, he was, however, someway up towards the tarn, when he met his brother wearing the beamy yet awestruck look that he often brought from the mountain height, yet with a stedfast expression of resolute purpose on his face.

"Ah, dreamer!" said Ebbo, "I knew where to seek thee! Ever in the clouds!"

"Yes, I have been to the tarn," said Friedel, throwing his arm round his brother's neck in their boyish fashion. "It has been very dear to me, and I longed to see its grey depths once more."

"Once! Yea, manifold times shalt thou see them," said Ebbo. "Schleiermacher tells me that these are no Janissaries, but a mere miscreant, even by whom glory can scarce be gained, and no peril at all."

"I know not," said Friedel, "but it is to me as if I were taking my leave of all these purple hollows and heaven-lighted peaks cleaving the sky. All the more, Ebbo, since I have made up my mind to a resolution."

"Nay, none of the old monkish fancies," cried Ebbo; "against them thou art sworn, so long as I am true knight."



"No, it is not the monkish fashion, but I am convinced that it is my duty to strive to ascertain my father's fate. Hold, I say not that it is thine. Thou hast thy charge here——"

"Looking for a dead man," growled Ebbo; "a proper quest!"

"Not so," returned Friedel. "At the camp it will surely be possible to learn, through either Schlangenwald or his men, how it went with my father. Men say that his surviving son, the Teutonic knight, is of very different mould. He might bring something to light. Were it proved to be as the Schneiderlein avers, then would our conscience be at rest; but, if he were in Schlangenwald's dungeon——"

"Folly! Impossible!"

"Yet men have pined eighteen years in dark vaults," said Friedel; "and, when I think that so may he have wasted for the whole of our lives that have been so free and joyous on his own mountain, it irks me to bound on the heather or gaze at the stars."

"If the serpent hath dared," cried Ebbo, "though it is mere folly to think of it, we would summon the League and have his castle about his ears! Not that I believe it."

"Scarce do I," said Friedel; "but there haunts me evermore the description of the kindly German chained between the decks of the corsair's galley. Once and again have I dreamt thereof. And, Ebbo, recollect the prediction that so fretted thee. Might not yon dark-cheeked woman have had some knowledge of the East and its captives?"

Ebbo started, but resumed his former tone. "So thou wouldst begin thine errantry like Sir Hildebert and Sir Hildebrand in the rose garden? Have a care. Such quests end in mortal conflict between the unknown father and son."

"I should know him," said Friedel, enthusiastically, "or, at least, he would know my mother's son in me; and, could I no otherwise ransom him, I would ply the oar in his stead."

"A fine exchange for my mother and me," gloomily laughed Ebbo, "to lose thee, my sublimated self, for a rude,

savage lord, who would straightway undo all our work, and rate and misuse our sweet mother for being more civilized than himself."

"Shame, Ebbo!" cried Friedel, "or art thou but in jest?"

"So far in jest that thou wilt never go, puissant Sir Hildebert," returned Ebbo, drawing him closer. "Thou wilt learn—as I also trust to do—in what nameless hole the serpent hid his remains. Then shall they be duly coffined and blazoned. All the monks in the cloisters for twenty miles round shall sing requiems, and thou and I will walk bare-headed, with candles in our hands, by the bier, till we rest him in the Blessed Friedmund's chapel; and there Lucas Handlein shall carve his tomb, and thou shalt sit for the likeness."

"So may it end," said Friedel, "but either I will know him dead, or endeavour somewhat in his behalf. And that the need is real, as well as the purpose blessed, I have become the more certain, for, Ebbo, as I rose to descend the hill, I saw on the cloud our patron's very form—I saw myself kneel before him and receive his blessing."

Ebbo burst out laughing. "Now know I that it is indeed as saith Schleiermacher," he said, "and that these phantoms of the blessed Friedmund are but shadows cast by the sun on the vapours of the ravine. See, Friedel, I had gone to seek thee at the chapel, and, meeting Father Norbert, I bent my knee, that I might take his farewell blessing. I had the substance, thou the shadow, thou dreamer."

Friedel was as much mortified for the moment as his gentle nature could be. Then he resumed his sweet smile, saying, "Be it so! I have oft read that men are too prone to take visions and special providences to themselves, and now I have proved the truth of the saying."

"And," said Ebbo, "thou seest thy purpose is as baseless as thy vision?"

"No, Ebbo. It grieves me to differ from thee, but my resolve is older than

the fancy, and may not be shaken because I was vain enough to believe that the blessed Friedmund could stoop to bless me."

"Ha!" shouted Ebbo, glad to see an object on which to vent his secret annoyance. "Who goes there, skulking round the rocks? Here, rogue, what art after here?"

"No harm," sullenly replied a half-clad boy.

"Whence art thou? From Schlangewald, to spy what more we can be robbed of? The lash!"

"Hold," interposed Friedel. "Perchance the poor lad had no evil purposes. Didst lose thy way?"

"No, sir, my mother sent me."

"I thought so," cried Ebbo. "This comes of sparing the nest of thankless adders!"

"Nay," said Friedel, "mayhap it is because they are not thankless that the poor fellow is here."

"Sir," said the boy, coming nearer, "I will tell *you*—*you* I will tell—not him who threatens. Mother said you spared our huts, and the lady gave us bread when we came to the castle gate in winter, and she would not see the reiters lay waste your folk's doings down there without warning you."

"My good lad! What saidst thou?" cried Ebbo, but the boy seemed dumb before him, and Friedel repeated the question ere he answered: "All the lanzknechts and reiters are at the castle, and the Herr Graf has taken all my father's young sheep for them, a plague upon him. And our folk are warned to be at the muster rock to-morrow morn, each with a bundle of straw and a pine brand; and Black Berend heard the body squire say the Herr Graf had sworn not to go to the wars till every stick at the ford be burnt, every stone drowned, every workman hung."

Ebbo, in a transport of indignation and gratitude, thrust his hand into his pouch, and threw the boy a handful of groschen, and Friedel gave warm thanks, but in the utmost haste, ere both brothers sprang with headlong speed down the

wild path, to take advantage of the timely intelligence.

The little council of war was speedily assembled, consisting of the barons, their mother, Master Moritz Schleiermacher, Heinz, and Hatto. To bring up to the castle the workmen, their families, and the more valuable implements, was at once decided; and Christina asked whether there would be anything left worth defending, and whether the Schlangewalden might not expend their fury on the scaffold, which could be newly supplied from the forest, the huts, which could be quickly restored, and the stones, which could hardly be damaged. The enemy must proceed to the camp in a day or two, and the building would be less assailable by their return; and, besides, it was scarcely lawful to enter on a private war when the imperial banner was in the field.

"Craving your pardon, gracious lady," said the architect, "that blame rests with him who provokes the war. See, lord baron, there is time to send to Ulm, where the two guilds, our allies, will at once equip their trained bands and despatch them. We meanwhile will hold the knaves in check, and, by the time our burghers come up, the snake brood will have had such a lesson as they will not soon forget. Said I well, Herr Freiherr?"

"Right bravely," said Ebbo. "It consorts not with our honour or rights, with my pledges to Ulm, or the fame of my house, to shut ourselves up and see the rogues work their will scatheless. My own score of men, besides the stouter masons, carpenters, and serfs, will be fully enough to make the old serpent of the wood rue the day, even without the aid of the burghers. Not a word against it, dearest mother. None is so wise as thee in matters of peace, but honour is here concerned."

"My question is," persevered the mother, "whether honour be not better served by obeying the summons of the king against the infidel, with the men thou hast called together at his behest? Let the count do his worst; he gives



thee legal ground of complaint to lay before the king and the League, and all may there be more firmly established."

"That were admirable council, lady," said Schleiermacher, "well suited to the honour-worthy guildmaster Sorel, and to our justice-loving city; but, in matters of baronial rights and aggressions, king and League are wont to help those that help themselves, and those that are over nice as to law and justice come by the worst."

"Not the worst in the long run," said Friedel.

"Thine unearthly code will not serve us here, Friedel mine," returned his brother. "Did I not defend the work I have begun, I should be branded as a weak fool. Nor will I see the foes of my house insult me without striking a fair stroke. Hap what hap, the Debateable Ford shall be debated! Call in the serfs, Hatto, and arm them. Mother, order a good supper for them. Master Moritz, let us summon thy masons and carpenters, and see who is a good man with his hands among them."

Christina saw that remonstrance was vain. The days of peril and violence were coming back again; and all she could take comfort in was, that, if not wholly right, her son was far from wholly wrong, and that with a free heart she could pray for a blessing on him and on his arms.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE FIGHT AT THE FORD.

By the early September sunrise the thicket beneath the pass was sheltering the twenty well-appointed reiters of Adlerstein, each standing, holding his horse by the bridle, ready to mount at the instant. In their rear were the serfs and artizans, some with axes, scythes, or ploughshares, a few with cross-bows, and Jobst and his sons with the long blackened poles used for stirring their charcoal fires. In advance were Master Moritz and the two barons, the former in a stout plain steel helmet, cuirass, and gauntlets, a sword, and

those new-fashioned weapons, pistols; the latter in full knightly armour, exactly alike, from the gilt-spurred heel to the eagle-crested helm, and often moving restlessly forward to watch for the enemy, though taking care not to be betrayed by the glitter of their mail. So long did they wait that there was even a doubt whether it might not have been a false alarm; the boy was vituperated, and it was proposed to despatch a spy to see whether anything were doing at Schlängenwald.

At length a rustling and rushing were heard; then a clank of armour. Ebbo vaulted into the saddle, and gave the word to mount; Schleiermacher, who always fought on foot, stepped up to him. "Keep back your men, Herr Freiherr. Let his design be manifest. We must not be said to have fallen on him on his way to the muster."

"It would be but as he served my father!" muttered Ebbo, forced, however, to restrain himself, though with boiling blood, as the tramp of horses shook the ground, and bright armour became visible on the further side of the stream.

For the first time, the brothers beheld the foe of their line. He was seated on a clumsy black horse, and sheathed in full armour, and was apparently a large heavy man, whose powerful proportions were becoming unwieldy as he advanced in life. The dragon on his crest and shield would have made him known to the twins, even without the deadly curse that passed the Schneiderlein's lips at the sight. As the armed troop, out-numbering the Adlersteiners by about a dozen, and followed by a rabble with straw and pine brands, came forth on the meadow, the count halted, and appeared to be giving orders.

"The ruffian! He is calling them on! Now—" began Ebbo.

"Nay, there is no sign yet that he is not peacefully on his journey to the camp," responded Moritz; and, chafing with impatient fury, the knight waited while Schlängenwald rode towards the old channel of the Braunwasser, and there, drawing his rein, and sitting like

a statue in his stirrups, he could hear him shout: "The lazy dogs are not astir yet. We will give them a reveillee. Forward with your brands."

"Now!" and Ebbo's cream-coloured horse leapt forth, as the whole band flashed into the sunshine from the greenwood covert.

"Who troubles the workmen on my land?" shouted Ebbo.

"Who you may be I care not," replied the count, "but, when I find strangers unlicensed on my lands, I burn down their huts. On, fellows!"

"Back, fellows," called Ebbo. "Who-so touches a stick on Adlerstein ground shall suffer."

"So!" said the count, "this is the burgher-bred, burgher-fed varlet, that calls himself of Adlerstein! Boy, thou had best be warned. Wert thou true-blooded, it were worth my while to maintain my rights against thee. Craven as thou art, not even with spirit to accept my feud, I would fain not have the trouble of sweeping thee from my path."

"Herr Graf, as true Freiherr and belted knight, I defy thee. I proclaim my right to all this side the Braunwasser, and whoso damages those I place there must do battle with me."

"Thou wilt have it then," said the count, taking his heavy lance from his squire, closing his visor, and wheeling back his horse, so as to give space for his career.

Ebbo did the like, while Friedel on one side, and Hierom von Schlangenwald on the other, kept their men in array, awaiting the issue of the strife between their leaders—the fire of seventeen against the force of fifty-six.

They closed in full shock, with shivered lances and rearing, pawing horses, but without damage to either. Each drew his sword, and they were pressing together, when Heinz, seeing a Schlangenwalder aiming with his cross-bow, rode at him furiously, and the *melée* became general; shots were fired, not only from cross-bows, but from arquebuses, and in the throng Friedel lost sight of the main combat between his brother and the count.

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Suddenly however there was a crash, as of falling men and horses, with a shout of victory strangely mingled with a cry of agony, and both sides became aware that their leaders had fallen. Each party rushed to its fallen head. Friedel beheld Ebbo under his struggling horse, and an enemy dashing at his throat, and, flying to the rescue, he rode down the assailant, and struck him with his sword; and, with the instinct of driving the foe as far as possible from his brother, he struck with a sort of frenzy, shouting fiercely to his men, and, leaping over the dry bed of the river, rushing onward with an intoxication or ardour that would have seemed foreign to his gentle nature, but for the impetuous desire to protect his brother. Their leaders down, the enemy had no one to rally them, and, in spite of their superiority in number, gave way in confusion before the furious onset of Adlerstein. So soon however as Friedel perceived that he had forced the enemy far back from the scene of conflict, his anxiety for his brother returned, and, leaving the retainers to continue the pursuit, he turned his horse. There, on the green meadow, lay on the one hand Ebbo's cream-coloured charger, with his master under him, on the other the large figure of the count; and several other prostrate forms likewise struggled on the sand and pebbles of the strand, or on the turf.

"Ay," said the architect, who had turned with Friedel, "'twas a gallant feat, Sir Friedel, and I trust there is no great harm done. Were it the mere dint of the count's sword, your brother will be little the worse."

"Ebbo! Ebbo mine, look up!" cried Friedel, leaping from his horse and unclasping his brother's helmet.

"Friedel!" groaned a half suffocated voice. "O take away the horse."

One or two of the artisans were at hand, and with their help the dying steed was disengaged from the rider, who could not restrain his moans, though Friedel held him in his arms, and endeavoured to move him as gently as possible. It was then seen that the



deep gash from the count's sword in the chest was not the most serious injury, but that an arquebus ball had pierced his thigh, before burying itself in the body of his horse; and that the limb had been further crushed and wrenched by the animal's struggles. He was nearly unconscious, and gasped with anguish, but, after Moritz had bathed his face and moistened his lips, as he lay in his brother's arms, he looked up with clearer eyes, and said: "Have I slain him? It was the shot, not he, that sent me down. Lives he? See—thou, Friedel—thou. Make him yield."

Transferring Ebbo to the arms of Schleiermacher, Friedel obeyed, and stepped towards the fallen foe. The wrongs of Adlerstein were indeed avenged, for the blood was welling fast from a deep thrust above the collarbone, and the failing, feeble hand was wandering uncertainly among the clasps of the gorget.

"Let me aid," said Friedel, kneeling down, and, in his pity for the dying man omitting the summons to yield, he threw back the helmet, and beheld a grizzled head and stern hard features, so embrowned by weather and inflamed by intemperance, that even approaching death failed to blanch them. A scowl of malignant hate was in the eyes, and there was a thrill of angry wonder as they fell on the lad's face. "Thou again,—thou whelp! I thought at least I had made an end of thee," he muttered, unheard by Friedel, who, intent on the thought that had recurred to him with greater vividness than ever, was again filling Ebbo's helmet with water. He refreshed the dying man's face with it, held it to his lips, and said: "Herr Graf, variance and strife are ended now. For heaven's sake, say where I may find my father."

"So! Wouldst find him?" replied Schlangenwald, fixing his look on the eager countenance of the youth, while his hand, with a dying man's nervous agitation, was fumbling at his belt.

"I would bless you for ever, could I but free him."

"Know then," said the count, speak-

ing very slowly, and still holding the young knight's gaze with a sort of intent fascination, by the stony glare of his light grey eyes, "Know that thy villain father is a Turkish slave, unless he be—as I hope—where his mongrel son may find him."

Therewith came a flash, a report. Friedel leaped back, staggered, fell; Ebbo started to a sitting posture, with horrified eyes, and a loud shriek, calling on his brother; Moritz sprang to his feet, shouting, "Shame, treason!"

"I call you to witness that I had not yielded," said the count. "There's an end of the brood!" and with a grim smile, he straightened his limbs, and closed his eyes as a dead man, ere the indignant artizans fell on him in savage vengeance.

All this had passed like a flash of lightning, and Friedel had almost at the instant of his fall flung himself towards his brother, and raising himself on one hand, with the other clasped Ebbo's, saying, "Fear not; it is nothing," and he was bending to take Ebbo's head again on his knee, when a gush of dark blood, from his left side, caused Moritz to exclaim, "Ah! Sir Friedel, the traitor did his work! That is no slight hurt."

"Where? How? The ruffian!" cried Ebbo, supporting himself on his elbow, so as to see his brother, who rather dreamily put his hand to his side, and, looking at the fresh blood that immediately dyed it, said, "I do not feel it. This is more numb dullness than pain."

"A bad sign that," said Moritz apart to one of the workmen, with whom he held counsel how to carry back to the castle the two young knights, who remained on the bank, Ebbo partly extended on the ground, partly supported on the knee and arm of Friedel, who sat with his head drooping over him, their looks fixed on one another, as if conscious of nothing else on earth.

"Herr Freiherr," said Moritz, presently, "have you breath to wind your bugle to call the men back from the pursuit?"

Ebbo essayed, but was too faint, and Friedel, rousing himself from the stupor, took the horn from him, and made the mountain echoes ring again, but at the expense of a great effusion of blood.

By this time, however, Heinz was riding back, and in a moment his exultation changed to rage and despair, when he saw the condition of his young lords. Master Schleiermacher proposed to lay them on some of the planks prepared for the building, and carry them up the new road.

"Methinks," said Friedel, "that I could ride if I were lifted on horseback, and thus would our mother be less shocked."

"Well thought," said Ebbo. "Go on and cheer her. Show her thou canst keep the saddle, however it may be with me," he added, with a groan of anguish.

Friedel made the sign of the cross over him. "The holy cross keep us and her, Ebbo," he said, as he bent to assist in laying his brother on the boards, where a mantle had been spread, then kissed his brow, saying, "We shall be together again soon."

Ebbo was lifted on the shoulders of his bearers, and Friedel strove to rise, with the aid of Heinz, but sank back, unable to use his limbs; and Schleiermacher was the more concerned. "It goes so with the back bone," he said. "Sir Friedmund, you had best be carried."

"Nay, for my mother's sake! And I would fain be on my good steed's back once again!" he entreated.

And when with much difficulty he had been lifted to the back of his cream-colour, who stood as gently and patiently as if he understood the exigency of the moment, he sat upright, and waved his hand as he passed the litter, while Ebbo, on his side, signed to him to speed on and prepare their mother. Long, however, before the castle was reached, dizzy confusion and leaden helplessness, when no longer stimulated by his brother's presence, so grew on him that it was with much ado that Heinz could keep him in his saddle; but, when he

saw his mother in the castle gateway, he again collected his forces, bade Heinz withdraw his supporting arm, and, straightening himself, waved a greeting to her, as he called cheerily: "Victory, dear mother. Ebbo has overthrown the count, and you must not be grieved if it be at some cost of blood."

"Alas, my son!" was all Christina could say, for his effort at gaiety formed a ghastly contrast with the grey, livid hue that overspread his fair young face, his bloody armour, and damp disordered hair, and even his stiff unearthly smile.

"Nay, motherling," he added, as she came so near that he could put his arm round her neck, "sorrow not, for Ebbo will need thee much. And, mother," as his face lighted up, "there is joy coming to you. Only I would that I could have brought him. Mother, he died not under the Schlangewald swords."

"Who? Not Ebbo?" cried the bewildered mother.

"Your own Eberhard, our father," said Friedel, raising her face to him with his hand, and adding, as he met a startled look, "The cruel count owned it with his last breath. He is a Turkish slave, and surely heaven will give him back to comfort you, even though we may not work his freedom! O mother, I had so longed for it, but God be thanked that at least certainty was bought by my life." The last words were uttered almost unconsciously, and he had nearly fallen, as the excitement faded; but, as they were lifting him down, he bent once more and kissed the glossy neck of his horse. "Ah! poor fellow, thou too wilt be lonely. May Ebbo yet ride thee!"

The mother had no time for grief. Alas! She might have full time for that by and by! The one wish of the twins was to be together, and presently both were laid on the great bed in the upper chamber, Ebbo in a swoon from the pain of the transport, and Friedel lying so as to meet the first look of recovery. And, after Ebbo's eyes had reopened, they watched one another in silence for a short space, till Ebbo said:



"Is that the hue of death on thy face, brother?"

"I well believe so," said Friedel.

"Ever together," said Ebbo, holding his hand. "But alas! My mother! Would I had never sent thee to the traitor."

"Ah! So comes her comfort," said Friedel. "Heard you not? He owned that my father was among the Turks."

"And I," cried Ebbo. "I have withheld thee! O Friedel, had I listened to thee, thou hadst not been in this fatal broil!"

"Nay, ever together," repeated Friedel. "Through Ulm merchants will my mother be able to ransom him. I know she will, so oft have I dreamt of his return. Then, mother, you will give him our duteous greetings," and he smiled again.

Like one in a dream Christina returned his smile, because she saw he wished it, just as the moment before she had been trying to staunch his wound.

It was plain that the injuries, except Ebbo's sword cut, were far beyond her skill, and she could only endeavour to check the bleeding till better aid could be obtained from Ulm. Thither Moritz Schleiermacher had already sent, and he assured her that he was far from despairing of the elder baron, but she derived little hope from his words, for gun-shot wounds were then so ill understood as generally to prove fatal.

Moreover, there was an undefined impression that the two lives must end in the same hour, even as they had begun. Indeed Ebbo was suffering so terribly, and was so much spent with pain and loss of blood, that he seemed sinking much faster than Friedel, whose wound bled less freely, and who only seemed benumbed and torpid, except when he roused himself to speak, or was distressed by the writhings and moans which, however, for his sake, Ebbo restrained as much as he could.

To be together seemed an all-sufficient consolation, and, when the chaplain came sorrowfully to give them the last rites of the Church, Ebbo implored him to pray

that he might not be left behind long in purgatory.

"Friedel," he said, clasping his brother's hand, "is even like the holy Sebastian, or Maurice; but I—I was never such as he. O father, will it be my penance to be left alone when he is in paradise?"

"What is that?" said Friedel, partially roused by the sound of his name, and the involuntary pressure of his hand. "Nay, Ebbo; one repentance, one cross, one hope," and he relapsed into a doze, while Ebbo murmured over a broken, brief confession—exhausting by its vehemence of self-accusation for his proud spirit, his wilful neglect of his lost father, his hot contempt of prudent counsel.

Then, when the priest came round to Friedel's side, and the boy was awakened to make his shrift, the words were contrite and humble, but calm and full of trust. They were like two of their own mountain streams, the waters almost equally undefiled by external stain—yet one struggling, agitated, whirling giddily round; the other still, transparent, and the light of heaven smiling in its clearness.

The farewell greetings of the Church on earth breathed soft and sweet in their loftiness, and Friedel, though lying motionless and with closed eyes, never failed in the murmured response, whether fully conscious or not, while his brother only attended by fits and starts, and was evidently often in too much pain to know what was passing.

Help was nearer than had been hoped. The summons despatched the night before had been responded to by the vintners and mercers; their train-bands had set forth, and their captain, a cautious man, never rode into the way of blows without his surgeon at hand. And so it came to pass that, before the sun was low on that long and grievous day, Doctor Johannes Butteman was led into the upper chamber, where the mother looked up to him with a kind of hopeless gratitude on her face, which was nearly as white as those of her sons. The doctor soon saw that Friedel was

past human aid ; but, when he declared that there was fair hope for the other youth, Friedel, whose torpor had been dispelled by the examination, looked up with his beaming smile, saying, "There, motherling."

The doctor then declared that he could not deal with the Baron's wound unless he were the sole occupant of the bed, and this sentence brought the first cloud of grief or dread to Friedel's brow, but only for a moment. He looked at his brother, who had again fainted at the first touch of his wounded limb, and said, "It is well. Tell the dear Ebbo that I cannot help it if after all I go to the praying, and leave him the fighting. Dear, dear Ebbo! One day together again and for ever! I leave thee for thine own sake." With much effort he signed the cross again on his brother's brow, and kissed it long and fervently. Then, as all stood round, reluctant to effect this severance, or disturb one on whom death was visibly fast approaching, he struggled up on his elbow, and held out the other hand, saying, "Take me now, Heinz, ere Ebbo revive to be grieved. The last sacrifice," he further whispered, whilst almost giving himself to Heinz and Moritz to be carried to his own bed in the turret chamber.

There, even as they laid him down, began what seemed to be the mortal agony, and, though he was scarcely sensible, his mother felt that her prime call was to him, while his brother was in other hands. Perhaps it was well for her. Surgical practice was rough, and wounds made by fire-arms were thought to have imbibed a poison that made treatment be supposed efficacious in proportion to the pain inflicted. When Ebbo was recalled by the torture to see no white reflection of his own face on the pillow beside him, and to feel in vain for the grasp of the cold damp hand, a delirious frenzy seized him, and his struggles were frustrating the doctor's attempts, when a low soft sweet song stole through the open door.

"Friedel!" he murmured, and held his breath to listen. All through the declining day did the gentle sound con-

tinue; now of grand chants or hymn caught from the cathedral choir, now of songs of chivalry or saintly legend so often sung over the evening fire; the one flowing into the other in the wandering of failing powers, but never failing in the tender sweetness that had distinguished Friedel through life. And, whenever that voice was heard, let them do to him what they would, Ebbo was still absorbed in intense listening so as not to lose a note, and lulled almost out of sense of suffering by that swan-like music. If his attendants made such noise as to break in on it, or if it ceased for a moment, the anguish returned, but was charmed away by the weakest, faintest resumption of the song. Probably Friedel knew not, with any earthly sense, what he was doing, but to the very last he was serving his twin brother as none other could have aided him in his need.

The September sun had set, twilight was coming on, the doctor had worked his stern will, and Ebbo, quivering in every fibre, lay spent on his pillow, when his mother glided in, and took her seat near him, though where she hoped he would not notice her presence. But he raised his eyelids, and said, "He is not singing now."

"Singing indeed, but where we cannot hear him," she answered. "'Whiter than the snow, clearer than the ice-cave, more solemn than the choir. They will come at last.' That was what he said, even as he entered there." And the low dove-like tone and tender calm face continued upon Ebbo the spell that the chant had left. He dozed as though still lulled by its echo.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

THE star and the spark in the stubble! Often did the presage of her dream occur to Christina, and assist in sustaining her hopes during the days that Ebbo's life hung in the balance, and he himself had hardly consciousness to realize either his brother's death or his own state, save as much as was shown by the words, "Let



him not be taken away, mother; let him wait for me."

Friedmund did wait, in his coffin before the altar in the castle chapel, covered with a pall of blue velvet, and great white cross, mournfully sent by Hausfrau Johanna; his sword, shield, helmet, and spurs laid on it, and wax tapers burning at the head and feet. And, when Christina could leave the one son on his couch of suffering, it was to kneel beside the other son on his narrow bed of rest, and recall, like a breath of solace, the heavenly loveliness and peace that rested on his features when she had taken her last long look at them.

Moritz Schleiermacher assisted at Sir Friedmund's first solemn requiem, and then made a journey to Ulm, whence he returned to find the baron's danger so much abated that he ventured on begging for an interview with the lady, in which he explained his purpose of repairing at once to the imperial camp, taking with him a letter from the guilds concerned in the bridge, and using his personal influence with Maximilian to obtain not only pardon for the combat, but authoritative sanction to the erection. Dankwart of Schlangenwald, the Teutonic knight, and only heir of old Wolfgang, was supposed to be with the emperor, and it might be possible to come to terms with him, since his breeding in the Prussian commanderies had kept him aloof from the feuds of his father and brother. This mournful fight had to a certain extent equalized the injuries on either side, since the man whom Friedel had cut down was Hierom, one of the few remaining scions of Schlangenwald, and there was thus no dishonour in trying to close the deadly feud, and coming to an amicable arrangement about the Debateable Strand, the cause of so much bloodshed. What was now wanted was Freiherr Eberhard's signature to the letter to the emperor, and his authority for making terms with the new count; and haste was needed, lest the Markgraf of Wurtemberg should outrage the affray in the light of an outrage against a member of the League.

Christina saw the necessity, and un-

dertook if possible to obtain her son's signature, but, at the first mention of Master Moritz and the bridge, Ebbo turned away his head, groaned, and begged to hear no more of either. He thought of his bold declaration that the bridge must be built, even at the cost of blood. Little did he then guess of whose blood! And in his bitterness of spirit he felt a jealousy of that influence of Schleiermacher, which had of late come between him and his brother. He hated the very name, he said, and hid his face with a shudder. He hoped the torrent would sweep away every fragment of the bridge.

"Nay, Ebbo mine, wherefore wish ill to a good work that our blessed one loved? Listen, and let me tell you my dream for making yonder strand a peaceful memorial of our peaceful boy."

"To honour Friedel?" and he gazed on her with something like interest in his eyes.

"Yes, Ebbo, and as he would best brook honour. Let us seek for ever to end the rival claims to yon piece of meadow by praying this knight of a religious order, the new Count, to unite with us in building there—or as near as may be safe—a church of holy peace, and a cell for a priest, who may watch over the bridge ward, and offer the holy sacrifice for the departed of either house. There will we place our gentle Friedel to be the first to guard the peace of the ford, and there will we sleep ourselves when our time shall come, and so may the cruel feud of many generations be slaked for ever."

"In his blood!" sighed Ebbo. "Ah! would that it had been mine, mother. It is well, as well as anything can be again. So shall the spot where he fell be made sacred, and fenced from rude feet, and we shall see his fair effigy keeping his armed watch there."

And Christina was thankful to see his look of gratification, sad though it was. She sat down near his bed, and began to write a letter in their joint names to Graf Dankwart von Schlangenwald, proposing that thus, after the even balance of the wrongs of the two houses,

their mutual hostility might be laid to rest for ever by the consecration of the cause of their long contention. It was a stiff and formal letter, full of the set pious formularies of the age, scarcely revealing the deep heart-feeling within; but it was to the purpose, and Ebbo, after hearing it read, heartily approved, and consented to sign both it and those that Schleiermacher had brought. Christina held the scroll, and placed the pen in the fingers that had lately so easily wielded the heavy sword, but now felt it a far greater effort to guide the slender quill.

Moritz Schleiermacher went his way in search of the King of the Romans, far off in Carinthia. A full reply could not be expected till the campaign was over, and all that was known for some time was through a messenger sent back to Ulm by Schleiermacher with the intelligence that Maximilian would examine into the matter after his return, and that Count Dankwart would reply when he should come to perform his father's obsequies after the army was dispersed. There was also a letter of kind though courtly condolence from Kasimir of Wildschloss, much grieving for gallant young Sir Friedmund, proffering all the advocacy he could give the cause of Adlerstein, and covertly proffering the protection that she and her remaining son might now be more disposed to accept. Christina suppressed this letter, knowing it would only pain and irritate Ebbo, and that she had her answer ready. Indeed, in her grief for one son, and her anxiety for the other, perhaps it was this letter that first made her fully realize the drift of those earnest words of Friedel's respecting his father.

Meantime the mother and son were alone together, with much of suffering and of sorrow, yet with a certain tender comfort in the being all in all to one another, with none to intermeddle with their mutual love and grief. It was to Christina as if something of Friedel's sweetness had passed to his brother in his patient helplessness, and that, while thus fully engrossed with him, she had both her sons in one. Nay, in spite of

all the pain, grief, and weariness, these were times when both dreaded any change, and the full recovery, when not only would the loss of Friedel be every moment freshly brought home to his brother, but when Ebbo would go in quest of his father.

For on this the young baron had fixed his mind as a sacred duty, from the moment he had seen that life was to be his lot. He looked on his neglect of indications of the possibility of his father's life in the light of a sin that had led to all his disasters, and not only regarded the intended search as a token of repentance, but as a charge bequeathed to him by his less selfish brother. He seldom spoke of his intention, but his mother was perfectly aware of it, and never thought of it without such an agony of foreboding dread as eclipsed all the hope that lay beyond. She could only turn away her mind from the thought, and be thankful for what was still her own from day to day.

"Art weary, my son?" asked Christina one October afternoon, as Ebbo lay on his bed, languidly turning the pages of a noble folio of the Legends of the Saints that Master Gottfried had sent for his amusement. It was such a book as fixed the ardour a few years later of the wounded Navarrese knight, Inigo de Loyola, but Ebbo handled it as if each page were lead.

"Only thinking how Friedel would have glowed towards these as his own kinsmen," said Ebbo. "Then should I have cared to read of them!" and he gave a long sigh.

"Let me take away the book," she said. "Thou hast read long, and it is dark."

"So dark that there must surely be a snow-cloud."

"Snow is falling in the large flakes that our Friedel used to call winter butterflies."

"Butterflies that will swarm and shut us in from the weary world," said Ebbo. "And alack! when they go, what a turmoil it will be! Councils in the Rathhaus, appeals to the League, wrang-



lings with the Markgraf, wise saws, overweening speeches, all alike dull and dead."

"It will scarce be so when strength and spirit have returned, mine Ebbo."

"Never can life be more to me than the way to him," said the lonely boy; "and I—never like him—shall miss the road without him."

While he thus spoke in the listless dejection of sorrow and weakness, Hatto's aged step was on the stair. "Gracious lady," he said, "here is a huntsman bewildered in the hills, who has been asking shelter from the storm that is drifting up."

"See to his entertainment, then, Hatto," said the lady.

"My lady—sir baron," added Hatto, "I had not come up but that this guest seems scarce gear for us below. He is none of the foresters of our tract. His hair is perfumed, his shirt is fine holland, his buff suit is of softest skin, his baldric has a jewelled clasp, and his arblast! It would do my lord baron's heart good only to cast eyes on the perfect make of that arblast! He has a lordly tread, and a stately presence, and, though he has a free tongue, and made friends with us as he dried his garments, he asked after my lord like his equal."

"O, mother, must you play the chate-laine?" asked Ebbo. "Who can the fellow be? Why did none ever so come when they would have been more welcome?"

"Welcomed must he be," said Christina, rising, "and thy state shall be my excuse for not tarrying longer with him than may be needful."

Yet, though shrinking from a stranger's face, she was not without hope that the variety might wholesomely rouse her son from his depression, and in effect Ebbo, when left with Hatto, minutely questioned him on the appearance of the stranger, and watched with much curiosity for his mother's return.

"Ebbo mine," she said, entering after a long interval, "the knight asks to see thee either after supper, or to-morrow morn."

"Then a knight he is?"

"Yea truly, a knight truly in every look and gesture, bearing his head like the leading stag of the herd, and yet right gracious."

"Gracious to you, mother, in your own hall?" cried Ebbo, almost fiercely.

"Ah! jealous champion, thou couldst not take offence! It was the manner of one free and courteous to every one, and yet with an inherent loftiness that pervades all."

"Gives he no name?" said Ebbo.

"He calls himself Ritter Theurdank, of the suite of the late Kaiser, but I should deem him wont rather to lead than to follow."

"Theurdank," repeated Eberhard, "I know no such name! So, motherling, are you going to sup? I shall not sleep till I have seen him!"

"Hold, dear son." She leant over him and spoke low. "See him thou must, but let me first station Heinz and Koppel at the door with halberts, not within ear-shot, but thou art so entirely defenceless."

She had the pleasure of seeing him laugh. "Less defenceless than when the kinsman of Wildschloss here visited us, mother? I see for whom thou takest him, but let it be so; a spiritual knight could scarce wreak his vengeance on a wounded man in his bed. I will not have him insulted with precautions. If he has freely risked himself in my hands, I will as freely risk myself in his. Moreover, I thought he had won thy heart."

"Reigned over it, rather," said Christina. "It is but the disguise that I suspect and mistrust. Bid me not leave thee alone with him, my son."

"Nay, dear mother," said Ebbo, "the matters on which he is like to speak will brook no presence save our own, and even that will be hard enough to bear. So prop me more upright! So! And comb out these locks somewhat smoother. Thanks, mother. Now can he see whether he will choose Eberhard of Adlerstein for friend or foe."

By the time supper was ended, the only light in the upper room came from the flickering flames of the fire of pine knots on the hearth. It glanced on the

pale features and dark sad eyes of the young baron, sad in spite of the eager look of scrutiny that he turned on the figure that entered at the door, and approached so quickly that the partial light only served to show the gloss of long fair hair, the glint of a jewelled belt, and the outline of a tall, well-knit, agile frame.

"Welcome, Herr Ritter," he said, "I am sorry we have been unable to give you a fitter reception."

"No host could be more fully excused than you," said the stranger, and Ebbo started at his voice. "I fear you have suffered much, and still have much to suffer."

"My sword wound is healing fast," said Ebbo; "it is the shot in my broken thigh that is so tedious and painful."

"And I dare be sworn the leeches made it worse. I have hated all leeches ever since they kept me three days a prisoner in a pothecary's shop stinking with drugs. Why, I have cured myself with one pitcher of water of a raging fever, in their very despite! How did they serve thee, my poor boy?"

"They poured hot oil into the wound to remove the venom of the lead," said Ebbo.

"Had it been me, the lead should have been in their own brains first, though that were scarce needed, the heavy-witted Hans Sausages. Why should there be more poison in lead than in steel? I've asked all my surgeons that question, nor ever had a reasonable answer. Greater havoc of warriors do they make than ever with the arquebus—ay, even when every lanzknecht bears one."

"Alack!" Ebbo could not help exclaiming, "where will be room for chivalry?"

"Talk not old world nonsense," said Theurdank; "chivalry is in the heart, not in the weapon. A youth beforehand enough with the world to be building bridges should know that, when all our troops are provided with such an arm, then will their platoons in serried ranks be as a solid wall breathing fire, and as impregnable as the lines of

English archers with long bows, or the phalanx of Macedon. And, when each man bears a pistol instead of the misericorde, his life will be far more his own."

Ebbo's face was in full light, and his visitor marked his contracted brow and trembling lip. "Ah!" he said, "thou hast had foul experience of these weapons."

"Not mine own hurt," said Ebbo; "that was but fair chance of war."

"I understand," said the knight, "it was the shot that severed the goodly bond that was so fair to see. Young man, none has grieved more truly than King Max."

"And well he may," said Ebbo. "He has not lost merely one of his best servants, but all the better half of another."

"There is still stuff enough left to make that one well worth having," said Theurdank, kindly grasping his hand, "though I would it were more substantial! How didst get old Wolfgang down, boy? He must have been a tough morsel for slight bones like these, even when better covered than now. Come, tell me all. I promised the Markgraf of Wurtemberg to look into the matter when I came to be guest at St. Ruprecht's cloister, and I have some small interest too with King Max."

His kindness and sympathy were more effectual with Ebbo than the desire to represent his case favourably, for he was still too wretched to care for policy; but he answered Theurdank's questions readily, and explained how the idea of the bridge had originated in the vigil beside the broken waggons.

"I hope," said Theurdank, "the merchants made up thy share? These overthrown goods are a seignorial right of one or other of you lords of the bank."

"True, Herr Ritter; but we deemed it unknighly to snatch at what travellers lost by misfortune."

"Freiherr Eberhard, take my word for it, while thou thus holdest, all the arquebuses yet to be cut out of the Black Forest will not mar thy chivalry. Where didst get these ways of thinking?"



"My brother was a very St. Sebastian! My mother——"

"Ah! her sweet wise face would have shown it, even had not poor Kasimir of Adlerstein raved of her. Ah! lad, thou hast crossed a case of true love there! Canst not brook even such a gallant stepfather?"

"I may not," said Ebbo, with spirit; "for with his last breath Schlangenwald owned that my own father died not at the hostel, but may now be alive as a Turkish slave."

"The devil!" burst out Theurdank. "Well! That might have been a pretty mess! A Turkish slave, saidst thou! What year chanced all this matter? —thy grandfather's murder, and all the rest?"

"The year before my birth," said Ebbo. "It was in the September of 1475."

"Ha," muttered Theurdank, musing to himself; "that was the year the dotard Schenk got his overthrow at the fight of Rain on Sare from the Moslem. Some composition was made by them, and old Wolfgang was not unlikely to have been the go-between. So! Say on, young knight," he added, "let us to the matter in hand. How rose the strife that kept back two troops from our—from the banner of the empire?"

Ebbo proceeded with his narration, and concluded it just as the bell now belonging to the chapel began to toll for compline, and Theurdank prepared to obey its summons, first, however, asking if he should send any one to the patient. Ebbo thanked him, but said he needed no one till his mother should come after prayers.

"Nay, I told thee I had some leechcraft. Thou art weary, and must rest more entirely;"—and, giving him little choice, Theurdank supported him with one arm while removing the pillows that propped him, then laid him tenderly down, saying, "Good-night, and the saints bless thee, brave young knight. Sleep well, and recover in spite of the leeches. I cannot afford to lose both of you."

Ebbo strove to follow mentally the

services that were being performed in the chapel, and whose "amens" and louder notes pealed up to him, devoid of the clear young tones that had sung their last here below, but swelled by grand bass notes that as much distracted Ebbo's attention as the memory of his guest's conversation; and he impatiently awaited his mother's arrival.

At length, lamp in hand, she appeared with tears shining in her eyes, and bending over him said, "He hath done honour to our blessed one, my Ebbo; he knelt by him, and crossed him with holy water, and when he led me from the chapel he told me any mother in Germany might envy me my two sons even now. Thou must love him now, Ebbo."

"Love him as one loves one's loftiest model,"—said Ebbo—"Value the old castle the more for sheltering him."

"Hath he made himself known to thee?"

"Not openly, but there is only one that he can be."

Christina smiled, thankful that the work of pardon and reconciliation had been thus softened by the personal qualities of the enemy, whose conduct in the chapel had deeply moved her.

"Then all will be well, blessedly well," she said.

"So I trust," said Ebbo, "but the bell broke our converse, and he laid me down as tenderly as—— O, mother, if a father's kindness be like his, I have truly somewhat to regain."

"Knew he ought of the fell bargain?" whispered Christina.

"Not he, of course, save that it was a year of Turkish inroads. He will speak more perchance to-morrow. Mother, not a word to any one, nor let us betray our recognition unless it be his pleasure to make himself known."

"Certainly not," said Christina, remembering the danger that the household might revenge Friedel's death if they knew the foe to be in their power. Knowing as she did that Ebbo's admiration was apt to be enthusiastic, and might now be rendered the more fervent by fever and solitude, she was still at a

loss to understand his dazzled, fascinated state.

When Heinz entered, bringing the castle key, which was always laid under the baron's pillow, Ebbo made a movement with his hand that surprised them both, as if to send it elsewhere—then muttered, "No, no, not till he reveals himself," and asked, "Where sleeps the guest?"

"In the grandmother's room, which we fitted for a guestchamber, little thinking who our first would be," said his mother.

"Never fear, lady; we will have a care to him," said Heinz, somewhat grimly.

"Yes, have a care," said Ebbo, wearily; "and take care all due honour is shown to him! Good night, Heinz."

"Gracious lady," said Heinz, when by a sign he had intimated to her his desire of speaking with her unobserved by the baron, "never fear; I know who the fellow is as well as you do. I shall be at the foot of the stairs, and woe to whoever tries to step up them past me."

"There is no reason to apprehend treason, Heinz, yet to be on our guard can do no harm."

"Nay, lady, I could look to the gear for the oubliette if you would speak the word."

"For heaven's sake, no, Heinz. This man has come hither trusting to our honour, and you could not do your lord a greater wrong, nor one that he could less pardon, than by any attempt on our guest."

"Would that he had never eaten our bread!" muttered Heinz. "Vipers be they all, and who knows what may come next?"

"Watch, watch, Heinz; that is all," implored Christina, "and, above all, not a word to any one else."

And Christina dismissed the man-at-arms gruff and sullen, and herself retired ill at ease between fears of, and for, the unwelcome guest whose strange powers of fascination had rendered her, in his absence, doubly distrustful.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### RITTER THEURDANK.

THE snow fell all night without ceasing, and was still falling on the morrow, when the guest explained his desire of paying a short visit to the young baron, and then taking his departure. Christina would gladly have been quit of him, but she felt bound to remonstrate, for their mountain was absolutely impassable during a fall of snow, above all when accompanied by wind, since the drifts concealed fearful abysses, and the shifting masses ensured destruction to the unwary wayfarer; nay, natives themselves had perished between the hamlet and the castle.

"Not the hardest cragsman, not my son himself," she said, "could venture on such a morning to guide you to——"

"Whither, gracious dame?" asked Theurdank, half smiling.

"Nay, sir, I would not utter what you would not make known."

"You know me then?"

"Surely, sir, for our noble foe, whose generous trust in our honour must win my son's heart."

"So," he said with a peculiar smile, "Theurdank—Dankwart—I see! May I ask if your son likewise smelt out the Schlangenwald?"

"Verily, sir count, my Ebbo is not easily deceived. He said our guest could be but one man in all the empire."

Theurdank smiled again, saying, "Then, lady, you shudder not at a man whose kin and yours have shed so much of one another's blood?"

"Nay, ghostly knight, I regard you as no more stained therewith than are my sons by the deeds of their grandfather."

"If there were more like you, lady," returned Theurdank, "deadly feuds would soon be starved out. May I to your son? I have more to say to him, and I would fain hear his views of the storm."

Christina could not be quite at ease with Theurdank in her son's room, but



she had no choice, and she knew that Heinz was watching on the turret stair, out of hearing indeed, but as ready to spring as a cat who sees her young ones in the hand of a child that she only half trusts.

Ebbo lay eagerly watching for his visitor, who greeted him with the same almost paternal kindness he had evinced the night before, but consulted him upon the way from the castle. Ebbo confirmed his mother's opinion that the path was impracticable so long as the snow fell, and the wind tossed it in wild drifts.

"We have been caught in snow," he said, "and hard work have we had to get home! Once indeed, after a bear hunt, we fully thought the castle stood before us, and lo! it was all a cruel snow mist in that mocking shape. I was even about to climb our last Eagle's Step, as I thought, when behold, it proved to be the very brink of the abyss."

"Ah! these ravines are well-nigh as bad as those of the Inn. I've known what it was to be caught on the ledge of a precipice by a sharp wind, changing its course, mark'st thou, so swiftly that it verily tore my hold from the rock, and had well-nigh swept me into a chasm of mighty depth. There was nothing for it but to make the best spring I might towards the crag on the other side, and grip for my life at my alpenstock, which by Our Lady's grace was firmly planted, and I held on till I got breath again, and felt for my footing on the ice-glazed rock."

"Ah!" said Eberhard with a long breath, after having listened with a hunter's keen interest to this hair's-breadth escape, "it sounds like a gust of my mountain air thus let in on me."

"Truly it is dismal work for a lusty hunter to lie here," said Theurdank, "but soon shalt thou take thy crags again in full vigour, I hope. How call'st thou the deep grey lonely pool under a steep frowning crag, sharpened well-nigh to a spear point, that I passed yester afternoon?"

"The Ptarmigan's Mere, the Red

Eyrie," murmured Ebbo, scarcely able to utter the words as he thought of Friedel's delight in the pool, his exploit at the eyrie, and the gay bargain made in the streets of Ulm, that he should show the scaler of the Dom steeple the way to the eagle's nest.

"I remember," said his guest gravely, coming to his side. "Ah, boy! thy brother's flight has been higher yet. Weep freely; fear me not. Do I not know what it is, when those who were over-good for earth have found their eagle's wings, and left us here?"

Ebbo gazed up through his tears into the noble, mournful face that was bent kindly over him. "I will not seek to comfort thee by counselling thee to forget," said Theurdank. "I was scarce thine elder when my life was thus rent asunder, and to hoar hairs, nay, to the grave itself, will she be my glory and my sorrow. Never owned I brother, but I trow ye two were one in no common sort."

"Such brothers as we saw at Ulm were little like us," returned Ebbo, from the bottom of his heart. "We were knit together so that all will begin with me as if it were the left hand remaining alone to do it! I am glad that my old life may not even in shadow be renewed till after I have gone in quest of my father."

"Be not over hasty in that quest," said the guest, "or the infidels may chance to gain two *Freiherren* instead of one. Hast any designs?"

Ebbo explained that he thought of making his way to Genoa to consult the merchant Gian Battista dei Battiste, whose description of the captive German noble had so strongly impressed Friedel. Ebbo knew the difference between Turks and Moors, but Friedel's impulse guided him, and he further thought that at Genoa he should learn the way to deal with either variety of infidel. Theurdank thought this a prudent course, since the Genoese had dealings both at Tripoli and Constantinople; and, moreover, the transfer was not impossible, since the two different hordes of Moslems trafficked among themselves when either had made an unusually successful *razzia*.

"Shame!" he broke out, "that these Eastern locusts, these ravening hounds, should prey unmolested on the fairest lands of the earth, and our German nobles lie here like swine, grunting and squealing over the plunder they grub up from one another, deaf to any summons from heaven or earth. Did not Heaven's own voice speak in thunder this last year, even in November, hurling the mighty thunderbolt of Alsace, an ell long, weighing two hundred and fifteen pounds? Did I not cause it to be hung up in the church of Encisheim, as a witness and warning of the plagues that hang over us? But no, nothing will quicken them from their sloth and drunkenness till the foe are at their doors; and, if a man arise of different mould, with some heart for the knightly, the good, and the true, then they kill him for me! But thou, Adlerstein, this pious quest over, thou wilt return to me. Thou hast head to think and heart to feel for the shame and woe of this misguided land."

"I trust so, my lord," said Ebbo. "Truly I have suffered bitterly for pursuing my own quarrel rather than the crusade."

"I meant not thee," said Theurdank, kindly. "Thy bridge is a benefit to me, as much as, or more than ever it can be to thee. Dost know Italian? There is something of Italy in thine eye."

"My mother's mother was Italian, my lord, but she died so early that her language has not descended to my mother or myself."

"Thou shouldst learn it. It will be pastime while thou art bed-fast, and serve thee well in dealing with the Moslem. Moreover, I may have work for thee in Welschland. Books? I will send thee books. There is the whole chronicle of Karl the Great, and all his Palsgrafen, by Pulei and Boiardo, a brave count and gentleman himself, governor of Reggio, and worthy to sing of deeds of arms, so choicè too as to the names of his heroes that they say he caused his church bells to be rung when he had found one for Rodomonte, his infidel Hector. He has shown up Roland

as a love-sick knight, though, which is out of all accord with Archbishop Turpin. Wilt have him?"

"When we were together we used to love tales of chivalry."

"Ah! Or wilt have the stern old Ghibelline Florentine, who explored the three realms of the departed? Deep lore, and well-nigh unsearchable, is his; but I love him for the sake of his Beatrice, who guided him. May we find such guides in our day!"

"I have heard of him," said Ebbo. "If he will tell me where my Friedel walks in light, then, my lord, I would read him with all my heart."

"Or wouldst thou have rare Franciscus Petrarca? I wot thou art too young as yet for the yearnings of his sonnets, but their voice is sweet to the bereft heart." And he murmured over, in their melodious Italian flow, the lines on Laura's death:—

"Not pallid, but yet whiter than the snow  
By wind unstirred that on a hill side lies;  
Rest seemed as on a weary frame to grow,  
A gentle slumber pressed her lovely eyes."

"Ah!" he added aloud to himself, "it is ever to me as though the poet had watched in that chamber at Ghent."

Such were the discourses of that morning, now on poetry and book lore; now admiration of the carvings that decked the room; now talk on grand architectural designs, or improvements in firearms, or the discussion of hunting adventures. There seemed nothing in art, life, or learning in which the versatile mind of Theurdank was not at home, or that did not end in some strange personal reminiscence of his own. All was so kind, so gracious, and brilliant, that at first the interview was full of wondering delight to Ebbo, but latterly it became very fatiguing from the strain of attention, above all towards a guest who evidently knew that he was known, while not permitting such recognition to be avowed. Ebbo began to long for an interruption, but, though he could see by the lightened sky that the weather had cleared up, it would have been impossible to have suggested to any guest that the way might now probably be



open, and more especially to such a guest as this. Considerate as his visitor had been the night before, the pleasure of talk seemed to have done away with the remembrance of his host's weakness, till Ebbo so flagged that at last he was scarcely alive to more than the continued sound of the voice, and all the pain that for a while had been in abeyance seemed to have mastered him; but his guest, half reading his books, half discoursing, seemed too much immersed in his own plans, theories, and adventures, to mark the condition of his auditor.

Interruption came at last, however. There was a sudden knock at the door at noon, and with scant ceremony Heinz entered, followed by three other of the men-at-arms, fully equipped.

"Ha! what means this?" demanded Ebbo.

"Peace, sir Baron," said Heinz, advancing so as to place his large person between Ebbo's bed and the strange hunter. "You know nothing of it. We are not going to lose you as well as your brother, and we mean to see how this knight likes to serve as a hostage instead of opening the gates as a traitor spy. On him, Koppel, it is thy right."

"Hands off! at your peril, villains!" exclaimed Ebbo, sitting up, and speaking in the steady resolute voice that had so early rendered him thoroughly their master, but much perplexed and dismayed, and entirely unassisted by Theurdank, who stood looking on with almost a smile as if diverted by his predicament.

"By your leave, Herr Freiherr," said Heinz, putting his hand on his shoulder, "this is no concern of yours. While you cannot guard yourself or my lady, it is our part to do so. I tell you his minions are on their way to surprise the castle."

Even as Heinz spoke, Christina came panting into the room, and hurrying to her son's side, said, "Sir Count, is this just, is this honourable, thus to return my son's welcome, in his helpless condition?"

"Mother, are you likewise distracted?" exclaimed Ebbo. "What is all this madness?"

"Alas! my son, it is no frenzy. There are armed men coming up the Eagle's Stairs on the one hand, and by the Gemsbock's Pass on the other!"

"But not a hair of your head shall they hurt, lady," said Heinz. "This fellow's limbs shall be thrown to them over the battlements. On, Koppel!"

"Off, Koppel!" thundered Ebbo. "Would you brand me with shame for ever? Were he all the Schlangenhald in one, he should go as freely as he came; but he is no more Schlangenhald than I am."

"He has deceived you, my lord," said Heinz. "My lady's own letter to Schlangenhald was in his chamber. 'Tis a treacherous disguise."

"Fool that thou art!" said Ebbo. "I know this gentleman well. I knew him at Ulm. Those who meet him here mean me no ill. Open the gates and receive them honourably! Mother, mother, trust me, all is well. I know what I am saying."

The men looked one upon another. Christina wrung her hands, uncertain whether her son were not under some strange fatal deception.

"My lord has his fancies," growled Koppel. "I'll not be baulked of my right of vengeance for his scruples! Will he swear that this fellow is what he calls himself?"

"I swear," said Ebbo, slowly, "that he is a true, loyal knight, well known to me."

"Swear it distinctly, sir Baron," said Heinz. "We have all too deep a debt of vengeance to let off any one who comes here lurking in the interest of our foe. Swear that this is Theurdank, or we send his head to greet his friends."

Drops stood on Ebbo's brow, and his breath laboured as he felt his senses reeling, and his powers of defence for his guest failing him. Even should the stranger confess his name, the people of the castle might not believe him; and here he stood like one indifferent, evidently measuring how far his young host would go in his cause.

"I cannot swear that his real name is Theurdank," said Ebbo, rallying his

forces, "but this I swear, that he is neither friend nor fosterer of Schlangenwald, that I know him, and I had rather die than that the slightest indignity were offered him." Here, and with a great effort that terribly wrenched his wounded leg, he reached past Heinz, and grasped his guest's hand, pulling him as near as he could.

"Sir," he said, "if they try to lay hands on you, strike my death-blow!"

A bugle-horn was wound outside. The men stood daunted—Christina, in extreme terror for her son, who lay gasping, breathless, but still clutching the stranger's hand, and with eyes of fire glaring on the mutinous warriors. Another bugle blast! Heinz was almost in the act of grappling with the silent foe, and Koppel cried as he raised his halbert, "Now or never!" but paused.

"Never, so please you," said the

strange guest. "What if your young lord could not forswear himself that my name is Theurdank! Are you foes to all the world save Theurdank?"

"No masking," said Heinz, sternly. "Tell your true name as an honest man, and we will judge if you be friend or foe."

"My name is a mouthful, as your master knows," said the guest slowly, looking with strangely amused eyes on the confused lanzknechts, who were trying to devour their rage, "I was baptized Maximilianus; Archduke of Austria, by birth; by choice of the Germans, King of the Romans."

"The Kaisar!"

Christina dropped on her knee; the men-at-arms tumbled backwards; Ebbo pressed the hand he held to his lips, and fainted away. The bugle sounded for the third time.

*To be continued.*

## REMINISCENCES OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

IN the summer of 183—, it was the fortune of the writer, between leaving school and residing at the University, to join an Oxford reading-party in the beautiful valley of Grasmere. Grasmere was then a much more sequestered spot than it has since become; there were none of the villas which have since been built; and, except two or three farmhouses on the borders of the lake, and a shepherd's hut here and there upon the mountains, the neighbourhood of the little village was the very ideal of repose and solitude. Not that this most peaceful of valleys has lost its peculiar tranquillity even now, when its charms have attracted a greater number of inhabitants. It combines, indeed, so many elements of quiet beauty that its character cannot easily be changed. Not so small as to give the sense of compression and confinement to the view, it is yet so bounded by surrounding hills that it has a unity and distinctness of its own. The eye takes in its

main expression at a glance; but it needs time to become acquainted with the particular features of the scene, especially to appreciate the extreme gracefulness of the contour of the mountains, among which the lake lies in still beauty, reflecting as in a mirror the trees which grow down to the water's edge, and the island in the centre.

In the south-west corner of the churchyard there is a spot which resembles in its sacredness, though so strangely contrasted in its surrounding features, the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Here are two grave-stones, inscribed respectively with the names of William Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge. At the time alluded to both were living—Wordsworth in his house near Rydal; Hartley Coleridge in a cottage just outside the village of Grasmere, on the road that leads to Rydal. The latter was a frequent guest of our party, and companion of our walks. He was then in appearance



about fifty years of age, of unusually short, even diminutive, stature; his hair beginning to be grey, his brow broad and intellectual. His gestures and movements were peculiar; he had a habit, even in company, of rising from his seat, and laying his hand upon his head, with open fingers, as if measuring its shape and size; and, when he thought that no one observed him, as he walked among the quiet roads, or on the hills, he would wave his arms as if reciting poetry or conversing with the mountains, his companions. His eyes, if memory serves right, were dark grey, and the expression of his face thoughtful and benevolent, with a touch of sadness. He was a frequent attendant at the church on Sundays; but even there his poetic fancies often seemed to follow him, and it was difficult not to watch his features with wonder and amusement, while he stood up in his pew and looked round on the kneeling congregation, a strange but kindly smile playing on his face, as of one looking down with benevolent interest on children engaged in their devotions. Not that he himself was wanting in decorous attention to the service, for his mind was in its very structure devotional, as his writings testify; and his conversation, though tinged occasionally with satirical or humorous allusions to religious parties, never breathed irreverence or doubt with regard to Christian truth.

Of the impression produced by his conversation it is difficult to give an adequate conception. Young men, it is true, are more susceptible of pleasure from intercourse with a really original thinker than those whose admiration is held in check by larger experience, and perhaps distrust. And it may be partly due to this intense appreciation of what is far-reaching and beautiful in thought and imagery, which is the gift of youth, that the conversation of Hartley Coleridge seems in retrospect so marvellous. For the minds of the young in the four or five years preceding and following manhood are receptive of ideas to a degree that is never the case in after-life. Practical experience, in the vast

majority of cases, sets a bar to the imagination, and limits intellectual interests. Even where the latter are still retained, the vivid delight in new thoughts and ideas gives place to a critical habit; we no longer climb the mountains merely for the sake of the unknown views beyond, but choose safe paths that will bring us with the least trouble to our journey's end. The *abandon* with which we threw ourselves upon the untried regions of thought is gone, never to return. Nor can the mind, that retains to the end most of its first freshness recover the keen delight and the eager admiration with which, in the opening of its powers, it welcomed the utterances of gifted men, and drank in their teaching.

Even older men, however, have borne testimony to the remarkable brilliance of Hartley Coleridge's conversation. It was not that it was sprightly, clever, and witty; such conversation is sometimes most fatiguing. It was not, as his father's is described, an eloquent, rapt monologue: there was nothing in it obscure and misty, no oracular pretension, no dark profundities. Yet few ever exemplified more strongly the in-born difference between genius and talent. Beautiful ideas seemed to be breathed into his mind perpetually, as if they came to him from the mountain breezes, or welled up in his heart and mind from an inexhaustible reservoir within. There was nothing like effort, nothing like that straining after brilliance which wearies while it amuses: all was simple, unaffected, spontaneous. Perhaps the fact that his companions were younger than himself, and glad to listen to the poet's words, encouraged the unrestrained flow of his thought. Among equals there is apt to be rivalry, or at least reserve; appreciation and sympathy from younger men often unlock stores of thought, and draw out its treasures. And in Hartley Coleridge these were vast and varied—to his younger hearers apparently inexhaustible. A wide and diversified range of reading, especially in poetry, philosophy, and biography, had supplied him with

abundant material, which his original and ever-active mind was continually shaping. Nor, although evidently pleased to pour out his reflections, did he monopolize the conversation, as some great talkers are wont to do. A question or remark from any of his younger hearers would engage him in a new train of thought, and he would listen to their arguments with perfect courtesy and patience, and without any of that self-conscious superiority which sometimes makes the conversation of clever men so oppressive.

It must not be supposed that the only topics that interested him were poetry and literature. His remarks on politics, and Church questions, or other subjects of the day, were keen and original, often humorous or satirical. There lay in his mind, as in that of men of imaginative genius there always is, a fund of humour, breaking out now in sparks of wit, now in somewhat broad and boyish jests. "What is the charge for asses?" he would suddenly say to the astonished turnpike-keeper on the Thirlmere road, putting his hand in his pocket, and turning to count his companions as they passed the toll-bar. Occasionally, but not frequently, a tinge of bitterness would dash the current of his talk; more often, in a few words of powerful irony he would denounce some popular untruth, and expose its fallacy. Such passages are to be found here and there in his writings, although their prevailing tone is grace and tenderness. His mind, indeed, had a strong element of stern and masculine feeling, which did not often rise to the surface, but which, if he had given it scope, would have made him eloquent and powerful as a moral teacher or a satirist.

And yet, notwithstanding the varied play of his intellect, and a certain child-like enjoyment of his gifts, the whole impression left on the mind by intercourse with him was one of sadness and pity, mingled with admiration. There was cause enough for this, unhappily, in his life, in facts which this is not the place to dwell on—which, indeed, it is no concern of ours to dwell on at all.

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Inheriting in a high degree his father's genius, he inherited something of his defect of will. One unhappy weakness marred, without staining, a character which was in its substance singularly innocent, benevolent, pure, and child-like. Few men could have done less harm; few men of such diversified genius have written so much of un-mixed good. But the consciousness of great power combined with any degree of moral weakness, of lofty and immortal gifts, lifting their possessor above common men, while in strength of will and self-control he feels himself unequal to them, must create a sadness, deep and bitter, in proportion to the intrinsic worth and purity of the heart. This sadness was a prevailing feature in Hartley Coleridge's mind; it was expressed in his features, it underlay his conversation, it is the key-note to much of his poetry. That it never issued in defiance, or in unjust anger, or irreverence; that it never tempted him, as it has tempted so many others, to call good evil, and evil good; that it is always humble, self-accusing; still more, that in its deepest and most regretful moments it is always hopeful: this marks his character, in our judgment, as one worthy of all sympathy and love.

Few poets have left a more distinct impress of their mind and heart upon their works than Hartley Coleridge. Much of them belongs to that kind of poetry which is wrung by sorrow from the soul of genius. Nothing can exceed the melancholy of some of his sonnets; as of that deeply touching one—

"Once I was young, and fancy was my all,  
My love, my joy, my grief, my hope, my fear,  
And ever ready as an infant's tear,  
Whate'er in Fancy's kingdom might befall;  
Some quaint device had Fancy still at call,  
With seemly verse to greet the coming cheer;  
Such grief to soothe, such airy hope to rear,  
To sing the birthsong, or the funeral,  
Of such light love, it was a pleasant task;  
But ill accord the quirks of wayward glee,  
That wears affliction for a wanton mask,  
With woes that bear not Fancy's livery;  
With Hope that scorns of Fate its fate to ask,  
But is itself its own sure destiny."

D



Or the following :—

"Youth, thou art fled,—but where are all the charms  
Which, though with thee they came, and  
pass'd with thee,  
Should leave a perfume and sweet memory  
Of what they have been?—All thy boons  
and harms  
Have perished quite. Thy oft renewed  
alarms  
Forsake the flutt'ring echo.—Smiles and  
tears  
Die on my cheek, or, petrified with years,  
Show the dull woe which no compassion  
warms,  
The mirth none shares. Yet could a wish,  
a thought,  
Unravel all the complex web of age—  
Could all the characters that Time hath  
wrought  
Be clean effaced from my memorial page  
By one short word, the word I would not say:  
I thank my God because my hairs are grey."

In mere music and rhythm, his sonnets often come nearer to Shakspeare's than those of any modern poet, not excepting Wordsworth. The English language contains few more exquisite ones than that on the lack of great poets in this age :—

"Whither is gone the wisdom and the power  
That ancient sages scattered with the notes  
Of thought-suggesting lyres. The music  
floats  
In the void air; even at this breathing hour  
In every cell and every blooming bower  
The sweetness of old lays is hovering still;  
But the strong soul, the self-sustaining will,  
The rugged root that bare the winsome flower,  
Is weak and withered. Were we like the  
fays  
That sweetly nestle in the foxglove bells,  
Or lurk and murmur in the rose-lipped shells  
That Neptune to the earth as quit-rent  
pays,  
Then might our pretty modern Philomels  
Sustain our spirits with their roundelays."

That again to Homer is scarcely inferior, especially in the concluding lines, describing the varied music of the old poet's verse :—

"How strong,  
How fortified with all the numerous train  
Of human truths, great poet of thy kind,  
Wert thou, whose verse, capacious as the sea,  
And various as the voices of the wind,  
Swell'd with the gladness of the battle's glee,  
And yet could glorify infirmity  
When Priam wept, or shamestruck Helen  
pined."

The peculiarity of the sonnet, its ending as it were without an end, was adapted perhaps to a certain incompleteness, not of thought, nor of expression, which are often highly finished, but (if the expression may be used) of *character*, in the poet's mind. The sonnet finishes, yet does not finish, the subject; it contains a complete thought, but suggests that there is more behind. In the use of the double syllable at the end of the line—

"Could any sin survive and be forgiven,  
One sinful wish would make a hell of  
heaven,"

giving a quiet ring to the verse, and varying its monotony, as well as in the happy introduction of the tribrach, or the anapaest—

"To greet the pressure of immaculate feet,"

Hartley Coleridge is a consummate artist. But the characteristic of his poetry, throughout, is its unaffectedness. There is no straining after effect, no staring, startling epithets, no elaborate and artificial simplicity. All is graceful, tender, beautiful—the growth of a mind in which grace and beauty were native elements.

Whether his genius was capable of a sustained flight it is hard to say. The longest poem in his first volume (that published in his lifetime) is not the most striking; but that called the "Prometheus" (in the posthumous volume) though a fragment, is in itself a gem of exquisite beauty. It is an adaptation of some of the many mysterious ideas which cluster round the story of the benevolent, suffering, unbending Titan. In no modern poet can we point to a more beautiful passage than that in which the sylphs describe the infancy of Jupiter, at whose enforced desertion his mother Rhæa

—"would have given her godhead for a heart  
That might have broken;"—

then his growing boyhood, while his future greatness dawned upon him gradually, and he longed for the day—

"When the glad sons of the delivered earth  
Should yearly raise the multitudinous voice  
Hymning great Jove, the God of Liberty!  
Then he grew proud, yet gentle in his pride,  
And full of tears, which well became his youth  
As showers do spring. For he was quickly  
moved  
And joyed to hear sad stories that we told  
Of what we saw on earth—of death, and woe,  
And all the waste of time."

There is throughout this beautiful poem  
a classic grace embodying deeper than  
classical thoughts, a music as of the  
songs of the sylphs, and occasionally a  
grandeur not unlike that of Keats. We  
do not fear that the reader will regret  
the perusal of these "reminiscences," if  
they only introduce him to this single  
fragment.

Perhaps the writings of Hartley Cole-  
ridge are hardly known as much as they  
deserve to be. The blaze of glory around  
Tennyson dims for the present the  
lustre of contemporary poets. But as  
long as grace, pathos, and tenderness  
have charms when clothed in an ex-  
pression of simple but finished beauty;  
as long as there is interest in the  
sorrows, and struggles, and hopes of a  
highly-gifted and good, though imper-  
fect man; as long as there is sympathy  
for purity and tenderness of feeling,  
and delight in the melody of exquisite  
verse: so long will his works deserve a  
place among the genuine productions of  
high poetic genius.

## WINE AND SLEEP.

AMID Cithaeron's solitudes, what time  
Ambiguous eve was brightening stars with shade,  
I heard young Bacchus boasting, as, superb  
In languid pride and jovial indolence,  
He leaned against a plane-tree richly wed  
With vine at the Immortal's touch upgrown.  
Low-browed, with pulsing nostril and short lip,  
And slackly muscular he leaned, a cup  
Idly on his plump finger balancing,  
And, glorying thus, he mocked the other gods.

"Apollo, Hermes, Hera, Cybele,  
Poseidon, Aphrodite, Artemis,  
And very majesty of Zeus, look down,  
And say where ye desery your worshippers.  
Cold flaky ashes choke the relic brand,  
Unbutchered lows the steer, neglected droops  
The chaplet interwoven with pale webs.  
For that the cities and the villages  
Are void of them who worshipped erst, but now,  
Evöe-shrieking, thyrsus-brandishing,  
Grape-maddened, roam Cithaeron's wilds with me,  
The youngest and the mightiest of the gods."

Thus vaunting he strode forth, and with proud glance  
Surveyed his retinue; but at the sight  
Contentment fled him, and he flushed with wrath,  
'Ware of the presence of a mightier god.  
For all the Maenads lay subdued by Sleep.  
Careless in flowing attitudes, like streams  
Of living beauty poured and serpentine,



They lay on bunches of crushed grapes, on coils  
 Of limber ivy delicate of leaf,  
 Blent with the thyrsus, the empurpled bowl,  
 And copious tresses' prodigality.  
 The deadly beauty of the leopardess  
 Lay slumbering there,—blunt head and dainty paw  
 Entangled in the wreaths, and, carried long  
 In frenzy, the loosed serpent stole away.  
 And Bacchus raised his hand as if to grasp  
 His ivy crown, and hurl it 'mid the troop,  
 When lo! his hand met poppies, and his lips  
 Imbreathed a fume more odorous than the sweet  
 Of saturated wine-jars long immured  
 And fresh unsealed. Swimming, his eyeball thrice  
 Circuited the moist oval of his eye,  
 Then sank, and his drowsed hand dismissed the cup.  
 And, as a poured libation bubbles, creams,  
 Then melts into the sod, so were his limbs  
 Convulsed, composed; and as the wavering fall  
 Of a shed roseleaf on a windless noon,  
 Such was his mild declension to the earth.  
 There undulant yet moveless, low he lay,  
 The youngest and the loveliest of the gods.  
 And then a cloud eclipsed Cithaeron's snow,  
 And issuing thunder boomed, big with the bland  
 And sovran laughter of supremest Zeus.

R. GARNETT.

## CRADDOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a Tuesday evening when Craddock Nowell and Amy Rosedew signed and sealed, with the moon's approval, their bond to one another. On the following day, Dr. Hutton and wife were to dine at Kettledrum Hall; and the distance being considerable, and the roads so shockingly bad,—“even dangerous, I am told, to gentlemen who have dined *with me*, sir,” said Kettledrum, in his proudest manner,—they had accepted his offer, and that of Mrs. Kettledrum, which she herself came over to make, that they should not think of returning until after breakfast on Thursday. In consequence of her hus-

band's hints, Rosa felt the keenest interest in “that Mrs. Kettledrum. Leave her to me, dear Rufus. You need not be afraid, indeed. Trust me to get to the bottom of it.” And so she exerted her probing skill upon her to the uttermost, more even than ladies usually do, when they first meet one another. Of course, there was no appearance of it, nothing so ill-bred as that; it was all the sweetest refinement, and the kindest neighbourly interest. They even became affectionate in the course of half-an-hour, and mutual confidence proved how strangely their tastes were in unison. Nevertheless, each said good-bye with a firm conviction that she had outwitted the other. “Poor thing, she was so

stupid. What a bungler, to be sure ! And to think I could not see through her ! ”

But the return-match between these ladies, which was to have come off at Kettledrum Hall—where, by-the-by, there appeared a far greater performer than either of them—this interesting display of skill was deferred for the present ; inasmuch as Rosa was taken ill during the mysteries of her toilet. It was nothing more serious, however, than the “ flying spasms,” as she always called them, to which she had long been subject and which (as she often told her husband) induced her to marry a doctor.

Rufus administered essence of peppermint, and then a dose of magnesia ; but he would not hear of her coming with him, and he wanted to stop at home with her, and see that she sat by the fire. She in turn would have her way, and insisted that Rue should go, “ for he had made himself such a very smart boy, that she was really quite proud of him, and they would all be so disappointed, and he was taller than Mr. Kettledrum, she felt quite sure he was.” The bearing of that last argument I do not quite perceive, but dare not say that she erred therein, and to Rue it was quite conclusive. So Ralph Mohorn was sent for, the pony-carriage countermanded, and Rufus set forth upon Polly, whose oats were now restricted.

Kettledrum Hall stood forth on a rise, and made the very most of itself. Expansive, and free, and obtrusively honest, it seemed to strike itself on the breast (as its master did) with both gables. A parochial assessment committee, or a surveyor for the property-tax, would have stuck on something considerable, if they had only seen the outside of it. Look at the balustrade that went (for it was too heavy to run) all along the front of it, over the basement windows. No stucco, either ; but stone, genuine stone, that bellied out like a row of Roman amphoræ, or the calves of a first-rate footman. After that, to see the portico, “ *decempedis metata*,” which “ *excipiebat Eurum* ”—not Arcton in this climate. No wonder—although it was rotten in-

side, and the whole of it mortgaged ten fathom deep—that Bailey Kettledrum hit his breast, and said, “ Our little home, sir ! ”

“ Your great home, you mean,” said Rufus ; “ what a noble situation ! You can see all over the county.”

They had come to meet him down the hill, in the kindest country fashion, Mr. and Mrs. Kettledrum, like Jack and Jill going for water.

“ Not quite that,” replied Kettledrum ; “ but we saw you with my binocular, between two and three miles off, and became so anxious about Mrs. Hutton, that I said to my wife, ‘ Put your bonnet on ; ’ and she only said, ‘ Bailey, put your hat on ; ’ nothing more, sir, I assure you ; nothing more, sir, upon my honour.”

Rufus could not see exactly why there should have been anything more, but he could not help thanking them for their kindness, and saying to himself, “ What nice people ! Quite an agricultural life, I see, in spite of that grand mansion.”

“ Now,” said Mr. Kettledrum, when Polly had been committed to one of the stable-boys,—but Rufus still wanted to look at her, for he never grew tired of admiring anything that belonged to him, and he knew they wouldn’t do her legs right—“ now, Dr. Hutton, you have come most kindly, according to your promise, so as to give us an hour or two to spare before the dinner-time. Shall we take a turn with the guns ? I can put my hand on a covey ; or shall we walk round the garden, and have the benefit of your advice ? ”

Rufus looked in dismay at his “ choice black kerseymeres ; ” he had taken his “ *antigropelos* ” off, and was proud to find not a flake on them. But to think of going out shooting ! He ought not to have dressed before he left home, but he hated many skinnings. And he could only guess the distance from the lodge to this place. So he voted very decidedly for a walk in the kitchen-garden.

Into this he was solemnly instituted, and the beauties all pointed out to him. What a scene of weeds and rubbish ! How different from Bull Garnet’s dainty



and trim quarters, or from his own new style of work at Geopharmacy Lodge! Rotten beansticks crackling about, the scum of last summer's cabbages, toadstools cropping up like warts or arums rubbed with caustic, a fine smell of potato-disease, and a general sense of mildew; the wall-trees curled and frizzled up with aphids, coccus, and honeydew; and the standards scraggy, and full of stubs, canker, and American blight, sprawling, slouching, hump-backed, and stag-headed, like the sick ward of a workhouse fighting with tattered umbrellas.

"Ah," said Rufus, at his wit's end for anything to praise; "what a perfect paradise—for the songsters of the grove."

"Oh," replied Mr. Kettledrum, "you should hear the Dook admire it. 'Kettledrum, my boy,' he said, when he dined with me last Friday, 'there is one thing I do envy you—no, sir, neither your most lady-like wife, nor yet your clever children, although I admit that neither of them can be paralleled in England—but, Kettledrum, it is—forgive me—it is your kitchen-garden.' 'My kitchen-garden, your grace,' I replied, for I hate to brag of anything, 'it is a poor thing, my lord Dook, compared to your own at Lionshill.' 'May I be d—d,' his grace replied, for I never shall break him of swearing, 'if I ever saw anything like it, dear Kettledrum, and so I told the Duchess.' And after all, you know, Dr. Hutton, a man may think too little of what it has pleased God to give him."

"Well," said Rufus to himself, "I'm blessed if *you* do. But I don't like you any the worse for a bit of brag. I have met great brags in India, and most of them honest fellows. But I must peg him down a bit. I must, I fear; it is my duty as an enlightened gardener."

"But you see, now," said Bailey Kettledrum, smacking his lips, and gazing into profundity, "you see, my dear sir, there is nothing 'ab omni parte beatum'; perhaps you remember the passage in the heroic epistles of—ah, Cicero it was, I believe, who wrote all those epistles to somebody."

"No doubt of it," said Rufus Hutton, who knew more of Hindustani than of Latin and Greek combined; "and yet St. Paul wrote some."

"Not in Latin, my dear sir; all St. Paul's were Greek. 'Nihil est,' I now remember, 'ab omni parte beatum.' I don't know how it scans, which I suppose it ought to do, but that isn't my look out. Perhaps, however, you can tell me?"

"I'm blowed if I can," said Rufus Hutton, in the honesty of his mind; "and I am not quite sure that it has any right to scan."

"Well, I can't say; but I *think* it ought,"—he was in the mists of memory, where most of the trees have sensitive roots, though the branches are not distinguishable. "However, that can't matter at all; I see you are a classical scholar. And, Hutton, I like a classical scholar, because he can understand me. But you see that these trees are rather—ah, what is the expression for it——?"

"Cankered, and scabby, and scrubs."

"That is to say—yes, I suppose, they would crop the better, if that be possible, for a little root-pruning."

"You have gathered the fruit for this year, I presume?"

"Well, no, not quite that. The children have had some, of course. But we are very particular not to store too early."

"I really don't think you need be."

"Why, many people say, 'let well alone'; but my gardener talks of making—"

"A jolly good bonfire of them, if he knows anything of his business. Then drain the ground, trench, and plant new ones."

Mr. Kettledrum looked quite thunder-struck; he caught hold of a tree to help him, and a great cake of rotten bark, bearded with moss, came away like the mask of a mummer. It was slimy on the under side, and two of his fingers went through it.

"Nice state of things," said Rufus, laughing. "I suppose the Dook likes lepers?"

"Why, my dear sir, you don't mean to say—"

"That I would leave only one of them, and I would hang the head-gardener upon it."

That worthy was just coming round the corner, to obtain the applause of a gentleman well known to the "*Gardener's Chronicle*;" but now he turned round abruptly, scratched his head, and thought of his family.

When Rufus came down and entered the drawing-room, he was perfectly gorgeous; for although he had been in full dress for the main, he knew better than to ride with his Alumbaggah waistcoat on. There was nothing in all the three presidencies to come up to that waistcoat. It would hold Dr. Hutton and Rosa too, for they had stood back to back and tried it. And Rufus vainly sighed for the day when his front should come out and exhaust it. He stole it, they say, from a petty rajah, who came to a great durbar with it, worn like an Oxford hood. At any rate, there it was, and the back of Cashmere stuff would fit either baby or giant. But the front, the front—oh, bangles and jiminy! it is miles beyond me to describe it.

All simple writers, from Job and Hesiod downwards, convey an impression of some grand marvel, not by direct description of it, which would be feeble and achromatic, but by the rebound, recoil, and redouble, from the judgment of some eye-witness. If that eye-witness be self-possessed, wide-awake, experienced, and undemonstrative, the effect upon the reader's mind is as of a shell which has struck the granite, burst there, and scattered back on him. So will I, mistrusting the value of my own impressions, give a faint idea of Rufus his waistcoat, by the effect of it on that assembly.

The host was away for the moment somewhere, perhaps blowing up the butler, for his wife was telling her sister how nervous and even fidgety her beloved Bailey was growing; but Mr. Corklemore was there, and came forth to salute the great Rufus, when his heavy eyes settled upon the waistcoat,

and all his emotions exploded in a "haw" of incredulous wonder. Mrs. Kettledrum rose at the same instant, and introduced her sister.

"My sister, Dr. Hutton, whom I have so earnestly longed to make acquainted with dear Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Nowell Corklemore; Mr. Corklemore, I know, has had the pleasure of meeting you. Georgie, dear, you will like her so—oh, goodness gracious me!"

"I don't wonder you are surprised at me, Anna," exclaimed Mrs. Corklemore, with wonderful presence of mind. "How stupid I am to be sure! Oh, Nowell, why didn't you tell me? How shameful of you! But you never look at me now, I think." And she swept from the room in the cleverest manner, as if something wrong in her own dress had caused her sister's ejaculation. "Excuse me one moment," said Mrs. Kettledrum, taking her cue very aptly; and she ran out as if to aid her sister, but in reality to laugh herself into hysterics.

After all there was nothing absurd, *per se*, in Rufus Hutton's waistcoat; only it is not the fashion, just at present, to wear pictorial raiment; but the worthy doctor could not perceive any reason why it should not be. He was pleased with the prospect of creating a genuine sensation, and possibly leading the mode; and having lost all chance of realising these modest hopes at Nowelhurst, why, he must content himself with a narrower stage for his triumphs. He had smuggled it from home, however, without his wife's permission: he had often threatened her with its appearance, but she always thought he was joking. And truly it required some strength of mind to present it to modern society, although it was a work of considerable art, and no little value.

The material of it was Indian silk of the very richest quality. It had no buttons, but golden eyelets and tags of golden cowries. The background of the whole was yellow, the foreground of a brilliant green, portraying the plants of the jungle. On the left bosom leaped and roared an enormous royal tiger, with two splendid jewels, called "cat's-eyes,"



flashing, and a pearl for every fang. Upon the right side a hulking elephant was turning tail ignominiously; while two officers in the howdah poked their guns at the eyes of the tiger. The eyes of the officers in their terror had turned to brilliant emeralds, and the blood of the tramping elephant was represented by seed rubies. The mahout was cutting away in the distance, looking back with eyes of diamonds.

Upon my word, it required uncommonly fine breeding, especially in a lady, to meet that waistcoat at a dinner-party, and be entirely unconscious of it. And I doubt if there are many women in England who would not contrive to lead up to the subject, quite accidentally, of course, before the evening was over.

The ladies came back as grave as judges; and somehow it was managed (as if by the merest oversight) that Dr. Hutton should lead to dinner, not the lady of the house, whom of course he ought to have taken, but Mrs. Nowell Corklemore. He felt, as he crossed the hall with her, that the beauty of his waistcoat had raised some artistic emotion in a bosom as beautiful as its own. Oh, Rufus, think of Rosa!

Let none be alarmed at those ominous words. The tale of Craddock Nowell's life shall be pure as that life itself was. The historian may be rough, and blunt, and sometimes too intense, in the opinion of those who look at life from a different point of view. But be that as it will, his other defects (I trust and pray) will chiefly be deficiencies. We will have no poetical seduction, no fascinating adultery, condemned and yet reprieved by the writer, and infectious from his sympathy. Georgiana Corklemore was an uncommonly clever woman, and was never known to go far enough to involve her reputation. She loved her child, and liked her husband, and had all the respect for herself which may abide with vanity. Nevertheless she flirted awfully, and all married women hated her. "Bold thing," they called her, "sly good-for-nothing; and did you see how she ogled? Well, if I only carried on so!

Oh, if I were only her husband! But, poor man, he knows no better. Such a poor dear stick, you know. Perhaps that is what makes her do it. And nothing in her at all, when you come to think of it. No taste, no style, no elegance! When *will* she put her back hair up? And her child fit to put into long-clothes! Did you observe her odious way of putting her lips up, as if to be kissed? My dear, I don't know how *you* felt; but I could scarcely stay in the room with her."

Nevertheless the ladies did stay, and took good care to watch her, and used to say to her afterwards, "Oh, if I were only like you, dear! Then I need not be afraid of you; but you are—now don't tell stories—*so* clever and *so* attractive. As if you did not know it, dear! Well, you *are* so simple-minded. I am always telling my Looey, and Maggie, to take you for their model, dear."

On the present occasion, "Georgie Corklemore," as she called herself, set about flirting with Rufus Hutton, not from her usual love of power, nor even for the sake of his waistcoat, but because she had an especial purpose, and a very important one. The Kettledrum-cum-Corklemore conspiracy was this,—to creep in once more at Nowelhurst Hall through the interest of Dr. Hutton. They all felt perfectly certain that Craddock Nowell had murdered his brother, and that the crime had been hushed up through the influence of the family. They believed that the head of that family, in his passionate sorrow and anger, might be brought to their view of the subject, if he could only be handled properly; and who could manage that more adroitly than his first cousin once removed, the beautiful Mrs. Corklemore? Only let her get once invited, once inducted there, and the main difficulty after that would be to apportion the prey between them. They knew well enough that the old entail expired with the present baronet; and that he (before his marriage) held in fee pure and simple all that noble property. His marriage-settlement, and its effects, they

could only inkle of ; but their heart was inditing of a good matter, and Mr. Choep would soon pump Brockwood. Not quite so fast, my Amphictyonics ; a solicitor thirty years admitted (though his original craft may not be equal) is not to be sucked dry, on the surprise, even by spongy young Choep. However, that was a question for later consideration ; and blood being thicker than water, and cleaving more fast to the ground, they felt that it would be a frightful injustice if they were done out of the property.

Only two things need be added ; one that Sir Cradock had always disliked, and invited them but for appearance' sake ; the other, that they fairly believed in the righteousness of their cause, and that Rufus Hutton could prove it for them, as the principal witness tampered with.

Mrs. Corklemore was now, perhaps, twenty-five years old, possibly turning thirty ; for that lustrum of a lady's life is a hard one to beat the bounds of ; at any rate, she had never looked better than she did at the present moment. She was just at the age to spread open, with the memory of shyness upon them (like the dew when the sun is up), the curving petals of beauty. Who understands the magnetic current ? who can analyse ozone ? is there one of us able to formularize the polarity of light ? Will there ever be an age when chemists metaphysical will weigh—no more by troy weight, and carat, as now the mode is, but by subtle heart-gas—our liking for a woman ? No, I hope there never will be.

That soft Georgiana Corklemore, so lively, lovely, and gushing, focussed all her fascinations upon Rufus Hutton. She knew that she had to deal with a man of much inborn acuteness, and who must have seen a hundred ladies quite as fair as Georgie. But had he seen one with her—well, she knew not what to call it, though she thoroughly knew how to use it ? So she magnetised him with all her skill ; and Rufus, shrewdly suspecting her object, and confiding in a certain triarian charge, a certain thrust

Jarnacian, which he would deliver at the proper moment, allowed her to smile, and to show her white teeth and dimples of volatile velvet (so natural, so inevitable, at his playful, delightful humour) and to loose whole quiverfuls of light shafts from the arch flash under her eyelids. What sweet simplicity she was, what innocent desire to learn, what universal charity. "How dreadful, Dr. Hutton ! Oh, please not to tell me of it ! How could any ladies do it ? I should have fainted at once, and died half an hour afterwards." She turned up her large mild eyes, deeply beaming with centralized light, in a way that said, "If I died, is there any one who would think it a very, very great pity ?"

Rufus had been describing historically, not dramatically, the trials of the ladies, when following their regiment during a sudden movement in the perils of the mutiny. With a man's far stiffer identity, he did not expect or even imagine that his delicate listener would be there, and go through every hour of it. But so it was, and without any sham, although she was misusing her strange sympathetic power. Mrs. Nowell Corklemore would have made a very great actress ; she had so much self-abandonment, such warm introjection, and hot indignant sympathy ; and yet enough of self-reservation to hoop them all in with judgment. Meanwhile Mrs. Kettle-drum, a lady of ordinary sharpness, like a good pudding-apple—Georgie being a peach of the very finest quality—she, I say, at the top of the table was watching them very intently—delighted, amused, indignant ; glad that none of her children were there to store up Auntie's doings. As for Mr. Corklemore, he was quite accustomed to it ; and looking down complacently upon the little doctor, thought to himself, "How beautifully my Georgie will cold-shoulder him, when we have got all we want out of the conceited chattering jackanapes."

When the ladies were gone, Mr. Bailey Kettle-drum, who had no idea of playing dummy even to Mrs. Corklemore, made a trick or two from his own hand.



"Corklemore, my dear fellow, you think we are all tea-totallers. On with the port, if you please, 'cessantem Bibuli Consulis amphoram,' never shall forget that line. The bibulous consul, eh! Capital idea. Corklemore, you can construe that?"

"Haw! Perhaps I can't. Really don't know; they beat a heap of stuff into me when I was a very small boy; and it was like whipping—ha, haw, something like whipping—"

"Eggs," said Rufus Hutton, "all came to bubbles, eh?"

"Not at all, sir, not at all; you entirely misunderstand me. I mean that it was similar to—to the result produced by the whipping of a top."

"Only made your head go round," said Mr. Kettledrum, winking at Rufus; and thenceforth had established a community of interest in the baiting of "long Corklemore." "Well, at any rate," he continued, "Hutton is a scholar—excuse my freedom, my dear sir; we are such rustics here, that I seldom come across a man who appreciates my quotations. You are a great acquisition, sir, the very greatest, to this neighbourhood. How can we have let you remain so long without unearthing you?"

"Because," said Rufus to himself, "you did not happen to want me; when are you going to offer to introduce me to 'the Dook?'"

"And now, gentlemen," continued Mr. Kettledrum, rising, swelling his chest out, and thumping it athletically, "it is possible that I may be wrong; I have never been deaf to conviction; but if I am wrong, gentlemen, the fault is in yourselves. Mark me now, I am ready, such is the force of truth, I am ready here at my own board (humble as it is) once for all to admit that the fault is in yourselves. But the utterance I swell with, the great fault that is within me, is strife—no, I beg your pardon—is—is—rife and strongly inditing of a certain lady, who is an honour to her sex. I rise to the occasion, friends; I say an honour to her sex, and a blessing to the other one. Gentlemen, no peroration of mine is equal in any way to the great-

ness of the occasion; could I say, with Cicero, 'Veni, vidi, vici,' where would be my self-approval? I mean—you understand me. It is the privilege of a man in this blessed country, the first gem of the ocean—no, I don't mean that; it applies, I believe, to Scotland, and the immortal Burns—but this, sir, I will say, and challenge contradiction, a Briton, sir, a Briton, never, never, never will be free! And now, sir, in conclusion, is there one of you, let me ask, who will not charge his eyes, gentlemen, and let his glass run over——"

"Haw," cried Mr. Corklemore, "charge his glass, come, Kettledrum, and let his eyes run over—haw—I think that is the way we read it, Dr. Hutton."

"Gentlemen, I sit down; finding it impossible to obtain an adequate hearing, I close my poor attempt at cleansing my bosom of the perilous stuff, sir—you know the rest—the health of Mrs. Hutton, that most remarkable children—excuse me, most remarkable woman, whose children, I am quite convinced, will be an honour to their age and sex. Port of '51, gentlemen; a finer vintage than '47."

He had told them it was '34, but both knew better; and now "in vino veritas."

At last Mr. Bailey Kettledrum had hit the weak point of Rufus, and, what was more, he perceived it. Himself you might butter and soap for a month, and he would take it at all its value; but magnify his Rosa, exalt the name of his Rosa, and you had him at discretion.

"Remarkable, sir," he inquired, with a twinkle of fruity port stealing out from his keen little eyes, "you really do injustice; so many ladies are remarkable——"

"Haw, well I never heard——"

"Confound you, Corklemore," said Kettledrum to him aside, "can you never hold your tongue? Sir"—to Rufus—"I beg your pardon, if I said 'remarkable'; I meant to say, sir, 'most remarkable!'" The most remarkable lady"—this to Corklemore, in confidence—"I have ever been privileged to meet. 'What children,' I said to my wife,

but yesterday, 'what children they will be blest with!' 'Oh, he's a lucky dog. The luckiest dog in the world, my boy.'

However, they were not so very far from the sloping shores of sobriety when they rejoined the ladies, and made much of the small Misses Kettledrum, tidy children, rather pretty, and all of the pink ribbon pattern. After some melting melodies from soft Georgie's lips and fingers, Mrs. Kettledrum said,

"Oh, Dr. Hutton, do you ever play chess? We are such players here; all except my poor self; I am a great deal too stupid."

"I used to play a little when I was in India. We are obliged to play all sorts of games in India." Dr. Hutton piqued himself not a little on his skill in the one true game. At a sign from their mother, the small Kettledrums rushed for the board most zealously, and knocked their soft heads together. Mrs. Corklemore was declared by all to be the only antagonist worthy of an Indian player, and she sat down most gracefully, protesting against her presumption. "Just to take a lesson, you know; only to take a lesson, dear. Oh, please, don't let any one look at me." Rufus, however, soon perceived that he had found his match, if not his superior, in the sweet impulsive artless creature, who threw away the game so neatly when she was quite sure of it.

"Oh, poor me! Now, I do declare—Isn't it most heart-breaking? I am such a foolish thing. Oh, can you be so cruel?"

Thrilling eyes of the richest hazel trembled with dewy radiance, as Rufus coolly marched off the queen, and planted his knight instead of her.

"Mrs. Corklemore, can I relent? You are far too good a player." The loveliest eyes, the most snowy surge, in the "mare magnum" of ladies, would never have made that dry Rue Hutton, well content with his Rosa, give away so much as the right to capture a pawn in passing.

Now observe the contrariety, the want of pure reason (*λόγος ἀπλούς*), the confusion of ἀρχή—I am sorry and

ashamed, but I can't express these things in English, for the language is rich in emotion, but a pauper in philosophy—the distress upon the premises of the cleverest woman's mind. She had purposely thrown her queen in his way; but she never forgave him for taking it.

A glance shot from those soft bright eyes, when Rufus could not see them, as if the gentle evening-star, Venus herself, all tremulous, rushed, like a meteor, up the heavens, and came hissing down on our violet bed.

She took good care to win the next game, for policy allowed it; and then, of course, it was too late to try the decisive contest.

"Early hours. Liberty Hall, Liberty Hall at Kettledrum! Gentlemen stay up, and smoke if they like. But early hours, sir, for the ladies. We value their complexions. They don't. That I know. Do you now, my dearest? No, of course you don't." This was Mr. Kettledrum.

"Except for your sake, darling," said Mrs. Kettledrum, curtseying, for the children were all gone to bed long ago, and she might venture on *δαρισμός*.

"Well," said Georgie, coming forward, because she knew her figure would look well with three lamps upon it; such a figure of eight! "my opinion is never worth having, I know, because I feel so much; but I pronounce——" here she stood up like Portia, with a very low-necked dress on—"gentlemen, and ladies, I pronounce that one is quite as bad as the other."

"Haw!" said Nowell Corklemore. And so they went to bed. And Rufus Hutton wondered whether they ever had family prayers.

When all the rest were at breakfast, in came Mrs. Corklemore, looking as fresh as daybreak.

"Oh, I am so ashamed of myself. What a sluggard you will think me! What is it in the divine song of that great divine, Dr. Watts? Nowell, dear, you must not scold me. I cannot bear being scolded, because I never have tit for tat. Good morning, dearest Anna;



how is your headache, darling? Oh, Dr. Hutton, I forgot! No wonder I overlooked you. I shall never think much of you again, because I beat you at chess so."

"Game and game," said Rufus, solemnly, "and I ought to have won that last one, Mrs. Corklemore; you know I ought."

"To be sure, to be sure. Oh, of course I do. But—a little thing perverted him—his antagonist was too good, sir. Ah, we'll play the conqueror some day; and then the tug of war comes. Oh, Anna, I am so conceited! To think of my beating Dr. Hutton, the best player in all India."

"Well, darling, we know all that. And we must not blame you therefore for lying in bed till ten o'clock."

"Oh," said Rufus, with a groan, "do look at ladies' logic! Mrs. Corklemore gained one game out of two—only because I was—ah-hem, I mean by her very fine play—and now she claims absolute victory; and Mrs. Kettledrum accepts it as a premise for a negative conclusion, which has nothing on earth to do with it."

But Rufus got the worst of that protest. He tilted too hard at the quintain. All came down upon him at once, till he longed for a cigar. Then Mrs. Corklemore sympathized with him, arose, their breakfast being over, and made him a pretty curtsy. She was very proud of her curtsies; she contrived to show her shape so.

"Confound that woman," thought Rufus, "I can never tell when she is acting. I never met her like in India. And thank God for that same."

She saw that her most bewitching curtsy was entirely thrown away upon him; for he was thinking of his Rosa, and looking out for the good mare, Polly.

"Dr. Hutton, I thank you for your condescension, in giving me that lesson. You let me win that last game out of pure good nature. I shall always appreciate it. Meanwhile I shall say to every one—'Oh, do you know, Dr. Hutton and I play even?' taking very good

care meanwhile never to play again with you. Shocking morality! Yes, very shocking. But then I know no better, do I, Nowell, dear?"

"Haw! Well, Georgie, I am not so sure of that. My wife is absolute nature, sir, simple, absolute—haw—unartificial nature. But unartificial nature is, in my opinion—haw—yes, a very wise nature, sometimes."

"Haw!" said his wife, exactly like him, while everybody laughed. Then she stood upon tiptoe to kiss him, she was so unartificial, even before the company. All the pretty airs and graces of a fair Parisian, combined with all the domestic snugness of an English wife! What a fine thing it is to have a yoke-mate with a playful, charming manner!

"Good-bye, Dr. Hutton. We are on the wing, as you are. I fear you will never forgive me for tarnishing your laurels so."

Tarnishing laurels! What wonderful fellow so ingeniously mixed metaphors?

"Now or never," thought Rufus Hutton; "she has beaten me at chess, she thinks. Now, I'll have the change out of her. Only let her lead up to it."

"Mrs. Corklemore, we will fight it out, upon some future occasion. I never played with a lady so very hard to beat."

"Ah, you mean at Nowellhurst. But we never go there now. There is—I ought to say, very likely, there are mistakes on both sides—still there seems to exist some *prejudice* against us.—Anna, dear, you put a lump of sugar too much in my tea. I am already too saccharine."

"Well, dear, I put exactly what you always tell me. And you sent your cup for more afterwards."

"Matter of fact animal—how can she be my sister?" Georgie only muttered this. Rufus Hutton did not catch it. Mr. Garnet would have done so.

"Now is the time," thought Rufus again, as she came up to shake hands with him, not a bit afraid of the morning sun upon her smooth rich cheeks, where the colour was not laid on in

spots, but seemed to breathe up from below, like a lamp under water. Outside he saw pet Polly scraping great holes in the gravel, and the groom throwing all his weight on the curb to prevent her from bolting homewards. "Hang it, she won't stand that," he cried, "her mouth is like a sea-anemone. Take her by the snaffle-rein. Can't you see, you fool, that she hasn't seven coats to her mouth, like you? Excuse my opening the window," he apologised to Mrs. Corklemore, "and excuse my speaking harshly, for if I had not stopped him, he would have thrown my horse down, and I value my Polly enormously."

"Especially after her behaviour the other night in the forest. It is the same with all you gentlemen; the worse you are treated, the more grateful you are. Oh, yes, we heard of it; but we won't tell Mrs. Hutton."

"No, indeed, I hope you won't. I should be very sorry for her to get even a hint of it."

"To be sure," laughed Georgie, "to be sure we will keep the secret, for ever so many reasons; one of them being that Dr. Hutton would be obliged to part with Miss Polly, if her mistress knew of her conduct. But I must not be so rude. I see you want to be off quite as much as fair Polly does. Ah, what a thing it is to have a happy home!"

Here Mrs. Corklemore sighed very deeply. If a woman who always has her own way, and a woman who is always scheming, can be happy, she, Georgie, must be so; but she wanted to stir compassion.

"Come," she said, after turning away, for she had such a jacket on—the most bewitching thing; it was drawn in tight at her round little waist, and seemed made like a horse's body-clothes, on purpose for her to trot out in,—“come, Dr. Hutton, say good-bye, and forgive me for beating you.” Simple creature, of course she knew not the “sacra fames” of chess-players.

“We must have our return-match. I won't say ‘good-bye,’ until you have

promised me that. Shall it be at my house?”

“No. There is only one place in the world where I would dare to attack you again, and that is Nowelhurst Hall.”

“And why there, more than anywhere else?”

“Because there is a set of men there, with which I can beat anybody. I believe I could beat Morphy, with those men at Nowelhurst. Ah! you think me, I see, grossly and stupidly superstitious. Well, perhaps I am. I do sympathise so with everything.”

“I hope we may meet at Nowelhurst,” replied Rufus, preparing his blow of Jarnac, “when they have recovered a little from their sad distress.”

“Ah, poor Sir Cradock!” exclaimed the lady, with her expressive eyes tear-laden, “how I have longed to comfort him! It does seem so hard that he should renounce the sympathy of his relatives at such a time as this. And all through some little wretched dissensions in the days when he misunderstood us! Of course we know that you cannot do it; that you, a comparative stranger, cannot have sufficient influence where the dearest friends have failed. My husband, too, in his honest pride, is very, very obstinate, and my sister quite as bad. They fear, I suppose,—well, it does seem ridiculous, but you know what vulgar people say in a case of that sort—they actually fear the imputation of being fortune-hunters!” Georgie looked so arrogant in her stern consciousness of right, that Rufus said, and for the moment meant it, “How absurd, to be sure!”

“Yes,” said Georgie, confidentially, and in the sweetest of all sweet voices, “between you and me, Dr. Hutton, for I speak to you quite as to an old friend of the family, whom you have known so long”—(“Holloa,” thought Rufus, “in the last breath I was a ‘comparative stranger!’”)—“I think it below our dignity to care for such an absurdity; and that now, as good Christians, we are bound to sink all petty enmities, and comfort the poor bereaved one. If you can contribute in any way to this



act of Christian charity, may I rely upon your good word? But for the world, don't tell my husband; he would be so angry at the mere idea."

"I will do my best, Mrs. Corklemore; you may rely upon that."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! I felt quite sure that you had a generous heart. I should have been so disappointed; perhaps, after all, we shall play our next game of chess at Christmas with the men I am so lucky with. And then, look to yourself, Dr. Hutton."

"I trust you will find a player there who can give me a pawn and two moves. If you beat him, you may boast indeed."

"What player do you mean," asked Georgie, feeling rather less triumphant. "Any Indian friend of yours?"

"Yes, one for whom I have the very greatest regard. For whose sake, indeed, I first renewed my acquaintance with Sir Cradock, because I bore a message to him; for the Colonel is a bad correspondent."

"The Colonel! I don't understand you." Oh, Mrs. Corklemore, how your eyes, those expressive eyes, were changing! And your lovely jacket, so smart and well-cut, began to "draw" over the chest.

"Did you not know," asked Rufus, watching her in a way that made her hate him worse than when he took her queen, "is it possible that you have not heard, that Colonel Nowell, Clayton Nowell, Sir Cradock's only brother, is coming home this month, and brings his darling child with him?" Now for your acting, Georgie: now for your self-command. We shall admire, henceforth, or laugh at you, according to your present conduct.

She was equal to the emergency. She commanded her eyes, and her lips, and bosom, after that one expansion, even her nerves, to the utmost fibre—everything but her colour. The greatest actor ever seen, when called on to act in real life, can never command colour if the skin has proper spiracles. The springs of our hearts will come up and go down, as God orders the human weather. But she turned away, with

that lily-whiteness, because she knew she had it, and rushed up enthusiastically to her sister at the end of the room.

"Dear Anna, darling Anna, oh, I am so delighted! We have been so wretched about poor Sir Cradock. And now his brother is coming to mind him, with such delightful children! We thought he was dead, oh, so many years! What a gracious Providence!"

"Haw!" said Nowell Corklemore.

"The devil!" said Bailey Kettle-drum, and Rufus caught the re-echo, but hoped it might be a mistake.

Then they all came forward, gushing, rushing, rapturous to embrace him.

"Oh, Dr. Hutton, surely this is too good news to be true!"

"I think not," said Rufus Hutton, mystical and projecting, "I really trust it is not. But I thought you must have heard it, from your close affinity, otherwise I should have told you the moment I came in,"—what a fearful cracker, Rufus!—"but now I hope this new arrival will heal over all, fill up I mean, all family misunderstandings."

"Colonel Clayton Nowell," said Mr. Nowell Corklemore, conclusively, and with emphasis, "Colonel Clayton Nowell was shot dead outside the barracks at Mhow, on the 25th day of June, sir, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six. Correct me, sir, if I am wrong."

"Then," said Rufus, "I venture to correct you at once."

"Shot, sir," continued Corklemore, "as I am, I may say—haw,—in a position to prove, by a man called Abdoollah Manjee, believed to be a Mussulman. Colonel Clayton Nowell, sir, commanding officer in command of Her Majesty's Company's native regiment, N° One hundred and sixty-three, who was called,—excuse me, sir, designated, the 'father of his regiment,' because he had so many illegitimate—haw, I beg your pardon, ladies—because of his—ha, yes,—patriarchal manners, sir, and kindly disposition,—he—haw, where was I?"

"I am sure I can't say," said Rufus.

"No, sir, my memory is more tenacious than that of any man I meet with. He,

Colonel Clayton Nowell, sir, upon that fatal morning, was remonstrated with by the two—ah, yes, the two executors of his will—upon his rashness in riding forth to face those carnal, I mean to say, those incarnate devils, sir. ‘Are you fools enough,’ he replied, ‘to think that my fellows would hurt me? Give me a riding-whip, and be ready with plasters, for I shall thrash them before I let them come back.’ Now isn’t every word of that true?”

“Yes, almost every word of it,” replied Rufus, now growing excited.

“Well, sir, he took his favourite half-bred—for he understood cross-breeding thoroughly—and he rode out at the side-gate, where the heap of sand was; ‘Coming back,’ he cried to the English sentry, ‘coming back in half-an-hour, with all my scamps along of me. Keep the coppers ready.’ And with that he spurred his brown and black mare; and no man saw him alive thereafter, except the fellows who shot him. Haw!”

“Yes,” said Rufus Hutton, “one man saw him alive, after they shot him in the throat; and one man saved his life; and he is the man before you.”

“What you, Dr. Hutton! What you! Oh, how grateful we ought to be to you.”

“Thank you. Well, I don’t quite see that,” Rufus replied most drily. Then he corrected himself: “You know I only did my duty.”

“And his son?” inquired Georgie, timidly and with sympathy, but the greatest presence of mind. She had stood with her hands clasped, and every emotion (except the impossible one of selfishness) quivering on her sweet countenance; and now she was so glad, oh, so glad, she could never tell you. “His poor illegitimate son, Dr. Hutton? Will he bring the poor child home with him? How glad we shall be to receive him!”

“The child he brings with him is Eoa, dear natural odd Eoa, his legitimate daughter.”

“Then you know her, Dr. Hutton; you could depose to her identity?” A very odd question; but some women have almost the gift of prophecy.

“Oh, yes! I should rather think so. I have known her since she was ten years old.”

“And now they are coming home. How pleasant! How sweet to receive them, as it were from the dead! By the overland route, I suppose, and with a lac of rupees.”

“No,” said the badgered Rufus, “you are wrong in both conjectures. They come round the Cape, by the clipper-ship *Alival*; and with very few rupees. Colonel Nowell has always been extravagant, a wonderfully fine-hearted man, but a hand that could never hold anything—except, indeed, a friend’s.”

By the moisture in Rue Hutton’s eyes, Georgie saw that her interests would fare ill with him, if brought into competition with those of Colonel Nowell. Meanwhile Polly was raving wild, and it took two grooms to hold her, and the white froth dribbling down her curb was to Rufus Hutton as the foam of the sea to a sailor. He did love a tearing gallop, only not through the thick of the forest.

“Good-bye, good-bye. I shall see you soon. Thank you, I will take a cheroot. But I only smoke my own. Good-bye. I am so much obliged to you. You have been so very kind. Mrs. Hutton will be miserable until you come over to us. Good-bye; once more, good-bye.”

Rufus Hutton, you see, was a man of the world, and could be false “on occasion.” John Rosedew could never have made that speech, on the back of detected falsehood. Away went Polly, like a gale of wind; and Rufus (who was no rogue by nature, only by the force of circumstances, and then could never keep to it), he going along twenty miles an hour, set his teeth to the breeze, which came down the funnel of his cigar as down a steam chimney, stuck his calves well into Polly’s sides, and felt himself a happy man, going at a rocket’s speed, to a home of happiness. All of us who have a home (and unless we leave our heart there, whenever we go away, we have no home at all), all of us who have a hole in this shifting



sandy world—the sand as of an hour-glass—but whence we have spun such a rope as the devil can neither make nor break—I mean to say, we, all who love, without any hems, and haws, and rubbish, those who are only our future tense (formed from the present by adding “so”)—all of us who are lucky enough, I believe we may say *good enough*, to want no temporal augment from the prefix of society, only to cling upon the tree to the second aorist of our children, wherein the root of the man lurks, the grand indefinite so anomalous; all these fellows, I say and think, hoping myself to be one of them, will be glad to hear that Rufus Hutton had a jolly ride.

Rosa waited at the gate; why do his mare’s shoes linger? Rosa ran in, and ran out again, and was sure that she heard something pelting down the hill much too fast, for her sake! but who could blame him when he knew he was coming home at last? Then Rosa snapped poor Jonah’s head off, for being too thick to hear it.

Meanwhile, a mighty senate was held at Kettledrum Hall, Mrs. Corklemore herself taking the curule chair. After a glimpse of natural life, and the love of man and woman, we want no love of money; so we lift our laps (like the Roman envoy) and shake out war with the whole of them.

Fools who think that life needs gilding—life, whose flowing blood contains every metal but gold and silver—because they clog and poison it! Blessed is he who earns his money, and spends it all on a Saturday. He looks forward to it throughout the week; and the beacon of life is hope, even as God is its pole-star.

### CHAPTER XXX.

MR. GARNET’S house, well away to the west, was embraced more closely and lovingly by the gnarled arms of the Forest than the Hall, or even the Rectory. Just in the scoop of a sunny valley, high enough to despise the water, and low enough to defy the wind, there

was nothing to concern it much, but the sighing of the branches. Over the brown thatch hung two oak-trees, whispering leaves of history, offering the acorn cup upon the parlour hearth, chafing their rheumatic knuckles against the stone of the chimneys, wondering when the great storm should come that would give them an inside view of it. For though the cottage lay so snugly, scarcely lifting its thatched eyebrows at the draught which stole up the valley, nevertheless those guardian oaks had wrestled a bout or two with the tempests. In the cyclone on the morning of November 29th, 1836, and again on the 7th of January, 1842, they had gripped the ground, and set hard their knees, and groaned at the thought of salt water. Since then the wind had been less of a lunatic (although there had been some ruffianly work in 1854), and they hoped there was a good time coming, and so spread their branches further and further, and thought less of the price of timber. There was only one wind that frightened them much, and that was two points north of west, the very direction whence if they fell, crash they must come on the cottage. For they stood above it, the root-head some ten feet above the back-floor of the basement, and the branches towering high enough for a wood-pigeon not to be nervous there.

Now we only get heavy pressure of squalls from the west-north-west after a thorough-going tempest which has begun in the southward, and means to box half the compass. So the two great oaks were regarded by their brethren up the hill as jolly fellows, happy dogs, born with a silver spoon in their mouths, good for another thousand years, although they might be five hundred old, unless, indeed,—and here all the trees shuddered—there came such another hurricane as in 1703. But which of us knows his own brother’s condition? Those two oaks stood, and each knew it, upon a steep bank, where no room was for casting out stay-roots to east-south-east.

Bull Garnet hated those two trees, with terror added to hatred. Even if

they never crushed him, which depended much on the weather, they *would* come in at his bed-room window when the moon was high. Wandering shapes of wavering shadow, with the flickering light between them, walking slowly as a ghost goes, and then very likely a rustle and tap, a shivering, a shuddering; it made the ground-floor of his heart shake in the nightmare hours.

Never before had he feared them so much, one quarter so much, as this October; and, during the full and the waning moon after Clayton Nowell's death, he got very little sleep for them. By day he worked harder than ever, did more than three men ought to do, was everywhere on the estates, but never swore at any one—though the men scratched their ears for the want of it—laboured hard, and early, and late, if so he might come home at night (only not in the dark), come home at night thoroughly weary. His energy was amazing. No man anywhere felling wood—Mr. Garnet's especial luxury—no man hedging and ditching, or frithing, or stubbing up fern and brambles, but had better look out what he had in his bag, or "the governor would be there and no mistake." A workman could scarcely stand and look round, and wonder how his sick wife was, or why he had got to work so hard, could scarcely slap himself on the breast, or wet his hard hands for a better grip, but there was Bull Garnet before him, with sad, fierce, dogged eyes, worse than his strongest oaths had been.

Everybody said it was (and everybody believed it; for the gossip had spread from the household in spite of the maidens' fear of him) the cause of it was, beyond all doubt, the illness of his daughter. Pearl Garnet, that very eccentric girl, as Rufus Hutton concluded, who had startled poor Polly so dreadfully, was prostrate now with a nervous fever, and would not see even the doctor. Our Amy, who pleaded hard to see her, because she was sure she could do her good, received a stern sharp negative, and would have gone away offended, only she was so sorry for her. Not that

any fervid friendship, such as young ladies exult in for almost a fortnight incessant, not that any rapturous love exclusive of all *mankind* had ever arisen between them, for they had nothing whatever in common, save beauty and tenacity, which girls do not love in each other; only that she was always sorry for any one deep in trouble. And believing that Pearl had loved Clayton Nowell, and was grieving for him bitterly, how could Amy help contrasting that misery with her own happiness?

For Amy was nice and happy now, in spite of Cradock's departure, and the trouble he had departed in. He loved her almost half as much, she believed, as she loved him; and was not that enough for anybody? His troubles would flow by in time; who on earth could doubt it, unless they doubted God? He was gone to make his way in the world, and her only fear was lest he should make it too grand for Amy to share in. She liked the school-children so, and the pony, and to run out now and then to the kitchen, and dip a bit of crust in the dripping-pan; and she liked to fill her dear father's pipe, and spread a thin handkerchief over his head. Would all these pleasures be out of her sphere, when Cradock came back, with all London crowning him the greatest and best man of the age? Innocent Amy, never fear. "*Nemo, nisi ob homicidium, repente fuit clarissimus.*"

Mr. Garnet would have felled those oaks, in spite of Sir Cradock's most positive orders, if there had not been another who could not command, but could plead for them. Every morning as the steward came out, frowned and shook his fist at them, the being whom he loved most on earth—far beyond himself, his daughter, and the memory of their mother, all multiplied into each other,—that boy Bob came up to him, and said, "Father, don't, *for my sake.*" We have not heard much of Bob Garnet yet; we have scarcely shaped him feebly; by no means was he a negative character, yet described most briefly by negatives. In every main point, except two, he was his father's cardinal opposite.



Those two were generosity (which includes the love of truth, and, at least among Christians, the sense of Christianity) and persevering energy. Even those two were displayed in ways entirely different, but the staple was very similar.

Bob Garnet was a naturalist. Gentle almost as any girl, and more so than his sister, he took small pleasure in the ways of men, intense delight in those of every other creature. Bob loved all things God had made, even as fair Amy did. All his day, and all his life, he would have spent, if he had the chance, among the ferns and mosses, the desmidia of the forest pools, the sun-dew and the fungi, the buff-tips and red underwings, privet-hawks, and emperors. He knew all the children of the spring and handmaids of the summer, all of autumn's laden train and the comforters of winter. The happiest of mankind is he, whose stores of bliss are endless, whose pure delights can never cloy, who sees and feels in every birth, in every growth, or motion, his own Almighty Father; and loving Him is loved again, as a child who spreads his arms out.

Mr. Garnet's affection for this boy surpassed the love of women. He petted, and patted, and coaxed him, and talked nonsense to him by the hour; he was jealous even of Bob's attachment to his sister Pearl; in short all the energy of his goodness, which, like the rest of his energies, transcended the force of other men's, centred and spent itself mainly there. But of late Bob had passed all his time with his mother—I mean, of course, with Nature; for his mother in the flesh was dead ever so long ago. He had now concluded, with perfect contentment, that his education was finished; and to have the run of the forest at this unwonted season more than consoled him for the disgrace of his recent expulsion from school.

Scarcely any one would believe that Bob Garnet, the best and gentlest boy that ever cried over Euripides—not from the pathos of the poet certainly, but from his own—Bob Garnet, who sang to snails to come out, and they felt that he could

not beat them, should have been expelled disgracefully from a private school, whose master must needs expel his own guineas with every banished pupil. However, so it was, and the crime was characteristic. He would sit at night in the lime-trees. Those lime-trees overhanging the gray stone wall of the playground near Southampton; and some wanton boys had been caught up there, holding amoibæans with little nursemaids and girls of all work, come out to get lung-and-tongue food. Thereupon a stern ukase was issued that the next boy caught up there would be expelled without trial, as the corrupter of that pure flock. The other boys laughed, I am sorry to say, when “Bob, the natural,” as they called him, meaning thereby the naturalist, was the first to be discovered there, crawling upon a branch as cleverly as a looper caterpillar. Even then the capital sentence was commuted that time, for every master knew, as well as every boy, that Bob could never “say bo” to anything of the feminine gender capable of articulating. So Bob had to learn the fourth Georgic by heart, and did most of it (with extreme enjoyment) up in that very same tree. For he kept all his caterpillars there, his beetle-traps, his moth-nets, even some glorious pupæ, which were due at the end of August; and he nursed a snug little fernery, and had sown some misletoe seeds, and a dozen other delicious things, and the lime-hawks wanted to burrow soon; in a word, it was Bob's hearth and heart-place, for no other boy could scale it. But just when Bob had got to the beginning of Aristæus, and the late bees were buzzing around him, although the linden had berried, an officious usher spied him out—a dirty little fellow, known and despised by all the more respectable *σωτηρ'αι* of Southampton. With hottest indignation, that mean low beggar cried out—

“Boy in the tree there! I see you! Your name this moment, you rascal!”

“Garnet, sir, Bob Garnet. And if you please, sir, I am not a rascal.”

“Come down, sir, this very instant: or else I'll come up after you.”

"I don't think you can, sir," replied Bob, looking down complacently; for, as we shall see by and by, he was no coward in an emergency. "If you please, sir, no boy in the school can climb this tree except me, sir, since Brown senior left."

"I can tell you one thing, Garnet; it's the last time you'll ever climb it."

"Oh, then I must collect my things; I am sorry to keep you waiting, sir. But they are such beauties, and I can't see well to pack them."

Bob packed up his treasures deliberately in his red pocket-handkerchief, and descended very cleverly, holding it with his teeth. The next morning he had to pack his box, and became in the school a mere legend.

His father flew into a violent passion, not with the son, but the school-master: however, he was so transported with joy at getting his own Bob home again, that he soon forgave the cause of it. So the boy got the run of the potato-fields, pollard-trees, and rushy pools, and hunted and grubbed and dabbled, and came home sometimes with three handkerchiefs, not to mention his hat, full. One lovely day this October, before the frost set in—a frost of a length and severity most rare at that time of year—Bob Garnet took his basket and trowel, nets, lens, &c. and set out for a sandy patch, not far from the stream by the rectory, where in his July holidays he had found some *Gladiolus Illyricus*, a bloom of which he had carried home, and now he wanted some roots of it. He could not think why his father left him so very much to himself now, and had ceased from those little caresses and fondlings, which used to make Bob look quite ashamed sometimes in the presence of strangers. He felt that his father loved him quite as much as ever, and he had found those strong eyes set upon him with an expression, as it appeared to him, of sorrow and compassion. He had a great mind to ask what the matter was; but his love for his father was a strange feeling, mixed with some dread and uncertainty. He would make Pearl tell him all about

it, that would be the best way; for she as well had been carrying on very oddly of late. She sat in her own room all day long, and would never come down to dinner, and would never come out for a stroll with him, but slipped out by herself sometimes in the evening; that, at least, he was sure of. And to tell him indeed, him going on now for seventeen years of age, that he was too young to ask questions! He would let her know, he was quite resolved, that because she happened to be two years older—a pretty reason that was for treating him like a baby! She who didn't know a wire-worm from a ring-worm, nor an elater from a tipula, and thought that the tippet-moth was a moth that fed upon tippets! Recalling fifty other instances of poor Pearl's deep ignorance, Bob grew more and more indignant, as he thought of the way she treated him. He would stand it no longer. If she was in trouble, that was only the greater reason——Holloa!

Helter, skelter, off dashed Bob after a Queen of Spain fritillary, the first he had ever seen on the wing, and a grand prize for any collector, even of ten times his standing. It was one of the second brood, invited by the sun to sport awhile. And rare sport it afforded Bob, who knew it at once from the other fritillaries, for the shape of the wings is quite different, and he had seen it in grand collections. An active little chap it was, greatly preferring life to death, and thoroughly aware that man is the latter's chief agent. Once Bob made quite sure of it, for it had settled on a blackberry spray, and smack the net came down upon it, but a smack too hard, for the thorns came grinning out at the bottom, and away went the butterfly laughing. Bob made good the net in a moment, with some very fine pins which he carried, and off again in still hotter pursuit, having kept his eyes on dear Lathonia. But the prey was now grown wondrous skeary since that narrow shave, and the huntsman saw that his only chance was a clever swoop in mid air. So he raised his net high, and zig-zagged recklessly round the trees, through the bushes. At



last he got quite close to her, but she flipped round a great beech-trunk; Bob made a cast at hazard, and caught not the Queen, but Amy.

Amy was not frightened much, neither was she hurt, though her pretty round head came out through the net—for she had taken her hat off—and the ring lay upon her shoulders, which the rich hair had shielded from bruises. She would have been frightened terribly, only she knew what was going on, and had stepped behind the tree to avoid the appearance of interfering. For she did not wish—she knew not why—but, by some instinct, she did not wish to have much to do with the Garnets. She regarded poor Bob as a school-boy, who was very fond of insects, and showed his love by killing them.

But if Amy was not frightened much, Bob, the captor, was terrified, and dropped the handle of his net, and fell back against the beech-tree. Then Amy laughed, and took off the net, or the relics of the gauze at least, and kindly held out her hand to him, and said,

“Oh, how you are grown!”

“And so are you. Oh, dear me, have you seen her? Have you seen her?”

“Seen whom?” asked Amy, “my Aunt Eudoxia? She is on there, by the ash-tree.”

“The Queen of Spain, Miss Rosedew, the Queen of Spain fritillary! Oh, tell me which way she went! If I lose her, I am done for.”

“Then, I fear, Master Garnet,”—“confound it,” thought Bob, “how all the girls do patronise me!”—“I am very much afraid you must make up your mind to annihilation, if by the ‘Queen of Spain’ you mean that common brown little butterfly you wanted just now to kill so much.”

“Is she gone across the river then? That is nothing, I assure you. I would go through fire after her. Oh, tell me, only tell me.”

Amy could not help laughing; poor Bob looked so ridiculous, fitting a new net all the time upon the ring of the old one, the crown of his hat come to

look for his head, his trousers kicked well up over his boots, and his coat an undoubted ventilator.

“I really don’t know,” said Amy; “how could you expect me to see through your shrimp-net, Master Garnet?”

“Oh, I beg your pardon—how stupid I am to be sure—I beg your pardon a thousand times; really I might have hurt you. I would not do that for——”

“Even the Queen of Spain. To tell you the truth, Master Garnet, if I knew where she was gone I would not tell you, because I can’t bear to have things killed. In my opinion it is so cruel.”

“Oh!” cried Bob, a very long “oh,” and he looked at Amy all the time he was saying it, which was a wonderful thing for him to do. Then it occurred to his mind, for the first time possibly, what a beautiful creature she was, more softly shaded than a Chalk-hill blue, and richer than a cream-spotted tiger-moth! The moment he felt this Bob was done for: Amy had caught her captor.

Flushed as he was with the long hot chase, his cheeks grew hotter and redder, as he got a dim consciousness of a few of the things which he was feeling. He was like a chrysalis, touched in the winter, when it goes on one side from the crust of the thorax, and sometimes can never get right again. After having said “oh,” with emphasis and so much diæresis, Bob did not feel called upon for any further utterance till Amy was gone to her Aunt Eudoxia; and then he contrived to say, “Ah!” He was more put out than he had been even when his pet poplar-hawk caterpillar was devoured alive by ichneumon grubs. He went round the tree ever so many times, and wondered what was the matter with him, how he came there, and what he was doing.

Alas, poor Bob! Nature, who overlooks nothing, was well aware of the difficulties when she cried, “Jump up on my lap, Bob, and never be weaned from me.” She knew that things of all sorts would come between herself and her child, some of them drawn from her

own mother-milk, but most of them from man's muzzling. Of the latter she had not much fear with Bob; but the former, she knew, were beyond her, and she had none but herself to thank for them. She knew that the lad, so strongly imbued with her own pleasant affluences, was almost sure to be touched with that one which comes from her breast the warmest. And then what would become of zoology, phytology, entomology, and all the other yard-long names which her children spin out of her apron-strings?

While Bob was still fiddling with his fingers, and forgetting all about butterflies, Miss Eudoxia, fetched by Amy, came to hold discourse with him.

"Why, Master Robert, I do declare, Robert, my butterfly boy! I have not seen you for such a time, Robert." And she held out her hand, which Bob took with very little sense of gratitude. To be called a "butterfly boy" before Amy, and Amy to acquiesce in it!

"Ah, you think I have nothing for you, Robert. You school-boys live upon suction. But just wait a moment, my dear."

She drew forth an old horn comfit-box, which had belonged to her grandmother, and was polished up like amber from the chafing of many a lining. This she opened with much ado, poured three crinkled sugar-plums on her gloved palm, and a smooth one as large as a hazelnut, and offered them all to Robert, with a smile of the finest patronage.

"No thank you, Miss Rosedew; no thank you. I am very much obliged to you."

Miss Eudoxia had been wondering at her own generosity, and thought that he was overcome with it. So her smile became one of encouragement and assurance against self-sacrifice.

"Oh, you need not be afraid, Robert. And you can put some under your pillow, and wake up in the night and suck them. How nice that will be, to be sure! You see I know what boys are. And I have plenty left for the infant-school. And they don't deserve them as you do, Robin."

"Miss Rosedew," said Bob, in his loftiest manner, though he was longing for them, only that Amy was there; "you will believe me when I assure you that I never touch sweets of any sort; not even at a late dinner-party."

Miss Eudoxia turned her eyes up, and almost dropped the sugar-plums. But Amy, instead of being impressed, merrily laughed, and said,

"Give them to me, then, auntie, please. Some of the men at the night-school eat sweets after early suppers."

Bob said "good-bye" disconsolately, for he knew that he had affronted Miss Doxy, without rising in Amy's opinion. He forgot all about the gladiolus, and let many great prizes escape him; for the day was the last of the soft and sunny, which tempt forth the forest denizens ere the frosty seal is set on them. In the glimpses of every brown arcade, in the jumbled gleam of the underwood, in the alleys between the upstanding trees, even in the strong light where the golden patches shone, and the wood fell back to look at them, in all of these he seemed to see and then to lose his angel. Her face he could not see clearly yet, hard as he strove to do it; affection is, but love is not, a photographic power. Still he could see her shadowly; her attitude, the fall of her hair, the manner of her gestures; even the ring of her voice would seem to dwell about the image. But he never got them all together; one each time was the leading thing; vague; and yet it went through him.

He made one attempt—for he feared from the first, although he never could feel it so, that his love was a thorough wild-goose chase—the poor boy made one last attempt to catch at some other pursuit.

"Father," he said that very same night, after sitting for hours of wandering, "will you give me a gun and let me take to shooting?"

"A gun!" cried Bull Garnet, starting; "a gun, Bob! What do you mean by it?"

"I meant nothing at all, father. Only I know the way to stuff birds, and there



are some rare ones here sometimes, and  
I want to make a collection."

"Bob Garnet, as long as I am alive,  
you never shall have a gun."

"Then, will you lend me yours,

father? I know very well how to use  
it. I mean your patent——"

"Never, Bob. My son, if you love  
me, never speak of it again."

*To be continued.*

## AUTUMN.

### I.

THE rooks are calling, calling, calling,  
The rooks are calling from the tree ;  
The wither'd leaves are falling, falling,  
And the winds sigh heavily :  
And the human soul at this rotting hour,  
With the drooping flower,  
Doth inward groan,  
And to its fellow maketh grievous moan.

### II.

Yet not with man and flower alone  
Hath this year's time  
Lost all its golden prime,  
And sadden'd into languor and decay ;  
But, one by one,  
Heaven's choristers have gone,  
And taken all their song away, away.

### III.

I saw the fruitage shaken, shaken,  
I saw the fruitage shaken from the tree ;  
And, when the boughs knew all their riches taken,  
They bent in agony,—  
And now, for very grief,  
Scarce a leaf  
Doth upward turn its face of yellowing hue  
To sun or dew.

### IV.

But all these earth-bow'd trees, though dying, dying,  
Bear summ'd within them seed for other years ;  
Then take, my soul, the burden of their sighing,  
And stay these blinding tears :  
We live, bear fruit, and fade on earth,  
Till the even of life's story,  
And only in yon land whence we had birth  
Inherit undecaying glory !

GEORGE SMITH.

## EYRE, THE SOUTH-AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

## PART II.

FIVE hundred miles from any hope of help, in the very centre of the most horrible waterless desert on the face of the earth, poor Eyre stood that night, on the desolate down above the desolate sea, all alone save for one crouching, guilty-looking savage, and the corpse of his dearly loved companion lying stark and bloody in the flying gleams of the moon.

First terror, then indignation, then grief, then the dull horror of utter loneliness and despair, and the indescribable ghastly oppression of great and hopeless distance, which clawed at his heart like a nightmare; these were his other companions. Sometimes he prayed, sometimes he wept, sometimes he walked up and down, in short, tiger-like snatches, in his furious indignation meditating revenge before death. But all the time the cold chill wind rushed over the down, drove the sparks of the fire landward, and moved the dead man's hair. Whose imagination is powerful enough to conceive the unutterable horrors of such a night, in such a place?

The man was a high-strung and very sensitive man. This mad journey of his would prove it to a thoughtful reader, even if he would not take my word for it. But, high-strung and sensitive as he was, he was as *indestructible* a man as Big Boone himself. Nay, if Big Boone had, with his vast frame, found himself in this match against Nature, I think, if I may be allowed a sporting phrase, that I should have backed Nature.

But there was such an irrepressible vitality about this man, such a dexterous manipulation of the very worst materials, that he could not be beaten. In the midst of his very despair he had taken

measures for continuing the struggle, and had completed them long before the morning dawned. The first discovery he made in the dark was the very unpleasant one that he was left without the means of self-defence, or, what was dearer just now, Revenge; that the two blacks had got the available fire-arms, and were lurking round among the scrub with them; and that his life was not worth five minutes' purchase of any one's money. He had pistols, but no cartridges. His only other hope was in a rifle, which they had not taken. But this rifle was unserviceable. The murdered man had, a few days before, done the only undexterous thing recorded of him—tried to wash out the rifle while it was loaded. By the time he had found out it *was* loaded, he had wetted and partly washed out the powder, so that it was impossible to get it out; they had no screw to draw the bullet, and the rifle had been thrown aside as utterly useless. (Rifles are the most utterly useless trash in Australia, even for kangaroo-shooting. Eley's green cartridge in a double barrel is the only arm which a reasonable man uses for the larger game.) This disabled rifle was his only hope, and his only chance of getting it to work was to melt out the bullet. He put the barrel in the fire; but there was powder enough left to explode, and the bullet whizzed close by his ear. After such an accident at such a time he may be considered safe.

When the rifle was loaded he felt more secure. The next thing which engaged the attention of our πολυμήτης was the horses, on whom everything depended. He went into the scrub after them at the risk of being shot, and got them. After this he waited for morning.



The raving wind went down towards morning, and by degrees the grey dawn crept over the desolate down, and bit by bit showed him all the circumstances and all the extent of the horrible midnight disaster. Baxter lay in his shirt about five yards from his bed, shot through the breast, soaking in blood; his eyes, Eyre tells us, were still open, but glazed in death; and the same expression of stern resolution which he had worn in life was still on the face of the corpse. The camp was plundered, and everything was broken by the murderers. After examination he found that all they had left was forty pounds of flour and four gallons of water.

Before he started westward, one duty remained to him, that of paying the last tribute of decency and friendship to his dead friend. The soil was bare limestone rock for miles around, and time was life. All that he could do for the poor senseless corpse was to wrap its head decently in a blanket, and leave it to wither in the woods. There it lies still, and there most likely it will lie for ever. Old Earth is such a bitter cruel stepmother in that accursed country, that she even refuses to take her dead children back to her bosom.

You must be nearly sick of these accumulated horrors. But from this point a new horror begins to dog his steps—Murder. However long and weary the thirsty day might have been, sleep, rest, unconsciousness, dreams of home, now became impossible. His life was at the mercy of two sneaking, crawling savages, who might pounce on him the instant his eyes closed, and kill him. A kinder or gentler man never lived, but he made a certain determination. He resolved to shoot these two savages on the first opportunity. "Would they give him one?" That was the question; or would they prowl and sneak round him until they murdered him?—a fine problem for a maddened man, five hundred miles from help. Meanwhile there was one other chance. He had not studied these savages so many years for nothing; he knew their laziness, and he thought, with his horses and his

pluck, that he might outwalk them. So he started away as early as he could, and left Baxter with his head rolled in a blanket alone on the desert down.

Of Wylie, the black who had stood by him, he had no fear. He knew that the two South Australian blacks would, after the manner of their folk, inevitably murder Wylie, the King George's Sound native, who came from another tribe and spoke another language, the instant they had done using him, as the strongest of the three, in helping them back to Fowler's Bay. He knew also that Wylie was perfectly aware of this himself. And, although he strongly suspected Wylie of being a participator of the plunder of the camp, he knew that Wylie's only chance of life was loyalty to him. Wylie, he believes, had arranged with the two other natives for a grand feed on the stock of provisions, but had been frightened and shocked by the murder. Events proved that Wylie knew on which side his bread was buttered.

Wylie was a very good, a somewhat exceptional, specimen of his people, as Eyre, a lover and protector of the blacks, allows. Now, you know these people must go. God never made the Portland Bay district for *them*. All one asks is, that the thing should be done with decency, and with every sort of indulgence; whereas it is not, but in a scandalous and disgraceful manner. Of course these Australians must be improved, but let the improvement be done with some show of decency. But we may preach and preach, and the same old story will go on, now there is no Governor Gipps; and so we will leave preaching, and mind our business, for public opinion, unbacked by a Governor Gipps, is but a poor thing for the blacks.

The above paragraph was written yesterday, and, under ordinary circumstances, I should have altered it, and polished it down. But this morning I got my *Times*, and read about the massacre of the Indians on the Colorado; and that seemed to illustrate what I have said above in such a singular

manner that I determined to let the paragraph stand, just as I had jotted it down, as a matter of curiosity. The leading article in the *Times* this morning was remarkably sensible. When the colonists are left to administer justice in their own way, they do invariably say, "We must fight as they fight," and they not only say so, but do so. For very decency's sake, this improving business should be done by paid third parties, if it were only to avoid scandal. So we are going to withdraw the imperial troops from New Zealand, and do the business in a shorter and cheaper manner.

Eyre, however, as he started at eight o'clock on the morning after the murder, with his forty pounds of flour and his four gallons of water, was not, probably, in the humour to think deeply over this question. His life's work had been, and was to be, the protection of these savages against the whites. But on this particular morning things had gone so very cross with him, that he found the leading resolution in his very resolute mind was to cut off the first one he caught sight of, like a rabbit. "How circumstances do change people." His horses had now been three days without water, and where the next was to be got he had no idea. However, he started over the downs, on his five hundred miles tramp, in an exceedingly defiant mood. "Not an ounce of die in him," as I heard a cockney blacksmith say about a sick friend.

He had one interview, and one only, with these murderous young vagabonds. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he saw them approaching cautiously. One cannot help wishing that he had had an Enfield rifle, instead of one of those miserable things we called rifles in those days; but he had not. A rifle of those times was not sighted above a hundred yards, and they would not give him a shot. He walked towards them, but they kept beyond distance; and at last, in despair, he threw down his own rifle, and advanced unarmed, hoping to get near enough to run in on one of them, wrest his loaded gun from him, and &c. If I am not mistaken, the Victoria Cross

has been given for less than this. But they would not come near him, but kept away, crying out for Wylie. Master Wylie, to whom every cry of theirs was a fresh piece of evidence as to his complicity in the murder, did not know them, had never seen these low coloured persons before, wondered what they could possibly mean by hollering after him, and so on, with all the transparent childish cunning of a savage; leading his horses on, and leaving the question in the hands of Providence, and those of an extremely infuriated English gentleman called Eyre; and walked calmly on in saint-like innocence.

Eyre could do nothing with them; they only went on running away, and implicating Wylie's character to an extent which must have exasperated that young gentleman to a pitch many degrees beyond murder. After a time Eyre came back, picked up his rifle, and saw them no more.

What they did, or what became of them, we shall never know exactly. If they did not die of famine, they were most certainly murdered by the first natives they came across. One can guess at their motives in plundering the camp and murdering Baxter. They possibly (I will go no further than possibly) wanted a good feed, and hated Baxter. But this is an exceptional case. In general, you can form no guess whatever of an Australian black's motives. If you notice, you will find yourself very much puzzled by the motives of your own children. But their motives for action are the hardest common sense, if you compare them with those of an Australian black. The only crime which I have heard of on this side of the water, and which I can compare to the aimless murders so common among these queer Australians, is the murder committed by Constance Kent on her little brother. It was Australian "all over." I knew the old hand at once.

Allow me to tell an anecdote in illustration. I was staying in an Australian country house once, in the far west,—a real Australian country house, where the kangaroos came skipping, and staring,



and gandering past the dining-room windows; where the opossums held high jinks and murdered sleep in the shrubberies every night; where the native cats stowed themselves under your bed until you had gone to sleep, and then proclaimed their case against an ungrateful world in a noise which might be achieved in an inferior degree by a wicked old tom cat, carefully trained by a howling ape and a hyena;—a house with a flower-garden, at the bottom of which was a lake on which no one was allowed to fire a shot, and which swarmed all through the burning summer's day with teal, widgeon, great cranes, pelicans, black swans, and purple water-hens;—a house in which the scorpions came tittle, tittle, tittle, along the passage, looked in at the library door to see how you were getting on, and then packed themselves away under the door-mat; where enormous centipedes came from under the fender at a terrific pace, eight inches long, twenty legs a side, struck with a sudden uncontrollable impulse to walk up the leg of your trousers, and see what *that* was like;—a house where some one was always going to bed after breakfast, and “coming down” as fresh as paint, just out of his bath, to an eight o'clock dinner; where you slept all day, and went out a-fishing as soon as the night was dark enough; where your papers were the *Spectator* and the *Illustrated London News*, and one's drink weak claret and water;—a real old 100,000 acre, two thousand a year, Australian country house, in short.

In such a house as this, it once befell that I had to stay for an indefinite time. On the first morning, when I came down (there was only one storey, but I will continue the fiction) to breakfast, I found a very smart-looking native girl, dressed much as your own housemaid is dressed, dusting the room. She looked so much smarter and brighter than any native woman I had ever seen before, that I asked Mrs. L—— (may her days be long in the land), the Scotch house-keeper, about her antecedents.

There was a queer story about her. Her brother, a native, was one groom,

and another young native was another groom; and one day, not two months before, these two young rascals had agreed to murder her. There was no more cause for it than there is for your murdering me, but they thought they would like to do it; they had not tasted blood lately, and, although they were very well off, had plenty to eat, worked no more than they chose, and so on, yet things were rather slow in these parts; so they thought they would murder this young woman. They proceeded to do so; they had got her down, her brother was throttling her—hope was lost—it was a matter of moments—when——

Here comes your sensation—Mrs. L——, a very strong and opinionated Scotchwoman, came in and caught them at it. Not only caught them at it, but caught the principal offender across the back of the head with a carpet-broom, stopped the whole business, and routed the enemy single-handed. It is time we walked on with Eyre, and so we must have done with Mrs. L——; I have no more to tell you of her than this: When the station was attacked by the blacks, she and the two gentlemen of the house were alone. The two hundred savages were so near accomplishing their object, that they actually were upon the roof, and were casting their spears in upon the three. The roof would not fire, in consequence of a heavy rain, and my two hosts picked off every man who appeared in the gap of the roof which they had made. Mrs. L—— all the time stood between them, loading their guns and handing them to them alternately, until assistance came from Port Fairy. Another fact about her is this: I never could convince her that the great wedge-tailed eagle of Australia was to be compared to our own twopenny-halfpenny golden eagle. The colonists have, for their own reasons, christened these birds “eagle hawks.” “Ye have no been to Scotland?” she would say; “I tell ye, sir, they are naething to the Scottish eagle.” Common specimens measured fifteen feet across the wings!

What with Mrs. L—— and the eagles,

we have left poor Eyre on his waterless down, five hundred miles from help, somewhat too long. We shall have one more terrible push with him, and then the story will become more pleasant, or rather less horrible, to read.

After the interview with the murderers, Eyre pushed on as rapidly as possible far into the night, for eighteen miles further; knowing well that he would thus get a good start of those lazy young gentlemen, who would not travel more than a few miles without lying down. The next day, which was the first of May, the first day of winter in that hemisphere, they got the horses along twenty-eight miles, and it was getting evident that it could not continue much longer, as they had been already five days without water, and had no hope of any for two days more.

No change had as yet taken place in the character of the country. They were still travelling over the weary downs; the surface of the ground a cream-coloured limestone, full of shells, but with no water, and scarcely any grass or vegetation at all, except the scrub I have compared to juniper, for the sake of an English reader. But to Eyre's keen, well-trained eye, a change had taken place which made his heart leap with hope. Stumbling along, lame, suffering, and miserable, he came on one little *Banksia*, trying to grow in the cruel, rocky soil. Only one tiny twig, I guess, with a whorl of oak-like leaves around the top, brave little pioneer of the following army. At first only one. Then, after an interval, two or three; then half-a-dozen, I daresay, and one bigger than the rest, which had succeeded in blossoming and seeding, and was the parent of all these little ones. But, at all events, there were the *Banksias*, with hope hovering over their delicate green foliage. They were the harbingers of a better country beyond—they never erred. But oh, the next two days, and the horses failing, mile after mile! To be so near, and yet so far off! Wylie wanted to lie down, and so he did. Eyre himself would have been most willing to lie

down and die, but still the weary feet went on almost mechanically.

At last it was done. Seven days, and 150 miles from the last water, they led their horses down a gorge in the cliffs, to the shore. The cliffs had come to an end, and a long line of lower sandhills stretched before them. They found a native well immediately; the horses were watered, and they lay down to sleep, away from the well, lest, as was most improbable, the murderers should have kept pace with them, and should surprise and kill them in the night. No such thing, however, occurred, and they never saw them again. Without doubt, they perished miserably in the bush, as, when they deserted, they were seventy miles from water in one direction, and eighty in the other.

Here another symptom of better country appeared in the form of black cockatoos—an immense funereal-looking bird, with the most funereal note I ever heard, "Wee-wah! wee-wah!" like a rusty sign on a post—yet welcomer to them than a *Lorikeet* would have been for plumage, or an organ-voiced magpie, finest of songbirds after the nightingale. Rain came now, when it was not wanted, and the weather on that broad desolate shore grew wild and stormy. Eyre was suffering agonies of pain with what is called there "poisoned hand." But things on the whole looked brighter.

One of the horses was now so utterly done up that he determined to kill it, and to stay in one place for a few days to feed upon it. He communicated his intention to Wylie, who said with extreme emphasis, "Master, you shall see me sit up all night eating;" a promise or threat which he carefully fulfilled. No sooner was so much of the horse's skin removed as to make it possible to get at some of the meat, than Wylie lit a fire, and began cooking and eating. That night he cooked twenty pounds' weight of it, and he ate the main part before morning. Eyre calculates that Wylie, or any other black, would eat you his nine pounds a day on an average. I never myself calculated the amount, but I have seen them at it.



Of course Wylie was horribly ill. I think I know his symptoms, though Eyre does not give them. Set a number of blacks to work on a bullock which—which you don't want for your own use, let us say ; and you will see very nearly this : Your black fellow will begin cooking and eating, the meat not being done quite so brown as Mrs. George Rokesmith liked her cutlets ; and after a time his stomach will begin to swell. As the swelling goes on, the feeding becomes slower and slower, and he becomes silent. Then his face becomes passive and thoughtful, then perturbed and anxious, lastly morose and fretful. Then he begins to whimper, and throw the things about, and make foolish blows in the direction of his wife, who is far enough off by now, I warrant you. To finish all, he rolls himself on the ground with plaintive howls, until the colic has mended itself.

This feed of meat made Eyre very ill, too. Even Wylie found out that the pleasure was not worth the cost, balanced in *his* mind the relative values of horseflesh and colic, and gave up the horseflesh, consenting to a frugal supper of a little bit of bread and a spoonful of flour boiled into paste. I mention this fact as being the only circumstance which seems in the least degree incredible in Eyre's journal.

Though the weather set in deadly cold, though so cold that sleep was difficult, though Eyre's health began to fail, and though they had between four and five hundred miles to go, yet new signs of hope followed one another faster and faster. Here (position roughly 124° E. 33° S.) the Banksias became more common, and a new tree began to appear—the silver wattle (an acacia, one of the most familiar trees in the rich parts of Australia, but whose botanical name I have not handy). More than this, at this point they saw their first hill. They had passed over a weary table-land, four or five hundred feet high, which I have, perhaps wrongly, characterized as a "down ;" but it was only a table-land, the southern lip of that miserable internal basin or depression which so long deluded geographers

into the belief of a central sea,—the elevated ground which stops all the internal waters, originated by a rainfall nearly equal to that of Ireland or Devonshire, back into that vast depressed region which we used to call Lake Torrens, to be evaporated there instead of finding their way to the sea by a hundred beautiful harbours. They had passed over this weary table-land, but they had never seen a hill. Now they saw one. A real Australian hill, with its crags rounded by the forest which grew upon it ; a real hill, a father of waters. Eyre, with his traveller's eye, rejoiced ; and one who has travelled in those quaint regions can sympathise with him. Once, after a long spell through a depressed forest country, with a somewhat depressed and saturnine friend of mine, I saw such a hill. My cynical friend turned to me, and said quietly, "High hills and all pleasant places, praise ye the Lord."

The character of the country continued to give them fresh hopes of ultimate success, for its geological character changed, and sheets of granite begun to appear at low water. It gradually rose until it displaced the porous oolite ; and, at last, Eyre found that he had come to a country which would carry water upon its surface. He found a slender thread of water trickling over a granite rock. It was but a mere "weep," but it was the first he had met since he had left Streaky Bay, nearly eight hundred miles behind. Grass grew more abundantly also ; and the Xanthorea, or grass tree, began to appear. It got bitter cold, so that a new fear took possession of him—whether or no he should be able to face the next three hundred miles with cold and starvation as his companions. Scurvy, according to all precedent, would soon set in ; and already he had to use force to get Wylie to move after sitting down. Really it seemed a hopeless business even now. He little knew what a glorious piece of good fortune God's providence had in store for him. One cannot help seeing that, but for one singular accident, the chances were still 100 to 1 against him.

The French whaler, *Mississippi*, commanded by one Rossiter, an Englishman, had found herself in these Australian seas just as the Pritchard-Tahitian dispute had breezed up to that extent that war between France and England seemed almost a matter of certainty. Rossiter became very much alarmed. To go home and lose his voyage was ruin; to be captured by a British cruiser was ruin and imprisonment besides; yet there was no coast but that of the enemy for some thousands of miles. Under these circumstances he betook himself to the most desolate and out-of-the-way place he could think of, and anchored in a bay in lat.  $34^{\circ}$  long.  $122^{\circ}$ , behind an island. It was a fine enough anchorage, but in those times it had no name. It was so desolate and so utterly out of the way of all human knowledge, that in the year of grace 1841 it had actually had no name, for the simple reason that no one had ever been there before.

"A waste land where no one comes,  
Or hath come since the making of the world."

They knew this coast—that it was waterless and uninhabited for a thousand miles. It did not matter to them: they had their ship, and cared little for the shore. They used to see it there every day, yellow and bare and treeless, with a few mountains on the left in the dim hot distance; so it had been for ever, and would be for evermore. But one day it had a strange new interest for them: they, as they were idly busying themselves with cleaning their cables, which were foul, saw a man moving on the shore. It seemed incredible, but their glasses confirmed it. It was a white man, who knelt on a point and was making a fire to signal them. Half a dozen of them tumbled into a whale boat; and, as the beautiful craft came leaping and springing towards the shore, their wonder grew into amazement. It was a white man indeed, but such a man as they had never seen before. He was wan and thin, his clothes were ragged; he seemed wild, and looked like one who had risen from the dead:

a man who had evidently such a story to tell that you trembled while you waited for him to begin. Such a man stood on the very verge of a wave-worn rock among the climbing surge, with strained eyes and parted lips, eagerly holding out his wasted hands towards them.

To say that they had him into the plunging boat off the slippery sea-weed in a minute; to say that they embraced him, patted him on the back, and looked fondly at him, that they in one breath demanded his story of him, and in the next forbade him to open his mouth until he had refreshed himself—is only to say that they were sailors, and, what is more, Frenchmen. Here was something which suited their great sailor hearts entirely. Here was unprecedented headlong courage: here was endurance equally unprecedented: here was a man who had been where no one had been before, and had seen what no one could ever see again. To be blown a thousand miles out of your course was one thing, but to have *walked* a thousand miles was quite another. If Eyre had done the distance in a fast spring cart (that mode of locomotion which a sailor specially affects), it would have been a noble action. But to have walked (a sailor never walks), seemed, I suspect, to put a halo of romance about the affair which it would not have had otherwise. At all events, their hearts were in the right place; and Eyre, from a lonely, hopeless wanderer, found himself suddenly transformed into a hero.

One must be allowed to be mildly jocular for a moment, for the story has been so miserably tragical hitherto. We would try to avoid the sin of jocularity as much as possible; there is very little temptation to it here; and yet I should be disposed to guess that Eyre was inclined to laugh boisterously at the smallest joke.

That night he slept on board the *Mississippi*. As the night darkened, the wind rose and moaned till the moan grew into a shriek, and then raved on till it became a gale. But the good ship *Mississippi*, in the lee of the island,



cared little for this, and Eyre less. Lying warm and snug in his bunk, between the blankets, he only heard the slopping tread of the officer of the watch over head, and so knew it was raining: only heard the wild wind aloft among the rigging, and so knew that it was blowing. He thought how that rain was beating and that wind was tearing among the desolate sand-hills, where he would have lain this night had it not been for the providence of a merciful God, who, it seemed to him, was resolved to see him through it all, and not let his adventure end in utter useless disaster. So, every time he was awakened by the officer of the watch or the wind in the rigging, he said a short fervent prayer of deep thankfulness to Almighty God for His mercy, and then turned himself to happy sleep once more, only to hear the wild rain and the wilder wind singing a pleasant bass through his hopeful dreams.

For, if he *could* get through with this business, he had done what no man had ever done before, or would ever do again. The thing could never be repeated; there was not, and there is not, room on the earth for the repetition of such an adventure by a sane man. If he did it—if the cup was not dashed from his lips now—he would be immortal. It is perfectly certain that his adventure was, in its way, the greatest ever carried through; but, as for the immortality of it, I cannot find any one in London who ever heard of it or of him. A few of the oldsters in Melbourne, and a few more in Sydney, remember the thing being done; but the expedition led to nothing positive—only proved in the most offensively practical way that you *could not*, whereas Eyre's duty as a man and explorer had been supposed to be to prove that you *could*.

He stayed a fortnight with Captain Rossiter, who treated him with the extremest kindness, though he himself was in deep anxiety about the war and the fate of his ship. He fitted out Eyre with every necessary and luxury, and started him again on his journey with every good wish. Eyre gave him

bills on his agent at Albany for the things he had, but they were never presented. He never again saw or heard of the man to whom he was so deeply indebted.

He had now been a year exactly on his expedition. The splendid staff of companions with which he had started was dwindled down to one solitary savage, and there were yet two hundred and fifty miles of distance; but still hope grew stronger each mile they made forward through the driving bitter weather. The country got more interesting as his journal becomes less so.

One morning when he rose he told Wylie that they would see the mountains beyond the Sound before night. Wylie was very sceptical about it—in fact, never really believed that they would reach the Sound at all. But in the afternoon the grand rugged outline of his native hills broke upon his view, and he gave way to the wildest transports of joy. He knew every valley in them, and every tree which feathered their sides. There his own brothers and relations were waiting for him now.

The fourth day from this they left their horses and pushed on rapidly. It was a fearfully wet day, and, though they were close to the town, they had not met a living creature facing the furious weather. The first creature they met was a native, who knew Wylie, and from him they learnt that they had been given up two months before. Shortly after Wylie was in the bosom of his enraptured tribe, and Eyre was shaking hands with Lady Spencer.

Wylie was pensioned by Government, and retired to his tribe, where, I have no doubt, he took heartily to lying about his journey, and in due time got to believe his own lies. He may be alive now, and may have seen Redpath. Peace be with him!

Mr. Eyre had now finished his journey. From the time he had dismissed the rest of his staff, and had come on with the overseer alone, he had been four months and ten days, and had travelled in actual distance about a thousand miles. Since Baxter was mur-

dered, and he was entirely alone with Wylie, he had been two months and five days, and had come between five and six hundred miles. The distance passed over, without finding one drop of surface water, was seven hundred miles, the distance from London to Vienna. He

returned to Adelaide, and met with the welcome he deserved, and so the great adventure came to an end. That dreadful band of country has never been invaded since, and Baxter's bones still lie out on the desolate down, bleaching in the winds.

## THE HUMAN BRAIN.

BY H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, M.B., F.L.S.

THE opinions that have been expressed as to the time at which the brain in man arrives at maturity or attains its maximum size have been very various. The English anatomists have been the most zealous in working out this question. They have weighed the organ in some thousands of cases, including persons of all ages; and the results of their investigations go to prove that, as a rule, the brain continues to increase in weight till about the twentieth year, although more rapidly in the earlier half of this period than in the later; that from about the twentieth to the fortieth year it retains its maximum size, and is subject only to almost imperceptible variations; whilst after this latter period a slow and gradual decrease takes place through the closing decades of life. The average weight of the female brain is about five ounces less than that of the male, that of the latter being about forty-nine ounces, and that of the former about forty-four ounces avoirdupois. This weight of the brain in man is found to be *absolutely* greater than that of the same organ in any of the lower animals, with the exceptions of the elephant and the whale. At one time it was imagined that the *relative* weight of the brain as compared with the total weight of the body was greater in man than in any of the animals; but although this is generally the case, yet there are notable exceptions to the rule. In man, it is true, the proportion varies immensely at different periods of life, and with different states

of obesity, and the proportionate weight of the brain to that of the body is greater at birth than at any subsequent period of life, the ratio at this time being about 1 to 6, whilst that of adult life may be considered as 1 to 36. Comparing the ratio of adult life, however, with that met with in the lower animals, we find that in certain of the smaller birds, a few rodentia, and some of the smaller American monkeys, the proportionate weight of the brain is greater than it is in man.

There has been a much-debated question as to the bearing of the size of the brain in different individuals upon the excellence of the intellectual faculties. One thing, however, seems to be pretty clearly proved from the observations of M. Lelut and others; and that is that, when the brain does not exceed about 32 oz. in weight, it is invariably accompanied either by idiocy or some degree of mental imbecility. The lightest human brains on record have been examined and described by Professor Marshall. The one, that of an idiot boy, weighed only  $8\frac{1}{2}$  oz.; whilst of the other, from an idiot woman, the weight scarcely exceeded 10 oz. Many conflicting statements have been made concerning the weight of the brain in different distinguished individuals. Thus the brain of Lord Byron has been said by Wagner and many others to have considerably exceeded the average; but there is reason to believe that the estimation of its weight was not free from errors. Certainly his skull was small, as it is a



notorious fact that few of his friends could succeed in getting their heads into his hat. The brain of Baron Cuvier is about the heaviest yet on record; it is said to have weighed 64 oz. The brain of Schiller was examined by Carus, the celebrated German anatomist, and said not to have exceeded the average weight. Descartes, Raphael, and Voltaire are said to have had small heads, whilst that of Napoleon only slightly exceeded the mean dimensions. Statements concerning the size of the head, however, are of little value unless actual measurements have been made; as, where an ocular examination only has been resorted to, the observer is so liable to be misled by the different proportions between the development of the face and the cranium proper. Thus Montaigne, Leibnitz, Haller, Mirabeau, and other distinguished men have been known to have had both large faces and large brains, whilst in Bossuet and Kant, on the contrary, though the faces were small, the brains were large. When we take into account, however, the fact that in many persons whose intellectual capabilities are far below the mean the brain is frequently found to exceed the average weight by several ounces, we can easily understand that something besides mere weight of brain is necessary to ensure mental superiority. Thus, a short time since, we found the brain to weigh 55 oz. in an imbecile man of about the middle age, whose intellectual defect was congenital. He never conversed with others, spoke with hesitation when giving his monosyllabic answers to the simplest questions, had a very deficient memory, and seemed to have little notion of the lapse of time.

It has already been stated that the average weight of the brain in women is less than it is in men, and an examination of the capacity of the skull in the two sexes is also confirmatory of this result. But the German anatomists have gone still further, and Professor Vogt, speaking on this subject, says:—"The type of the female skull approaches, in many respects, that of the infant, and in a still greater degree

"that of the lower races; and with this "is connected the remarkable circumstance, that the difference between the "sexes as regards the cranial cavity "increases with the development of "the race, so that the male European "excels much more the female than the "negro the negress." The observations bearing upon this do not seem to be sufficiently numerous to enable us to receive it as an accepted fact. Were it so, it would certainly be most interesting evidence as to the effects of civilization as a modifying influence upon the human organism, and the manner in which higher types and races may be evolved out of those of an inferior grade; for, as Professor Vogt says, "the lower the "state of culture, the more similar are "the occupations of the two sexes. "Among the Australians, the Bushmen, "and other low races, possessing no "fixed habitations, the wife partakes of "all her husband's toils, and has, in "addition, the care of the progeny. "The sphere of occupation is the same "for both sexes; whilst among the "civilized nations there is a division "both in physical and mental labour. "If it be true that every organ is "strengthened by exercise, increasing "in size and weight, it must equally "apply to the brain, which must become "more developed by proper mental "exercise." If this be the effect of civilization, then may we not look forward to a time when a later and more perfect type of progress shall again tend to restore the balance, by calling more into play, and giving a wider sphere for the activity and culture of woman's intellectual nature? This supposition, as to the influence of the habits of individuals, and of the progress of civilization, in increasing the capacity of the skull, and, as a necessary consequence, the size and weight of the brain, seems also to be confirmed by the observations of Broca. He availed himself of the opportunity of examining a number of skulls from certain vaults and cemeteries in Paris. A certain number of skulls were taken from a common pit in which paupers were buried, and

others belonging to the same epoch from private graves, which may fairly be supposed to have been occupied by people of the more educated classes, and a striking difference was observed in the average cranial capacity obtained from an examination of the two series. The measurements, also, of a series of skulls of persons buried in the twelfth century, when compared with those derived from another series of skulls belonging to persons of the nineteenth century, seemed to show that the cranium of the Parisian population has in the course of centuries gained in capacity. The data from which these conclusions were derived were not very numerous, so that, however interesting the facts may be, it would be desirable that they should be confirmed by subsequent investigations before we can look upon them as established truths.

Let us now turn our attention to the convolutions of the cerebrum. The importance of attention to these is very great, since their principal office seems to be to increase in any given brain the amount of surface over which the "grey matter" of the brain can be extended. Now, seeing that this "grey matter" is supposed to be connected intimately with the manifestation of the intellectual faculties, the first impression would be, that the superiority of these might be in direct proportion to the complexity of the convolutions. This view requires some limitations, however, since, in animals belonging to the same group, their intricacy and development appears to increase with the size of the body, though it could scarcely be maintained that the development of the intellectual faculties obeyed the same law. This difficulty has been met by M. Baillarger. He called attention to the fact that, "on comparing two bodies of similar form, but of different size, their respective volumes vary as the cubes of their diameters, whilst the proportion of the surfaces is as the square of the diameters, or, in other words, the volume of a body increases more rapidly than the surface." From this it will

be evident that, of two animals of different sizes belonging to the same order, the brain of the larger, in order to present the same proportionate amount of surface for the distribution of its grey matter, must have its convolutions or surface folds more developed, if the same ratio is to be preserved between the relative amounts of grey and white matter in the brains of the two animals. Thus, in comparing the development of the convolutions, allowance must always be made for any differences in size that may exist between the brains examined.

Throughout the classes of fishes, reptiles, and birds, the comparatively small cerebral hemispheres are smooth and devoid of convolutions, and only a trace of one principal fissure even is to be met with amongst some of the smaller mammalia, such as the bat and the mole. Their complexity varies much in the different families of mammalia, though it has been shown by M. Leuret that each family has more or less its own distinctive type. Hence arises a most interesting question: Can the physical constitution of man, so far as his brain is concerned, be at all assimilated to the type of the lower animals, or is he immeasurably separated from them in this respect by a gulf as broad as that which sunders his intellectual and moral nature from theirs? In reply, let us see what Professor Huxley says upon the subject, since his opinions on this point coincide with those of almost all the distinguished naturalists who have studied the question. He remarks:—"As to the convolutions, the brains of the apes exhibit every stage of progress, from the almost smooth brain of the Marmoset to the Orang and the Chimpanzee, which fall but little below Man. And it is most remarkable that, as soon as all the principal sulci appear, the pattern according to which they are arranged is identical with that of the corresponding sulci of man. The surface of the brain of a monkey exhibits a sort of a skeleton map of man's, and in the man-like apes the details become more and more filled in, until it is only in minor



“characters, such as the greater excavation of the anterior lobes, the constant presence of fissures usually absent in man, and the different disposition and proportions of some convolutions, that the Chimpanzee’s or the Orang’s brain can be structurally distinguished from Man’s.” In connexion with this identity in the type of the convolutions in man and the higher apes, it is well to bear in mind the great difference existing in the size of their brains. For notwithstanding the considerably greater bulk and weight of the Gorilla, the largest brain of this animal yet weighed has not exceeded 20 oz., whilst, as we have before stated, the European human brain cannot possibly perform its normal functions if its weight be less than about 32 oz. ; below this we meet only with idiocy and mental imbecility.

A very great difference exists even amongst Europeans as to the degree of the complexity of the convolutions in different individuals, and what is now wanted is an accurate examination of their arrangement in the different tribes constituting the human family. An examination of this kind was made by Gratiolet of the brain of the celebrated Hottentot Venus, and quite recently, in a most valuable memoir, Professor Marshall has given us the results of his examination of the brain of a Bushwoman, accurately comparing the various points in its anatomy with that of the average European brain, and with the brain of the Chimpanzee. After a detailed examination of the convolutions he says : “Compared with the same parts in the ordinary European brain, they are smaller, and in all cases so much less complicated as to be far more easily recognised and distinguished amongst each other. This comparative simplicity of the Bushwoman’s brain is of course an indication of structural inferiority, and indeed renders it a useful aid in the study of the more complex European form.” Compared with the brain of the Hottentot Venus as represented by Gratiolet, that of the Bushwoman presented a remarkable similarity, which is all the more interest-

ing from the fact that the former was believed by G. Cuvier to have been a Bushwoman of small stature, so that, as Professor Marshall says, “their common inferiority to the European brain may justify the expectation that future inquiries will show characteristic peculiarities in degree of convolutional development in the different leading races of mankind.” Although, as regards size—its weight being about 31·5 oz. or slightly less than the lowest healthy European female brain—and the low development of its convolutions, there is an evident leaning with this brain of the Bushwoman, as well as with that of the Hottentot Venus, towards the higher quadrumanous forms; yet still the sum of their convolutional characters indicates a greater difference between them and the highest ape’s brain yet described, than between them and the European brain. It is, however, a matter of absolute certainty that there is less difference in convolutional development between their brains and that of the “highest ape, than between the latter and the lowest quadrumanous animal.” Much has been said concerning the actual differences existing between the convolutions in man and the higher apes, and attempts have been made to find well-marked lines of demarcation between them. Such attempts have, however, not been crowned by any very definite results, since the differences met with are variations in degree, and not of kind. The type in both being identical, in addition to the less complex development of the convolutions in the higher apes, certain fissures are more apparent in them, separating some of the lobes, whilst in man the most notable divergence is to be seen in the specially increased complexity of the frontal convolutions, the size of the so-called “supramarginal lobule,” formed by the extreme development on each side of a convolution of the median or parietal lobe; and the greatly increased development of certain connecting convolutions of the posterior lobes which serve to unite these with those of the parietal region. These connecting convolutions, or “*plis de*

*passage*" of Gratiolet, have attracted much attention, and their vastly increased development is certainly a most characteristic point in the anatomy of the European human brain. The interesting fact has been revealed by Marshall that in the brain of the Bushwoman these "connecting convolutions are, in " comparison with those of the European " brain, still more remarkably defective " than the primary convolutions." In man it is the development of the connecting convolutions that obliterates the fissure bounding the occipital lobe, which we have already alluded to as being more easily seen in the higher apes. But besides size there is a still further difference with regard to these interesting convolutions. In man they are quite superficial, whilst in nearly all the apes they are more or less covered by a sort of operculum or projection forwards of a development from each of the posterior lobes. For a time this absolutely superficial position of the "plis de passage" was maintained by Gratiolet to be the peculiarity distinguishing the brain of man from those of the higher apes. According to Marshall, however, one of the most essentially human characters in the brain of man is the want of symmetry in the arrangement of its primary fissures and convolutions on the two hemispheres. This asymmetrical condition was well marked in the brains of the Bushwoman and the Hottentot Venus, though even in the brains of the highest apes the departure from absolute symmetry of these parts on the two sides is so slight as to be almost imperceptible.

Other considerations to which I will now allude make this asymmetrical arrangement of the convolutions on the two hemispheres of the human brain a matter of extreme interest. Some years ago it was first pointed out by Dr. Boyd, as a result of his most extensive investigation into the weight of the brain and its component parts, that he almost invariably found the left cerebral hemisphere heavier by nearly one-eighth of an ounce than that of the right side.

We have ourselves also recently been investigating the specific gravity of the different parts of the human brain, and have obtained some curious and interesting results from an examination of the convolutional grey matter of the cerebrum. For, in addition to the fact that different specific gravities are met with in the same brain of grey matter from the frontal, parietal, and occipital convolutions respectively (the nature of these variations being pretty constant when different brains are examined) we have very frequently found differences on the two sides of the brain, and moreover that the *average* specific gravity for grey matter from each of these three regions is about two degrees higher on the left than it is on the corresponding part of the right hemisphere. Although the average numbers are higher, however, on the left than on the right side, it is by no means always so in every brain, or, when it does occur, in all three regions of the same brain. This difference seems to be met with more frequently in the grey matter from the parietal convolutions than in that from the frontal or occipital regions. Very rarely indeed has an excess of density been met with on the right side. At all events it is an interesting fact that the specific gravity of the grey matter is not the same over the whole surface of the cerebrum, and that, just as it is specialized by its localization in certain convolutions, so do we find a further specialization of structure as indicated by differences in its specific gravity. For may not these changes be in some way indicative of different functions appertaining to the several convolutions? The average increase of specific gravity of the grey matter of the left hemisphere may perhaps partly afford an explanation of the absolutely greater weight of this half of the cerebrum as ascertained by Dr. Boyd, though perhaps it may also be in part accounted for by the fact that, of the two asymmetrical hemispheres, a very slight excess of convolutional complexity is most frequently met on that of the left side. May not the greater use also of the right side of the body have something to do



with the increased weight of the left hemisphere?

In connexion with this structural difference of the two hemispheres, it may be interesting to allude to certain theories which have been advocated concerning the functions of the cerebrum. Some years ago the theory was advanced by M. Paul Broca, that the portion of brain concerned with the faculty of language was the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere; and he even went farther, since he attempted to localize it more specially in the third left frontal convolution. Dr. Hughlings Jackson, in this country, was also led independently to believe that impairment, not of the powers of articulation only, but of the command of language of any kind as a mechanism for the communication of ideas, was especially connected with lesions of the left anterior lobe, and paralysis of the right side of the body. He was led to this conclusion by observing that almost invariably, when paralysis of the body was associated with this impairment of the faculty of language, the injury to the brain was found to be in the left hemisphere, whilst, on the other hand, lesions of the right hemisphere and left paralysis were not usually associated with any such impairment. Exceptions have, however, been met with to this rule; but, even should it prove that future observations will confirm the fact that in the majority of cases these different effects result from injuries to one or other side of the brain, we should still have an enigma of a most puzzling nature to resolve. But we may well hesitate to accept the belief that any such faculty as that of language could be restricted to a portion of one hemisphere only, unless it were proved by the accumulation of evidence of the most indisputable character. For is it possible to look upon the operation of the mind when engaged in referring known objects or ideas to certain special and conventional attributes, such as names really are, as anything different from an ordinary process of reasoning? But, if this be the correct view to take of the nature

of naming and language considered as intellectual operations, it seems to us that, in order to retain the theory of Broca, it would be necessary to prove that either our general power of reasoning, or else the faculty of memory, was essentially connected with the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere! What evidence we possess bearing upon the subject seems rather to show that, notwithstanding the double nature and somewhat asymmetrical condition of the two hemispheres of the cerebrum, there must be a pretty close correspondence in function between similar parts on the two sides. It is true, indeed, that as regards the lower functions of sensation and power over locomotory acts, the brain is essentially a double organ, each hemisphere in these respects ministering to the sensations and powers of movement of the opposite half of the body; and from this analogy it has also been attempted by many to show that this duplex condition of the brain as an organ is associated with a certain duality of mind or consciousness. Such a theory of the "Duality of Mind," has been most fully expounded by Dr. Wigan, who believed that a separate train of reasoning could be conducted by each hemisphere separately. This is, however, a matter of pure theory, and the facts cited are almost equally explicable from a consideration of the extreme rapidity of all mental operations, and the supposition that in cases of apparent duality a rapid alternation of consciousness takes place. However this may be, it is, indeed, a remarkable fact that pretty well authenticated cases have been recorded, in which, with extreme disease and destruction of tissue, confined to one-half of the cerebrum, all the mental faculties have appeared intact. A general diminution of the mental power has been observed, but no aberration of special faculties. This would, of course, point to the belief that the functions of the corresponding parts of the two halves of the cerebrum are identical.

But let us turn from these speculations as to the functional relation existing between the two halves of the

cerebrum, to the equally interesting inquiry concerning the functions of their component lobes. Are we to admit the broad phrenological doctrine, that the anterior lobes are connected with the operation of the more strictly intellectual faculties, whilst the posterior are principally concerned with the propensities? Can we in fact say which lobes may be considered to be chiefly concerned with the highest faculties, and which are therefore most characteristic of man?

It is a fact well known to comparative anatomists that the brain in many fishes is made up of three pairs of ganglia in longitudinal series, followed by a single median portion representing the cerebellum, which lies on the medulla oblongata, or continuation of the spinal cord. Of these three pairs of ganglia the most anterior, or olfactory, are almost invariably the smallest, whilst the posterior, answering to certain portions of the so-called *central ganglia* in man, are usually notably larger than the median pair. This median pair is, however, the one to which we wish particularly to call attention, since, in addition to the most anterior of the central ganglia in man, of which its two halves are partly composed, these are the only representatives of those cerebral hemispheres which in him attain such an enormous development. It can be shown, moreover, that these rudiments of the cerebrum must not be considered as the foreshadowings of the entire organ, but that they must, on the contrary, be regarded as answering to the *anterior lobes* of the cerebral hemispheres only. The increasing complexity of brain met with in ascending through the series of vertebrated animals, speaking generally, may be said to be especially due, partly to a diminution in the size of the olfactory lobes, though more particularly to the progressively increasing size of the cerebral hemispheres, and the degree of their backward extension, at first over the posterior pair of ganglia, and lastly over the cerebellum itself. Throughout the classes of fishes, amphibia, reptiles, and birds, though the cerebral ganglia go on increasing in size, still they are the repre-

sentatives only of the anterior lobes. In the lower mammalia the middle lobes first make their appearance, and then gradually increase in size, till at last, in the higher forms, the first rudiments of the posterior lobes appear. If we inquire as to the method of development of the brain in the human embryo, we find that here also the same order is observed. The first traces of the cerebral hemispheres are evidently rudiments only of the anterior lobes, enclosing the anterior pair of central ganglia, as in fishes: at progressively later periods these increase in size and extend backwards, covering successively the posterior ganglia and the cerebellum, by the development and growth from the original portions, first of the middle and then of the posterior lobes. The backward development of the hemispheres, and the extent to which they cover the cerebellum, have, indeed, by some anatomists been considered as a rough guide to the degree of development of the intellectual faculties of the animal. The possession, indeed, of posterior lobes overlapping the cerebellum, with structures contained in them, has been considered a matter of so much importance, that one celebrated anatomist in this country sought to make it the fundamental distinction differentiating man from the higher apes; and on this account to place him in the zoological scale alone, in a distinct subclass of the mammalia. These statements, in the face of such abundant evidence to the contrary, naturally met with the most strenuous opposition from other anatomists. We will not recapitulate points of a controversy, which it would be better rather to bury in oblivion, but will quote from Professor Huxley statements concerning the cerebral lobes in the quadrumana, which have received the acceptance of fellow-workers in the same subject. He says:—"It is a remarkable circumstance, that though, so far as our present knowledge extends, there is one true structural break in the series of forms of simian brains, this hiatus does not lie between man and the man-like apes, but between the lower and the lowest



"Simians ; or, in other words, between "the old and new-world apes and "monkeys, and the lemurs. Every "lemur which has yet been examined, "in fact, has its cerebellum partially "visible from above, and its posterior "lobe, with the contained posterior "cornu and hippocampus minor, more "or less rudimentary. Every marmoset, "American monkey, baboon, or man-like ape, on the contrary, has its cerebellum entirely hidden, posteriorly, by "the cerebral lobes, and possesses a large "posterior cornu, with a well developed "hippocampus minor."

In connexion with these facts concerning the development of the cerebrum in the vertebrate series, and in the human embryo, let us call to our recollection the convolutional differences stated to obtain between man and the apes, and the greatly-increased development in him of the transition convolutions of the posterior lobes and the "supra-marginal lobule" adjacent to them. These facts surely are sufficient to make us direct our inquiries with increased interest towards all details bearing upon the growth and anatomy of the *posterior* parts of the brain ; since in them do we find most of those cerebral differences which serve to distinguish man from the lower animals. Of especial interest, therefore, are Professor Marshall's observations upon the occipital convolutions of a brain belonging to an individual of so low a race as that of the Bushwoman, when he states as follows :—  
 "The three rows of *occipital convolutions*, "which in quadrumanous brains of "moderate complexity are simple and "easily distinguishable, but which in "the anthropoid apes assume a puzzling "complexity, become, as is well known, "in the human brain so highly complicated and involved with the external "connecting convolutions that a detailed "description of them is almost impossible. Considered generally, they are "remarkably defective in total depth "and in individual complexity in the "Bushwoman's brain. The vertical "depth of the three rows and of their "connecting convolutions in the Euro-

"pean brain is 2·75 inches ; in the "Hottentot Venus brain 2·25 inches ; "in the Bushwoman only 2 inches. "This deficiency affects all three rows "of occipital convolutions, but is especially noticeable in the inferior row, "along the lower border and extreme "point of the occipital lobe. This is, perhaps, the most defective region of the "Bushwoman's cerebrum." It has also been mentioned before that in this brain the highly-important external connecting folds or "plis de passage" were, "in "comparison with those of the European "brain, still more remarkably defective "than the primary convolutions."

Can we maintain, after evidence such as we have just detailed, that the anterior lobes of the cerebrum in man are the parts most likely to be concerned in those higher intellectual operations by the excellence of which he is so very far removed from the highest quadrumana ? Does not the developmental history of the cerebrum point rather to the inference that, so far as *any* localization of faculties is possible, we should be led to expect that the anterior lobes, in harmony with their early appearance in the vertebrate series, would be more intimately concerned with the intellectual faculties or feelings of a lower type, such as we might expect to find in every vertebrate animals, be it fish, reptile, bird, or mammal ; that the middle lobes, appearing for the first time in the lower mammalia, would deal with intellectual operations of a more complex kind ; whilst, finally, the posterior lobes appearing only in the highest mammals, and whose development culminates so significantly in man, should rather be looked upon as the organs destined to take the most active part in those highest and most subtle intellectual operations which are his proud prerogatives ? Of course, we can quite imagine that the increased development of the cerebrum in the vertebrate series would produce continual specializations of function, and that, as a consequence, there would be an increased necessity for maintaining a thorough interdependence and connexion between these faculties, tending to blend

them more closely and inextricably together into that meshwork of relations of which our psychical nature is known to consist. Such being the case, it would seem almost as impossible to have any minute localization of independent faculties as it would be difficult to portion out our psychical nature into any great number of operations radically

different from one another. Still, broad groups of functions may be more intimately connected with particular lobes; and, if such be the case, then we believe the evidence in our possession points to the posterior rather than the anterior lobes of the cerebrum as those concerned more especially with the highest intellectual operations.

## ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

### X. OF THE IDEA OF MODERN ART.

SOUTHEY, in one of his letters, I think, tells us that, when on a journey, he was in the habit of carrying with him some small book that would go into his pocket, such for instance as Erasmus's *Colloquies*—a book at any rate that was packed as full as the traveller's carpet-bag with thoughts which might serve as texts for his mind to dwell upon, and, it may be, built up into independent discourses. And I suppose that, with the exception of fiction, which has its use in cheating men of their petty griefs, every book is only useful in so far forth as it ministers to thought and reflection in the reader, as it supplies him with texts for sermons of his own.

And assuredly the mere act of travelling stimulates the thinking faculty in a wonderful manner. I suppose physiologists account for it by saying that there is an increased determination of blood to the brain. However this may be, only let us place our thinker in an express train, to traverse a country with which he is unacquainted, so that there may be a few surprises, or gentle stimulants to the mind *in transitu*, and we may depend upon it that more and grander thoughts will pass through the coiled chambers of his brain than we shall ever get from him, I fear, on paper. Dr. Johnson's ideal of earthly felicity was, I believe, to be travelling at a rapid rate in a postchaise, with a pretty woman for a companion. Personally I would

(except, of course, it be one's wife); but the rapid travelling through a country one does not know by heart is undoubtedly most pleasurable and stimulating; giving one glimpses of bits of country scenery and country life, which, in the momentary glance, *frame themselves* into most perfect pictures; quickening the brain to think or dream, as it will; giving it every moment fresh food for thought, or fresh material out of which to build the fabric of the pleasantest day-dreams.

Following Southey's advice, then, I took with me as travelling companion on a journey the other day a book of Essays lately published. In this book I chanced upon the following passage, which will supply me, I think, with sufficient material for an Essay of my own. The writer is arguing that special faculties which have been cultivated in this world will probably find no scope for their employment in another. What employment, he says, will the orator, for instance, find in a world where there is no wrong to be attacked, and no right has to be defended? And he adds, "Do the followers of Art arrogate 'better right of perpetuated exercise to their special talents; or may we not rather doubt if an immortal being, removed from the sphere of academies and galleries, exhibitions and patrons, would even desire to go on through eternity sculpturing and painting?'"

Now this remark trenches upon a subject which has often puzzled the present writer; and which, as an Essay



does not pretend to be a doubt-resolving treatise, or anything more than a bundle of suggestive thoughts loosely put together, may fairly I think be placed before the reader. The author of the sentence I have copied evidently calls upon common sense to affirm his question. The motion is to be carried *nem. con.* No immortal being, he means, can possibly desire to go on through eternity sculpturing and painting.

But, leaving the Fine Arts to take care of themselves for a while, we will descend to a lower arena, and take our stand-point there. We will go to the mechanical arts, and observe them; to those arts which do not pretend to be quickened by the soul of thought, as the fine arts are, but are purely manual; which minister to man's necessities, rather than to the pride of his intellect or the softness of his luxury. We will take our stand by the work-bench of the hard-handed artisan or mechanic, who is earning his daily bread by the exercise of a skill which it has taken him the best years of his life to acquire. See with what art he uses that delicate tool which produces strokes as fine as a hair, results which are almost microscopic in their effect. The business of his life has been to gain that dexterity of hand which in the sight of the undexterous bystander is little short of miraculous. This has been his life-toil, and has become, one may say, almost his life-pleasure. Now, with respect to a future state of existence, is that man's life—in so far as his special talent is concerned—a wasted life? Are all these years of labour and effort absolutely thrown away, and to be as if they had never been? The calling to which God has called him here, and which God's natural laws have made him to love with an ever-increasing affection, is it to be an utter blank hereafter? If this be so, I can only say that it contradicts the whole analogy of God's dealings with men.

And why should it be so? Because the life of the other world is wholly a spiritual life. But what do we know of the next life, and what do we know of

spirit? To my mind revelation expressly contradicts the dogma. The Pattern Man, who, I suppose, is as much our example after death as before,—the Pattern Man, it will be remembered, said expressly to His disciples, "Touch Me and see; a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have." But in fact, Protestantism, fearing—and justly fearing—the sensualism of Rome, has gradually spiritualised and allegorised all religion, till it has made the resurrection body a phantom, and heaven itself a metaphor.

Returning then to our former subject, I would remark that the essayist whom I have just quoted, in saying that no man could desire to go on through eternity painting and sculpturing, seems rather to degrade the Fine Arts to the level of the Mechanical. He does not seem to recognise any soul of thought or feeling beneath the forms of painting and sculpture; or one might say that there is every reason why that soul should survive even when the form itself is dead. To put the case another way. Whilst the hand of the artist is occupied in the mechanical part of his art, painting and sculpturing, his soul, including the intellect and affections, is also occupied in producing an *idea* of beauty, which the hands strive to embody, so that it may be conveyed to the souls of other men through the medium of their eyes. Well then, when the artist-spirit has quitted for a while its earthly tabernacle, still as a living, thinking essence, it must continue to have its *idea* of beauty (for a thinking instrument necessarily implies a thought); and if that *idea* be not identical with the *idea* in this life, it can only be because the subject which has engaged the artist here in painting and sculpture has been temporal and trivial, and therefore unworthy to be the occupation of a glorified spirit.

There is therefore an ideal (to change the word) of painting and sculpturing, with which an immortal spirit may fairly desire to occupy itself even in a future state of existence. Now, practically, what is this ideal in modern art? Is it

one which may reasonably be associated with the glorified spirit of a man? Or is it merely mundane and temporal in scope and tendency? A practical question this, which every man, I think, may best answer for himself by visiting the head quarters of modern British art, and noting what he has eyes to see there. Suppose we go together.

It is an afternoon, then, early in May; and this shall be for the nonce a poet's May, and not a modern English one, with biting blast, so that we may stand for a moment without inconvenience by the columns of the portico of the Royal Academy, and look down. *Suum cuique*. A good deal of nonsense has been talked about the spoiling of the finest site in Europe; but, after all, my country friend (et ego in Arcadia vixi), where will you match that scene? The principal building may be ugly enough, but at any rate just now we have got our backs to it, and—and, in truth, we are not a sauntering people, and don't care for our edifices to be obtrusively beautiful. Yet I affirm that this view is in no way a mean or undignified one,—the Omphalos, as it is, of a capital of mixed labour and luxury. And from our vantage ground, we look down where the two currents of luxury and labour meet and clash; where, like the long line of foam which marks the turning of the tide, Whitehall stretches out to the great Law Factory of the nation, and Sir Charles Barry's Pharos rises into the London fog-clouds, which are dark and hazy now, but yet know well enough how to burn with vermilion and orange when the sun smites them at its rise or setting.

But our business is within. This, then, we say exultingly, on entering the rather shabby building which holds the art treasure of England, this is the outcome of modern British art in the nineteenth century, the great sachem or congress of the high-art lovers and producers of our day. Hasten on. Let us dive through the crowd, and look around us. . . . But, after all, are we doing well? Is not the crowd the very object which we came to observe; the living

human nature about us, rather than the dead (and sometimes buried) nature upon the wall? For really, if we are to judge of the use and service of art, in this our day, how can we do so better than by noting the effect which the best productions, as I suppose, of modern art have upon the men and women of the day? We all know perfectly well, of course, what uses, theoretically, the fine arts subserve: that they are meant to fill a void in man's nature; to subsidise human life with something of super-human excellence; to throw a colouring, as of sunrise light, upon the coldness of the earth; and, as spice-odours are wafted from unseen islands to weary mariners at sea, to bring to immortals a sweet token and remembrance of their immortality. These services, at least, the fine arts perform for men, or they are nought. And what, then, are the feelings called forth by the picture-covered walls of the Academy, the picked specimens of modern British art, in the crowd which now surges round them? The reader may remember in one of Wordsworth's most thoughtful, and yet most simple poems, a description of the effect produced upon a number of common-place people—mere passers-by in a London street, by a view of the full moon through a telescope, which a showman had planted in one of the less crowded squares. The poet remarks that he expected this lovely spectacle to delight every gazer who was privileged to enjoy it. But to his surprise it was not so. No: whether it was that the contrast between earth and the brightness of the heavens was too glaring; whether it was that the gazer's mind had been travelling a long way, and was scarcely reconciled to its return, he knew not; but certainly each one who looked through that telescope went away seemingly in more solemn mood, perhaps even less happy, than he had been before.

We see no such result here, at any rate: and yet I suppose that some of the grandest scenes of God's earth, some of the most perfect forms and colours of God's creation, some of the noblest and



most heroic deeds of men made in God's image,—and with all of these subjects modern art is doubtless more or less conversant,—reflected back to us from the mirror of the painter's mind, pure and undistorted in proportion to the clearness and nobility of that mind; I suppose that these things ought to produce an effect of some sort upon human beings. But probably, of this great crowd, fully one-half are occupied solely with themselves, each one for him or herself being the centre of a universe whose circumference is fashion, and its diameter, pride; people upon whose minds civilization has had an injurious effect, weakening instead of strengthening them; and whose torpid feelings can only be stirred by that which would be poison to the healthy soul. At any rate we can scarcely wonder that art should fail to move those whom nature touches not. But upon the other half of that surging crowd the influence of art would seem to be twofold. There are those who love art because it brings nature home to them; and there are those who love nature herself only for the sake of art. These latter we may call the slaves of art. They are engrossed with its technicalities; from their lips you will hear that verbiage of art-cackle which is a feeble echo of the painter's studio. They live in a sort of stage-world of their own; the earth and sky—this brave overhanging canopy, look you, being merely so much scenery and decorations; and the beautiful in nature only interesting them as it suggests that painter's chiaroscuro, or this painter's colouring. But the few, the small residuum that remains, after we have evaporated these watery particles with which the art-world is diluted, what is the hold which art really has upon *them*? What ideal do they look for and find in modern painting? Well, in those hot and dusty galleries of the Academy, forgetful of glare, and heat, and art-cackle of dilettantism, forgetful of professional worry, or the hard exi-

gencies of their daily bread, the healthy naturalism of the art they love (for to their patriotism or their piety painting has no message now), places them in quiet country scenes, just as the umber woodlands are stippled with green; where on hedge banks the rathe primrose stars the grass with its pure, pale blossoms, the violet, from between the moss-grown ash roots, fills the soft air with sweetness, the clustering hyacinth brings down the blue of heaven to mingle with the tender green of budding leaves; where the crozier-like shoots of the fern uncurl themselves from the crumbling mould, and the white bell of the trembling emerald-leaved oxalis rings out its fairy chimes, unheard by mortal ear. Or they stand, spell-driven by the unseen artist's hand, on some bare mountain side, where the hawk's scream, and the lamb's bleat, are the only sounds, save when the winds make their voices to be heard—to be alone with God. Or Mr. Hook takes them into some sweet cove of Devonshire or Cornwall, where clear green ocean laves a slaty, rock-bound coast, and unfolds before them the life of the fisher village, like some idyllic dream of sinless, but yet mortal folk. Is it not something to realize *this* in a hot town, with bad smells, high prices, keen competition, a Church fighting for its life, a storm brewing east, west, north, and south, on the political horizon, and a general election coming on?

We must not ask from art more than art can give us. All the arts of civilization are but so many efforts of man to escape from himself. And it is something for him to have found in the fine arts an innocent alleviation of his life's troubles, and a promise of that ideal beauty, that ideal calm, for which his soul is yearning, and which *they* can but imperfectly satisfy, but which he believes shall be abundantly realized—and after no merely phantastic or phenomenal sort—in the glory of the new heaven, and the new earth.

## TRADES' UNIONS, STRIKES, AND CO-OPERATION.

BY THOMAS HUGHES, M.P.

For years past there has been an uneasy feeling throughout the country at the frequent recurrence of strikes and lock-out in one branch or another of our great productive industries. Since 1851 indeed we have had an almost constant succession of them. The engineers, the colliers, the cotton-spinners, the artisans of the building trades, followed one another at short intervals; and lastly came the dispute of this summer between the iron-workers and their masters, and the whole country is fairly startled by the proportions which the civil war is assuming. When a local dispute between the masters and men of a small district can lighten up in a few days into a blaze over the whole north and centre of England, paralyze the most flourishing of our trades, and threaten some quarter of a million of people with utter destitution, it is no longer the question of a section of the nation: our own houses are in danger. It is high time for us all to look into this matter. "For," to quote one of the ablest writers on the subject, "these struggles, from their scale, results, and obstinacy, from the marvellous organization they imply, from the prospect of a boundless reserve of power behind one side and the other, open to the thoughtful politician visions of industrial battles and convulsions to come of which these are but the symptoms and prelude. As these disputes grow less lawless they grow more disciplined — what they forego in direct violence they acquire in indirect destructiveness. They are gaining the system and energy of true political struggles; they threaten the public peace at least as much as the markets; they are becoming wars of classes for rights, institutions, and powers."

This is no over-statement of the case. I am only anxious that we should

look these facts quietly and dispassionately in the face. They are far too serious for any man who loves his country to come to the consideration of them in a partisan spirit. We may sympathize with one side or the other—we may believe that, if the battle is to be fought out, the triumph of the masters, or of the men, is the one thing to be hoped for,—but every man who has ever tried fairly to place himself in the position of an actor in the struggle will acknowledge how much each side has to say for itself. Whoever will take the trouble to inquire into what is going on amongst the working-classes will find, that, in every branch of industry in which skilled labour is employed, the trades societies are working with marked success towards amalgamation. In several of the chief trades (notably in the case of the engineers and machinists) the internal organization is even now almost perfect. The scattered societies in the same trade are everywhere giving signs that they are beginning to feel an irresistible attraction in this direction. And the impulse does not end here. The different trades are cautiously taking the first steps towards united action. As yet these labour-parliaments are in their infancy. The great societies are still somewhat jealous of such bodies as the London Trades' Council. They have been accustomed to rely wholly on their own strength, not to look outside their own body. They have been slow to recognise any authority in central councils in which the representatives of the weaker trades must have seats and votes. In the councils themselves there have been, and are still, schisms and bitter heart-burnings, which have led careless observers to declare in one place or another that such a combination as they are aiming at is impossible.



Do not let us deceive ourselves. We are living in the age of association : that more than any other is the characteristic of our time. The blindest of us cannot help noting the giant strides this principle is making in every other department of life. It is at this day hardly possible to believe that not fifteen years ago all association in trade was a most expensive and hazardous undertaking : not only was the whole spirit of our legislation opposed to limited liability, but many of the first mercantile men in the country were prophesying utter ruin and collapse to the prosperity of England if the laws were relaxed. Well, we have not only relaxed them, but swept them clean away into the great waste-paper basket, so that in fact only one shred of the old restrictions remains, to which I shall have to allude presently. And what has been the result ?—that the whole trade of the country, even the great mystery of banking, which we were told could never, I will not say flourish, but exist, under any but the old system, is falling into the hands of companies. I am not saying that there is not much that is unsound in this rush of the whole trading activity and enterprise of England into association under the Limited Liability Acts. The daily experience of our law courts shows the contrary. Much misery and ruin is being caused by it. It offers alarming facilities for unscrupulous men to prey upon the community. I only insist on the great fact, which no one can ignore or deny. And I say that, the impulse having been given, we shall never retrace our steps. The bursting of hundreds of bubble companies will scarcely delay the march for a moment. It will pass on amidst the dust and *débris* of these to the firm ground beyond.

And while this process has been going on [with respect to the capital of the country, an even more remarkable change has taken place amongst those who have no capital but their skill and labour to throw into a common stock. Fifteen years ago there was not one united trade in England. Small local unions struggled to keep together a few hun-

dred members in their own towns and districts. There was next to no intercourse between these societies. They were often jealous of each other, sometimes hostile. Each branch of the great trades had its small separate organization. Thus in the engineers' trade the engineers, pattern makers, machinists, and smiths, had in many cases each their separate union in the same town. Now all is changed. There is, I believe, no single great trade in which amalgamation is not progressing. In that of the engineers, cited above, there is one great society including every department of skilled labour, having a branch in every great town in the United Kingdom, and already striking root in the colonies ; with an income of 70,000*l.* a year, and a reserve fund of some 90,000*l.* ; which distributes 1,000*l.* weekly in benefits to its members, and commands the allegiance of 30,000 of the ablest workmen in the world. With examples of this kind before their eyes it is simply a matter of time with the other trades.

The point which this process of amalgamation has already reached may be judged from what has happened in the last few months. The facts are familiar to us all. Whatever else may be doubtful as to the Staffordshire lock-out, it is abundantly clear that, had the men in the district been willing to fight their battle in accordance with the views of the central authority in their own trade, they would have been supported not only by that trade, but by the unions throughout the country.

The same example has shown us also how far the organization of the masters on the other side has already progressed, what proportions it is likely to assume in the future, what its policy is likely to be. I am not writing as the advocate of either side. I only wish to bring out clearly the fact of the present antagonism between the employers and their workmen. The unions of workmen, one and all, whatever other objects they may have in view, insist on their right to a voice in the regulation of the rates of wages, and the hours and con-

ditions of labour. The unions of the masters are unanimous in their determination to ignore this alleged right. It is quite true that both sides have of late changed their methods of fighting. We hear no more on the one hand of the brutal outrages on persons and property which used to accompany every strike and lock-out. Staffordshire, of all counties, is the one, perhaps, in which such things would have been most likely to occur. But not a single instance of violence happened during all the excitement of the late lock-out. On the other hand, the masters have given up the high-handed methods of former years, and have consented to treat with deputations of their men. The two sides have met in conference, sometimes alone, sometimes in the presence of third parties. Sanguine persons, in the press and elsewhere, have hailed this as a sign that the antagonism is passing away, that the two camps will soon be struck, and the two hosts mingled in one united army of industry. I can see no such hope while the present system lasts. I rejoice as much as any one in the improved *feeling* which has grown up on both sides. It is a great thing that masters and men should be able to meet at all, and discuss trade questions courteously. But the more closely we look into the reports of these negotiations, the more clearly shall we see that while the antagonism of *feeling* has decreased, the antagonism of *interest* is as strong as ever. A writer in the *Times* signing himself "An Ironmaster," in his answer to Professor Fawcett, brought out the true present position very clearly when he said, that in all other matters he was on the most friendly terms with his men: that he believed they would be ready to do him or his family any kindness: but that the moment a trade dispute arose, these very men would not hesitate to go with their union, and would see him reduced to beggary without compunction. I have not the exact words, but remember the substance too well. And this I believe to be true. The antagonism of interest remains; and both sides see this more

keenly than ever. Both are mustering their forces for greater efforts. As Englishmen they can meet on friendly terms on neutral ground, but as masters and men there can be no peace till one side or the other is thoroughly defeated.

A disastrous state of things surely for our common country! I believe that, even in spite of this civil war, the energy and enterprise of England will not allow us to fall far behind in the competition with other nations so long as we keep our workers at home. But I do look with a feeling akin to consternation at the marked development of the desire to emigrate which is springing up in the ranks of our skilled mechanics and artisans. The cessation of the war in the United States will stimulate this an hundred fold. Every inducement will be held out to them in America. The Homestead Act alone is temptation enough to decimate our great towns. And it will no longer be an exodus of the men who carry nothing with them but strong arms. It is the highest skill and the best brain of the great army of workers which is now getting restless, and threatening to leave us.

There is indeed urgent need of a solution of this labour question, and happily there are signs that the two parties in the strife are no longer to be left to fight it out to the bitter end. Statesmen and politicians are beginning to wake up to the terrible importance of the struggle, and the startled press is already tentatively throwing out suggestions and advice. The more light can be brought to bear from all quarters the better for us all. If masters and men must still fight, they will fight all the more fairly for knowing that the eyes of the nation are on them.

The first effect of this awakening has been the suggestion of Courts of Arbitration, or Conciliation, to settle trades' disputes. I do not propose to dwell on this side of the question, but this I must say in passing. Assume that trade tribunals are established; that the Legislature recognises the trades' unions, and gives them a corporate existence (without which, of course, it is childish to



talk of arbitration, for you cannot enforce awards against bodies which are outside the law), that the tribunals work as well as the French "*Conseils des Prudhommes*," that both parties agree to refer questions as to the rates of wages and profits to them. Assuming all this—and what that assumption amounts to we can test at once by asking ourselves how the House of Commons would receive "a Bill for incorporating certain bodies of mechanics and artisans heretofore known as Trades' Unions"—will the establishment of these tribunals end the strife? Will it do away with that antagonism of interest between masters and men already referred to? I cannot see that it will. Trade tribunals seem to me to be a good expedient for enabling the parties to continue their fight with the least damage to the nation. This, of course, will be an enormous gain. But the root of the evil will remain. We shall still have two hostile camps. What we want is a fusion of the armies.

And there are signs that such a fusion is not so hopeless as it would seem to be. For many years now the principle of co-operation has been slowly gaining ground amongst the best of the working classes. The difficulties in its path have been neither few nor small. It has had to win its way against adverse laws, the sneers of the outside world, the distrust, and secret or avowed hostility, of the trades societies, the dishonesty and selfishness of those who had come under its flag with the most ardent professions. When in 1848-9 the great stimulus to industrial association was felt in England, in consequence of the reports of what the Paris associations were doing, it was found that such societies in this country must depend absolutely upon the good faith of the members, for there was literally no form in which they could obtain the protection of the law. The Industrial and Provident Societies' Act of 1851 first grappled with this difficulty, and provided a partial remedy. It was amended twice in later years; but meanwhile the general current of legislation

had overtaken this outlying section of industry, and now under the recent Joint Stock Companies' Act, or under their own special statutes, associations of workmen are free to carry on their own trades for their own benefit without let or hindrance. The history of those years has been deeply interesting. One after another, working associations have risen up, have passed through the first stages of weakness, have achieved success beyond the hopes of their founders, and have broken down by mismanagement, by the jealousies of their members, or of the trades, by opposition from without. But notwithstanding all these failures, the principle has continued to gain ground; and now, not only amongst a few picked men, but through the great masses of English workmen, association is looked upon as the one remedy for all that is wrong in the present state of things, a promised land already spreading out before them, and inviting them to enter in and possess it.

But it is a promised land, as many have found to their cost, which can only be won by honest and valiant effort, through patient work and self-sacrifice. I cannot sufficiently honour the men who have laboured on for years without swerving to the right hand or the left in working out this great problem, the forlorn hope of the great army of labour. In this city there is one such band of men whom I am specially bound to notice, for I have watched them from their first humble beginnings eight years ago—I mean the Association of Carvers and Gilders in Red Lion Square. This association was founded by the secretary of the trades society, who gave up high wages and the foremost position in his trade to test the worth of the idea which he had accepted. He and the two brave men who started with him (one of whom is now dead) worked on and bore strongly up through trials which would have broken any but the staunchest spirits. With no help in money from outside, with a market to find in a close trade, through evil report and good report, they

have fought their way through to success by their own courage and honesty. They have now seven full associates, and ten young men preparing for admission, who have grown to manhood, and learnt their trade in the association. They have a stock and plant and good book-debts amounting to some 300*l.* and are now paying, to all alike, wages at the rate of 30*s.* a week for work which their fellows outside are glad to take at 24*s.*

If time allowed, I could add other illustrations equally remarkable. One at least will, no doubt, occur to every one here—that of the Rochdale Pioneers, which has been so often referred to in Parliament, and by public writers; in which, beginning from the other side, with the distribution of articles in common use, instead of with production in their own trades, a few working men have established and carried on with astonishing success one of the largest businesses in the very heart of that district of England in which enterprise is most highly developed, and competition most keen.

Here then again the impulse has been given, as in the amalgamation of the trades societies. Enough has been achieved to show that success is not only possible, but certain, to sober, industrious, and self-denying men. And here too we may be sure that there will be no going back. In proof of which I would point to the changed attitude of the trades societies to the little band of co-operators. They have been anxiously, even jealously, watching these experiments, and have come, slowly enough, but at last heartily, to the belief in co-operation. As yet no united trade has commenced work for itself, but every report of their meetings shows that there is no longer any real difference of opinion on the subject amongst the leaders. Within the last few months, help in money has been voted to associations out of the funds of trade societies. Such bodies move slowly and cautiously. The establishment of workshops is beyond their recognised functions. They have learned to appreciate the difficulty of the undertaking, as well as to acknowledge

its necessity. But whether in their societies, or outside of them, the ablest and best of the working men will soon be active co-operators. Are they to work out the problem alone, or will their employers at the eleventh hour make common cause with them, and bring to their aid the knowledge and the capital which would at once make the path easy? There lies the true solution of the labour question; and happily there are signs already that employers of labour, here and there, are beginning to see this, and are ready to accept it. There are known instances in which masters are coming forward voluntarily to convert their business into limited companies, so that their workmen may hold shares in the capital, and become partners with themselves. I will not pause to refute those who preach suspicion of the motives of these men. There may be some amongst them who are merely seeking to bolster up a failing business; but the names of others are a guarantee that it is not from want of success themselves that they are asking their men to join them as true fellow-workers.

I look upon these men as only next in honour to the associates amongst the workmen, who through the toil and distrust and backslidings of the last fifteen years have persevered in their new life, and have ended in converting their whole class. They have done a great work for England, for they have passed first over the old economic Rubicon—the stream which was supposed to run so deep and so swift between labour and capital that no man might cross it and live. They have fairly cast behind them the dogmas that selfishness is the true principle of all trade, that a man must by some immutable law get as much out of his fellow-men and give as little as possible. They are pledged for the future to the watch-words of the other side—"All for each, and each for all," "A fair day's labour for a fair day's work." And I believe in my heart that they will find their profit in it, not only in the healing up of old breaches, in the extinction of the antagonism of interest between the working class and their own, in the content which they will be



spreading round their own factories and dwellings, but in mere material success. "I think," said Mr. Mill, in 1850, in his evidence before the Committee on the first Industrial and Provident Societies' Bill, "we can hardly set limits to the consequences that might arise in the way of improvement from the feeling that would be diffused through the whole of the persons employed in such an undertaking, in the moral improvement which it would produce in the workmen, in their conduct while at work, and at other times." We should hear no more then of scamped work, of intentional idleness on the part of workmen when the master's eye was not upon them,—complaints which have been made with too much reason, I fear, of late years, while the men too were acting on the old doctrine of giving as little and getting as much as possible—or, as the *Times* put it in a recent article, were regarding their masters as milch cows. And there is yet another sign that the good cause is advancing. There is a Government Bill before the House of Commons, the object of which is to enable masters to give their workmen a share in profits without giving them all the rights of partners in the business. I said at the outset that there was still a remnant of the old law which stood in the way of association. But that last legal obstacle may, I hope, now disappear. If the masters avail themselves largely of the powers which the new Act would give them, and if at the same time the establishments on the joint-stock companies' system work well, we may find that the dawn of a new day for our working brethren has risen on us suddenly out of the ever-deepening night of these angry years, and that the lock-out in the iron trades may be remembered as the last great battle of our last civil war.

POSTSCRIPT.—The above is from a paper read by me in the summer at a meeting called by the Working Men's Clubs and Institutes' Union, and which I promised to print. Since it was read, the Bill alluded to in it has passed into law, and under its provisions several firms have already taken their men into

association, as the word "partnership" is to be avoided. It would be premature to give any account of progress at present. The oldest of these experiments has not yet passed its first half-yearly accounts. Those who heard the statements made by Mr. Greening and others at the discussion on Association at Sheffield will be sanguine as to immediate success. Those who have believed in and worked for the principle through long years of discouragement will, however, be in no hurry to discount their hopes. It *may* be that we are now on the edge of the true solution of the labour question in England—that the example set by Messrs. Crossley, Briggs, Greening, and others will be followed largely and at once—that the knowledge of affairs and markets which these masters bring with them will supply just that which was wanted in the old associations; and, in short, it *may* be that the ball has been at last rolled over the brow of the hill, and will now go down merrily by itself on the sunny side without further effort. It *may* be so; but there are an amazing number of shoals and rocks in this stream, and these last barks may well founder, or stick fast, as so many of their forerunners have done. But, whether they do or not, the end will be much the same. If they get safely into port, it will come a little sooner—that is all. If they founder, out of every wreck a few will escape who will have laid hold of the idea, and on whom the idea will have laid hold. And so the army of those who believe that, with or without their masters, the wages-earners amongst us must undoubtedly become profits-sharers, and that in this way only can the war between labour and capital cease, will be always growing. And this belief has proved itself to be no faith without works, as hundreds of co-operative societies scattered over the whole country are testifying. It will bear the strain of any number of failures yet—though I cannot but hope that its trials in this way are nearly over, and that we shall soon see the nation converted to co-operation as thoroughly as it has been to free-trade.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1865.

## THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### PEACE.

SLOWLY and painfully did Ebbo recover from his swoon, feeling as if the means of revival were rending him away from his brother. He was so completely spent that he was satisfied with a mere assurance that nothing was amiss, and presently dropped into a profound slumber, whence he awoke to find it still broad daylight, and his mother sitting by the side of his bed, all looking so much as it had done for the last six weeks that his first inquiry was if all that had happened had been but a strange dream. His mother would scarcely answer till she had satisfied herself that his eye was clear, his voice steady, his hand cool, and that, as she said, "*That* Kaiser had done him no harm."

"Ah, then it was true! Where is he? Gone?" cried Ebbo eagerly.

"No, in the hall below, busy with letters they have brought him. Lie still, my boy; he has done thee quite enough damage for one day."

"But, mother, what are you saying! Something disloyal, was it not?"

"Well, Ebbo, I was very angry that he should have half killed you when he could so easily have spoken one word.

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Heaven forgive me if I did wrong, but I could not help it."

"Did *he* forgive you, mother?" said Ebbo anxiously.

"He—oh, yes. To do him justice he was greatly concerned; devised ways of restoring thee, and now has promised not to come near thee again without my leave," said the mother, quite as persuaded of her own rightful sway in her son's sick chamber as ever Kunigunde had been of her dominion over the castle.

"And is he displeased with me? Those cowardly vindictive rascals, to fall on him, and set me at nought! Before him, too!" exclaimed Ebbo bitterly.

"Nay, Ebbo, he thought thy part most gallant. I heard him say so, not only to me, but below stairs—both wise and true. Thou didst know him then?"

"From the first glance of his princely eye—the first of his keen smiles. I had seen him disguised before. I thought you knew him too, mother; I never guessed that your mind was running on Schlangenwald when we talked at cross purposes last night."

"Would that I had; but, though I breathed no word openly, I encouraged Heinz's precautions. My boy, I could not help it; my heart would tremble for my only one, and I saw he could not be what he seemed."



"And what doth he here? Who were the men who were advancing?"

"They were the followers he had left at St. Ruprecht's, and likewise Master Schleiermacher and Sir Kasimir of Wildschloss."

"Ha!"

"What—he had not told thee?"

"No. He knew that I knew him, was at no pains to disguise himself, yet evidently meant me to treat him as a private knight. But what brought Wildschloss here?"

"It seems," said Christina, "that, on the return from Carinthia, the Kaiser expressed his intention of slipping away from his army in his own strange fashion, and himself inquiring into the matter of the Ford. So he took with him his own personal followers, the new Graf von Schlangenwald, Herr Kasimir, and Master Schleiermacher. The others he sent to Schlangenwald; he himself lodged at St. Ruprecht's, appointing that Sir Kasimir should meet him there this morning. From the convent he started on a chamois hunt, and made his way hither; but, when the snow came on, and he returned not, his followers became uneasy, and came in search of him."

"Ah!" said Ebbo, "he meant to intercede for Wildschloss—it might be he would have tried his power. No, for that he is too generous. How looked Wildschloss, mother?"

"How could I tell how any one looked save thee, my poor wan boy? Thou art paler than ever! I cannot have any king or kaiser of them all come to trouble thee."

"Nay, motherling, there is much more trouble and unrest to me in not knowing how my king will treat us after such a requital! Prithee let him know that I am at his service."

And, after having fed and refreshed her patient, the gentle potentate of his chamber consented to intimate her consent to admit the invader. But not till after delay enough to fret the impatient nerves of illness did Maximilian appear, handing her in, and saying, in the cheery voice that was one of his chief fascinations,

"Yea, truly, fair dame, I know thou wouldst sooner trust Schlangenwald himself than me alone with thy charge. How goes it, my true knight?"

"Well, right well, my liege," said Ebbo, "save for my shame and grief."

"Thou art the last to be ashamed for that," said the good-natured prince. "Have I never seen my faithful vassals more bent on their own feuds than on my word?—I who reign over a set of kings, who brook no will but their own."

"And may we ask your pardon," said Ebbo, "not only for ourselves, but for the misguided men-at-arms?"

"What? the grewsome giant that was prepared with the axe, and the honest lad that wanted to do his duty by his father? I honour that lad, Freiherr; I would enroll him in my guard, but that probably he is better off here than with *Massimiliano pochi denari*, as the Italians call me. But what I came hither to say was this," and he spoke gravely: "thou art sincere in desiring reconciliation with the house of Schlangenwald?"

"With all my heart," said Ebbo, "do I loathe the miserable debt of blood for blood!"

"And," said Maximilian, "Graf Dankwart is of like mind. Bred from pagedom in his Prussian commandery, he has never been exposed to the irritations that have fed the spirit of strife, and he will be thankful to lay it aside. The question next is how to solemnize this reconciliation, ere your retainers on one side or the other do something to set you by the ears together again, which, judging by this morning's work, is not improbable."

"Alas! no," said Ebbo, "while I am laid by."

"Had you both been in our camp, you should have sworn friendship in my chapel. Now must Dankwart come hither to thee, as I trow he had best do, while I am here to keep the peace. See, friend Ebbo, we will have him here to-morrow; thy chaplain shall deck the altar here, the father abbot shall say mass, and ye shall swear peace and brotherhood before me. And,"

he added, taking Ebbo's hand, "I shall know how to trust thine oaths as of one who sets the fear of God above that of his king."

This was truly the only chance of impressing on the wild vassals of the two houses an obligation that might perhaps override their ancient hatred; and the Baron and his mother gladly submitted to the arrangement. Maximilian withdrew to give directions for summoning the persons required, and Christina was soon obliged to leave her son while she provided for her influx of guests.

Ebbo was alone till nearly the end of the supper below stairs. He had been dozing, when a cautious tread came up the turret steps, and he started and called out, "Who goes there? I am not asleep."

"It is your kinsman, Freiherr," said a well-known voice; "I come by your mother's leave."

"Welcome, Sir Cousin," said Ebbo, holding out his hand. "You come to find everything changed."

"I have knelt in the chapel," said Wildschloss, gravely.

"Ah! he loved you better than I!" said Ebbo.

"Your jealousy of me was a providential thing, for which all may be thankful," said Wildschloss, gravely; "yet it is no small thing to lose the hope of so many years! However, young Baron, I have grave matter for your consideration. Know you the service on which I am to be sent? The Kaiser deems that the Armenians or some of the Christian nations on the skirts of the Ottoman empire might be made our allies, and attack the Turk in his rear. I am chosen as his envoy, and shall sail so soon as I can make my way to Venice. I only knew of the appointment since I came hither, he having been led thereto by letters brought him this day; and mayhap by the downfall of my hopes. He was peremptory, as his mood is, and seemed to think it no small favour," added Wildschloss, with some annoyance. "And meantime, what of my poor child? There she is

in the cloister at Ulm, but an inheritance is a very millstone round the neck of an orphan maid. That insolent fellow, Lossla von Trautbach, hath already demanded to espouse the poor babe; he—a blood-stained, dicing, drunken rover, with whom I would not trust a dog that I loved! Yet my death would place her at the disposal of his father, who would give her at once to him. Nay, even his aunt, the abbess, will believe nothing against him, and hath even striven with me to have her betrothed at once. On the barest rumour of my death will they wed the poor little thing, and then woe to her, and woe to my vassals!"

"The King," suggested Ebbo. "Surely she might be made his ward."

"Young man," said Sir Kasimir, bending over him, and speaking in an under tone, "he may well have won your heart. As friend, when one is at his side, none can be so winning nor so sincere as he; but, with all his brilliant gifts, he says truly of himself that he is a mere reckless huntsman. To-day, while I am with him, he would give me half Austria, or fight single-handed in my cause or Thekla's. Next month, when I am out of sight, comes Trautbach, just when his head is full of keeping the French out of Italy, or reforming the Church, or beating the Turk, or parcelling the empire into circles, or, may be, of a new touchhole for a cannon—nay, of a flower-garden, or of walking into a lion's den. He first says, "Yea, well," to be rid of the importunity, and all is over with my poor little maiden. Harebrained and bewildered with schemes has he been as Romish King—how will it be with him as Kaiser? It is but of his wonted madness that he is here at all, when his Austrian states must be all astray for want of him. No, no; I would sooner make a weathercock guardian to my daughter. You yourself are the only guard to whom I can safely entrust her."

"My sword as knight and kinsman—" began Ebbo.

"No, no; 'tis no matter of errand



knight or distressed damsel. That is King Max's own line!" said Wildschloss, with a little of the irony that used to nettle Ebbo. "There is only one way in which you can save her, and that is as her husband."

Ebbo started, as well he might, but Sir Kasimir laid his hand on him with a gesture that bade him listen ere he spoke. "My first wish for my child," he said, "was to see her brought up by that peerless lady below stairs. The saints—in pity to one so like themselves—spared her the distress our union would have brought her. Now, it would be vain to place my little Thekla in her care, for Trautbach would easily feign my death, and claim his niece, nor are you of age to be made her guardian as head of our house. But, if this marriage rite were solemnized, then would her person and lands alike be yours, and I could leave her with an easy heart."

"But," said the confused, surprised Ebbo, "what can I do? They say I shall not walk for many weeks to come. And, even if I could, I am so young—I have so blundered in my dealings with my own mountaineers, and with this fatal bridge—How should I manage such estates as yours? Some better——"

"Look you, Ebbo," said Wildschloss; "you have erred—you have been hasty; but tell me where to find another youth whose strongest purpose was as wise as your errors, or who cared for others' good more than for his own violence and vainglory? Brief as your time has been, one knows when one is on your bounds by the aspect of your serfs, the soundness of their dwellings, the prosperity of their crops and cattle; above all by their face and tone if one asks for their lord."

"Ah! it was Friedel they loved. They scarce knew me from Friedel."

"Such as you are, with all the blunders you have made and will make, you are the only youth I know to whom I could entrust my child or my lands. The old Wildschloss castle is a male fief, and would return to you, but there are domains since granted that will cause intolerable trouble and strife, unless you

and my poor little heiress are united. As for age, you are——?"

"Eighteen next Easter."

"Then there are scarce eleven years between you. You will find the little one a blooming bride when your first deeds in arms have been fought out."

"And, if my mother trains her up," said Ebbo, thoughtfully, "she will be all the better daughter to her. But, Sir Cousin, you know I too must be going. So soon as I can brook the saddle, I must seek out and ransom my father."

"That is like to be a far shorter and safer journey than mine. The Genoese and Venetians understand traffic with the infidels for their captives, and only by your own fault could you get into danger. Even at the worst, should mishap befall you, you could so order matters as to leave your girl-widow in your mother's charge."

"Then," added Ebbo, "she would still have one left to love and cherish her. Sir Kasimir, it is well; though, if you knew me without my Friedel, you would repent of your bargain."

"Thanks from my heart," said Wildschloss, "but you need not be concerned. You have never been overfriendly with me, even with Friedel at your side. But to business, my son. You will endure that title from me now? My time is short."

"What would you have me do? Shall I send the little one a betrothal ring, and ride to Ulm to wed and fetch her home in spring?"

"That may hardly serve. These kinsmen would have seized on her and the castle long ere that time. The only safety is the making wedlock as fast as it can be made with a child of such tender years. Thine is the only power that can make the abbess give her up, and therefore will I ride this moonlight night to Ulm, bring the little one back with me by the time the reconciliation be concluded, and then shall ye be wed by the Abbot of St. Ruprecht's with the Kaiser for a witness, and thus will the knot be too strong for the Trautbachs to untie."

Ebbo looked disconcerted and gasped,

as if this were overquick work.—“Tomorrow!” he said. “Knows my mother?”

“I go to speak with her at once. The Kaiser’s consent I have, as he says, ‘If we have one vassal who has common sense and honesty, let us make the most of him.’ Ah! my son, I shall return to see you his counsellor and friend.”

Those days had no delicacies as to the lady’s side taking the initiative; and, in effect, the wealth and power of Wildschloss so much exceeded those of the elder branch that it would have been presumptuous on Eberhard’s part to have made the proposal. It was more a treaty than an affair of hearts, and Sir Kasimir had not even gone through the form of inquiring if Ebbo were fancy-free. It was true, indeed, that he was still a boy, with no passion for any one but his mother; but, had he even formed a dream of a ladye love, it would scarcely have been deemed a rational objection. The days of romance were no days of romance in marriage.

Yet Christina, wedded herself for pure love, felt this obstacle strongly. The scheme was propounded to her over the hall fire by no less a person than Maximilian himself, and he, whose perceptions were extremely keen when he was not too much engrossed to use them, observed her reluctance through all her timid deference, and probed her reasons so successfully that she owned at last that, though it might sound like folly, she could scarce endure to see her son so bind himself that the romance of his life could hardly be innocent.

“Nay, lady,” was the answer, in a tone of deep feeling. “Neither lands nor honours can weigh down the upspringing of true love;” and he bowed his head between his hands.

Verily, all the Low Countries had not impeded the true-hearted affection of Maximilian and Mary; and, though since her death his want of self-restraint had marred his personal character and morals, and though he was now on the point of concluding a most loveless political marriage, yet still Mary was—

as he shows her as the Beatrice of both his strange autobiographical allegories—the guiding star of his fitful life; and in heart his fidelity was so unbroken that, when after a long pause he again looked up to Christina, he spoke as well understanding her feelings.

“I know what you would say, lady; your son hardly knows as yet how much is asked of him, and the little maid, to whom he vows his heart, is over young to secure it. But, lady, I have often observed that men, whose family affections are as deep and fervent as your son’s are for you and his brother, seldom have wandering passions, but that their love flows deep and steady in the channels prepared for it. Let your young Freiherr regard this damsel as his own, and you will see he will love her as such.”

“I trust so, my liege.”

“Moreover, if she turn out like the spiteful Trautbach folk,” said Maximilian, rather wickedly, “plenty of holes can be picked in a baby-wedding. No fear of its over-firmness. I never saw one come to good; only he must keep firm hold on the lands.”

This was not easy to answer, coming from a prince who had no small experience in premature bridals coming to nothing, and Christina felt that the matter was taken out of her hands, and that she had no more to do but to enjoy the warm-hearted Kaiser’s praises of her son.

In fact, the general run of nobles were then so boorish and violent, compared with the citizens, that a nobleman who possessed intellect, loyalty, and conscience was so valuable to the sovereign that Maximilian was rejoiced to do all that either could bind him to his service or increase his power. The true history of this expedition on the Emperor’s part was this—that he had consulted Kasimir upon the question of the Debateable Ford and the feud of Adlerstein and Schlangenwald, asking, further, how his friend had sped in the wooing of the fair widow, to which he remembered having given his consent at Ulm.



Wildschloss replied that, though backed up by her kindred at Ulm, he had made no progress, in consequence of the determined opposition of her two sons, and he had therefore resolved to wait a while, and let her and the young Baron feel their inability to extricate themselves from the difficulties that were sure to beset them without his authority, influence, and experience—fully believing that some predicament must arise that would bring the mother to terms, if not the sons.

This disaster did seem to have fallen out, and he had meant at once to offer himself to the lady as her supporter and advocate, able to bring about all her son could desire; though he owned that his hopes would have been higher if the survivor had been the gentle, friendly Friedmund, rather than the hot and imperious Eberhard, who he knew must be brought very low ere his objections would be withdrawn.

The touch of romance had quite fascinated Maximilian. He would see the lady and her son. He would make all things easy by the personal influence that he so well knew how to exert, backed by his imperial authority; and both should see cause to be thankful to purchase consent to the bridge-building, and pardon for the fray, by the marriage between the widow and Sir Kasimir.

But the Last of the Knights was a gentleman, and the meek dignity of his hostess had hindered him from pressing on her any distasteful subject until her son's explanation of the uncertainty of her husband's death had precluded all mention of this intention. Moreover, Maximilian was himself greatly charmed by Ebbo's own qualities—partly perhaps as an intelligent auditor, but also by his good sense, high spirit, and, above all, by the ready and delicate tact that had both penetrated and respected the disguise. Moreover, Maximilian, though a faulty, was a devout man, and could appreciate the youth's unswerving truth under circumstances that did, in effect, imperil him more really than his guest. In this mood, Maximilian felt disposed to be rid to the very utmost

of poor Sir Kasimir's unlucky attachment to a wedded lady, and, receiving letters suggestive of the Eastern mission, instantly decided that it would only be doing as he would be done by instantly to order the disappointed suitor off to the utmost parts of the earth, where he would much have liked to go himself, save for the unlucky clog of all the realm of Germany. That Sir Kasimir had any tie to home he had for the moment entirely forgotten; and, had he remembered it, the knight was so eminently fitted to fulfil his purpose, that it could hardly have been regarded. But, when Wildschloss himself devised his little heiress's union with the head of the direct line, it was a most acceptable proposal to the Emperor, who set himself to forward it at once, out of policy and as compensation to all parties.

And so Christina's gentle remonstrance was passed by. Yet, with all her sense of the risk of the venture, it was thankworthy to look back on the trembling anxiety with which she had watched her boy's childhood, amid all his temptations and perils, and compare her fears with his present position: his alliance courted, his wisdom honoured, the child of the proud, contemned outlaw received as the favourite of the Emperor, and the valued ally of her own honoured burgher world. Yet he was still a mere lad. How would it be for the future? Would he be unspoiled? Yes, even as she already viewed one of her twins as the star on high—nay, as, kneeling in the chapel, her dazzling tears made stars of the glint of the light reflected in his bright helmet—might she not trust that the other would yet run his course to and fro, as the spark in the stubble?

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE ALTAR OF PEACE.

No one could bear to waken the young baron till the sun had risen high enough to fall on his face, and uncloset his eyes.

"Mother" (ever his first word), "you have let me sleep too long."

"Thou didst wake too long, I fear me."

"I hoped you knew it not. Yes, my wound throbb'd sore, and the wonders of the day whirled round my brain like the wild huntsman's chase."

"And, cruel boy, thou didst not call to me."

"What, with such a yesterday, and such a morrow for you? while, chance what may, I can but lie still. I thought I must call if I were still so wretched when the last moon-beam faded; but, behold, sleep came, and therewith my Friedel sat by me, and has sung songs of peace ever since."

"And hath lulled thee to content, dear son?"

"Content as the echo of his voice and the fulfilment of his hope can make me," said Ebbo.

And so Christina made her son ready for the day's solemnities, arraying him in a fine Holland shirt with exquisite broidery of her own on the collar and sleeves, and carefully disposing his long glossy, dark brown hair so as to fall on his shoulders as he lay propped up by cushions. She would have thrown his crimson mantle round him, but he repelled it indignantly. "Gay braveries for me, while my Friedel is not yet in his resting-place? Here—the black velvet cloak."

"Alas, Ebbo! it makes thee look more of a corpse than a bridegroom. Thou wilt scare thy poor little spouse. Ah! it was not thus I had fancied myself decking thee for thy wedding."

"Poor little one!" said Ebbo. "If, as your uncle says, mourning is the seed of joy, this bridal should prove a gladsome one! But, let her prove a loving child to you, and honour my Friedel's memory, then shall I love her well. Do not fear, motherling; with the roots of hatred and jealousy out of the heart, even sorrow is such peace that it is almost joy."

It was over early for pain and sorrow to have taught that lesson, thought the mother, as with tender tears she gave place to the priest, who was to begin the solemnities of the day by shriving the young baron. It was Father Norbert,

who had in this very chamber baptized the brothers, while their grandmother was plotting the destruction of their godfather, even while he gave Friedmund his name of peace,—Father Norbert, who had from the very first encouraged the drooping, heart-stricken, solitary Christina not to be overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good.

A temporary altar was erected between the windows, and hung with the silk and embroidery belonging to that in the chapel: a crucifix was placed on it, with the shrine of the stone of Nicaea, one or two other relics brought from St. Ruprecht's cloister, and a beautiful mother-of-pearl and gold pyx also from the abbey, containing the host. These were arranged by the chaplain, Father Norbert, and three of his brethren from the abbey. And then the father abbot, a kindly, dignified old man, who had long been on friendly terms with the young baron, entered, and after a few kind, though serious, words to him, assumed a gorgeous cope stiff with gold embroidery, and, standing by the altar, awaited the arrival of the other assistants at the ceremony.

The slender, youthful-looking, pensive lady of the castle, in her wonted mourning dress, was courteously handed to her son's bedside by the Emperor. He was in his plain buff leathern hunting garb, unornamented, save by the rich clasp of his sword-belt and his gold chain, and his head was only covered by the long silken locks of fair hair that hung round his shoulders; but, now that his large keen dark blue eyes were gravely restrained, and his eager face composed, his countenance was so majestic, his bearing so lofty, that not all his crowns could have better marked his dignity.

Behind him came a sun-burnt, hardy man, wearing the white mantle and black fleur-de-lis-pointed cross of the Teutonic Order. A thrill passed through Ebbo's veins as he beheld the man who to him represented the murderer of his brother and both his grandfathers, the cruel oppressor of his father, and the perpetrator of many a more remote, but equally un-



forgotten, injury. And in like manner Sir Dankwart beheld the actual slayer of his father, and the heir of a long score of deadly retribution. No wonder then that, while the Emperor spoke a few words of salutation and inquiry, gracious, though not familiar, the two foes scanned one another with a shiver of mutual repulsion, and a sense that they would fain have fought it out as in the good old times.

However, Ebbo only beheld a somewhat dull, heavy, honest-looking visage of about thirty years old, good nature written in all its flat German features, and a sort of puzzled wonder in the wide light eyes that stared fixedly at him, no doubt in amazement that the mighty huge-limbed Wolfgang could have been actually slain by the delicately-framed youth, now more colourless than ever in consequence of the morning's fast. Schleiermacher was also present, and the chief followers on either hand had come into the lower part of the room—Hatto, Heintz, and Koppel, looking far from contented; some of the Emperor's suite; and a few attendants of Schlangenwald, like himself connected with the Teutonic Order.

The Emperor spoke: "We have brought you together, Herr Graf von Schlangenwald, and Herr Freiherr von Adlerstein, because ye have given us reason to believe you willing to lay aside the remembrance of the foul and deadly strifes of your forefathers and to live as good Christians in friendship and brotherhood."

"Sire, it is true," said Schlangenwald; and "It is true," said Ebbo.

"That is well," replied Maximilian. "Nor can our reign better begin than by the closing of a breach that has cost the land some of its bravest sons. Dankwart von Schlangenwald, art thou willing to pardon the heir of Adlerstein for having slain thy father in free and honourable combat, as well as, doubtless, for other deeds of his ancestors, more than I know or can specify?"

"Yea, truly; I pardon him, my liege, as befits my vow."

"And thou, Eberhard von Adlerstein,

dost thou put from thee vengeance for thy twin brother's death, and all the other wrongs that thine house has suffered?"

"I put revenge from me for ever."

"Ye agree, further, then, instead of striving as to your rights to the piece of meadow called the Debateable Strand, and to the wrecks of burthens there cast up by the stream, ye will unite with the citizens of Ulm in building a bridge over the Braunwasser, where, your mutual portions thereof being decided by the Swabian League, toll may be taken from all vehicles and beasts passing thereover?"

"We agree," said both knights.

"And I, also, on behalf of the two guilds of Ulm," added Moritz Schleiermacher.

"Likewise," continued the Emperor, "for avoidance of debate, and to consecrate the spot that has caused so much contention, ye will jointly erect a church, where may be buried both the relatives who fell in the late unhappy skirmish, and where ye will endow a perpetual mass for their souls, and those of others of your two races."

"Thereto I willingly agree," said the Teutonic knight.

But to Ebbo it was a shock that the pure, gentle Friedmund should thus be classed with his treacherous assassin; and he had almost declared that it would be sacrilege, when he received from the Emperor a look of stern, surprised command, which reminded him that concession must not be all on one side, and that he could not do Friedel a greater wrong than to make him a cause of strife. So, though they half choked him, he contrived to utter the words, "I consent."

"And in token of amity I here tear up and burn all the feud briefs of Adlerstein," said Schlangenwald, producing from his pouch a collection of hostile literature, beginning from a crumpled strip of yellow parchment, and ending with a coarse paper missive in the clerkly hand of burgher-bred Hugh Sorel, and bearing the crooked signatures of the last two Eberhards of Adler-

stein—all with great seals of the eagle shield appended to them. A similar collection which, with one or two other family defiances, and the letters of investiture recently obtained at Ulm, formed the whole archives of Adlerstein, had been prepared within Ebbo's reach; and each of the two, taking up a dagger, made extensive gashes in these documents, and then—with no mercy to the future antiquaries, who would have gloated over them—the whole were hurled into the flames on the hearth, where the odour they emitted, if not grateful to the physical sense, should have been highly agreeable to the moral.

"Then, holy father abbot," said Maximilian, "let us ratify this happy and Christian reconciliation by the blessed sacrifice of peace, over which these two faithful knights shall unite in swearing goodwill and brotherhood."

Such solemn reconciliations were frequent, but, alas! were too often a mockery. Here, however, both parties were men who felt the awe of the promise made before the Pardon-winner of all mankind. Ebbo, bred up by his mother in the true life of the Church, and comparatively apart from practical superstitions, felt the import to the depths of his inmost soul, with a force heightened by his bodily state of nervous impressibility; and his wan, wasted features and dark shining eyes had a strange spiritual beam, "half passion and half awe," as he followed the words of universal forgiveness and lofty praise that he had heard last in his anguished trance, when his brother lay dying beside him, and leaving him behind. He knew now that it was for this.

His deep repressed ardour and excitement were no small contrast to the sober, matter-of-fact demeanour of the Teutonic knight, who comported himself with the mechanical decorum of an ecclesiastic, but quite as one who meant to keep his word. Maximilian served the mass in his royal character as sub-deacon. He was fond of so doing, either from humility, or love of incongruity, or both. No one, however, communicated except the clergy and the parties

concerned—Dankwart first, as being priest as well as knight, then Eberhard and his mother; and then followed, interposed into the rite, the oath of pardon, friendship, and brotherhood administered by the abbot, and followed by the solemn kiss of peace. There was now no recoil; Eberhard raised himself to meet the lips of his foe, and his heart went with the embrace. Nay, his inward ear dwelt on Friedmund's song mingling with the concluding chants of praise.

The service ended, it was part of the pledge of amity that the reconciled enemies should break their fast together, and a collation of white bread and wine was provided for the purpose. The emperor tried to promote free and friendly talk between the two adversaries, but not with great success; for Dankwart, though honest and sincere, seemed extremely dull. He appeared to have few ideas beyond his Prussian commandery and its routine discipline, and to be lost in a castle where all was at his sole will and disposal, and he caught eagerly at all proposals made to him as if they were new lights. As, for instance, that some impartial arbitrator should be demanded from the Swabian League to define the boundary; and that next Rogationtide the two knights should ride or climb it in company, while meantime the serfs should be strictly charged not to trespass, and any transgressor should be immediately escorted to his own lord.

"But," quoth Sir Dankwart, in a most serious tone, "I am told that a she-bear wons in a den on yonder crag, between the pass you call the Gemsbock's and the Schlangenwald valley. They told me the right in it had never been decided, and I have not been up myself. To say truth, I have lived so long in the sand plains as to have lost my mountain legs, and I hesitated to see if a hunter could mount thither for fear of fresh offence; but, if she bide there till Rogationtide, it will be ill for the lambs."

"Is that all?" cried Maximilian. "Then will I, a neutral, kill your bear



for you, gentlemen, so that neither need transgress this new crag of debate. I'll go down and look at your bear spears, friend Ebbo, and be ready so soon as Kasimir has done with his bridal."

"That crag!" cried Ebbo. "Little good will it do either of us. Sire, it is a mere wall of sloping rock, slippery as ice, and with only a stone or matting of ivy here and there to serve as foothold."

"Where bear can go, man can go," replied the Kaiser.

"Oh, yes! We have been there, craving your pardon, Herr Graf," said Ebbo, "after a dead chamois that rolled into a cleft, but it is the worst crag on all the hill, and the frost will make it slippery. Sire, if you do venture it, I conjure you to take Koppel, and climb by the rocks from the left, not the right, which looks easiest. The yellow rock, with a face like a man's, is the safer; but ah, it is fearful for one who knows not the rocks."

"If I know not the rocks, all true German rocks know me," smiled Maximilian, to whom the danger seemed to be such a stimulus that he began to propose the bear-hunt immediately, as an interlude while waiting for the bride.

However, at that moment, half-a-dozen horsemen were seen coming up from the ford, by the nearer path, and a forerunner arrived with the tidings that the Baron of Adlerstein Wildschloss was close behind with the little Baroness Thekla.

Half the moonlight night had Sir Kasimir and his escort ridden; and, after a brief sleep at the nearest inn outside Ulm, he had entered in early morning, demanded admittance at the convent, made short work with the Abbess Ludmilla's arguments, claimed his daughter, and, placing her on a cushion before him on his saddle, had borne her away, telling her of freedom, of the kind lady, and the young knight who had dazzled her childish fancy.

Christina went down to receive her. There was no time to lose, for the huntsman Kaiser was bent on the slaughter of his bear before dark, and, if he were

to be witness of the wedding, it must be immediate. He was in a state of much impatience, which he beguiled by teasing his friend Wildschloss by reminding him how often he himself had been betrothed, and had managed to slip his neck out of the noose. "And, if my Margaret be not soon back on my hands, I shall give the French credit," he said, tossing his boar-spear in the air, and catching it again: "Why, this bride is as long of busking her as if she were a beauty of seventeen! I must be off to my Lady Beareass."

Thus nothing could be done to prepare the little maiden but to divest her of her mufflings, and comb out her flaxen hair, crowning it with a wreath which Christina had already woven from the myrtle of her own girlhood, scarcely waiting to answer the bewildered queries and entreaties save by caresses and admonitions to her to be very good.

Poor little thing! She was tired, frightened, and confused; and, when she had been brought upstairs, she answered the half smiling, half shy greeting of her bridegroom with a shudder of alarm, and the exclamation, "Where is the beautiful young knight? That's a lady going to take the veil lying under the pall."

"You look rather like a little nun yourself," said Ebbo, for she wore a little conventual frock, "but we must take each other for such as we are;" and, as she hid her face and clung to his mother, he added in a more cheerful, coaxing tone, "you once said you would be my wife."

"Ah, but then there were two of you, and you were all shining bright."

Before she could be answered, the impatient Emperor returned, and brought with him the abbot, who proceeded to find the place in his book, and to ask the bridegroom for the rings. Ebbo looked at Sir Kasimir, who owned that he should have brought them from Ulm, but that he had forgotten.

"Jewels are not plenty with us," said Ebbo, with a glow of amusement and confusion dawning on his cheek, such as reassured the little maid that she beheld

one of the two beautiful young knights.  
"Must we borrow?"

Christina looked at the ring she had first seen lying on her own Eberhard's palm, and felt as if to let it be used would sever the renewed hope she scarcely yet durst entertain; and at the same moment Maximilian glanced at his own fingers, and muttered, "None but this! Unlucky!" For it was the very diamond which Mary of Burgundy had sent to assure him of her faith, and summon him to her aid after her father's death. 'Sir Kasimir had not retained the pledge of his own ill-omened wedlock; but, in the midst of the dilemma, the Emperor, producing his dagger, began to detach some of the massive gold links of the chain that supported his hunting horn. "There," said he, "the little elf of a bride can get her finger into this lesser one; and you—verily this largest will fit, and the goldsmith can beat it out when needed. So on with you in St. Hubert's name, father abbot."

Slender-boned and thin as was Ebbo's hand, it was a very tight fit, but the purpose was served. The service commenced; and fortunately, thanks to Thekla's conventual education, she was awed into silence and decorum by the sound of Latin and the sight of an abbot. It was a strange marriage, if only in the contrast between the plea, expressive face and sad, dark eyes of the prostrate youth, and the frightened, bewildered little girl, standing upon a stool to reach up to him, with her blue eyes stretched with wonder, and her cheeks flushed and pouting with unshed tears, her rosy plump hand enclosed in the long white wasted one that was thus for ever united to it by the broken fragments of Kaiser Max's chain.

The rite over, two attestations of the marriage of Eberhard, Freiherr von Adlerstein, and Thekla, Freiherrinn von Adlerstein Wildschloss and Felsenbach, were drawn up and signed by the abbot, the Emperor, Count Dankwart, and the father and mother of the two contracting parties; one to be committed to the care of the abbot, the other to be preserved by the house of Adlerstein.

Then the Emperor, as the concluding grace of the ceremonial, bent to kiss the bride; but, tired, terrified, and cross, Thekla, as if quite relieved to have some object for her resentment, returned his attempt with a vehement buffet, struck with all the force of her small arm, crying out, "Go away with you! I know I've never married *you*!"

"The better for my eyes!" said the good-natured Emperor, laughing heartily. "My Lady Beatrix is like to prove the more courteous bride! Fare thee well, Sir Bridegroom," he added, stooping over Ebbo, and kissing his brow, "Heaven give thee joy of this day's work, and of thy faithful little fury. I'll send her the bearskin as her meetest wedding-gift."

And the next that was heard from the Kaiser was the arrival of a parcel of Italian books for the Freiherr Eberhard, and for the little Freiherrinn a large bundle, which proved to contain a softly-dressed bearskin, with the head on, the eyes being made of rubies, a gold muzzle and chain on the nose, and the claws tipped with gold. The Emperor had made a point that it should be conveyed to the castle, snow or no snow, for a yule gift.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### OLD IRON AND NEW STEEL.

THE clear sunshine of early summer was becoming low on the hill sides. Sparkling and dimpling, the clear amber-coloured stream of the Braunwasser rippled along its stony bed, winding in and out among the rocks so humbly that it seemed to be mocked by the wide span of the arch that crossed it in all the might of massive bulwarks, and dignified masonry of huge stones.

Some way above, a clearing of the wood below the mountain showed huts, and labourers apparently constructing a mill so as to take advantage of the leap of the water from the height above; and, on the left bank, an enclosure was traced out, within which were rising the walls of a small church, while the



noise of the mallet and chisel echoed back from the mountain side, and masons, white with stone-dust, swarmed around.

Across the bridge came a pilgrim, so marked out by hat, wallet, and long staff, on which he leant heavily, stumbling along as if both halting and foot-sore, and bending as one bowed down by past toil and present fatigue. Pausing in the centre, he gazed round with a strange disconcerted air,—at the castle on the terraced hill-side, looking down with bright eyes of glass glittering in the sunshine, and lighting up even that grim old pile; at the banner hanging so lazily that the tinctures and bearings were hidden in the folds; then at the crags, rosy purple in evening glow, rising in broad step above step, up to the Red Eyrie, bathed in sunset majesty of dark crimson; and above it the sweep of the descending eagle, discernible for a moment in the pearly light of the sky. The pilgrim's eye lightened as he watched it; but then, looking down at bridge, and church, and trodden wheel-tracked path, he frowned with perplexity, and each painful step grew heavier and more uncertain.

Near the opposite side of the enclosure there waited a tall, rugged-looking, elderly man with two horses—one an aged mare, mane, tail, and all of the snowiest silvery white; the other a little shaggy dark mountain pony, with a pad-saddle. And close to the bank of the stream might be seen its owner, a little girl of some seven years, whose tight round lace cap had slipped back, as well as her blue silk hood, and exposed a profusion of loose flaxen hair, and plump, innocent face, intent upon some private little bit of building of her own with some pebbles from the brook, and some mortar filched from the operations above, to the great detriment of her soft pinky fingers.

The pilgrim looked at her unperceived, and for a moment was about to address her; but then, with a strange air of repulsion, dragged himself on to the porch of the rising church, where, seated on a block of stone, he could look into

the interior. All was unfinished, but the portion which had made the most progress was a chantry-chapel opposite the porch, and containing what were evidently designed to be two monuments. One was merely blocked out, but it showed the outline of a warrior, bearing a shield on which a coiled serpent was rudely sketched in red chalk. The other, in a much more forward state, was actually under the hands of the sculptor, and represented a slender youth, almost a boy, though in the full armour of a knight, his hands clasped on his breast over a lute, an eagle on his shield, an eagle-crest on his helmet, and, under the arcade supporting the altar-tomb, shields alternately of eagles and doves.

But the strangest thing was that this young knight seemed to be sitting for his own effigy. The very same face, under the very same helmet, only with the varied, warm hues of life, instead of in cold white marble, was to be seen on the shoulders of a young man in a grey cloth dress, with a black scarf passing from shoulder to waist, crossed by a sword-belt. The hair was hidden by the helmet, whose raised visor showed keen, finely-cut features, and a pair of dark brown eyes, of somewhat grave and sad expression.

"Have a care, Lucas," he presently said; "I fear me you are chiselling away too much. It must be a softer, more rounded face than mine has become; and, above all, let it not catch any saddened look. Keep that air of solemn waiting in glad hope, as though he saw the dawn through his closed eye-lids, and were about to take up his song again!"

"Verily, Herr Freiherr, now the likeness is so far forward, the actual sight of you may lead me to mar it rather than mend."

"So is it well that this should be the last sitting. I am to set forth for Genoa in another week. If I cannot get letters from the Kaiser, I shall go in search of him, that he may see that my lameness is no more an impediment."

The pilgrim passed his hand over his face as though to dissipate a bewilder-

ing dream ; and just then the little girl, all flushed and dabbled, came rushing up from the stream, but came to a sudden stand-still at sight of the stranger, who at length addressed her. "Little lady," he said, "is this the Debateable Ford?"

"No; now it is the Friendly Bridge," said the child.

The pilgrim started, as with a pang of recollection. "And what is yonder castle?" he further asked.

"Schloss Adlerstein," she said, proudly.

"And you are the little lady of Adlerstein Wildschloss?"

"Yes," again she answered; and then, gathering courage—"You are a holy pilgrim! Come up to the castle for supper and rest." And then, springing past him, she flew up to the knight, crying, "Herr Freiherr, here is a holy pilgrim, weary and hungry. Let us take him home to the mother."

"Did he take thee for a wild elf?" said the young man, with an elder-brotherly endeavour to right the little cap that had slid under the chin, and to push back the unmanageable wealth of hair under it, ere he rose; and he came forward and spoke with kind courtesy, as he observed the wanderer's worn air and feeble step. "Dost need a night's lodging, holy palmer? My mother will make thee welcome, if thou canst climb as high as the castle yonder."

The pilgrim made an obeisance, but, instead of answering, demanded hastily, "See I yonder the bearing of Schlagenwald?"

"Even so. Schloss Schlagenwald is about a league further on, and thou wilt find a kind reception there, if thither thou art bent."

"Is that Graf Wolfgang's tomb?" still eagerly pursued the pilgrim; and receiving a sign in the affirmative, "What was his end?"

"He fell in a skirmish."

"By whose hand?"

"By mine."

"Ha!" and the pilgrim surveyed him with undisguised astonishment; then, without another word, took up his staff

and limped out of the building, but not on the road to Schlagenwald. It was nearly a quarter of an hour afterwards that he was overtaken by the young knight and the little lady on their horses, just where the new road to the castle parted from the old way by the Eagle's Ladder. The knight reined up as he saw the poor man's slow painful steps, and said, "So thou art not bound for Schlagenwald?"

"I would to the village, so please your lordship—to the shrine of the Blessed Friedmund."

"Nay, at this rate thou wilt not be there till midnight," said the young knight, springing off his horse; "thou canst never brook our sharp stones! See, Thekla, do thou ride on with Heinz to tell the mother I am bringing her a holy pilgrim to tend. And thou, good man, mount my old horse. Fear not; she is steady and sure-footed, and hath of late been used to a lame rider. Ah! that is well. Thou hast been in the saddle before."

To go afoot for the sake of giving a lift to a holy wayfarer was one of the most esteemed acts of piety of the Middle age, so that no one durst object to it, and the palmer did no more than utter a suppressed murmur of acknowledgment as he seated himself on horseback, the young knight walking by his rein. "But what is this?" he exclaimed, almost with dismay. "A road to the castle up here!"

"Yes, we find it a great convenience. Thou art surely from these parts?" added the knight.

"I was a man-at-arms in the service of the Baron," was the answer, in an odd, muffled tone.

"What!—of my grandfather?" was the exclamation.

"No!" gruffly. "Of old Freiherr Eberhard. Not of any of the Wildschloss crew."

"But I am not a Wildschloss! I am grandson to Freiherr Eberhard! O, wast thou with him and my father when they were set upon in the hostel?" he cried, looking eagerly up to the pilgrim; but the man kept his broad-leaved hat



slouched over his face, and only muttered, "The son of Christina!" the last word so low that Ebbo was not sure that he caught it, and the next moment the old warrior exclaimed exultingly, "And you have had vengeance on them! When—how—where?"

"Last harvest-tide—at the Debateable Strand," said Ebbo, never able to speak of the encounter without a weight at his heart, but drawn on by the earnestness of the old foe of Schlangenwald. "It was a meeting in full career—lances broken, sword-stroke on either hand. I was gashed here, but my sword went through his collarbone."

"Well struck! good stroke!" cried the pilgrim in rapture. "And with that sword?"

"With this sword. Didst know it?" said Ebbo, drawing the weapon, and giving it to the old man, who held it for a few moments, weighed it affectionately, and with a long low sigh restored it, saying, "It is well. You and that blade have paid off the score. I should be content. Let me dismount; I know my way to the hermitage."

"Nay, what is this?" said Ebbo; "thou must have rest and food. The hermitage is empty, scarce habitable. My mother will not be balked of the care of thy bleeding feet."

"But let me go, ere I bring evil on you all. I can pray up there, and save my soul, but I cannot see it all."

"See what?" said Ebbo, again trying to see his guest's face; "there may be changes, but an old faithful follower of my father's must ever be welcome."

"Not when his wife has taken a new lord," growled the stranger bitterly, "and he a Wildschloss! Young man, I could have pardoned aught else!"

"I know not who you may be who talk of pardoning my lady-mother," said Ebbo, "but new lord she has neither taken nor will take. She has refused every offer; and, now that Schlangenwald with his last breath confessed that he slew not my father, but sold him to the Turks, I have been only awaiting my recovery from a severe wound to go in search of him."

"Who, then, is yonder child, who told me she was Wildschloss?"

"That child," said Ebbo, with half a smile and half a blush, "is my wife, the daughter of Wildschloss, who prayed me to espouse her thus early that so my mother might bring her up."

By this time they had reached the castle court, now a well-kept, lordly-looking enclosure, where the pilgrim looked about him as one bewildered. He was so infirm that Ebbo carefully helped him up the stone stairs to the hall, where he already saw his mother prepared for the hospitable reception of the palmer. Leaving him at the entrance, Ebbo crossed the hall to say to her in a low voice, "This pilgrim is one of the old lanzknechts of my grandfather's time. I wonder whether you or Heinz will know him. One of the old sort—supremely discontented at change."

"And thou hast walked up, and wearied thyself!" exclaimed Christina, grieved to see her son's halting step.

"A rest will soon cure that," said Ebbo, seating himself as he spoke on a settle near the hall-fire; but, the next moment, a strange wild low shriek from his mother made him start up and spring to her side. She stood with hands clasped, and wondering eyes. The pilgrim—his hat on the ground, his white head and rugged face displayed, —was gazing as though devouring her with his eyes, murmuring, "Unchanged! unchanged!"

"What is this?" thundered the young baron. "What are you doing to the lady?"

"Hush! hush, Ebbo!" exclaimed Christina. "It is thy father! On thy knees! Thy father is come! It is our son, my own lord. Oh, embrace him! Kneel to him, Ebbo," she cried, almost wildly.

"Hold, mother," said Ebbo, keeping his arm round her, though she struggled against him, for he felt some doubts as he looked back at his walk with the stranger, and at Heinz's want of recognition. "Is it certain that this is indeed my father?"

"Oh, Ebbo," was the cry of poor

Christina, almost beside herself, "how could I not be sure? I know him! I feel it! Oh, my Lord, bear with him. It is his wont to be so loving! Ebbo, cannot you see it is himself?"

"The young fellow is right," said the stranger, slowly. "I will answer all he may demand."

"Forgive me," said Ebbo, abashed, "forgive me;" and, as his mother broke from him, he fell upon his knee; but he only heard his father's cry, "Ah! Stine, Stine, thou alone art the same," and, looking up, saw her, with her face hidden in the white beard, quivering with a rapture such as he had never seen in her before. It seemed long to him ere she looked up again in her husband's face to sob on: "My son! Oh! my beautiful twins! Our son! O see him, dear lord!" And the pilgrim turned to hear Ebbo's "Pardon, honoured father, and your blessing."

Almost bashfully the pilgrim laid his hand on the dark head, and murmured something; then said, "Up, then! The slayer of Schlangenwald kneeling! Ah! Stine, I knew thy little head was wondrous wise, but I little thought thou wouldst breed him up to avenge us on old Wolfgang! So slender a lad too! Ha! Schneiderlein, old rogue, I knew thee," holding out his hand. "So thou didst get home safe?"

"Ay, my lord; though, if I left you alive, never more will I call a man dead," said Heinz.

"Worse luck for me—till now," said Sir Eberhard, whose tones, rather than his looks, carried perfect conviction of his identity. It was the old homely accent, and gruff good-humoured voice, but with something subdued and broken in the tone. His features had grown like his father's, but he looked much older than ever the hale old mountaineer had done, or than his real age; so worn and lined was his face, his skin tanned, his eyes puckered by burning sun, his hair and beard white as his old mare, the proud Adlerstein port entirely gone. He stooped even more without his staff than with it; and, when he yielded himself with a sigh of repose to his wife's

tendence, she found that he had not merely the ordinary hurts of travelling, but that there were old festering scars on his ancles. "The gyves," he said, as she looked up at him with startled, pitying eyes. "Little deemed I that they would ever come under thy tender hands." As he almost timidly smoothed the braid of dark hair on her brow—"So they never burnt thee for a witch after all, little one? I thought my mother would never keep her hands off thee, and used to fancy I heard the crackling of the flame."

"She spared me for my children's sake," said Christina; "and truly Heaven has been very good to us, but never so much as now. My dear lord, will it weary thee too much to come to the castle chapel and give thanks?" she said, timidly.

"With all my heart," he answered, earnestly. "I would go even on my knees. We were not without masses even in Tunis; but, when Italian and Spaniard would be ransomed, and there was no mind of the German, I little thought I should ever sing Brother Lambert's psalm about turning our captivity as rivers in the south."

Ebbo was hovering round, supplying all that was needed for his father's comfort; but his parents were so completely absorbed in one another that he was scarcely noticed, and, what perhaps pained him more, there was no word about Friedel. He felt this almost an injustice to the brother who had been foremost in embracing the idea of the unknown father, and scarcely understood how his parents shrank from any sorrowful thought, nor that he himself was so strange and new a being in his father's eyes, that to imagine him doubled was hardly possible to the tardy, dulled capacity, which as yet seemed unable to feel anything but that here was home, and Christina.

When the chapel bell rang, and the pair rose to offer their thanksgiving, Ebbo dutifully offered his support, but was absolutely unseen, so fondly was Sir Eberhard leaning on his wife; and her bright exulting smile and shake of



the head gave an absolute pang to the son who had hitherto been all in all to her.

He followed, and, as they passed Friedmund's coffin, he thought his mother pointed to it, but even of this he was uncertain. The pair knelt side by side with hands locked together, while notes of praise rose from all voices; and meantime Ebbo, close to that coffin, strove to share the joy, and to lift up a heart that *would* sink in the midst of self-reproach for undutifulness, and would dislike the thought of the rude untaught man, holding aloof from him, likely to view him with distrust and jealousy, and to undo all he had achieved, and further absorbing the mother, the mother who was to him all the world, and for whose sake he had given his best years to the child-wife, as yet nothing to him.

It was reversing the natural order of things that, after reigning from infancy, he should have to give up at eighteen to one of the last generation; and some such thought rankled in his mind when the whole household trooped joyfully out of the chapel to prepare a banquet for their old new lord, and their young old lord was left alone.

Alone with the coffin where the armour lay upon the white cross; Ebbo threw himself on his knees, and laid his head upon it, murmuring, "Ah, Friedel! Friedel! Would that we had changed places. Thou wouldst brook it better. At least thou didst never know what it is to be lonely."

"Herr Baron!" said a little voice.

His first movement was impatient. Thekla was apt to pursue him wherever he did not want her; but here he had least expected her, for she had a great fear of that coffin, and could hardly be brought to the chapel at prayer times, when she generally occupied herself with fancies that the empty helmet glared at her. But now Ebbo saw her standing as near as she durst, with a sweet wistfulness in her eyes, such as he had never seen there before.

"What is it, Thekla?" he said. "Art sent to call me?"

"No; only I saw that you stayed here all alone," she said, clasping her hands.

"Must I not be alone, child?" he said, bitterly. "Here lies my brother. My mother has her husband again!"

"But you have me," cried Thekla; and, as he looked up between amusement and melancholy, he met such a loving eager little face, that he could not help holding out his arms, and letting her cling to him. "Indeed," she said, "I'll never be afraid of the helmet again, if only you will not lay down your head there, and say you are alone."

"Never, Thekla! while you are my little wife," said he; and, child as she was, there was strange solace to his heart in the eyes, that, once vacant and wondering, had now gained a look of love and intelligence.

"What are you going to do?" she said, shuddering a little, as he rose and laid his hand on Friedel's sword.

"To make thee gird on thine own knight's sword," said Ebbo, unbuckling that which he had so long worn. "Friedel," he added, "thou wouldst give me thine. Let me take up thy temper with it, thine open-hearted love and humility."

He guided Thekla's happy little fingers to the fastening of the belt, and then, laying his hand on her's, said gravely, "Thekla, never speak of what I said just now—not even to the mother. Remember it is thy husband's first secret."

And, feeling no longer solitary when his hand was in the clasp of hers, he returned to the hall, where his father was installed in the baronial chair, where Ebbo had been at home from babyhood. His mother's exclamation showed that her son had been wanting to her; and she looked fuller than ever of bliss when Ebbo gravely stood before his father, and presented him with the good old sword that he had sent to his unborn son.

"You are like to use it more than I, nay, you have used it to some purpose," said he. "Yet must I keep mine old

comrade at least a little while. Wife, son, sword, should make one feel the same man again, but it is all too wonderful!"

All that evening, and long after, his hand from time to time sought the hilt of his sword, as if that touch above all proved to him that he was again a free noble in his own castle.

The story he told was thus. The swoon in which Heinz had left him had probably saved his life by checking the gush of blood, and he had known no more till he found himself in a rough cart among the other corpses. At Schlangenwald's castle he had been found still breathing, and had been flung into a dungeon, where he lay untended, for how long he never knew, since all the early part of the time was lost in the clouds of fever. On coarse fare and scanty drink, in that dark vault, he had struggled by sheer obstinacy of vitality into recovery. In the very height of midsummer alone did the sun peep through the grating of his cell, and he had newly hailed this cheerful visitor when he was roughly summoned, placed on horseback with eyes and hands bound, and only allowed sight again to find himself among a herd of his fellow Germans in the Turkish camp. They were the prisoners of the terrible Turkish raid of 1475, when Georg von Schenk and fourteen noblemen of Austria and Styria were all taken in one unhappy fight, and dragged away into captivity, with hundreds of lower rank.

To Sir Eberhard the change had been greatly for the better. The Turk had treated him much better than the Christian; and walking in the open air, chained to a German comrade, was far pleasanter than pining in his lonely dungeon. At Adrianople, an offer had been made to each of the captives, if they would become Moslems of entering the Ottoman service as Spahis; but with one voice they had refused, and had then been drafted into different divisions. The fifteen nobles, who had been offered for ransom, were taken to Constantinople to await its arrival, and they

had promised Sir Eberhard to make his fate known on their return to their homes; and, though he knew the family resources too well to have many hopes, he was rather hurt to find that their promise was unfulfilled.

"Alas, they had no opportunity," said Ebbo. "Gulden were scarce, or were all in Kaiser Friedrich's great chest; the ransoms could not be raised, and all died in captivity. I heard about it when I was at Wurms last month."

"The boy at Wurms?" almost gasped Sir Eberhard in amazement.

"I had to be there about matters of the Wildschloss lands and the bridge," said Ebbo; "and both Dankwart von Schlangenwald and I made special inquiries about that company in case you should have shared their fate. I hoped to have set forth at that time, but the Kaiser said I was still too lame, and refused me licence or letters to the Sultan."

"You would not have found me," said his father, narrating how he with a large troop of captives had been driven down to the coast; where they were transferred to a Moorish slave dealer, who shipped them off for Tunis. Here, after their first taste of the miseries of a sea life, the alternative of Islam or slavery was again put before them. "And, by the holy stone of Nicæa," said Sir Eberhard, "I thought by that time that the infidels had the advantage of us in goodwill and friendliness; but, when they told me women had no souls at all, no more than a horse or dog, I knew it was but an empty dream of a religion; for did I not know that my little Ermentrude, and thou, Stine, had finer, clearer, wiser souls than ever a man I had known? 'Nay, nay,' quoth I, 'I'll cast in my lot where I may meet my wife hereafter, should I never see her here.' " He had then been allotted to a corsair, and had thenceforth been chained to the bench of rowers, between the two decks, where, in stifling heat and stench, in storm or calm, healthy or diseased, the wretched oarsmen were compelled to play the part of machinery in propelling the vessel, often to capture Christian ships—making exertions to



which only the perpetual lash of the galley-master could have urged their exhausted frames; often not desisting for twenty or thirty hours, and rowing still while sustenance was put into their mouths by their drivers. Many a man drew his last breath with his last stroke, and was at the first leisure moment hurled into the waves. It was the description that had so deeply moved Friedel long ago, and Christina wept over it, as she looked at the bowed form once so proud and free, and thought of the unhealed scars. But there, her husband added, he had been chained next to a holy friar of German blood, like himself a captive of the great Styrian raid; and, while some blasphemed in their misery, or wildly chid their patron saints, this good man strove to show that all was to work out good; he had a pious saying for all that befell, and adored the will of God in thus purifying him; "and, if it were thus with a saint like him, I thought what must it be with a rough free-booting godless sinner such as I had been? See"—and he took out a rosary of strung bladders of seaweed; "that is what he left me when he died, and what I meant to have been telling for ever up in the hermitage."

"He died, then?"

"Ay—he died on the shore of Corsica, while most of the dogs were off harrying a village inland, and we had a sort of respite, or I trow he would have rowed till his last gasp. How he prayed for the poor wretches they were gone to attack!—ay, and for all of us—for me also—There's enough of it. Such talk skills not now."

It was plain that Sir Eberhard had learnt more Christianity in the hold of his Moorish pirate ship than ever in the Holy Roman Empire, and a weight was lifted off his son's mind by finding that he had vowed never to return to a life of violence, even though fancying a life of penance in a hermitage the only alternative.

Ebbo asked if the Genoese merchant, Ser Gian Battista dei Battiste, had indeed been one of his fellow-captives. "Ha!—what?" and on the repetition,

"Truly I knew him, Merchant Gian as we used to call him; but you twang off his name as they speak it in his own stately city."

Christina smiled. "Ebbo learnt the Italian tongue this winter from our chaplain, who had studied at Bologna. He was told it would aid in his quest of you."

"Tell me not!" said the traveller, holding up his hands in deprecation; "the Junker is worse than a priest! And yet he killed old Wolfgang! But what of Gian? Hold,—did not he, when I was with him at Genoa, tell me a story of being put into a dungeon in a mountain fortress in Germany, and released by a pair of young lads with eyes beaming in the sunrise, who vanished just as they brought him to a cloister? Nay, he deemed it a miracle of the saints, and hung up a votive picture thereof at the shrine of the holy Cosmo and Damian."

"He was not so far wrong in deeming one of the lads near of kin to the holy ones," said Christina, softly.

And, Ebbo briefly narrated the adventure, when it evidently appeared that his having led at least one foray gave his father for the first time a fellow-feeling for him, and a sense that he was one of the true old stock; but, when he heard of the release, he growled, "So! How would a lad have fared who so acted in my time? My poor old mother! She must have been changed indeed not to have scourged him till he had no strength to cry out."

"He was my prisoner!" said Ebbo, in his old defiant tone; "I had the right."

"Ah, well! the Junker has always been master here, and I never!" said the elder knight, looking round rather piteously; and Ebbo, with a sudden movement, exclaimed, "Nay, sir, you are the only lord and master, and I stand ready to be the first to obey you."

"You! A fine, young book-learned scholar, already knighted and with all these Wildschloss lands, too," said Sir Eberhard, looking with a strange puzzled look at the delicate but spirited features

of this strange perplexing son, "Reach hither your hand, boy."

And, as he compared the slender, shapely hand of such finely-textured skin with the breadth of his own horny giant's paw, he tossed it from him, shaking his head with a gesture as if he had no commands for such feminine-looking fingers to execute, and mortifying Ebbo not a little. "Ah!" said Christina, apologetically, "it always grieved your mother that the boys would resemble me and mine. But, when daylight comes, Ebbo will show you that he has not lost the old German strength."

"No doubt—no doubt," said Sir Eberhard, hastily, "since he has slain Schlangenwald; and, if the former state of things be at an end, the less he takes after the ancient stock the better. But I am an old man now, Stine, though thou look'st fair and fresh as ever, and I do not know what to make of these things. White napery on the table; glass drinking things;—nay, were it not for thee and the Schneiderlein, I should not know I was at home."

He was led back to his narration, and it appeared that, after some years spent at the oar, certain bleedings from the lungs, the remains of his wound, had become so much more severe as to render him useless for naval purposes; and, as he escaped actually dying during a voyage, he was allowed to lie by on coming into port till he had in some degree recovered, and then had been set to labour at the fortifications, chained to another prisoner, and toiling between the burning sand and burning sun, but treated with less horrible severity than the necessities of the sea had occasioned on board ship, and experiencing the benefit of intercourse with the better class of captives, whom their miserable fate had thrown into the hands of the Moors.

It was a favourite almsdeed among the Provençals, Spaniards, and Italians to send money for the redemption of Moorish prisoners, and there was a regular agency for ransoms through the Jews; but German captives were such an exception that no one thought of them,

and many a time had the summons come for such and such a slave by name, or for five poor Sicilians, twenty Genoese, a dozen Marseillais, or the like, and no word for the Swabian; till he had made up his mind that he would either leave his bones in the hot mud of the harbour, or be only set free by some gallant descent either of the brave King of Portugal, or of the Knights of Rhodes, of whom the captives were ever dreaming and whispering.

At length his own slave name was shouted; he was called up by the captain of his gang, and, while expecting some fresh punishment, or, may be, to find himself sold into some domestic form of slavery, he was set before a Jewish agent, who, after examining him on his name, country, and station, and comparing his answers with a paper of instructions, informed him that he was ransomed, caused his fetters to be struck off, and shipped him off at once for Genoa, with orders to the captain to consign him to the merchant Signor dei Battiste. By him Sir Eberhard had been received with the warmest hospitality, and treated as befitted his original station, but Battista disclaimed the merit of having ransomed him. He had but acted, he said, as the agent of an Austrian gentleman, from whom he had received orders to inquire after the Swabian baron who had been his fellow-captive, and, if he were still living, to pay his ransom, and bring him home.

"The name—the name!" eagerly asked Ebbo and his mother at once.

"The name? Gian was wont to make bad work of our honest German names, but I tried to learn this—being so beholden to him. I even caused it to be spelt over to me, but my letters long ago went from me. It seems to me that the man is a knight-errant, like those of thy ballads, Stine—one Ritter Theur—Theur—"

"Theurdank!" cried Ebbo.

"Ay, Theurdank. What, you know him? There is nothing you and your mother don't know, I believe."

"Know him! Father, he is our greatest and noblest! He has been kind



to me beyond description. He is the Kaisar! Now I see why he had that strange arch look which so vexed me when he forbade me on my allegiance to set forth till my lameness was gone! Long ago had he asked me all about Gian Battista. To him he must have written."

"The Kaisar!" said Sir Eberhard. "Nay, the poor fellows I left in Turkey ever said he was too close of fist for them to have hope from him."

"Oh! that was old Kaisar Friedrich. This is our own gallant Maximilian—a knight as true and brave as ever was paladin," said Christina; "and most truly loving and prizing our Ebbo."

"And yet I wish—I wish," said Ebbo, "that he had let me win my father's liberty for myself."

"Yea, well," said his father, "there spoke the Adlerstein. We never were wont to be beholden to king or kaisar."

"Nay," said Ebbo, after a moment's recollection, colouring as he spoke; "it is true that I deserved it not. Nay, Sir father, it is well. You owe your freedom in very truth to the son you have not known. It was he who treasured up the thought of the captive German described by the merchant, and even dreamt of it, while never doubting of your death; it was he who caught up Schlangenwald's first hint that you lived, while I, in my pride, passed it by as merely meant to perplex me; it was he who had formed an absolute purpose of obtaining some certainty; and at last, when my impetuosity had brought on the fatal battle, it was he who bought with his own life the avowal of your captivity. I had hoped to have fulfilled Friedel's trust, and to have redeemed my own backwardness; but it is not to be. While I was yet lying helpless on my bed, the Emperor has taken it out of my power. Mother, you receive him from Friedel's hands, after all."

"And well am I thankful that so it should be," said Christina. "Ah, Ebbo! sorely should I have pined with anxiety when thou wast gone. And thy father knows that thou hadst the full purpose."

"Yea, I know it," said the old man;

"and, after all, small blame to him even if he had not. He never saw me, and light grieves the heart for what the eye hath not seen."

"But," added the wife, "since the Romish king freed you, dear lord, cared he not better for your journey than to let you come home in this forlorn plight?"

This, it appeared, was far from being his deliverer's fault. Money had been supplied, and Sir Eberhard had travelled as far as Aosta with a party of Italian merchants; but no sooner had he parted with them than he was completely astray. His whole experience of life had been as a robber baron or as a slave, and he knew not how to take care of himself as a peaceful traveller; he suffered fresh extortions at every stage, and after a few days was plundered by his guides, beaten, and left devoid of all means of continuing the journey to which he could hardly hope for a cheerful end. He did not expect to find his mother living,—far less that his unowned wife could have survived the perils in which he had involved her; and he believed that his ancestral home would, if not a ruin, be held by his foes, or at best by the rival branch of the family, whose welcome of the outlawed heir would probably be to a dungeon, if not a halter. Yet the only magnet on earth for the lonely wanderer was his native mountain, where from some old peasant he might learn how his fair young bride had perished, and perhaps the sins of his youth might be expiated by continual prayer in the hermitage chapel where his sister lay buried, and whence he could see the crags for which his eye and heart had craved so long with the home-sickness of a mountaineer.

And now, when his own Christina had welcomed him with all the overflow of her loving heart, unchanged save that her's had become a tenderer yet more dignified loveliness; when his gallant son, in all the bloom of young manhood, received him with dutiful submission; when the castle, in a state of defence, prosperity, and comfort, of which he had never dreamt, was again

his own;—still the old man was bewildered, and sometimes oppressed almost to distress. He had, as it were, fallen asleep in one age of the world, and wakened in another, and it seemed as if he really wished to defer his wakening, or else that repose was an absolute novelty to him; for he sat dozing in his chair in the sun the whole of the next day, and scarcely spoke.

Ebbo, who felt it a necessity to come to an understanding of the terms on which they were to stand, tried to refer matters to him, and to explain the past, but he was met sometimes by a shake of the head, sometimes by a nod—not of assent, but of sleep; and his mother advised him not to harass the wearied traveller, but to leave him to himself at least for that day, and let him take his own time for exertion, letting things meantime go on as usual. Ebbo obeyed, but with a load at his heart, as he felt that all he was doing was but provisional, and that it would be his duty to resign all that he had planned, and partly executed, to this incompetent, ignorant rule. He could certainly, when not serving the Emperor, go and act for himself at Thekla's dower castle of Felsenbach, and his mother might save things from going to utter ruin at Adlerstein; but no reflection or self-reproach could make it otherwise than a bitter pill to Telemachus to have to resign to one so unlike Ulysses in all but the length of his wanderings,—one, also, who seemed only half to like, and not at all to comprehend, his Telemachus.

Meantime Ebbo attended to such matters as were sure to come each day before the Herr Freiherr. Now it was a question whether the stone for the mill should be quarried where it would undermine a bit of grass land, or further on, where the road was rougher; now Berend's swine had got into Barthel's rye, and Barthel had severely hurt one of them—the Herr Freiherr's interference could alone prevent a hopeless quarrel; now a waggon with ironwork for the mill claimed exemption from toll as being for the Baron: and he must send down the toll, to obviate injustice towards Schlangenwald and Ulm. Old

Ulrich's grandson, who had run away for a lanzknecht, had sent a letter home (written by a comrade): the Baron must read and answer it. Steinmark's son wanted to be a poor student: the Herr Freiherr must write him a letter of recommendation. Mother Grethel's ewe had fallen into a cleft; her son came to borrow a rope, and ask aid, and the Baron must superintend the hoisting the poor beast up again. Hans had found the track of a wolf, and knew the hole where a litter of cubs abode: the Freiherr, his wolf-hound, and his spear were wanted for their destruction. Dietrich could not tell how to manage his new arquebus: the Baron must teach him to take aim. Then there was a letter from Ulm to invite the Baron to consult on the tax demanded by the Emperor for his Italian war, and how far it should concern the profits of the bridge; and another letter from the Markgraf of Wurtemberg, as chief of the Swabian League, requesting the Lord of Adlerstein to be on the look-out for a band of robbers, who were reported to be in neighbouring hills, after being hunted out of some of their other lurking places.

That very night, or rather nearly at the dawn of a summer morning, there was a yelling below the castle, and a flashing of torches, and tidings rang through it that a boor on the outskirts of the mountain had had his ricks fired and his cattle driven by the robbers that very night, and his young daughters carried off. Old Sir Eberhard hobbled down to the hall in time to see weapons flashing as they were dealt out, to hear a clear decided voice giving orders, and to listen to the tramp of horse, and watch more reitern pass out under the gateway than ever the castle had counted in his father's time. Then he went back to his bed, and when he came down in the morning found all the womankind of the castle roasting and boiling. And, at noon, little Thekla came rushing down from the watch-tower with news that all were coming home up the Eagle's Steps, and she was sure *her* baron had seen her, and waved to her. Soon after, *her* baron in his glittering



steel rode his cream-coloured charger (once Friedel's) into the castle court, followed by his exultant merry men. They had overtaken the thieves in good time, made them captives, and recovered the spoil unhurt; and Heinz and Koppel made the castle ring with the deed of their young lord, who had forced the huge leader of the band to the earth, and kept him down by main strength till they could come to bind him.

"By main strength?" slowly asked Sir Eberhard, who had been stirred into excitement.

"He was a loose-limbed, awkward fellow," said Ebbo, "less strong than he looked."

"Not only that, sir," said Heinz, looking from his old master to his young one; "but old iron is not a whit stronger than new steel, though one looks full of might, and you would think the other but a toy."

"And what have you done with the rogues' heads?" asked the old knight; "I looked to see them on your spears. Or have you hung them?"

"Not so, sir," said Ebbo. "I sent the men off to Stuttgart with an escort. I dislike doing execution ourselves; it makes the men so lawless. Besides, this farmer was a Schlangenwalder."

"And yet he came to you for redress?"

"Yes, for Sir Dankwart is at his commandery, and he and I agreed to look after each other's lands."

Sir Eberhard retired to his chair as if all had gone past his understanding, and thence he looked on while his son and wife hospitably regaled, and then dismissed, their auxiliaries in the rescue.

Afterwards Christina told her son that she thought his father was rested, and was better able to attend to him, and Ebbo, with a painful swelling in his heart, approached him deferentially, with a request that he would say what was his pleasure with regard to the Emperor, to whom acknowledgments must in the first place be made for his release, and next would arise the whole question of homage and investiture.

"Look you here, fair son," said Sir Eberhard, rousing himself, "these things

are all past me. I'll have none of them. You and your Kaiser understand one another, and your homage is paid. It boots not changing all for an old fellow that is but come home to die."

"Nay, father, it is in the order of things that you should be lord here."

"I never was lord here, and, what is more, I would not, and could not be. Son, I marked you yesterday. You are master as never was my poor father, with all the bawling and blows that used to rule the house, while these fellows mind you at a word, in a voice as quiet as your mother's. Besides, what should I do with all these mills and bridges of yours, and Diets, and Leagues, and councils enough to addle a man's brain? No, no; I could once slay a boar, or strike a fair stroke at a Schangenwalder, but even they got the better of me, and I am good for nothing now but to save my soul. I had thought to do it as a hermit up there; but my little Christina thinks the saints will be just as well pleased if I tell my beads here, with her to help me, and I know that way I shall not make so many mistakes. So, young sir, if you can give the old man a corner of the hearth while he lives, he will never interfere with you. And, maybe, if the castle were in jeopardy in your absence, with that new-fangled road up to it, he could tell the fellows how to hold it out."

"Sir—dear father," cried the ardent Ebbo, "this is not a fit state of things. I will spare you all trouble and care; only make me not undutiful; take your own place. Mother, convince him!"

"No, my son," said Sir Eberhard; "your mother sees what is best for me. I only want to be left to her to rest a little while, and repent of my sinful life. As Heinz says, the rusty old iron must lie by while the new steel does the work. It is quiet that I need. It is joy enough for me to see what she has made you, and all around. Ah! Stine, my white dove, I knew thine was a wise head; but, when I left thee, gentle little frightened, fluttering thing, how little could I have thought that, all alone, unaided, thou wouldst have kept that little head above water, and made

thy son work out all these changes—thy doing—and so I know they are good and seemly: clerkly, quick-witted, and yet a good knight. Ah! thou didst tell me oft that our lonely pride was not high nor worthy fame. Stine, how didst do it?”

“I did it not, dear husband; God did it for me. He gave the boys the loving, true tempers that worked out the rest! He shielded them and me in our days of peril.”

“Yes, father,” added Ebbo, “Providence guarded us; but, above all, our chief blessing has been the mother who has made one of us a holy saint, and taught the other to seek after him! Father, I am glad you see how great has been the work of the Dove you brought to the Eagle’s Nest.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE STAR AND THE SPARK.

THE year 1531 has begun, and Schloss Adlerstein remains in its strength on the mountain side, but with a look of cultivation on its environs such as would have amazed Kunigunde. Vines run up trellises against the rocks; pot-herbs and flowers nestle in the nooks; out-buildings cluster round it; and even the grim old keep has a range of buildings connected with it, as if the household had entirely outgrown the capacities of the square tower.

Yet the old hall is still the chief place of assembly, and now that it has been wainseoted, with a screen of carved wood to shut off the draughty passages, and a stove of bright tiles to increase the warmth, it is far more cheerful. Moreover, a window has been opened showing the rich green meadow below, with the bridge over the Braunwasser, and the little church, with a spire of pierced lace-work, and white cottages peeping out of the retreating forest.

That is the window which the Lady Baroness loves. See her there, the lovely old lady of seventy-five—yes, lovelier than ever, for her sweet brown eyes have the same pensive, clear beauty, enhanced by the snowy whiteness of

her hair, of which a soft braid shows over the pure pale brow beneath the white band, and sweeping black veil, that she has worn by right for twenty years. But the slight form is active and brisk, and there are ready smiles and looks of interest for the pretty fair-haired maidens, three in number, who run in and out from their household avocations to appeal to the “dear grandmother,” mischievously to tell of the direful yawns proceeding from brothers Ebbo and Gottfried over their studies with their tutor, or to gaze from the window and wonder if the father, with the two brothers, Friedel Max and Kasimir, will return from Ulm in time for the “mid-day eating.”

Ah! there they are. Quick-eyed Vittoria has seen the cavalcade first, and dances off to tell Ermentrude and Stine time enough to prepare their last batch of fritters for the new-comers; Ebbo and Götz rush headlong down the hill-side; and the Lady Baroness lays down her distaff, and gazes with eyes of satisfied content at the small party of horsemen climbing up the footpath. Then, when they have wound out of sight round a rock, she moves out towards the hall-door, with a light, quick step, for never yet has she resigned her great enjoyment, that of greeting her son on the steps of the porch,—those steps where she once met such fearful news, but where that memory has been effaced by many a cheerful welcome.

There, then, she stands, amid the bright throng of grandchildren, while the Baron and his sons spring from their horses and come up to her. The Baron doffs his Spanish hat, bends the knee, kisses her hand, and receives her kiss on his brow, with the fervour of a life-devotion, before he turns to accept the salutation of his daughters, and then takes her hand, with pretty affectionate ceremony, to hand her back to her seat. A few words pass between them. “No, motherling,” he says, “I signed it not; I will tell you all by-and-by.”

And then the mid-day meal is served for the whole household, as of old, with the salt-cellar in the middle, but with a far larger company above it than when



first we saw it. The seven young folks preserve a decorous silence, save when Fraulein Ermentrude's cookeries are good-naturedly complimented by her father, or when Baron Friedmund Maximilianus breaks out with some wonderful fact about new armour seen at Ulm. He is a handsome, fair flaxen-haired young man—like the old Adlersteins, say the elder people—and full of honest gaiety and good nature, the special pride of his sisters; and no sooner is the meal over, than, with a formal entreaty for dismissal, all the seven, and all the dogs, move off together, to that favourite gathering-place round the stove, where all their merry tongues are let loose together.

To them, the Herr Vater and the Frau Grossmutter seem nearly of the same age, and of the same generation; and verily the eighteen years between the mother and son have dwindled into a very small difference even in appearance, and a lesser one in feeling. She is a youthful, beautiful old lady, he a grave, spare, worn, elderly man, in his full strength, but with many a trace of care and thought, and far more of silver than of brown in his thin hair and pointed beard, and with a melancholy thoughtfulness in his clear brown eyes—all well corresponding with the gravity of the dress in which he has been meeting the burghers of Ulm: a black velvet suit—only relieved by his small white lace ruff, and the ribbon and jewel of the Golden Fleece, the only other approach to ornament that he wears being that ring long ago twisted off the Emperor Maximilian's chain. But now, as he has bowed off the chaplain to his study, and excused himself from aiding his two gentleman-squires in consuming their krug of beer, and hands his mother to her favourite nook in the sunny window, taking his seat by her side, his features assume an expression of repose and relaxation as if here indeed were his true home. He has chosen his seat in full view of a picture that hangs on the wainscoted wall, near his mother—a picture whose pure ethereal tinting, of colour limpid as the rainbow, yet rich as the most glowing flower-beds; and its

soft lovely *pose*, and rounded outlines, prove it to be no produce even of one of the great German artists of the time, but to have been wrought, under an Italian sky, by such a hand as left us the marvellous smile of Mona Lisa. It represents two figures, one unmistakably himself when in the prime of life, his brow and cheeks unfurrowed, and his hair still thick, shining brown, but with the same grave earnestness of the dark eye that came with the early sense of responsibility, and with the first sorrow of his youth. The other figure, one on which the painter evidently loved to dwell, is of a lady, so young that she might almost pass for his daughter, except for the peculiar, tender sweetness that could only become the wife and mother. Fair she is as snow, with scarce a deepening of the rose on cheek, or even lip, fragile and transparent as a spiritual form, and with a light in the blue eyes, and a grace in the soft fugitive smile, that scarce seems to belong to earth; a beauty not exactly of feature, but rather the pathetic loveliness of calm fading away—as if she were already melting into the clear blue sky, with the horizon of golden light that the wondrous power of art has made to harmonise with, but not efface, her blue dress, golden hair, white coif, and fair skin. It is as if she belonged to that sky, and only tarried as unable to detach herself from the clasp of the strong hand round and in which both her hands are twined; and though the light in her face may be from heaven, yet the whole countenance is fixed in one absorbed, almost worshipping gaze on her husband, with a wistful simplicity and innocence of devotion, like the absorption of a loving animal, to whom its master's presence is bliss and sunshine. It is a picture to make light in a dark place, and that sweet face receives a loving glance, nay, an absolutely reverent bend of the knightly head, as the Baron seats himself.

"So it was as we feared, and this Schmalkaldic League did not suit thy sense of loyalty, my son?" she asks, reading his features anxiously.

"No, mother. I ever feared that further pressure would drive our friends

beyond the line where begin schism and rebellion; and it seems to me that the moment is come when I must hold me still, or transgress mine own sense of duty. I must endure the displeasure of many I love and respect."

"Surely, my son, they have known you too long and too well not to respect your motives; and know that conscience is first with you."

"Scarce may such confidence be looked for, mother, from the most part, who esteem every man a traitor to the cause if he defend it not precisely in the fashion of their own party. But I hear that the King of France has offered himself as an ally, and that Dr. Luther, together with others of our best divines, have thereby been startled into doubts of the lawfulness of the League."

"And what think you of doing, my son?"

"I shall endeavour to wait until such time as the much-needed General Council may proclaim the ancient truth, and enable us to avouch it without disunion. If intrigues again should prevail, then Heaven help us! Meantime, mother, the best we can, as has ever been your war-cry."

"And much has been won for us. Here are the little maidens, who, save Vittoria, would never have been scholars, reading the Holy Word daily in their own tongue."

"Ach, I had not told you, mother! I have the Court Secretary's answer this day about that command in the Kaiser's guards that my dear old master had promised to his godson."

"Another put-off with Flemish courtesy I see by thy face, Ebbo."

"Not quite that, mother. The command is ready for the Baron Friedmund Maximilianus von Adlerstein Wildschloss, and all the rest of it, on the understanding that he has been bred up free from all taint of the new doctrine."

"New? Nay, it is the oldest of all doctrine. The youth knows no other."

"Even so. As I ever said, Dr. Luther did but set forth in greater clearness and fulness what our blessed Friedel and I learnt at your knee, and

my young ones have learnt from babyhood. Yet I may not call my son's faith such as the Kaiser's Spanish conscience-keepers would have it, and so the boy must e'en tarry at home till there be work for his stout arm to do."

"He seems little disappointed. His laugh comes ringing the loudest of all."

"The Junker is more of a boy at two-and-twenty than I ever recollect myself! He lacks not sense nor wit, but a fray or a feast, a chase or a dance, seem to suffice him at an age when I had long been dwelling on matters of moment."

"Thou wast left to be thine own pilot; he is but one of thy gay crew, and thus even these stirring times touch him not so deeply as thou wert affected by thine own choice in life between disorderly freedom and honourable restraint."

"I thought of that choice to-day, mother, as I crossed the bridge and looked at the church; and more than ever thankful did I feel that our blessed Friedel, having aided me over that one decisive pass, was laid to rest, his tender spirit unvexed by the shocks and divisions that have wrenched me hither and thither."

"Nay; not hither and thither. Ever hadst thou a resolute purpose and aim."

"Ever failed in by my own error or that of others.—What, thou nestling here, my little Vittoria, away from all yonder prattle?"

"Dear father, if I may, I love far best to hear you and the grandmother talk."

"Hear the child! She alone hath your face, mother, or Friedel's eyes! Is it that thou wouldst be like thy noble Roman godmother, the Marchesa di Pescara, that makes thee seek our grave company, little one?"

"I always long to hear you talk of her, and of the Italian days, dear father, and how you won this noble jewel of yours."

"Ah, child, that was before those times! It was the gift of good Kaiser Max at his godson's christening, when he filled your sweet mother with pretty spite by persuading her that it was a little golden bear skin."



"Tell her how you had gained it, my son."

"By vapouring, child; and by the dull pride of my neighbours. Heard'st thou never of the siege of Padua, when we had Bayard, the best knight in Europe, and 500 Frenchmen for our allies? Our artillery had made a breach, and the Kaisar requested the French knights to lead the storm, whereto they answered, Well and good, but our German nobles must share the assault, and not leave them to fight with no better backers than the hired lanzknechts. All in reason, quoth I, and more shame for us not to have been foremost in our Kaisar's own cause; but what said the rest of our misproud chivalry? They would never condescend to climb a wall on foot in company with lanzknechts! On horseback must their worships fight, or not at all; and when to shame them I called myself a mountaineer, more used to climb than to ride, and vowed that I should esteem it an honour to follow such a knight as Bayard, were it on all fours, then cast they my burgher blood in my teeth. Never saw I the Kaisar so enraged; he swore that all the common senage in the empire was in the burgher blood, and that he would make me a knight of the noblest order in Europe to show how he esteemed it. And next morning he was gone! So ashamed was he of his own army that he rode off in the night, and sent orders to break up the siege. I could have torn my hair, for I had just lashed up a few of our nobles to a better sense of honour, and we would yet have redeemed our name! And after all, the Chapter of proud Flemings would never have admitted me had not the heralds hunted up that the Sorels were gentlemen of blood and coat armour long ago at Liège. I am glad my father lived to see that proved, mother. He could not honour thee more than he did, but he would have been sorely grieved had I been rejected. He often thought me a mechanical burgher, as it was."

"Not quite so, my son. He never failed to be proud of thy deeds, even when he did not understand them; but this, and the grandson's birth, were the crowning joys of his life."

"Yes, those were glad triumphant years, take them all in all, ere the Emperor sent me to act ambassador in Rome, and we left you the two elder little girls and the boy to take care of. My dear little Thekla! She had a foreboding that she might never see those children more, yet would she have pined her heart away more surely had I left her at home! I never was absent a week but I found her wasted with watching for me."

"It was that weary seven years of Italy that changed thee most, my son."

"Apart from you, mother, and knowing you now indeed to be widowed, and with on the one hand such contradictory commands from the Emperor as made me sorely ashamed of myself, of my nation, and of the man whom I loved and esteemed personally the most on earth, yet bound there by his express command, while I saw my tender wife's health wasting in the climate day by day! Yet still, while most she gasped for a breath of Swabian hills, she ever declared it would kill her outright to send her from me. And thus it went on till I laid her in the stately church of her own patroness. Then how it would have fared with me and the helpless little ones I know not but for thy noble godmother, my Vittoria, the wise and ready helper of all in trouble, the only friend thy mother had made at Rome, and who had been able from all her heights of learning and accomplishment to value my Thekla's golden soul in its simplicity. Even then, when too late, came one of the Kaisar's kindest letters, recalling me,—a letter whose every word I would have paid for with a drop of my own blood six weeks before! and which he had only failed to send because his head was running on the plan of that gorgeous tomb where he is not buried! Well, at least it brought us home to you again once more, mother, and, where you are, comfort never has been utterly absent from me. And, then, coming from the wilful gloom of Pope Leo's court into our Germany, streamed over by the rays of Luther's light, it was as if a new world of hope were dawning, as if truth would no

longer be muffled, and the young would grow up to a world far better and purer than the old had ever seen. What trumpet-calls those were, and how welcome was the voice of the true Catholic faith no longer stifled! And my dear old Kaisar, with his clear eyes, his unfettered mind—he felt the power and truth of those theses. He bade the Elector of Saxony well to guard the monk Luther as a treasure. Ah! had he been a younger man, or had he been more firm and resolute, able to act as well as think for himself, things might have gone otherwise with the Church. He could think, but could not act; and now we have a man who acts, but *will* not think. It may have been a good day for our German reputation among foreign princes when Charles V. put on the crown; but only two days in my life have been as mournful to me as that when I stood by Kaisar Max's death-bed at Wells, and knew that generous, loving, fitful spirit was passing away from the earth! Never owned I friend I loved so well as Kaisar Max! Nor has any Emperor done so much for this our dear land."

"The young Emperor never loved thee."

"He might have treated me as one who could be useful, but he never forgave me for shaking hands with Luther at the Diet of Worms. I knew it was all over with my court favour after I had joined in escorting the Doctor out of the city. And the next thing was that George of Freundsberg and his friends proclaimed me a Papist at heart because I did my utmost to keep my own troop out of the devil's holiday at the sack of Rome! It has been my lot to be ever in disgrace with one side or the other! Here is my daughter's marriage hindered on the one hand, my son's promotion checked on the other, because I have a conscience of my own, and not of other people's! Heaven knows the right is no easy matter to find; but, when one thinks one sees it, there is nothing to be done but to guide oneself by it, even if the rest of the world will not view it in the same light."

"Nothing else! I doubt me whether it be ever easy to see the veritably right course while still struggling in the midst. That is for after ages, which behold things afar off; but each man must needs follow his own principle in an honest and good heart, and assuredly God will guide him to work out some good end, or hinder some evil one."

"Ay, mother. Each party may guard one side or other of the truth in all honesty and faithfulness; but he who cannot with his whole heart cast in his lot with either,—he is apt to serve no purpose, and to be scorned."

"Nay, Ebbo, may he not be a witness to the higher and more perfect truth than either party have conceived? Nor is inaction always needful. That which is right towards either side still reveals itself at the due moment, whether it be to act or to hold still. And verily, Ebbo, what thou didst say even now has set me on a strange thought of mine own dream, that which heralded the birth of thyself and thy brother. As thou knowest, it seemed to me that I was watching two sparkles from the extinguished Needfire wheel. One rose aloft and shone as a star!"

"My guiding-star."

"The other fulfilled those words of the Wise Man. It shone and ran to and fro in the grass. And surely, my Ebbo, thy mother may feel that, in all these dark days of perplexity and trial, the spark of light hath ever shone and drawn its trail of brightness in the gloom, even though the way was long and seemed uncertain."

"The mother who ever fondled me *will* think so it may be! But, ah! she had better pray that the light be clearer, and that I may not fall utterly short of the star!"

Travellers in Wurtemberg may perhaps turn aside from glorious old Ulm, and the memories of the battle fields around it, to the romantic country round the Swabian mountains, through which descend the tributaries of the Danube. Here they may think themselves fortunate if they come upon a green valley, with a bright mountain torrent dashing



through it, fresh from the lofty mountain, with terraced sides that rise sheer above. An old bridge, a mill, and a neat German village lie clustered in the valley; a seignorial mansion peeps out of the forest glades; and a lovely church, of rather late Gothic but beautifully designed, attracts the eye so soon as it can be persuaded to quit the romantic outline of the ruined baronial castle high upon one of the mountain ledges. Report declares that there are tombs in the church well worth inspection. You seek out an old venerable blue-coated peasant who has charge of the church.

"What is yonder castle?"

"It is the castle of Adlerstein."

"Are the family still extant?"

"Yea, yea; they built yonder house when the Schloss became ruinous. They have always been here."

The church is very beautiful in its details, the carved work of the east end and pulpit especially so, but nothing is so attractive as the altar tomb in the chantry chapel. It is a double one, holding not, as usual, the recumbent effigies of a husband and wife, but of two knights in armour."

"Who are these, good friends?"

"They are the good barons Ebbo and Friedel."

Father and son they appear to be, killed at the same time in some fatal battle, for the white marble face of one is round with youth, no hair on lip or chin, and with a lovely peaceful solemnity, almost cheerfulness, in the expression. The other, a bearded man, has the glory of old age in his worn features, beautiful and restful, but it is as if one had gone to sleep in the light of dawn, the other in the last glow of sunset. Their armour and their crests are alike, but the young one bears the eagle shield alone, while the elder has the same bearing repeated upon an escutcheon of pretence; the young man's hands clasp over a harp, those of the other over a Bible, and the elder wears the insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece. They are surely father and son, a maiden knight and tried warrior who fell together?

"No," the guide shakes his head, "they are twin brothers, the good

barons Ebbo and Friedel, who were born when their father was absent on a crusade. Baron Friedel was slain by the Turks at the bridge foot, and his brother built the church in his memory. He first brought vines upon the mountains, and freed the peasants from the lord's dues on their flax. And it is true that they may still be seen hovering on the mountain side in the mist at sunset, sometimes one, sometimes both."

You turn with a smile to the inscription, sure that those windows, those porches, that armour, never were of crusading date, and ready to refute the old peasant. You spell out the upright Gothic letters around the cornice of the tomb, and you read, in mediæval Latin,—

"Orate pro Anima Friedmundis Equitis Baronis Adlersteini. A.D. mcccxciii."

Then turn to the other side and read—

"Hic jacet Eberardus Eques Baro Adlersteini. A.D. mdxliii. Denique."

Yes, the guide is right. They are brothers, with well-nigh a lifetime between their deaths. Is that the meaning of that strange *Denique*?

Most of the other tombs are scarce worth attention, each lapsing further into the bad taste of later ages; yet there is one still deserving admiration, placed close to the head of that of the two barons. It is the effigy of a lady, aged and serene, with a delicately-carved face beneath her stiff head gear. Surely this is a Lutheran monument, for the inscription is in German. Stiff, contracted, hard to read, but this is the rendering of it:—

"Here lies Christina Sorel, wife of Eberhard, xxth Baron von Adlerstein, and mother of the Barons Eberhard and Friedmund. She fell asleep two days before her son, on the feast of St. John, mdxliii."

"Her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

"Erected with full hearts by her grandson, Baron Friedmund Maximilianus, and his brothers and sisters. Farewell."

## LETTER FROM EGYPT.

[THE following letter did not arrive till after the publication of Lady Duff-Gordon's "Letters from Egypt." It is the only one written from that country before her temporary absence from it.—S.A.]

"April, 1865.—Since I wrote last I have received the box with the various things. Nothing called forth such a shout of joy from me as your photograph of the village pot-house.<sup>1</sup> How green, and fresh, and tidy! Many 'Mashallahs' have been uttered over the 'Beyt el-Fellaheen' of England. The railings, especially, are a great marvel. I have also heard that R—— has bought me a boat, which is to take four of his agents to Assouan, and then come back for me. 'Insha-allah,' I shall depart in another three or four weeks.

"The weather is quite cool and fresh again, but the wind very violent, and the dust pours over us like water from the dried-up land, as well as from the Gurneh mountain. It is miserably uncomfortable, but my health is much better again in spite of all.

"The Hakeem business goes on at a great rate; I think on an average I have four sick a day, sometimes a dozen. A whole gipsy camp are great customers; the poor souls *will* bring all manner of gifts, which it goes to my heart to eat, but they can't bear to be refused. They are astonished to hear that people of their blood live in England, and that I knew many of their customs, which are the same here.

"Khursheed Agha came to take final leave, being appointed to Kiné. He had been at Gow, and had seen Fadl Pasha sit and make the soldiers lay sixty men down on their backs, by ten at a time, and *chop* them to death with the pioneers' axes. He estimated the people killed—men, women, and children—at sixteen hundred, but M—— tells me it was over two thousand.

<sup>1</sup> The Golden Grove, St. Ann's Hill, Chertsey.

Sheykh Hasan agreed exactly with Khursheed, only the Arab was full of horror, and the Circassian full of exultation. His talk was exactly what we all once heard about 'Pandies,' and he looked, and talked, and laughed so like a fine young English soldier, that I was ashamed to call him the 'dog' (kelb) which rose to my tongue, and I bestowed it on Fadl Pasha instead. I must also say in behalf of my own countrymen that they *had* provocation, while here there was none. Poor Hajjî Sultán, one of the best and kindest of men, lies in chains at Kiné.

"A very great Shereef indeed, from Lower Egypt, said to me the other day, 'Thou knowest if I am a Muslim or no. Well, I pray to the Most Merciful to send us Europeans to govern us, and to deliver us from these wicked men.' We were all sitting, after the funeral of one of the Shurafa, and I was between the Shereef of El-Uksur and the Imam, and this was said before thirty or forty men, all Shurafa. No one said 'No,' and many assented aloud.

"The Shereef asked me to lend him the New Testament. It was a pretty copy, and when he admired it, I said, 'From me to thee, O my master, the Shereef! Write in it as we do, "In remembrance of a friend. The gift of a Nasraneeyeh, who loves the Muslimeen."' The old man kissed the book, and said, 'I will write, moreover, "To a Muslim who loves all *such* Christians.'"

"After this the old Sheykh of Abn' Ali took me aside, and asked me to go as messenger to Hajjî Sultán, for if one of them took the money they wanted to send him, it would be taken from them, and the man get no good of it.

"Soldiers are now to be quartered in the Saeed,—a new plague worse than all the rest. Do not the cavasses already rob the poor enough? They fix their own price in the market,



and beat the Sakka' as sole payment. What will the soldiers do? The taxes are being illegally levied on lands which are "Sheragi"—totally unwatered by the last Nile—and therefore exempt *by law*, and the people are driven to desperation. There will be more troubles as soon as there comes any other demagogue, like Ahmad et-Teiyib, to incite the people; and now every Arab sympathises with him.

"I have received the Cairo version of the affair, cooked for the European taste, and monstrous it is. The Pasha accuses some Sheykh of the Arabs of having gone from Upper Egypt to India to stir up the mutiny against us! Why not to conspire in Paris or London? It is too childish to talk of a poor Saeedee Arab going to a country of whose language and whereabouts he is totally ignorant, in order to conspire against a people who never hurt him.

"— urged me to try hard to get my husband here as consul when Mr. Colquhoun leaves, on the assumption that he would feel as I do. I said, 'My master is not young, and to a kind and just man such a place would be a martyrdom.' 'Truly thou hast said it,' was the reply; 'but it is a martyr we Arabs want. Shall not the reward of him who suffers daily vexation for his brethren's sake be equal to that of him who dies in battle for the faith? If thou wert a man, I would say to thee, "Take the labour and sorrow upon thee."'

"The fellaheen are really worse off than any slaves. I am sick of telling of the daily oppressions and robberies. If a man has a sheep, the Mudeer comes and eats it; if a tree, it goes to the Nazir's kitchen. My poor Sakka is beaten by the cavasses in sole payment of his skins of water;—and then people wonder my poor friends tell lies and bury their money.

"I now know everybody, and 'the cunning women' have set up the theory that my eye is lucky; so I am asked to go and look at young brides, visit houses that are building, inspect cattle, &c. as a bringer of good luck, which gives me many a curious sight.

"I went a few days ago to the wedding of the handsome Sheykh Hasan, the Abab'deh, who married the butcher's pretty little daughter. The group of women and girls, lighted up by the lantern which little Ahmad carried for me, was the most striking thing I have seen. The bride, a lovely girl of ten or eleven, all in scarlet; a tall, dark slave of Hasan's, blazing with gold and silver necklaces and bracelets, with long twisted locks of coal-black hair, and glittering eyes and teeth; the wonderful wrinkled old women, and the pretty, wondering, yet fearless children, composed a picture beyond description. The mother brought the bride up to me, and unveiled her, and asked me to let her kiss my hand, and to look at her. I said all the usual 'Bismillah, Mashallahs,' and after a time went to the men, who were eating,—all but Hasan, who sat apart. He begged me to sit by him, and whispered anxious inquiries about his 'Arooseh's' looks. After a time he went to visit her, and returned in half-an-hour, very shy, and covering his face and hand, and kissed the hands of the chief guests. Then we all departed, and the girl was taken to look at the Nile, and then to her husband's house.

"Last night he gave me a dinner—a very good dinner indeed—in his house, which is equal to a very poor cattle-shed at home. We were only five; Sheykh Yoosuf, Omar, an elderly merchant, and I. Hasan wanted to serve us, but I made him sit. The merchant, a well-bred man of the world, who has enjoyed life and married wives everywhere, had arrived that day, and found a daughter of his dead here. He said he felt very miserable, upon which every one told him not to mind, and consoled him oddly enough according to English ideas. Then people told stories. Omar's was a good version of the man and wife who would not shut the door, and agreed that the first who spoke should do it—very funny indeed. Yoosuf told a pretty tale of a Sultan, who married a Bitt-el-Arab (daughter of the Bedaween) and how she would not live in his palace, and said she was no fellahah to dwell in

houses; and how she scorned his silk clothes, and the sheep killed for her daily, and how at length she made him live in the desert with her. A black slave told a prosy tale about thieves; and the rest were more long than pointed. Hasan's Arab feelings were hurt at the small quantity of meat set before me. They can't kill a sheep now-a-days for an honoured guest. But I told him no greater honour could be paid to us English than to let us eat lentils and onions like one of the family, so that we might not feel as strangers among them. After a time, the merchant told us his heart was somewhat dilated,—as a man might say his toothache had abated, upon which we said 'Praise be to God,' all round.

"A short time ago, my poor friend the Maohn had a terrible 'tile' fall on his head. His wife, two married daughters, and nine miscellaneous children, arrived on a sudden, and the poor man is now tasting the pleasures which Abraham once endured between Sarah and Hagar. I visited the ladies, and found a very ancient Sarah, and a daughter of wonderful beauty.

"A young man here, a Shereef, has asked me to open negotiations for a marriage for him with the Maohn's grand-daughter, a little girl of eight. So you see how completely I am 'one of the family.'

"29th April.—My boat has not yet made its appearance. I am very well indeed now, in spite, or perhaps because, of the great heat. But there is a great deal of sickness, chiefly dysentery. I never get less than four new patients a day, and my practice has become quite a serious business. I spent all day on Friday in the Abab'deh quarters, where Sheykh Hasan, and his slave Rahmeh, were both extremely ill. Both are all right now. Rahmeh is the nicest negro I ever knew, and a very great friend of mine. He is a most excellent, honest, sincere man, and an Efendi, *i.e.* he writes and reads, which is more than his master can do. He has seen all the queer people in the interior of Africa. The Sheykh of the Bishareen, eight days'

journey from Aswán, has invited me, and promises me all the meat and milk I can eat;—they have nothing else. They live on a high mountain, and are very fine, handsome people. If only I were strong, I could go to very odd places, where Frangees are not. Read a very stupid novel (as a story) called 'Le Secret du Bonheur,' by Ernest Feydeau: it gives the truest impression of the manners of Arabs that I have seen; the *caressant* ways of Arabs are so well described. They are the same here, the people come and pat and stroke me with their hands, and one corner of my brown abbaieh is faded with much kissing. I am hailed as 'Sitt Betáana,' 'our own lady;' and now the people are really enthusiastic, because I refused the offer which a Bimbashi made me of some cavasses as a guard. As if I would have such fellows to help to bully my friends!

"The said Bimbashi (next in rank to a Bey), a coarse man, like an Arnacoot, stopped here a day and night, and played his little Turkish game, telling me to beware, for the Ulema hated all Franks, and set the people against us; and telling the Arabs that Christian Hakeems were all given to poison Muslims. So at night I dropped in at the Maohn's, with Sheykh Yoosuf carrying my lantern, and was loudly hailed with a 'Salám Aleykee' from the old Shereef himself, who began praising the Gospel I had given him, and me at the same time. Yoosuf had a little reed in his hand, the "Kalám" for writing, about two feet long, and of the size of a quill. I took it, and showed it to the Bimbashi, and said, 'Behold the Nebboot by which we are all to be murdered by this Sheykh of the religion!' The Bimbashi's bristly moustache bristled savagely, for he saw that the Arab dogs and the Christian "Khanzeereh" (femine pig) were laughing at him together.

"Another steamboat-load of prisoners from Gow has just gone up. A little comfort is derived here from the news that, praise be to God! Moosa Pasha, governor of Soudan, is dead and gone to hell. It must take no trifle to send him there,



judging by the quiet way in which Fadol Pasha is mentioned. You will think me a complete rebel, but I may say to *you*, what most people would think 'like my nonsense,'—that one's pity becomes a perfect passion when one *sits among the people* as I do, and sees it all. Least of all can I forgive those among Europeans and Christians who can help to break these bruised reeds. However, in Cairo, and still more in Alexandria, all is quite different. There, the same system which has been so successfully copied in France prevails; the capital is petted at the expense of the country people; prices are regulated in Cairo for meat and bread, as they are, or were, in Paris, and the dangerous classes enjoy all sorts of exemptions. The Cairenes eat the bread, and we eat the stick.

"The people here used to dislike ———, who arrived poor and grew rich, but they all bless him now, and say that at his place a man eats his own meat and not the courbash of the Mudeer. He has refused soldiers, as I refused them on my small account, and, please God, he will never repent it. One man said to me, 'What the Turkish government fears is not for your safety, but lest we should learn to love you too well;' and it is true. How often does one hear, 'Oh that we had the laws of the Christians!' In Cairo, the Franks have dispelled this illusion, and have done the Turks' work as if they were paid for it, but here come only travellers

who pay with money and not with stick, —a degree of generosity not enough to be adored. I perceive that I am a bore, but *you* will forgive my indignant sympathy with the kind people who treat me so well. Would that I could excite the interest of my countrymen in their suffering! Some conception of the value of public opinion in England has penetrated even here. Fancy an Alim el Deen ul Islam wanting to call for help to the *Times*!

"I went to church on Good Friday with the Copts. The scene was very striking. The priest was dressed like a beautiful Crusader, in white robes with crimson crosses. One thing has my hearty admiration. The few children who are taken to church are allowed to play. Oh my poor little protestant fellow-Christians, can you conceive a religion so delightful as that which permits 'Peep bo!' behind the curtain of the sanctuary? I saw little Botros and Scandarah at it all church time, and the priest only patted their little heads as he carried the sacrament out to the hareem. Fancy the parson kindly patting the little sinner's head, instead of the beadle whacking him! I am entirely reconciled to the Coptic rules.

"Mustafa has just sent to say the steamer is coming. There is a fearful simoom, and the dust won't let me write more. My Dahabeeyeh is reported three days off."

## THE BROAD STREET PUMP: AN EPISODE IN THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC OF 1854.

BY THE REV. H. WHITEHEAD.

EARLY on the morning of September 1st, 1854, in the Berwick Street district of St. James's, Westminster, where I had spent some hours of the preceding day without hearing any mention of cholera—and where, in former epidemics, the mortality from that disease had been inconsiderable—I was asked to visit a house in which lay, already collapsed, four persons who had been seized with cholera during the night; and, on leaving this house, whichever way I turned, I came upon similar scenes. At noon, when I met my brother curate and the Scripture-reader for a short time in the vestry of St. Luke's, Berwick Street, I learned that they had each been occupied all the morning in the same way as myself. The rest of the day was spent in the same manner; and, as an indication of the severity of the outbreak, I record that, of all the cholera patients visited by me on that day, only one recovered.

This state of things apparently continued for four days, during which time the medical men of the neighbourhood—whose labours day and night in behalf of the sufferers were beyond all praise—declared, with one consent, that specific remedies were unavailing; and as for “premonitory symptoms,” there were, they said, few, or even in some cases none at all.

On the fifth day we were all agreed that a change for the better had taken place, as ‘we perceived that fewer persons were attacked than at first, and that the attacks were less severe. This change, however, was subsequently seen, when the statistics of the outbreak were collected and examined, to have been more gradual, and to have begun at an earlier period, than we had supposed; for, though the *deaths* were as numerous

on the 3d and 4th of September as on the 1st, yet the greatest number of fatal *attacks* occurred on the 1st, after which there were fewer fatal attacks on each succeeding day, the number positively decreasing 50 per cent. on the 3d as compared with the 2d, and 10 per cent. on the 2d as compared with the 1st. Perhaps the most fatal period of attack was the hour or two before midnight on August 31st. The deaths were the most numerous on September 2d, the excess of mortality on that day being due to attacks of the previous day. By the 10th the number of fatal attacks throughout the whole parish of St. James's had declined to the low average of the preceding month.

But during those ten days the ravages of the disease, in a small and remarkably well-defined part of the parish, were very severe—nearly 700 persons having been fatally seized, in that short time, within a circuit of 250 yards radius from the point of junction between Broad Street and Cambridge Street. Such was the intensity of the outbreak, that of 45 contiguous houses, extending in different directions from that point, only 4 escaped without a death; and at an average distance of 15 yards from St. Luke's church, situated within the compass of the said radius, were 4 houses which collectively lost 33 inhabitants. Of the streets thus devastated Broad Street itself suffered the most severely, its population having been just decimated—90 of its 896 inhabitants having died, besides 28 non-resident workpeople. Other streets, however, had nearly as high a rate of mortality.

Thus limited in its extent, brief in its duration, and continually on the wane from the very first moment of



its appearance, was this great outbreak—the like of which had, perhaps, never before been seen in this country.

Of course, as soon as it began to subside, leaving us time for reflection and discussion, we indulged in speculation respecting its origin; but none of us could advance a satisfactory hypothesis, for the simple reason that its facts seemed to contradict all the then prevalent theories concerning the spread of cholera.

For my own part, a number of notions which I had been accustomed to hold as indisputable appeared to be no longer tenable. Especially I found myself rebelling against the celebrated dictum that, “whilst pestilence slays its thousands, fear slays its tens of thousands;” which saying, having seen the brave and the timid indiscriminately dying and indiscriminately surviving, I had come to regard as an insult to the memory of the dead, many of whom had behaved most heroically; and the more I considered the dictum the more I disliked it, and thought it a mischievous notion. That such fear as deserves the name of cowardice is a bad thing at any time and under any circumstances; that for many reasons it is a very bad thing on the eve of unusual peril; that, in prospect of cholera, by leading to the suppression of useful information which might suggest means of prevention or escape, it may indirectly even slay its tens of thousands—is most true. But surely there can be no more effectual method of aggravating it than by asserting that fear is a powerful predisposing cause of cholera. A man who is afraid at all becomes ten times more afraid when he believes that his fear positively invites the disease; for is it not as certain a principle as any in the philosophy of the human heart that fear is the least voluntary, the least controllable, of its affections? There is need, therefore, even on the ground of expediency, of a protest against the teaching of those who contrive to frighten while they believe they are encouraging each other by fostering a notion which can only augment the apprehension which even the brave may, without discredit, entertain and avow concerning a mysterious

danger. But, apart from all question of expediency, is this notion true? In St. James’s Workhouse, situated within the fatal area, and filled with the old, the infirm, and the idle, the very class of persons likely to be afraid, the deaths in 1854 were only 1 per cent. of the inmates, instead of 10 per cent. as in the neighbouring streets. “Weren’t you afraid,” I asked of one old man in the workhouse, “when they brought in so many dead and dying?” “We just were,” he said. And well they might be, for on one night there were as many as 80 bodies in the dead-house.

“Yes, but the workhouse was at least kept clean,” some will say. Very likely. And this leads me to say that outside of the workhouse the clean and the dirty, like the brave and the timid, fared alike in death or escape. Three houses which had been singled out by the parochial authorities, during an inspection of the parish, for special commendation in the matter of cleanliness, were almost the only houses in one particular street which were visited by the disease,—one of them losing 12 of its inmates. On the other hand, the very filthiest house in the district was one of the only four houses already mentioned as having among 45 contiguous houses escaped without death; whilst, within a few yards of this house, a model lodging-house lost 2 of its inmates. As a matter of fact, from intimate knowledge of the district and its inhabitants, I affirm that want of cleanliness was by no means more characteristic of the deceased than of the survivors.

Again, there was no ground in this outbreak for saying that the intemperate suffered more than the temperate, the poor than the rich, the weak than the strong. In short, those best acquainted with the district were altogether unable for a time to trace any connexion between the disease and the habits or circumstances of the persons whom it attacked. It apparently seized alike and spared alike persons of all habits and of all circumstances.

The district itself resembles surrounding districts which escaped, whilst it

might be favourably contrasted in sanitary matters with other parts of London which were lightly visited. Its level, too, is comparatively high, in which respect it presents an exception to a supposed law which had previously seemed to operate in connecting cholera more especially with the lower levels of London.

All this may at first sight appear very unsatisfactory; and so it appeared at the time to such of us as cared to speculate as to the origin of the outbreak. Nevertheless we were not without hope that its remarkable character would render its determining cause somewhat easy of detection. We had observed that its limits in every direction were most sharply defined, that those limits lay within a narrow compass, and that the beginning of the outbreak was very clearly marked in point of time. There had been scattered cases of cholera throughout the parish before September; but it was evident that something new and distinct suddenly came into operation on the last night in August. What that was we trusted might eventually be ascertained.

It was therefore with great satisfaction that we heard that, on the motion of Dr. Lankester, a committee had been appointed by the Vestry of St. James's to inquire into all the circumstances of the case. Vestries have a bad character with sanitary reformers. But, whatever ground there may be for the imputation cast upon other vestries, it is but an act of bare justice to say that, as far as my experience goes, the St. James's Vestry must stand exempted from the general condemnation. Of course there were some of the vestrymen who deprecated inquiry as likely to be "detrimental to the reputation of the parish;" but the majority persisted in going through with it, thus manifesting the same spirit which had formerly induced them to institute an elaborate investigation into the sanitary state of the parish, the failure of which to secure immunity from pestilence only shows, as will presently appear, how very minute such investigations ought to be.

The Cholera Inquiry Committee was eventually composed of eight vestrymen, six medical men, and one other clergyman besides myself; and, after long and laborious examination of every circumstance which could possibly throw light on the subject of our inquiry, a report, drawn up by Mr. J. Marshall, then assistant-surgeon and now surgeon of University Hospital, was presented to the Vestry,—which report, if it could have been widely circulated, would have rendered it wholly unnecessary for me to write another line upon the matter to which it relates.

In this investigation, whilst we did not overlook such general conditions as might have operated in producing a widely-spread epidemic, we yet felt that they must have required some special or local conditions to intensify its influence within the small compass which demanded our more immediate attention. Every local condition, therefore, of the infected district, such as elevation of site, nature of soil and subsoil, surface and ground plan, streets and courts, density and character of population, internal economy of houses, cesspools, house-drains, and sewerage, was minutely investigated. But, though we found much to lament or condemn in most of these particulars, we could not find in them any satisfactory explanation of the sharp line of demarcation which on every side surrounded what we termed the "cholera area" in the midst of a densely peopled neighbourhood; nor could we derive from them any theory which accounted for the apparent anomalies within the area itself.

It was, however, in these very anomalies that we found the clue which ultimately led us to a unanimous conclusion "that the sudden, severe, and "concentrated outbreak, beginning on "August 31st, and lasting for the few "first days of September, was in some "manner attributable to the use of the "impure water of the well in Broad "Street."

One member of the committee, the late Dr. Snow, even before the committee was formed, had propounded this



opinion, and indeed had prevailed upon the parish authorities to remove the handle of the pump on the 8th of September. But scarcely any one seriously believed in his theory. For my own part, when I first heard of it, I stated to a medical friend my belief that a careful investigation would refute it, alleging as one proof of its inaccuracy the fact of several recoveries from collapse having taken place, at least in spite of, if not actually by reason of, the constant use of the Broad Street water. I added that I knew the inhabitants of Broad Street so well, and had occasion almost daily to spend so much time among them, that I should have no great difficulty in making the necessary inquiries. Accordingly I began an inquiry, which ultimately became very elaborate; at an early stage of which, however, one day meeting the same friend, and being asked by him what way I had made towards clearing the character of the pump, I was obliged to confess that my opinion on that matter was less confident than when we had last talked about it. Soon after making this confession I received from Dr. Snow a copy of the second edition of his work on "The Mode of Communication of Cholera," in which I found an account of his researches into the supposed influence of the Broad Street well in producing the St. James's outbreak. I found, moreover, that he attributed this influence, not to general impurity in the water, but to special contamination of it from the evacuations of cholera patients, which he conjectured must have reached the well from the sewer or a cesspool. In thanking him for the book, whilst I could not help admitting the weight of many of his recorded facts, I still clung, as a last resource, to an *à priori* objection to his theory—urging that, if special contamination of the water in the way suggested had begun the mischief, the outbreak ought not so soon to have subsided, when much larger quantities of cholera excretions must have been continually pouring into the well through the same channel, whatever it might have been, of communication with the

sewers. As for cesspools, I at that time supposed they had mostly been abolished.

In the face, however, of these objections, the evidence implicating the pump kept on accumulating, not only in my hands, but also in those of other members of the committee, who were engaged in a similar inquiry, until at length sufficient evidence was collected to bring the whole committee to the unanimous verdict which they finally recorded.

I cannot, in the space now at my disposal, set forth this evidence in detail. But I will touch on its most salient points.

It appeared, then, according to a carefully-executed plan of the district, in which every house and every death was indicated, that the Broad Street public pump occupied a strikingly central position in the "cholera area;" that there was no other public pump within the area; and that, except in one direction, the mortality diminished almost to total disappearance on approaching decidedly nearer to any other pump. The exception was the neighbourhood of the pump in Little Marlborough Street, in which neighbourhood several deaths took place in Cross Street and Carnaby Street. But, as a matter of fact, the inhabitants of those streets did resort to the Broad Street pump, having, whether with or without reason, conceived a dislike to their own pump. A friend of mine, having more than once urged Cross Street as an obvious objection to the water hypothesis, went and made some inquiries in that street. When I next saw him he begged to withdraw his objection. Dr. Snow examined the cases of 48 persons who had died in houses nearer to other pumps than to that in Broad Street, and discovered that 28 had actually from preference drunk the Broad Street water shortly before being attacked, whilst there was a probability that 10 of the others also drank it. The details of this examination are given in the report.

Broad Street itself, as I have already said, suffered the most severely of all the streets: 90 of its 896 inhabitants died, besides 28 non-resident workpeople.

Of these 28 workpeople, seven belonged to a factory where the pump water was habitually used, whilst an adjoining factory, employing the same number of persons, where this water was never used, lost not a single "hand:" 18 others of the 28 worked at a factory situated close to the pump, from which water was daily fetched for the use of the workers; and these 18 were all fatally seized during the first two days of the outbreak, after which the factory was temporarily closed. On the other hand, not a single death occurred among the 70 men employed at a brewery on the same side of the street, of whom it was affirmed to be certain that none ever used the pump water, there being a deep well on the premises. With one exception, and that a house with only three inmates, the brewery (with its 70 men) was the only house free from death among the 22 houses (with their 67 deaths) on the south side of the street. An additional contrast to this remarkable exception was presented by the mortality among the labourers at work on an unfinished model lodging-house at the rear of the brewery, and separated from it only by a narrow court, 7 out of 35 men so employed having been fatally seized with cholera. The works were stopped on the third day of the outbreak; and it was ascertained that the Broad Street water had been in use among these men.

One half of Golden Square is within the limits of the cholera area, and yet entirely escaped; it is considerably nearer to two other pumps. On the other hand, St. Anne's Court, which lies just beyond the radius, and was heavily visited, is almost throughout its whole length nearer to the Broad Street pump than to any other.

St. James's Workhouse, not 150 yards from the centre of the area, surrounded on all sides by houses in which the deaths were numerous, and subject to the continual importation of the dying and the dead, lost only five of its 500 regular inmates, exactly the same number as in former visitations. The pump water was never used there.

Peter Street afforded, perhaps, as singular an instance as could be found of what is often termed the capriciousness or eccentricity of cholera; for, whereas there were 19 deaths in its smaller (western) portion, there was only 1 death in its much larger (eastern) portion. Now, the halting place of the pestilence, a house which lost 12 of its inhabitants, is only a few yards beyond the line of equidistance between the Broad Street and Rupert Street pumps, and the use of the Broad Street water in that house was ascertained to a certainty. The further one goes eastward from this house, of course the uncertainty as to the relative distances from the two pumps becomes less and less. But the one victim further east "fetched" in a large can of water from Broad Street on the 2nd of September, and "began drinking it freely."

One fact is most remarkable. A lady, residing at Hampstead (West End), being very partial to the Broad Street water, was in the habit of drinking it daily, having it fetched in a bottle by a cart that went every day from Broad Street to Hampstead. She was seized with cholera on September 1st, and died the next day. A lady staying with her at the time also drank of it and died. A servant drank the water, and had a slight attack of diarrhoea. No other case of cholera occurred at West End.

Dr. Snow ascertained that 61 out of 73 persons, registered as having died in the immediate neighbourhood of the Broad Street pump on the first two days of September, had been accustomed to drink the pump water either constantly or occasionally; whilst in 6 cases only was he informed that the deceased used not to drink this water, and concerning the remaining 6 he could learn nothing. The keeper of a coffee-shop, frequented by mechanics, where this water was supplied at dinner-time, told him on the 6th of September that she was already aware of nine of her customers who were dead. He also recorded the case of a gentleman who came from Brighton, on the 1st of September, to see his brother, who had been seized with



cholera. He found his brother dead, did not see the body, and, having taken some luncheon, with a small tumbler of brandy and water, the water being from Broad Street, left the house in twenty minutes. He died of cholera next day at Pentonville. In one street, assigned to Dr. Snow by the committee for special investigation, he found that, of its fourteen houses, the only four which escaped without a death were those in which the Broad Street water was never used, whereas it had been more or less used in the other ten.

The street assigned to me by the committee, though I more or less investigated every street in St. Luke's district, was Broad Street. Any one who has ever been engaged in a similar investigation will at once understand the peculiar advantages for such a purpose of a position which enabled me to choose my own time and opportunity for visiting each house. In most of the Broad Street houses, every floor, and in some every room, contained a separate family. It was, therefore, in many cases not enough to take the word of the ground-floor people with regard to the habits of a house. Each family had to be visited, and, as far as possible, each member of it to be conversed with. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary to visit the same house, and often the same family, several times. On the occasion of each visit, the people would, for the most part, as I had been with them during the outbreak, themselves turn the conversation to the cholera. I was thus able, without obtrusiveness, to examine and cross-examine them, and to check the evidence of one witness by that of another. In this way I collected a great number of facts concerning the habits both of the deceased and the survivors, making a point of letting scarcely a day pass without gaining some information, which I recorded, tabulated, and pondered over, every evening. If the street had not been deserted after the outbreak by more than half of its population, I should probably have learned something concerning the habits of almost every one of its 896 inhabi-

tants. As it was, I followed many of them to their new abodes, sometimes a long way off, and finally succeeded in obtaining more or less information respecting nearly 500 persons resident in Broad Street at the time of the pestilence. I then drew up a report, of which, omitting some points already brought forward, I here give Mr. Marshall's epitome:—

"It is shown by this evidence—1st. That of the 90 fatal attacks among the resident population of Broad Street, 84 took place between 31st August and 6th September; 56 between 31st August and 2d September; and 50 on September 1st and 2d. 2d. That of the 90 deceased persons, 45 positively drank the well-water shortly before illness; and that of only 13 altogether is it at all confidently said that they did not drink it. Moreover, that of the above-mentioned 84, the non-use of the water is asserted of only 8; and of the 56 persons attacked between 31st August and 2d September, it is positively affirmed of only 2 that they did not drink this water. 3rd. That undoubtedly, of 100 persons residing in Broad Street, who were attacked with cholera or diarrhoea (including dead and surviving), 80 drank the water, whilst 20 are affirmed not to have drunk it; whereas out of 336 persons living in that street, and who were not attacked with either disease, only 57 had drunk the water, whilst 279 had not. 4th. That there is a great probability that the numerical proportions were even more remarkable than this, all cases involved in any doubt having been rejected. (5th and 6th referred to the factories and brewery.) 7th. That, of 97 persons residing in 10 houses, in which no attack occurred, 87 did not drink the water at all, whilst the remainder did not drink it at the height of the outbreak, or drank it either in small quantities or mixed with spirits. 8th. That in a great number of particular instances, related at length, the evidence of an injurious influence exercised by the water becomes strengthened as the inquiry becomes more strict and search-

ing. 9th. That the want of good sanitary arrangements in certain houses operated by compelling the residents to resort to the pump for drinking-water; and that, on the contrary, in certain instances where the drains were in good order, the cisterns were clean, and the inhabitants did not send to the pump. 10th. That through the district generally the aged and infirm, when isolated, escaped, not merely because they had more house accommodation, but because they did not use the water, having no one to send for it."

In estimating the drift of the evidence, of which the above is only a brief abstract, particular attention must be paid to the statement that "of the 56 inhabitants of Broad Street fatally attacked between the 31st August and 2d September, it is positively affirmed of only 2 that they did not drink this water." Not that it is certain that the rest all *did* drink it; but that of only 2 was it said, with any degree of certainty, that they *did not*.

Before August 31st there had been three fatal attacks in this street, viz. one on the 12th, one on the 28th, and one on the 30th, which was about the proportion of cases that might be expected in such a street during an epidemic. Concerning the drinking of water in the first of these cases, I could learn nothing; but in the other two cases the non-use of the pump water was clearly established. The case on the 30th was that of a boy who had just come from Bayswater, and whose mother and sister also died of cholera at Bayswater. The case on the 28th is one which will presently assume some importance. But meanwhile I pass on to notice that, whilst of the 56 or (including work-people) 84 cases in Broad Street on August 31st and September 1st and 2d, it was only in 2 that the non-use of this water was positively affirmed, yet in the remaining 31 between September 2d and 9th, the non-use of it was as positively affirmed in 9 cases, 3 of which were the only cases that occurred after September 6th. After the 9th cholera and diarrhoea disappeared from the street.

Thus it appears that, whilst the influence of the well-water was paramount among the causes of cholera for three days, it is not traceable at all before those three days, and after them becomes less and less traceable day by day.

Now if cholera be, as seems now to be admitted, in some way communicable from one person to another, and if, to borrow a term from the cattle plague commissioners, there be a period of "incubation," the above facts may be accounted for, especially if there be reason to believe that the well-water soon but gradually became innocuous. Pending further explanation, presently to be given, I will state the case provisionally. During a cholera epidemic in a large city, for reasons which, as an investigator of the one determining cause of a concentrated outbreak, I need not be able to ascertain, any street is liable, as I have shown Broad Street to have been, to desultory inroads from cholera; and one patient may communicate the disease to other people who approach him, owing, on Dr. Snow's hypothesis, to their accidentally swallowing, in any of various conceivable ways, ever so minute a portion of his evacuations. In a well-regulated house, where the patient can be isolated, and where those who nurse him are careful to wash their hands, the risk of such an accident need not be very great. But when, as is too often the case, a whole family is huddled together to eat, drink, and sleep in a single room, with no great facilities for ablution, then the risk is great; which will account for all that is urged, and rightly urged, respecting the influence of bad sanitary arrangements upon the propagation of cholera. But it does not account for those startling outbreaks which indiscriminately strike down people of every class and condition. For such outbreaks there is required an agent which can freely convey the poison even into well-regulated houses. And in searching for this agent, we are reduced to decide between air and water. But the atmospheric theory always breaks down in



the "anomalies" and "eccentricities," whilst it is precisely in these circumstances that the water theory, with a proper investigation, generally acquires its greatest confirmation. If, then, the excretions of a cholera patient should find their way into a public well, tank, or spring, a sudden and severe local outbreak is the result. In a day or two the chances of swallowing the poison in other ways necessarily become multiplied. Thus, among the later cases in Broad Street, I found that 3 were those of women who had recently washed cholera linen. But with regard to these other modes of propagation of the disease, it is satisfactory to observe, from the experience of Broad Street, how limited, even under favouring circumstances, is the scope of their operation.

I have to state, with respect to the 10th clause of the above epitome, that the anomaly there explained was mentioned by me, without knowledge of its secondary cause, from St. Luke's pulpit on September 8th, when I congratulated the poor old women, who formed a considerable portion of the congregation, upon their remarkable immunity from the pestilence. At that time I had been too busy to meddle with hypotheses, and had not even heard of Dr. Snow's bill of indictment against the pump. The escape of these women, many of whom, living alone, had "no one to send" to the well, was one of those "eccentricities" which found their best explanation in the pump theory.

I should have liked to trace these so-called eccentricities through the "particular instances" mentioned in clause 8. But I must pass on to a subject of more pressing importance, viz. What after all was the matter with the well?

Now one of the strangest facts in connexion with this inquiry is, that the impurity of the well water was, in point of time, the very last discovery made by the investigators. We collected the evidence already described, not only in ignorance of the fact of the well having been contaminated, but in

the face of positive and seemingly reliable evidence to the contrary. The sides of the well had been examined, and declared, in a report made by order of the Paving Board on November 27th, 1854, "free from any fissures or other communication with drains or sewers by which such matters could possibly be conveyed into the waters." Both chemical and microscopical analysis had "failed to detect anything which could be pronounced peculiar to a cholera period, or capable of acting as a predisposing, co-operating, or specific agent in the production of that disease."

We stand exonerated, therefore, from the imputation of seeking to impugn the well-water, as accountable for the outbreak, on the ground of any previous knowledge of its impurity. Indeed, for my part, as I have sufficiently shown, I had a leaning the other way. And well I might have such a leaning, having myself drunk a little of this water, cold with brandy, on the evening of September 3d. On that day, we now see, it was less injurious than it had been; otherwise, as I found from other cases, brandy would not have neutralised the effects of the water when taken cold, though of course it diminished the quantity. In spite of my original bias, however, I went on collecting the evidence, until, at the very close of my inquiries, I accidentally lighted on a fact which led to further examination of the well, and to the excavation of the soil between the well and the nearest house.

From this examination there resulted the following disclosure. Old fashioned, flat-bottomed, its mortar-joints perishing, its brickwork decayed, the main drain from the house entered the sewer at the top instead of at the bottom, thereby dispensing with the usual fall, and facilitating the premature exit of fluid through its sieve-like sides. Congenial appendage to such a drain, a cesspool, intended for a trap, but misconstructed, was discovered in the front area, with other abominations, unmolested by water, which I forbear to recite. The cesspool, of course, rivalled the drain in the disreputable state of its brick-

work, the bricks admitting of being lifted from their beds without using the least force. The continuous passage of fluid through the sides of the cesspool being thus provided for, similar arrangements for its overflow presented themselves to the notice of the investigators, in the shape of a covering of saturated rotten boards. In close proximity both to drain and cesspool—its water-line but eight feet of vertical depth below the bottom level of the cesspool—two feet eight inches the horizontal distance between its outer brickwork and the drain—stood the Broad Street well. I need scarcely dilate upon the “washed” appearance of ground and gravel—“channelled furrows observable from “inside the well—black saturated “swampy soil”—in order to prove that the same policy which had long used the Thames for a sewer, had at least in one case made a cesspool of a well.

If I have said anything in this paper which appears to militate against the views of those who connect filth with cholera, I trust that I have now made amends, having furnished them with an additional argument for urging the disuse of the London surface wells, which from their very nature are, as our report alleged, “not only liable to “special contamination, but subject to “constant, unavoidable, and habitual “impurity.” And yet, strange to say, they are held in great repute. It is a fact that the Broad Street pump could boast a metropolitan reputation. It has been said, I know not with what truth, that its water was specially selected to sparkle in a once celebrated “nectar.” Its reputation is explained by Mr. Marshall as having been “partly due to “its low temperature, to the quantity of “carbonic acid contained in it, and to “the saline matter preventing its decomposition until after it had free “access to the air.”

It only remains that I should relate the circumstance which led to further examination of the well, and to the excavation of the surrounding soil.

There were, as I have stated, three cases of cholera in Broad Street before

the 31st of August, on the evening of which day the great outbreak began. In consequence of Dr. Snow's suggestions, I made particular inquiries respecting the two persons seized on August 12th and 30th. But both these cases had been in houses too far removed from the well to affect it otherwise than through the sewer, which, being a new sewer, seemed very unlikely to leak. As to the first cases on August 31st, they were so nearly simultaneous as to preclude the notion of their having been otherwise connected with each other than as having a common origin. But, singularly enough, I at first overlooked the case of August 28th; or, rather, I had recorded only the date of death, September 2d. I can only account for my not having inquired particularly into this case by the fact of its having been that of an infant; and I had not supposed that any one who died in Broad Street on the 2d of September had been ill for several days. One day, however, whilst searching a file of the Registrar's returns for another purpose, I came on the following entry:—

“At 40, Broad Street, 2d September, a daughter, aged five months: “exhaustion, after an attack of diarrhoea “four days previous to death.”

From my familiarity with the street, I knew that this was the house immediately facing the pump. So I hastened off at once to the house, and ascertained from the mother, who occupied the back parlour, that the child was attacked on August 28th, and that the dejections at first were abundant, but ceased on the 30th. In answer to further questions, she told me that the dejections were collected in napkins, which, on being removed, were immediately steeped in pails, the water from which was poured partly into a sink in the back yard, and partly into a cesspool in the front area.

Being struck with the dangerous proximity of this cesspool to the pump-well, I communicated the facts to the committee, who forthwith ordered an investigation to be made; with what result has already been described.



Now if this child's dejections did the mischief, it is easy to see, as they ceased on August 30th, how so shallow a well may have purified itself in a few days, especially as the cholera patients drank its water copiously, some of them at the rate of four gallons a day!

But it is not so easy to see why the mischief was not prolonged by further contamination of this water from subsequent cases in the same house. Certainly it may be suggested that the well may have killed off most of its habitual drinkers in the first few days of the outbreak, leaving only non-drinkers and those who were proof against its influence. But that is not a satisfactory hypothesis. A better explanation perhaps may be found in the fact of three of the subsequent cases having occurred in the upper back rooms, where there was a great temptation, in the confusion of the moment, to throw the evacuations out of the windows into the yard, which I ascertained was in one case actually done. And the fifth and

last case in this house, which was that of the father of the infant, occurred on September 8th, the very day on which the handle of the pump was removed.

Of course there arose considerable discussion among the doctors as to the precise nature of the child's illness, some contending that its diarrhoea was not choleraic; an opinion which is entitled to the more respect from its having been that of the doctor who attended the child. The committee, therefore, did not pledge themselves to the conclusion that the outbreak was due to this case.

But this much, at any rate, may be affirmed, that, whatever uncertainty there may be about the nature of infantine diarrhoea, the plain fact of the child's dejections having been poured into a cesspool (the connexion between which and the pump-well is clearly established) for a period of three days immediately preceding a great outbreak, the phenomena of which point decidedly to the pump as its origin, is indeed a very remarkable coincidence.

## CRADDOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN Miss Rosedew and her niece came in to get ready for dinner, Amy cried out suddenly, "Oh, only look at the roses, aunt; how they have opened to-day! What delicious Louise Odier, and just look at General Jacqueminot! and I do declare Jules Margottin is finer than he was at Midsummer. I must cut a few, for I know quite well there will come a great frost if I don't, and then where will all my loves be?"

Amy's prediction about the weather was as random a guess as we may find in great authorities, who are never right, although they give the winds sixteen points of the thirty-two to shuffle in. But it so turned out that the girl was right—a point of the compass never hit

till a day too late by our weather-clerks.

That very same night such a frost set in as had not been known in October for very nearly a century. It lasted nine nights and eight days; the mercury twice fell more than half-way from the freezing point to zero, and the grass was crisp in the shade all day, though the high sun wiped off the whiteness at noon wherever he found the way to it. Boys rejoiced, and went mitching, to slide on the pools of the open furzery: no boys since the time of their great grandfathers had done the heel-tap in October. But the birds did not appreciate it. What in the world did it mean? Why, there were the hips not ripe yet, and the hollyberries come to no colour, and half the blackberries still too acid,

and, lo, it was freezing hard enough to make a worm cold for the stomach, even if you could get him! Surely there was some stupid mistake of two months in the piper's almanac. All they could say was that, if it were so, those impudent free-and-easy birds who came sponging on them in the winter—and too stuck up, forsooth! to live with them after sucking all the fat of the land, and winning their daughters' affections—those outlandish beggars—be hanged to them—had got the wrong almanac too.

Why, they had not even heard the chatter, the everlasting high-fashion-clack, of those jerk-tail fieldfares yet; nor had a missel-thrush come swaggering to bully a decent throistle that had sung hard all the summer, just because his breast and his coarse-shaped spots were bigger. Why, they had not even seen a clumsy short-eared owl getting out of the dry fern yet—much good might it do him, the fern that belonged to themselves!—nor a single wedge of gray-lag geese, nor a woodcock that knew his business. And those nasty dissolute quacking mallards that lay in bed all day, the sluggards, and then wouldn't let a respectable bird have a chance of a good night's roost—there they were still on the barley-stubble; please God they might only get frozen!

And yet, confound it all, what was the weather coming to? You might dig, and tap, and jump with both feet, and put your head on one side, and get behind a tuft of grass, and wait there ever so long, and devil a worm would come up! And, as for the slugs, oh, don't let me hear of them! Though the thieves had not all got home yet, they were ten degrees too cold for even an oyster-catcher's stomach: feathers and pip, my dear fellow! it gives me the colic to think of one. Put your head under my wing, Jenny Wren; oh, my darling, how cold your beak is!

Such, so far as I could gather them, were the sentiments of the birds, and their confabulation, when they went to roost, half an hour earlier than usual—for bed is the warmest place after all; besides, what was there to do?—on the

24th of October, 1859. And they felt the cold rime settling down on grey twig, and good brown leaf. Yet some of the older birds, cocks of long experience, buffers beyond all chaff, perked one eye at the eastern heavens, before tucking it under the scapular down—the eastern heavens all barred with murky red. Then they gave a little self-satisfied tweedle, which meant to the ear of Melampus,

“Ah ha, an old bird like me knows something about the weather! Bless my drumsticks and merrythought, I shan't be so cold and hungry, please God, this time to-morrow night.”

Oh you little wiseacres, much you know what impendeth! A worse row than all the mallards you grumble at could make in a thousand years will spoil your roost to-morrow night. Think it a mercy if you do not get your very feathers blown off of you—ay, and the tree of your ancestors snapped beneath your feet—before this time to-morrow night.

John Rosedew met the prettiest bird that ever had nest in the New Forest, his own little duck of an Amy, in the passage by the parlour-door at eight o'clock in the morning of that 25th of October. He kissed her white forehead lovingly, according to early usage; then he glanced at the weather-glass, and went nearer, supposing that his short sight had cheated him.

“Why, Amy dear, you must have forgotten to set the glass last night.”

“No, indeed, papa. I set it very carefully. You know I can do it as well as you can, since you showed me the way. It was just a little hollow last night, and I moved the Verrier scale just a hundredth part of an inch downwards, and then it was ten o'clock.”

“Then may the Lord have mercy on all seafaring men, especially our poor boatmen, and the dredging people off Rushford!”

Mr. Rosedew, as has been said before, was parson of Rushford as well as of Nowelhurst. At the former place he kept a curate, but looked after the poor people none the less, for the distance was only six miles; and now, as his legs



were getting stiff, he had bought Corœbus to help him. Rushford lies towards the eastern end of the great Hurst shingle bank, the most dangerous part of Christchurch Bay, being fully exposed to the south-west gales, and just in the run of the double tide; in the eddy, in fact, of the Needles.

"Why, what is the matter, papa? Even if it rains, it won't hurt them much. And it's as lovely a morning as ever was seen, and the white frost sparkling beautifully. What a magnificent sunrise! Or, at least, a very strange one."

"*'Sibi temperat unda carinis.'* All is smooth for the present. But I heard the lash of the ground-sea last night, when I lay awake. Fetch my telescope, darling, and come with me to the green room. We can see thence to St. Alban's Head; but the danger is for those beyond it. All the ships on this side of it will have time to work up the Solent. Never before have I known the mercury fall as it has done now. An inch and a tenth in only ten hours!"

When they went to bed on the previous night, the quicksilver stood at 30° 10'. Now it was at 29°, and cupped like the bottom of a champagne bottle, which showed that it still fell rapidly. But as yet the silver of the frost was sparkling on the lawn, and the morning sun looked up the heavens, as if he felt all right. Nevertheless, it was but show: he is bound to make the best of it, and, like all other warm-hearted beings, sometimes has sorry work there.

When they saw that no large craft had rounded St. Alban's Head, only that the poor cement-dredgers were working away at septaria, John and his daughter went to breakfast, hoping that no harm would be, while Miss Eudoxia lay in bed, and reflected on her own good qualities.

Amy came out after breakfast, without any bonnet or hat on, to make her own observations. That girl so loved the open air, the ever glorious concave, the frank palm of the hand of God—for in cities we get His knuckles—that she felt as if she had not bowed before her Friend and Maker, the all-giving, the

all-loving One, until she had paid her orisons and sung her morning-hymn with His own ceiling over her. So now she walked beneath the branches laden with His jewelry, and over the ground hard-trodden by ministers doing His will, and beside the spear and the flat-grass, chilled with the awe of His breath, and among the wailing flowers, wailing and black and shrivelled up because His face was cold to them.

For these poor Amy grieved sadly, for she was just beginning to care again for the things whose roots were outside of her. Lo the bright chrysanthemums, plumed, reflex, and fimbriate; lo the gorgeous dahlias, bosses quilled and plaited tight, and wrought with depth of colour; and then the elegant asters, cushioned, cochleate, praying only to have their eyes looked into; most of all, her own sweet roses, chosen flowers of the chosen land—they hung their heads, and stuck together, as brown as a quartered apple. Who could look at them, who could think of them, and not feel as if some of herself were dead?

Now, walking there, this youthful maiden, fairest of all His works and purest, began to observe, as He has taught us, the delicacies, the pores, and glints of the grand universal footprint. Not that the girl perceived one-tenth of the things being done around her, any more than I can tell them; for observation grows from as well as begets experience; and the girlish mind (and the boyish too, at any rate for the most part) has very lax and indefinite communion with nature. How seldom do we meet a lady who knows what way the wind is! They all believe that it must freeze harder when the sky is cloudy; not one in fifty but trembles more at the thunder than at the lightning.

Yet Amy, with true woman's instinct, being alarmed for the lives of others, after her father's prediction, looked around her narrowly. And first her eyes went upwards, and they were right in doing so. Of the sky she knew less than nothing—although herself well known there; but the trees—come now, she was perfectly sure she knew some-

thing about the trees. So you do, you darling; and yet a very wee little; though more than half the ladies do. You know an elm from a wych-elm, and a hornbeam from a beech; and what more can we expect of you?

The rime upon the dark tree-boles and the forward push of the branches, the rime of white fur, newly breathe but an hour ago, when a flaw from the east came cat-like, and went through without moving anything; this delicate down from the lips of morning, silk work upon the night-fleece, was, as all most beautiful is, the first to fleet and vanish. Changing into a doubtful glister, which you must touch to be sure of it, then trickling away into beaded drops, like a tear which will have no denial, it came down the older and harder rime, and perhaps would bring that into its humour, and perhaps would get colder and freeze again into little lumps, like a tap leaking. Then the white face of the rough pillared trunks, pearled with glistening purity, was bighted into with scoops and dark bays, like the sweep of a scythe in the morning. On the bars of the gate the silver harvest, spiked and cropping infinitely, began to sheave itself away, and then the sheaves were full ripe tears, and the tears ran down if you thought of them.

But the notable sight of all, at least to a loitering mind the most striking, was to see how the hoar-frost gradually was lifting its light wing from the grass. In little tufts and random patches—random to us who know not why—the spangles, the spears, and the crusted flakes, the fairy tinsel, the ermine of dew, the very down of moonlight, the kiss of the sky too pure for snow, and the glittering glance of stars reflected—all this loveliness, caught and fastened, by the night's halourgic, in one broad sheet of virgin white, was hovering off in tufts and patches, as if a blind angel had breathed on it, with his flight only guided by pity.

But through, and in, and between it all, the boles of the trees, and the bars of the gate, the ridge of the ruts, and

dapples of lawn, one thing Amy observed which puzzled her, for even she knew that it was a thing against all usage. The thaw was not on the south side or the south-east side of anything, though the sickly sun was gazing there; but the melting came from the north, and took the frost aback. She wondered vainly about it, but the matter was simple enough, like most of the things which we wonder at, instead of at our own ignorance. A flaw of warm air from the north had set in; a lower warp which shot through and threaded the cold south-eastern woof. This is not a common occurrence. Since my vague, unguided, and weak observations began, I have only seen it thrice. And on each of those three times it has been followed by a fearful tempest. Usually, a frost breaks up with a shift of the wind to the south-east, a gradual relaxing, a fusion of warmer air, and a great effusion of damp, a blanket of clouds for the earth, and a doubt in the sky how to use them. Then the doubt ends—as many other doubts end—in precipitation. The wind chops round to the west of south; the moisture condenses outside our windows, instead of starring the inside; and then come a few spits of rain. But the rain is not often heavy at first, although it is stinging and biting,—a rain which is half ashamed of itself, as if it ought to be hail.

But, after all, these things depend on things we cannot depend upon,—moods of the air to be multiplied into humours of the earth and sea, and the product traversed, indorsed, divided, touched, and sliced at every angle by solar, lunar, and astral influences.

“Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere fines.”

Lucky the man who knows when to take out his umbrella.

That morning, the north wind crept along, sponging the rime from the grass, and hustling it rudely from the tree-sprays, on many of which the black leaves draggled, frozen while yet in verdure. Then the sky began to be slurred across with white clouds breathing out from it, as a child breathes on the blade



of a knife, or on a carriage window. These blots of cloud threw feelers out, and strung themselves together, until a broad serried and serrate bar went boldly across the heavens, from south-east to north-west. It marked the point whence the gale would begin, and the quarter where it would end. From this great bar, on either side, dappled and mottled, like the wash of sepia on a drawing, little offsets straggled away, and began to wisp with a spiral motion, slow and yet perceptible.

This went on for an hour or two, darkening and deepening continually, amassing more and more of the sky, gathering vapours to it, and embodying as it got hold of them; but still there was some white wan sunshine through themustering cloud-blots and the spattering mud of the heavens; and still the good folks who had suffered from chilblains, and found it so much milder, exclaimed, "What a beautiful day!"

Then about noon a mock sun appeared, feeble, wild, and haggard, whose mates on the crown and the east of the arc could scarcely keep him in countenance. Over all this, and over the true sun and the cirrhus outrunners, heavily drove at one o'clock the laden and leaden cumulus, blurred on the outskirts with cumulostrate, and daubed with lumps of vapour which mariners call "Noah's arks."

Then came the first sough of the wind, a long-prolonged, deep-drawn, dry sob, a hollow and mysterious sound, that shivered through the brown leaves, and moaned among the tree-boles. Away went every beast and bird that knew the fearful signal: the deer lanced away to the holm-frith; the cattle in huffs came belloking to the lew of the boughy trees; the hogs ran together, and tossed their snouts, and skurried home from the ovest; the squirrel hied to his hollow dray, the weasel slunk to his tuffet lair, and every rabbit skipped home from grass. The crows and the magpies were all in a churm; the heavy-winged heron flapped off from the brook side; the jar-bird flicked out from the ivy-drum; the yaffingale darted across the ride with his strange discordant laugh; even the

creepers that ply the trees crept into lichen fastnesses, lay flat to the bark, and listened.

Nor less the solid heavy powers that have to stay and break the storm, no less did they, the beechen clump, the funnelled glens, the heathery breastwork, even the depths of forest night—whence common winds shrink back affrighted—even the bastions of Norman oak, scarred by many a tempest-siege, and buckled by the mighty gale of 1703,—one and all they whispered of the stress of heaven impending.

First came fitful scuds of rain, "flisky" rain they call it, loose outriders of the storm, spurning the soft ice, as they dashed by, and lashing the woodman's windows. Then a short dark pause ensued, in which the sky swirled up with clouds, and the earth lay mute with terror. Only now and then a murmur went along the uplands.

Suddenly, ere a man might say, "Good God!" or "Where are my children?" every tree was taken aback, every peat-stack reeled and staggered, every cot was stripped of its thatch, on the opposite side to that on which the blow was expected.

The first squall of that great tempest broke from the dark south-east. It burst through the sleet, and dashed it upwards like an army of archers shooting; ere a man could stay himself one way, it had caught him up from another. The leaves from the ground flew up again through the branches which had dropped them; and then a cloud of all manner of foliage, whirling, flustering, capering, flitting, soared high over the highest tree-tops, and drove through the sky like dead shooting-stars.

All the afternoon the squalls flew faster, screaming onward to one another, furious maniacs dashing headlong, smiting themselves and everything. Then there came a lull. So sudden that the silence was more stunning than the turmoil. A pause for sunset; for brave men countless to see their last of sunlight. That evening, the sundown gun from Calshot was heard over all the forest. I remember to have expected

fully that the next flaw of air would come, like a heavy sigh, from the south-west. The expectation showed how much I underrated the magnitude of that broad storm's area. If the wind had chopped then, it would have been only a hard gale, not a hurricane.

Like a wave of the sea, it came on solidly, and from the old direction; no squall, no blast, any more; but one bodily rush of phalanx'd air through a chasm in the firmament. Black, and tossing stone and metal as a girl jerks up her hat plume, it swept the breadth of land and sea, as bisons horded sweep the snow-drifts, as Niagara sweeps the weeds away.

Where the full force of that storm broke, any man must have been mad drunk who attempted to go to bed. Houses unroofed, great trees snapped off and flung into another tree, men caught like chaff from the winnowing and dropped somewhere in pond or gravel-pit, the carrier's van overthrown on the road, and three oaks come down to look for it,—some blown-away people brought news of these things, and fetched their breath up to tell them.

Our own staunch hearths rocked under us, and we looked for the walls to fall in upon us, as every mad rush came plunging

Miss Eudoxia sat with Amy, near the kitchen-fire; at least where the fire should have been, but the wind had quenched it long ago. Near them cowered Jemima and Jenny, begging not to be sent to bed. They had crawled upstairs to see about it, and the floor came up at them—so they said—like the shifting plate of the oven. The parlour chimney-stack had fallen; but, in God's mercy, clear and harmless from the roof of the house. No fear of the thatch taking fire: that wind would have blown out the fire of London.

Now as they sat, or crouched and sidled, watching the cracks of the ceiling above, jumping every now and then, as big lumps of mortar fell down the chimney, and shrinking into themselves every time the great stack groaned and laboured so, Miss Eudoxia, full of pluck, was read-

ing aloud—to little purpose, for she scarcely could hear her own voice—the prayers which are meant to be used at sea, and the 107th Psalm. And who shall say that she was wrong, especially as the devil is supposed to be so busy in a gale of wind?

Jemima and Amy were doing their best to catch her voice at intervals. As for Jenny, she did not care much what became of her now. She knew at the last full moon that her sweetheart was thoroughly up for jilting her; and now when she had ventured out—purely of her own self-will—the wind had taken her up anyhow, and whisked her like a snow-flake against the wash-house door. She was sure to have a black eye in the morning, and then it would be all up with her; and Jemima might go sweet-hearting, and she could not keep her company.

The roar through the wood, the yells at the corners, the bellowing round the chimneys, the thunder of the implacable hurricane; any mortal voice was less than a whisper into a steam-whistle. Who could tell what trees were falling? A monster might be hurled on the roof, and not one of them would know it until it came sheer through the ceiling. Amy was pale as the cinders before her, but firm as the bars of iron, and even trying to smile sometimes at the shrieks and queer turns of the tempest. No candle could be kept alight, and the flame of the parlour-lamp quivered like a shirt badly pinned on a washing-line. But Amy was thinking dearly of the father of the household, the father of the parish, out in the blinding wind and rain, and where the wild waves were lashing. And now and then Amy wondered whether it blew so hard in London, and hoped they had no big chimneys there.

John Rosedew had taken his little bundle, in a waterproof case, and set out on foot for Rushford, when the storm became unmistakeable. He would not ride Corcebus; first because he would have found it impossible to wipe him dry, secondly because the wind has such purchase upon a man when he is up there on the pommel. So the rector



strode off in his stoutest manner, an hour or so before nightfall, and the rain went into him, neck and shoes, before he got to the peat-rick. To a resolute man, who feels sometimes that the human hide wants tanning, there are few greater pleasures than getting basted and crack-lined by the wet wind; only it must not come too often, neither last too long.

So John was in excellent spirits, quelching along and going pop like a ball of India-rubber, when he came on a weaker fellow-mortal, stuck fast in a chair of beech-roots.

"Why, Robert!" said Mr. Rosedew, and nine-tenths of his voice went to leeward; "Robert, my boy;—oh dear!"

That last exclamation followed in vain John's favourite old hat, which every one in the parish loved, especially the children. The hat went over the crest of the hill, and leaped into an oak-tree, and was seen no more but of turtle-doves, who built therein next summer, and for three or four generations; and all the doves were blessed, for the sake of the man who sought peace and ensued it.

"Let me go after it," cried Bob, with his knees and teeth knocking together.

"To be sure I will," replied John Rosedew—the nearest approach to irony that the worst wind ever took him—"now, Robert, come with me."

He hooked the light stripling, hard and firm, to his own stanch powerful frame, and, like a steamer lashed alongside, forced him across the wind-brunt. And so, by keeping the covered ways, by running the grooves of the hurricane, they both got safe to Rushford, to which achievement Bob's loving knowledge of every inch of the forest contributed at least as much as the stern strength of the parson.

Pretty Bob had no right, of course, to be out there at that time; but he had heard of a glorious company of the death's-head caterpillar, in a snug potato-field, scooped from out the woodlands. He knew that they must have burrowed now, and so he set out to dig for them with his little hand-fork, directly the thaw allowed him. Anything to divert

his mind, or rather revert it into the natural channel. He had dreamed about sugar-plums, and Amy, and butterfly-nets, and Queens of Spain, and his father scowling over all, until his brain, at that sensitive time, was like a sirex, trying to get out but stuck fast by the antennæ. Now Bob, though awake to the little tricks and pleasant ways of nature, as observed in cricks and cran-nies, knew nothing as yet of her broader moods, her purging sweeps, her clear-ances,—in a word, he was a stranger to the law of storms. Therefore he got a bitter lesson, and one which set him a thinking. John Rosedew, with his grand bare head bent forward to the wind-blow, and the gray locks sweeping backward—how Amy would have cried!—towed Bob Garnet down the combe which spreads out to the sea at Rushford. The fall of the waves was short and hard—no long ocean rollers yet, only an angry beating surf, sputtering under the gravel-cliff.

They found some shelter in the hollow, which opens to the south-south-west; for, though it was blowing as hard as ever, the wind had not canted round yet; and the little village of Rushford, upon which the sea is gaining so, was happy enough in its "bunney," and could keep its candles burning. "I'll go home with the boy at sundown, when the gale breaks, as I hope it will. His father will be in a dreadful way, and I know what that man is. But I could not leave the boy there, neither could I go back again."

So said John Rosedew, lulled by the shelter, feeling as if he had frightened himself and all his household for nothing; almost ashamed to show himself at Octavius Pell's sea-cottage, the very last dwelling of the village. But Octave Pell knew better. He had not lived upon that coast, fagging-out as a cricketer of the Church of England, with his feet and his hands ready always, and his spiked shoes holding the ground,—he had not been on the outside of all things, hoping for innings some day, without looking up at the skies sometimes, and guessing about promotion. So he knew

that his rector, whom he revered beyond all the fathers of men or women—for he too was soft upon Amy—he saw that his rector was right in coming, except for his own dear sake.

John came in, with his shapely legs stuck all tight in the shrunk kerseymere, (shrunk, and varnished, and puckerred like plaiting, from the pelt of the rain), and by one hand still he drew the quenched and extinguished Bob. The wind was sucking round the cliff, and the door flew open hard enough for a weak man's legs to go with it. But "Octave" Pell,—as he was called because he *would* sing, though he could not—the Reverend Octavius was of a sturdy order, well-balanced and steady-going. He drew in his reeking visitors, and dried, and fed, and warmed them; Bob being lodged in a suit of clothes which he could only inhabit sparsely. Then Pell laid aside his rose-root pipe out of deference to his rector, and made Bob drink hot brandy and water till he chattered more than his teeth had done.

That curate was a fine young fellow, a B.A. of John Rosedew's college, to whom John had given a title for orders—not sold it, as some rectors do, for a twelve-month's stipend. A tall, strong, gentlemanly parson, stuck up in no wise, nor stuck down; neither of the High nor Low Church rut, although an improvement on the old type which cared for none of these things. He did his duty by his parish; and, as follows almost of necessity, his parish loved and admired him. He never lifted a poor man's pot-lid to know what he had for dinner; he never made much of sectarian squabbles, nor tried to exorcise dissent. In a word, he kept his place, because he felt and loved it.

Only two rooms had Pell to boast of, but he was wonderfully happy in them. He could find all his property in the dark, and had only one silver spoon. And the man who can be happy with one, was born with it in his mouth. Those two rooms he rented from old Jacob Thwarthawse, or rather from Mrs. Jacob, for the old man was a pilot on the Southampton Water, and scarcely

home twice in a twelvemonth. The little cot looked like a boat-house at the bottom of the bunney; so close it was to the high-water mark, that the froth of the waves and the drifting skates' eggs came almost up to the threshold when the tide ran big, and the wind blew fresh.

And in the gentle summernight—pray what is it in Theocritus? John Rosedew could tell, but not I,—at least, I mean without looking—

"Along the pinched caboose, on every side,  
With mincing murmur swam the ocean tide."  
ID. xxi. 17.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

By the time Octavius Pell had clothed, and fed, and warmed his drenched and buffeted guests, the sun was slipping out of sight, and glad to be quit of the mischief. For a minute or two, the cloud-curtain lifted over St. Alban's Head, and a narrow bar of lively green striped the lurid heavens. This was the critical period, and John Rosedew was aware of it, as well as Octave Pell. Either the wind would shift to south-west quicker than vanes could keep time with it, and then there would be a lively storm, with no very wide area; or else it would come on again with one impetuous leap and roar, and no change of direction, and work to the south-west gradually, blowing harder until it got there. The sea was not very heavy yet, when they went out to look at it; the rain had ceased altogether; there was not air enough to move the fur of a lady's boa; but, out beyond the Atlantic offing, ridges like edges of knives were jumping, as if to look over the sky-line.

"Nulla in prospectu navis," said John Rosedew, who always talked Latin, as a matter of course, when he met an Oxford man; "at least so far as I can see with the aid of my long-rangers."

"No," replied Pell, "and I'm heartily glad that there is no ship in sight; for, unless I'm much mistaken—run, sir, run like lightning. *I've got no more dry clothes.*"



They ran for it, and were just in time before the fury came down again. Bob Garnet was ready to slip away, for he knew that his father would be wild about him; he had taken his drenched hat from the firetongs, and was tugging at the latch of the door. But now there was no help for it.

"We are in for it now," cried Mr. Rosedew; "I have not come down for nothing. It is, what I feared this morning, the heaviest storm that has broken upon us for at least a generation. And we are not yet in the worst of it. God grant there be no unfortunate ship making for the Needles. All our boats, you say, Pell, are in the Solent long ago. Bob, my boy, you must not expect to see your father to-night. I hope he will guess what has happened."

The beach, or pebble-bank of Hurst, is a long and narrow spit of land, growing narrower every year, which forms a natural breakwater to the frith of the Solent. It curves away to the south of east from the straighter and more lofty coast of Barton, Hordle, and Rushford. Hurst Castle, in which it terminates, is the eastern horn of Christchurch Bay, as Hengistbury Head is the western. The Isle of Wight and the Needle Rocks protect this bay from the east wind's power, but a due south wind brings in the sea, and a south-west the Atlantic. Off this coast we see at times those strange floating or rising islands known by the name of the "Shingles;" which sometimes stay above water so long, that their surface is clad with the tender green of bladderwort and samphire; but more often they disappear after taking the air for a few short hours. For several years now they have taken no air; and a boatman told me, the other day, that, from the rapid strides of the sea, he thought it impossible for the "Shingles" ever to top the waves again.

Up and down the Solent channel the tide pours at a furious speed; and the rush of the strong ebb down the narrows, flushed with the cross-tide from St. Helen's, combs and pants out into Christchurch Bay, above the floodmark

of two hours since. This great eddy, or reflux, is called the "double-tide;" and an awkward power it has for any poor vessel to fall into.

All that night it blew and blew, harder and harder yet; the fishermen's boats on the beach were caught up, and flung against the graevl-cliff; the stout men, if they ventured out, were snatched up as a mother snatches a child from the wheels of a carriage; the oaks of the wood, after wailing and howling, as they had done to a thousand tempests, found that outcry go for nothing, and with it went themselves. Seven hundred towers of nature's building showed their roots to the morning. The old moon expired at 0:32; and many a gap the new moon found, where its mother threw playful shadows. The sons of Ytene are not swift-witted, nor deeply read in the calendar; yet they are apt to mark and heed the great convulsions of nature. The old men used to date their weddings from the terrible winter of 1787: the landmark of the young men's annals is the storm of 1859.

All that night, young Robert Garnet was strung by some strange tension. Of course he could not sleep, amid that fearful uproar, although he was plunged and lost from sight in Octavius Pell's great chair. The only luxury Pell possessed—and that somehow by accident—was a deep, and soft, and mighty chair, big enough for three people. After one of the windows came in, which it did, with a crash, about ten o'clock, scattering Pell's tobacco-jars, and after they had made it good with books and boxes and a rug, so that the wind was filtered through it, John Rosedew and his curate sat on a couple of hard old Windsors, watching the castle of Hurst. Thence would come the signal flash, if any hapless bark should be seen driving over the waters. There they sat, John Rosedew talking, as he could talk to a younger man, when his great heart was moved to its depth, and the multitude of his mind in march, and his soul anticipating it: talking so that Octave Pell, following his silver tones, even through that turmoil, utterly forgot the tempest,

and the lapse of hours, and let fall on his lap the pipe, which John had made him smoke.

The thunder of the billows waxing, for the wind was now south-west, began to drown the roar of the gale, and a storm of foam was flying, when the faint gleam of a gun at sea was answered by artillery's flash from the walls of old Henry the Eighth. Both men saw the landward light leap up and stream to leeward; but only the younger one descried the weak appeal from the offing.

"Where is she, Pell? Have you any idea?"

"She is away, sir, here to the right: ead in the eye of the wind."

"Then may our God and Father pity our brothers and our sisters."

Out ran both those strong good men, leaving poor Bob (as they thought) asleep in the depth of the easy chair. The little cottage was partly sheltered by an elbow of the cliff; otherwise it would have been flying up the bunney long ago. The moment the men came out of the shelter, they were driven one against the other, and both against the cliff.

"My castle will go at high-water," said Pell, though none could hear him; "but I shall be back in time enough to get the old woman out."

Then, as far as Pell could make out in the fierce noise and the darkness, John Rosedew begged him to go back, while himself went on alone. For it was John's especial business; he had procured the lifeboat, chosen the crew, and kept the accounts; and he thought himself responsible for any wreck that happened. But what good on earth could Pell do, and all his chattels in danger?

"No good, very likely," Pell shouted, "and a good deal perhaps indoors! Keep the sea out with a besom."

Octave had a dry way with him, not only when he sang, but when he thought he saw the right, and did not mean to argue it. So rector and curate, old man and young man, trudged along together, each bending low, and throwing his weight, like a quoit, against the

wind; each stopping and crouching at every tenth yard, as the blast irresistible broke on them. Crusted with hunks of froth pell-mell, like a storm of eggs on the hustings, drenched by pelting sheets of spray, deafened by the thundering surf, and often obliged to fly with the wind from a wave that rushed up scolloping, they battled for that scoop of the bay where the ship must be flung by the indraught.

Up to the present, Christchurch Point, and St. Alban's Head beyond it, broke (as the wind was westerling) some little of the wildest sea-brunt. But now they stood, or rather crouched, where the mountain rollers gathering, sweeping, towering onward, each an avalanche, burst on its destined barrier. A thousand leagues of water, swelled by the whole weight of heaven flung on it, there leaped up on the solid earth, and to the heaven that vexed it. As a strong man in his wrath accepts his wife's endorsement, so the surges took the minor passion of a fierce spring-tide, rolled it in their own, and scorned the flat land they looked down upon. Tush, the combing of their crests was bigger than any town there. On they came, too grand to be hurried even by the storm that roused them; each had a quarter of a mile to himself, and who should take it from him? The white foam fell back in the wide water valleys, and hissed and curdled away in flat loops, and the storm took the mountain ridges again and swept the leaping snow off. Anon, as it struck the shelving shore, each rolling monster tossed its crest, unspeakably indignant; hung with impending volume, curling like the scroll of God; then thundered, as in judgment, down, and lashed the trembling earth.

Among them, not a mile from shore, as the breaking daylight showed it, heaved, and pitched, and wallowed hog-like in the trough of waters, a large ship, swept and naked. Swept of her masts, of her canvas naked; but clad, alas! with men and women, clustering, clinging, cowering from the great white grave beneath them. As she laboured,



reeled, and staggered up to the storm-rent heavens, and then plunged down the yawning chasm, every attitude, every gesture of terror, love, despair, and madness could be descried on the object-glass of the too-faithful telescope. As a ghastly wan gleam from the east lit up all that quivering horror, all that plight of anguish, John Rosedew turned away in tears, and fell upon his knees.

But Pell caught up the clear Munich glass, blocked every now and then with foam; he wiped it with his cuff, and levelled it on a stony ledge. There he lay behind the pebbles, himself not out of danger, unable to move, or look away, spell-bound by the awe of death in numbered moments coming. Round him many a sturdy boatman, gazing, listening, rubbing his eyes, wondering about the wives and children of the brave men there. The great disaster imminent was known all over the village, and all who dared to cross the gale had crept, under shelter, hitherwards. None was fool enough to talk of boat, or tug, or lifeboat; a child who had then first seen the sea must have known better than that. The best ship in the British navy could not have come out of the Needles in the teeth of such a hurricane.

Some of the tars had brought their old Dollonds, preventive glasses long cashiered, and smugglers' night-rakers cheek by jowl, and every sort of "perspective," fifty years old and upward, with the lenses cracked and rattling, and fungoid tufts in the object-glass. Nevertheless, each man would swear that his own glass was the best of the lot, and his neighbour's "not of much count." To their minds telescopes like spectacles suit the proprietor only.

"By Jove, I believe she'll do it!" cried Pell, the chief interpreter, his glass being the only clear one.

"Do what, sir? what?" asked a dozen voices hurriedly.

"Get her head round to windward, and swing into smoother water. They're in the undertow already. Oh, if they only knew it!"

They knew it, he saw, in a moment. They ran up a spare sail, ere he could speak, to the stump of the mizen-mast, and a score of brave men strained on the sheets until they had braced them home. They knew that it could not stand long; it would fly away to leeward most likely when once they mounted the wave-crest; but two or three minutes might save them. With eight hands jamming the helm up, and the tough canvas tugging and belying, the ship, with the aid of the undertow, plunged heavily to windward. All knew that the ship herself was doomed, that she never could fetch off shore; but, if she could only hold her course for some half-mile to the westward, she would turn the flank of those fearful rollers, and a good stout boat might live. For there a southwestern headland broke the long fury of the sea.

Every eye was intent, every bosom drew a deep breath, as the next great billow rose under the ship, and tossed her up to the tempest. They had brought her as near to the wind as they dared, so as still to have steerage way on her, and she took the whole force of the surge on her port bow, not on her beam, as the people on shore had feared. The sea broke bodily over her, and she staggered back from the blow, and shook through every timber, then leaped and lurched down the terrible valley, but still with the good sail holding. She was under noble seamanship, that was clear to every one, and herself a noble fabric. If she could but surmount two billows more, without falling off from the wind, within three points of which her head lay, most of the crew might be rescued. Already a stout galley, manned with ten oars, was coming out of Christchurch Harbour, dancing like a cork on the waves, though sheltered by the headland.

Our ship rode over the next billow gallantly; it was a wave that had some moderation, and the lungs of the gale for the moment were panting, just as she topped the comb of it. "Hurrah!" shouted the men ashore; "By God, she'll do it yet!"

By God alone could she do it. But the Father saw not fit; the third billow was the largest of all that had yet rolled up from the ocean. Beam-end on she clomb the mountain, heeling over heavily, showing to the shore her deck-seams,—even the companion-finial, and the poor things clinging there; a wail broke from them as the great sea struck her, and swept away half a score of them.

"Now's your chance, men. D——n your eyes! She won't hang there two minutes. Out with the boats you —— lubbers. Look sharp, and be d——d you."

The ancient pilot, Thwarthawse, dancing and stamping, his blue jacket flapping in the wind, and his face of the deepest plum-colour, roared to windward his whirlwind of oaths up an old split trumpet, down which the wind came bellowing harder than his voice went up it.

"Stow that, Jacob!" cried an old Scotchman, survivor of many a wreck; "can ye nae see his reverence, mon? It's an unco thing for an auld mon like you to swear at your mates in their shrouds, chap. I ken the skipper of that there ship, and he's no lubber, no more than I am."

Sandy Macbride was known to fear God, and to have fifty pounds in the savings bank. Therefore no one flouted him.

"You're right, Mac; you're right, by George!" cried Pell. "What a glorious fellow! I can see him there holding on by the stanchion, giving his orders as coolly as if for the cabin dinner. I could die with that man."

The tear in Octavius Pell's right eye compelled him to shift the glass a bit. He was just the man who would have done even as that captain did.

"Hurrah, hurrah! they've got the launch out; only she and the gig are left. Troops on the deck, drawn up in a line, and the women hoisted in first. Give them three cheers, men, though they can't hear you! Three cheers, if you are Englishmen! Glorious, glorious! There they go; never saw such a fine

thing in all my life. Oh, I wish I had been a sailor!"

The tears ran down the young parson's cheeks, and were blown into the eyes of old Macbride; or else he had some of his own.

"Shove off, shove off; now's your time, for the undercurrent is failing her. Both of them off, as I'm alive; and yet a third boat I could not see. What magnificent management! That man ought to command a fleet. Two of them off for Christchurch Harbour; away, away, while the wind lulls; but what is the third boat doing?" Every one was looking: no one answered. Old Mac knew what it was, though his eyes were too old to see much.

"Captain Roberts, I'll go bail, at his old tricks again. And there's none with the sense to mutiny on him, and lash his legs, as we did in the 'Samphire.'"

"At the side of the ship there is some dispute. The boat is laden to the water's edge, and the ship paying off to leeward, for there is no man at the wheel; there goes the sail from the bolt-ropes. If they don't push off, ere an oar's length, they will all be sucked into the rollers! Good God! now I see what it is. There is only room for one more, and not one of those three will take it. Two white-haired men and a girl. Life against honour with the old men; and what is life compared with it? Both resolved not to stir a peg; now they join to make the girl go. Her father has got her in his arms to pitch her into the boat; she clings around his neck so that both must go, or neither. He could not throw her; she falls on her knees, and clings to his legs to die with him. Smack—there, the rope is parted, and it is too late for further argument. The troops in the boat salute the officer, and he returns it as on parade."

"Name of that ship?" said Jacob curtly to old Sandy Macbride.

"*Alival*, East India trader, Captain Roberts. Calcutta to Southampton."

"Then it's all up now with the *Alival*, and every soul on board of her."

"Don't want a pilot to tell us that," answered old Mac testily. "You've



seed a many good craft, pilot, but never one as could last five minutes on the Shingle Bank, with this sea running."

"Ropes, ropes!" cried Octave Pell; "in five minutes she'll be ashore here."

"No, she 'ont, nor yet in ten," answered his landlord, gruffly; "she'll fetch away to the eastward first, now she is in the tide again, specially with this gale on; and she'll take the ground over yonner, and go to pieces with the next breaker."

She took her course exactly as old Jacob mapped it out for her. He knew every run and flaw of the tide, and how it gets piled in the narrows by a very heavy storm, and runs back in the eddy which had saved so many lives there. This has nothing to do with the "double tide;" that comes after high-water. As the good ship traced the track of death, doing as the waves willed (like a little boy's boat in the *Serpentine*) the people on shore could see those three, who had contested the right of precedence to another world.

They were all upon the quarter-deck; and three finer figures never yet came to take the air there, in the weariness of an Indian voyage. Captain Roberts, a tall, stout man, with ruddy cheeks and a broad white beard, stood with his hands in his pockets, and his feet asunder, and a sense of discipline in his face, as of a man who has done his duty, and now obeys his Maker. No sign of flinching or dismay in his weather-beaten eyes, as he watched his death roll towards him; though the gazers fancied that one tear rose, perhaps at the thought of his family just coming downstairs at Lyminster. The military man beside him faced his death quite differently; perhaps with even less of fear, but with more defiance, broken, every now and then, by anguish for his daughter. He had not learned to fear the Lord, as those men do who go down into the great deep. He looked as if he ought to be commanding-officer of the tempest. The ship, running now before wind and sea, darted along as a serpent darts over the graves in the churchyard; she did not lurch any more, or labour-

but rose and fell, just showing her fore foot or stern-post, as the billows passed under her. And so that young maiden could stand and gaze, with her father's arm thrown round her.

She was worthy to be his daughter; tall, and light of form, and calm, with eyes of wondrous brightness, she was looking at her father's face to say the last good-bye. Then she flung both arms around his neck, and fondly, sadly, kissed him. Meanwhile the ship-captain turned away, and thought of Susy Roberts. Suddenly he espied a life-belt washed into the scuppers. He ran for it in a moment, came behind the maid, and without asking her consent, threw it over her, and fastened it. There was little chance of it helping her, but that little chance she should have.

"She'll take the ground next biller," cried the oracular Jacob; "stand by there with the ropes, boys."

On the back of a huge wave rose for the last time the unfortunate *Alival* Stem on, as if with strong men steering, she rushed through the foam and the white whirl, like a hearse run away with in snowdrifts. Then she crashed on the stones, and the raging sea swept her from taffrail to bowsprit, rolled her over, pitched her across, and broke her back in two moments. The shock rang through the roar of billows, as if a nerve of the earth were thrilling. Another mountain-wave came marching to the roll of the tempest-drum. It curled disdainfully over the side, like a fog sweeping over a hedgerow; swoop—it broke the timbers away, as a child strews the quills of a daffodil.

"I can't look any longer," cried Pell; "give me something to feel, men. Quick, there! I see something!"

He seized the bight of a rope, and rushed anyhow into the waters. But John Rosedew and the life-boatmen held hard upon the coil of it, and drew him with all their might back again. They hauled Octavius Pell up, in the manner of a codfish, and he was so bruised and stupefied that he could not tell what he had gone for.

They only saw floating timber and gear, and wreck of every sort drifting, till just for one sight-flash a hoary head, whiter than driven waters, leaped out of the comb of the billow. A naval man, or a military—who knows, and to whom does it matter? Brave men ashore all waiting ready, dashed down the steep of death to save him, if the great wave should toss up its plaything. All Rushford strained at the cables that held them from the savage recoil. Worse than useless; the only chance of it was to make more widows. The sea leaped at those gallant strong men; there were five on either cable; it leaped at them as the fiery furnace leaped on the plain of Dura. It struck the two ropes into one with a buffet, as a lion's paw shatters a cobweb; it dashed the men's heads together, and flung them all in a pile on a ballast-heap. Lucky for them that it fought with itself, and clashed there, and made no recoil. The white-haired corpse was seen no more; and all Rushford shrunk back in terror.

The storm was now at its height; and of more than a hundred people gathered on the crown of the shore, and above the reach of the billows, not one durst stand upright. Nearer the water the wind had less power, for the wall of waves broke the full brunt of it. But there no man, unless he were most quick of eye and foot, might stand without great peril. For scarcely a single billow broke, but what, in the first rebound and toss, two churning hummocks of surf met, and flashed up the strand like a mad white horse, far in advance of the rest. Then a hissing ensued, and a roll of shingle, and the water poured huddling and lapping back from the chine itself had crannied.

As brave men fled from a rush of this kind, and cowards on the bank were laughing at them, something white was seen in the curl of the wave which was breaking behind it. The ebb of that inrush met the wave and partly took the crash of it, then the white thing was shot on the shore like a pellet, and lay one instant motionless. There was no rope there, and the men hung back;

John Rosedew cried "Shame!" and ran for it, but they joined hands across and stopped him. Before they could look round again, some one had raised the body. 'Twas young Bob Garnet, and in his arms lay the maiden senseless. She had looked at him once, and then swooned away from the whirl, and the blows, and the terror. No rope round his body, no cork, no pad; he had rushed full into the raging waves, as he woke from his sleep of heaviness. He lifted the girl, and a bending giant hung thirty feet above them.

Then a shriek, like a woman's, rang out on the wind, and two great arms were tossed to heaven. Bull Garnet stood there, and strove to rush on, strove with every muscle, but every nerve strove against it. He was balanced and hung on the wind for a moment, as the wave hung over his heart's love. Crash came the wave—what shriek should stop it, after three hundred miles of rolling?—a crash that rang in the souls of all whom youth could move or nobleness. Nothing was seen in the depth of water, the swirling hurling whiteness, until the billow had spent its onset, and the curdle of the change was. Then Bob, swept many a fathom inshore, but griping still that senseless thing that should either live or die with him,—Bob, who could swim as well or better than he could climb a tree, but felt that he and his load were only dolls for the wave to dandle,—down he went, after showing his heels, and fought the deadly outrush. None but nature's pet would have thought of, none but the favoured of God could have done, it. He felt the back-wave tugging at him, he felt that he was going; if another billow broke on him, it was all up with his work upon wire-worm. Holding his breath he flung his right leg over the waist of the maiden, dug his two hands deep into the gravel, and clapped his feet together. Scarcely knowing what was up, he held on like grim death for life; and felt a barrowload of pebbles rolling down the small of his back. Presently he saw light again, and sputtered out



salt water, and heard a hundred people screaming out "Hurrah!" and felt a strong arm thrown round him—not his father's, but John Rosedew's. Three senseless bodies were borne to the village,—Bull Garnet's, and Bob's, and the maiden's.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

MEANWHILE that keen engineering firm, wind, wave, and tide, had established another little business on the coast hard by. This was the general wreck and crack-up of the stout Pell-castle, a proceeding unnoticed by any one except good mother Jacob, whose attention was drawn to it forcibly, as the head of the bed fell in upon her. Thereupon the stout dame made a rush for it, taking only her cat and spectacles, and the little teapot of money. As she started at a furious pace, and presented to the elements a large superficial area, the wind could not resist the temptation, but wafted her to the top of the bunney, without her feet so much as once a-touching the blessed earth—she goes mad if any one doubts it—and planted her in a whitethorn tree, and brought an "elam" of thatch to shelter her from her own beloved roof. There, when the wind subsided, she was happily discovered by some enterprising children; the cat was sitting at her side; in one blue hand she held her specs, and in the other a teapot.

Poor Pell's easy chair was thrown up, three miles to the westward, in the course of the next spring-tides, and, being well known all over the neighbourhood (from his lending it to sick people) was brought to him, with a round of cheers, by half a dozen fishermen. They refused the half-crown he offered them, and displayed the greatest anxiety lest his honour should believe it was them as had taken the shine off. The workmanship not being modern, the chair was little the worse for its voyage; only it took six months to dry, and had a fine smell of brine ever afterwards. Then, having been lent to an

old salt's widow, it won such a reputation, all across the New Forest, as a specific for "rheumatics in the small of the back," that old women, having *no* small to their backs, walked all the way from Lyndhurst, "just to sot themselves down in it, and how much was to pay, please, for a quarter of an hour?" "A shilling," said Octave Pell, "a shilling for the new life-boat that lives under Christchurch Head." Then they pulled out mighty silver watches, and paid the shilling at the fifteen minutes. The walk, and the thought of the miracle, and the fear of making fools of themselves, did such a deal of good, that a man got up a 'bus for it; but Pell said, "No; none who come by 'bus shall sit in my chair of ease."

The greedy sea returned brave Pell no other part of his property. His red tobacco-jar indeed was found by some of the dredgemen three or four years afterwards, but they did not know it was his, and sold it—crusted as it was with testacea, and ribboned with seaweed—to the zealous secretary of—I won't say what museum. "Roman, or perhaps Samian, or possibly Phœnician ware," cried the secretary, lit with fine—though, it may be, loose—ideas; and he catalogued it: "Phœnician in the opinion of an F.A.S. There is every reason to believe it a vase for Thuri cremation." "Hallo!" cried Pell, when he went there to lecture upon cricket as played by Ulysses, "Why I'm blessed if you haven't got—" "The most undoubted Phœnician relic contained in any museum!" So he laughed with other people's cheeks, like a man of sense.

All the folk of Rushford, and many too of Nowelhurst, contributed to a secret fund for refurnishing Octavius Pell. So great were the mystery and speed, and so clever the management of the dissenting parson, that two great vans were down upon Pell before he had heard a word of it. He stood at the door of the cobbler's shop, and tried to make a speech; but the hurrahs were too many for him, and he turned away and cried. Tell me that any

man in England need be anything but popular who has a heart of his own, and is not ashamed of having it!

At the Crown, where the three sick people were, a very fine trade was doing; but a finer one still upon the beach, as the sea went down and the choice contents of the *Alival* came up. For that terrible storm began to abate about noon on the 26th. It had blown as hard for twenty-four hours as it ever does blow in any land, except in the gaps of the Andes and during cyclones of the tropics. Now the core of the storm had no more cells in it; and the puffs that came from the west and north-west, and so on till it got to the pole-star, were violent, indeed, but desultory, and seemed not to know where they were going. Finally, about midnight, the wind owned that its turn was over, and sunk (well satisfied with its work) into the arms of slumber—"placidâque ibi demum morte quievit." And its work had been done right well. No English storm since the vast typhoon of 1703—which I should like to write about some day if my little life-storm blows long enough—had wrought such glorious havoc upon that swearing beaver, man. It had routed his villages at the Land's End, and lifted like footstools his breakwater blocks; it had scared of their lives his Eddystone watchmen, and put out half his light-houses; it had broken upon his royalty, and swept down the oaks of the New Forest; it had streaked with wrecks the Goodwin Sands, and washed ships out of harbours of refuge; it had leaped upon London as on a drain-trap, and jarred it as a man whistles upon his fingers; it had huddled pell-mell all the coal-trade;—saddest vaunt (though not the last), it had strewn with gashed and mangled bodies (like its own waves, countless) the coasts of Anglesea and Caernarvon.

On the morning now of the 27th, with the long sullen swell gold-beater-skinned by the recovering sun, the shingle-bank was full of interest to an active trader. They had picked up several bodies with a good bit of money

upon them, and the beach was strewn with oranges none the worse for a little tossing. For the stout East Indianman *Alival* had touched at the Western Islands, and taken on board a thousand boxes of the early orange harvest. And not only oranges were rolling among the wrack, the starfish, the shark's teeth, and the cuttle-eggs, but also many a pretty thing, once prized and petted by women. There were little boxes with gilt and paint, sucked heartily by the salt water, and porcupine-quills rasping up from panels of polished ebony, cracked mirrors inside them, and mother-of-pearl, and beading of scented wood; all the taste and the labour of man yawning like dead cockles, crimped backward, sodden and shredded, as hopeless a wreck as a drunkard.

Then there were barrels, and heavy chests, planking already like hemp in the prison-yard, bulkheads, and bulwarks, and cordage, and reeve-blocks, and ten thousand other things, well appreciated by the wreckers, who were hauling them up the bunneys; while the Admiralty droitsmen made an accurate inventory of the bungs and the blacking bottles. Some of the sailors, and most of the passengers, who had escaped in the boats to Christchurch, came over to look for anything that might turn up of their property. Hereupon several fights ensued, and many poor fellows enjoyed opportunity for a closer inspection of the Rushford stratum than the most sanguine of their number anticipated; until the police came down in force, and extinguished at once all other rights of salvage except their own.

Nevertheless there was yet one field upon which the police could not interfere; although Jack wished for nothing better than to catch the lubbers there. This was Jack's own domain, the sea, where an animated search was going on for the body of Colonel Nowell. His servant had hurried from Christchurch to Nowelhurst to report the almost certain death of Sir Cradock's only brother. He did not go first to ascertain it; for the road along the cliffs



was impassable during the height of the storm. Sir Cradock received the announcement with very few signs of emotion. He had loved that Clayton in early youth, but now had almost forgotten him; and Clayton had never kept his brother at all apprised of his doings. Sir Cradock had gone into mourning for him, some three years ago; and Colonel Nowell never took the trouble to vindicate his vitality until Dr. Hutton's return. And, even though they had really known and loved one another as brothers, the loss would have been but a blow on the back to a man already stabbed through the heart. Therefore Sir Cradock's sorrow exploded (as we love to make our griefs do, and as we so often express them,) in the moneyed form. "I will give 500*l.* to the man who finds my poor brother's body."

That little speech launched fourteen boats. What wrecker could hope for anything of a tenth part of the value? Men who had sworn that they never would pull in the same boat again together—might the Great Being, the Giver of life, strike them dead if they did!—forgot the solemn perjury, and cried, "Give us your flipper, Ben; after all there are worse fellows going than you, my lad:" and Ben responded, "Jump into the starn-sheets; you are just the hand as we want, Harry. Many's the time I've thought on you." Even the dredging smacks hauled in-shore from their stations, and began to dredge for the Colonel; till the small boats resolved on united action, tossed oars, and held solemn council. Several speeches were made, none of them very long, but all embodying that fine sentiment, "*fiat justitia, ruat cælum*," in the form of "fair play, and be d——d to you." Then Sandy Mac, of the practical mind, made a suggestion which was received with three wild rounds of cheers.

"Give 'em a little ballast, boys, as they be come inshore to dredge for it."

With one consent the fourteen boats made for the shore, like the fleet of canoes described by the great Defoe.

Nor long before each shallop's nose "grated on the golden sands." The men in the dredging smacks looked at the sky to see if a squall was coming. And soon they got it, thick as hail, and as hot as pepper. The fourteen boats in battle-array advanced upon them slowly, only two men rowing in each, all the rest standing up, and every man charged heavily. When they were at a nice wicket distance, old Mac gave the signal, and a flight of stones began, which, in the words of the ancient chroniclers, "wellnigh darkened the noonday sun." The bravest dredger durst not show his head above the gun-whale; for the Rushford stones are close of grain, and it is sweeter to start than to stop them. As for south-westerners and dreadnoughts, they were no more use than vineleaves in a storm of electric hail.

"Ah, little then those mellow grapes their vine  
leaf shall avail,  
So thickly rattles on *the tiles* the pelting of  
the hail."

GEORG. i. 448.

The dredgers gave in, and hoisted a shirt as signal for a parley. The Rushford men refused to hear a syllable about "snacks." What they demanded was "unconditional surrender;" and the dredgers, having no cement-stones on board, were compelled to accept it. So they took up their bags, and walked the smacks off three miles away to their station, with very faint hopes indeed that the obliging body might follow them. The boatmen celebrated their victory with three loud cheers for Sandy Mac, and a glass of grog all round. Then they returned to the likeliest spot, and dragged hard all the afternoon.

"Tarnation 'cute body," cried Ben, "as ever I come across. Who'd a thought as any perfessing Christian would have stuck to Davy Jones's locker, and refooged the parson and clerk so? Spit on your grapples, my lads of wax, and better luck the cast after."

"The Lord kens the best," replied Sandy Mac, with a long-drawn sigh, "us poor vessels canna do more than is the will of the Lord, boys. How-

somever, I brought a bit of bait, a few lug-worms, and a soft crab or two; and please the Lord I'll rig my line out, and see if the bass be moving. And likely there may be a tumbling cod on the run speering after the pair bodies. Ah, yes, the will of the Lord; we ates them, and they ates us."

The canny old Scotchman, without forgoing his share in the general venture—for he helped to throw the grapnels, or took a spell at the rudder—rigged out a hook on his own account, and fastened the line to the rowlocks.

"Fair play, my son," cried Ben, winking at his comrades, "us go snacks in what you catch, mind. And the will of the Lord be done."

"Dinna ye wish ye may get it?"—the old man glowered at him indignantly—"I'll no fish at all on that understanding."

"Fish away, old boy, and be blessed, then. I see he ain't been in the purwenty sarvice for nothing. But I'm blowed if he'll get much supper, Harry, if it's all to come off that darned old hook." They all laughed at old Mac, who said nothing, but regarded his line attentively.

With many a joke and many an oath, they toiled away till the evening fog came down upon the waters. Then, as they turned to go home, old Mac felt a run upon his fishing-gear. Hand over hand he began to haul in, coiling the line in the stern-sheets.

"It's a wapping big fish, as ever I feel, mates; na, na, ye'll no touch it, or ye'll be claiming to come and sup wi' me. And deil a bit—the Lord forgive me—will ye ha', for grinning at an auld mon the likes of that, I tell ye. Lord ha' mercy on me, a wake and sinful crater!"

They all fell back, except Macbride, as before them in the twilight rose the ashy grey face and the long white hair of Colonel Clayton Nowell.

Mac stuck to his haul like a Scotchman; to him the main chance was no ghost. Many a time has he told that story, and turned his quid upon it, cleverly raining between his teeth with fine art to prolong the crisis.

The line being his, and the hook being his, and the haul of his own hands only, Sandy Mac could never see why he should not have all the money. The question came close to litigation; but for that, except as a word of menace, Mac was a deal too wide awake. He compounded at last for 300*l.* and let the other four share the residue.

So poor Colonel Nowell's countenance, still looking grand and dignified, was saved from the congers and lobsters; and he sleeps close by his nephew and namesake in Nowellhurst churchyard. The body of Captain Roberts was found a long way up the Solent. He had always carried a weather helm, and shaped a good course for harbour. May they rest in peace!

I have no doubt that Captain Roberts so rests, and am fain to believe, in the mercy of God, the same of the brave old Colonel. He had been a harum-scarum man; and now, having drowned and buried him, we may enter upon his history, with the charity due to both quick and dead, but paid to the latter only.

A soldier is, in many things, by virtue of his calling, a generous, careless man. We have always credited the sailor with these popular qualities; horn-pipes, national drama, and naval novels imbuing us. I doubt if the sailor be, on the whole, so careless a man as the soldier. Jack is obliged, by force of circumstance, to bottle up his money, his rollicksomeness, and sentimentality, and therefore has more to get rid of, when he comes ashore once in a twelvemonth. But spread the outburst over the year, strike the average of it, and the rainfall at Aldershot will equal that at Portsmouth.

Only by watching the Army List—which at length he was tired of doing—could the English brother tell if the Indian brother were living. Even the most careful of us begin to feel that care is too much for the nine lives of a cat, when Fahrenheit scores 110° in the very coolest corner, and the punkah is too hot to move. So, after one or two Griffin letters, full of marvels which the writer pretended not to marvel at, a silence, as of the jungle, ensued, and



Sir Craddock thought of tigers. Then the slides of his own life began to move upon him; and less and less every year he thought of the boy who had laughed and cried with him. Lieutenant Nowell was ordered suddenly to the borders of the Punjaub, and for twenty years his brother Craddock drank his health at Christmas, and wondered how about the Article against praying for the dead. The next thing he heard, though it proved his own orthodoxy, disproved it by making him swear hard. Clayton Nowell had married; married an Afghan woman, to the great disgust of his brother officers, and the furious disdain of her kinsmen. A very fine family of Afghan chiefs immediately loaded their fusils, and swore to shoot both that English dog and their own Bright Eyes of the Morning. "To think," cried Sir Craddock Nowell, "that a brother of mine should disgrace himself, and (what matters far more) his family, by marrying a wretched low Afghan woman!" "To think," cried Mohammed Khans, "that a sister of ours should disgrace herself, and (what matters far more) her family, by marrying a cursed low English dog!"

Which party was in the right, judge ye who understand the matter. The officers' wives got over their prejudice against Bright Eyes of the Morning, and matrimonised, and petted, and tried to make a Christian of her. Captain Nowell adored her; she was so elegant in every motion, so loving, and so simple. She quite reformed him for the time from his too benevolent anthropology, from the love of dice, and the vinous doings which the Prophet does not encourage. But the poor thing died in her first confinement, while following her husband's regiment at the foot of the Himalayah, leaving her newborn babe to the care of a faithful Afghan nurse, who had kept at her dear lady's side, even among the infidels. This good nurse, being great of soul, and therefore strong of faith, could not bear that the child of her mistress, the highest blood of the Affghans, should become a low Frank idolator. So she set off with it, in the dark night,

crouching past the sentinels, thieves, and other camp followers, and trusted herself to the boundless jungle, with only the stars to guide her. She put the wailing child to her breast, for her own dear babe was dead, and hushed it from the vigilant ears of the man-eating tiger. Then off again for Afghanistan, six hundred miles in the distance. How this wonderful woman, soothing and coaxing the little stranger (obtrusively remarkable for the power of her squalis), how she got on through the thorns, the fire, the famine, the jaws of the tiger, and, worse than all, the pestilent fever, bred from the rich stagnation of that alluvial soil, is more than I, or any other unversed in woman's unity, may pretend to show. Enough that with her eyes upon the grand religious heights—heathen high places, we should call them—she struggled along through nearly three-quarters of her pilgrimage, and then she fell among robbers. A villainous hill-tribe, of mixed origin, always shifting, never working, never even fighting when they could run away, hated and despised by the nobler mountain races, the pariahs of the Himalayah, ignorant of any good, debased as any Africans,—in a single word, Rakshas, or worshippers of the devil. A nice school of education for a young lady of tender years—or rather months—to commence in.

The nurse was allotted to one of their chiefs, and the babe was about to be knocked on the head, when it struck an enlightened priest that in two years' time she would make a savoury oblation to the devil; so the Affghan woman was allowed to keep her, until she began to crawl about among the dogs and babes of the station. Here she so distinguished herself by precocious skill in thieving, that her delighted owner conferred upon her the title of "Never-spot-the-dust," and even instructed her how to steal the high priest's knife of sacrifice. That last exploit saved her life. Such a genius had never appeared in any tribe of the Rakshas, until this great manifestation.

"So "Never-spot-the-dust" was well treated, and made much of by her

owner, to whom she was quite a fortune; and soon all the band looked up to her as the future priestess of the devil. For ten years she wandered about with them, becoming every year more important, proud that none could approach her skill in stealing, lying, and perjury, utterly void of all religion, except the few snatches of Moslemism which her nurse had contrived to impart, and the vague terror of the evil spirit to whom the wild men paid their vows. But, when she was ten years old, a tall and wonderfully active child, and just about to be consecrated by the blood of inferior children, a British force drew suddenly all around the nest of robbers. Of late the scoundrels had done things that made John Bull's hair stand on end; and, when his hair is in that condition, sparks are apt to come out of it.

Seeing no chance of escape, and having very faint hopes of quarter, the robbers fought with a bravery which quite astonished themselves; but the evil spirit was against them—a rare inconsistency on his part. Their rascally camp was burnt, which they who had burned some hundreds of villages looked upon as the grossest cruelty, and more than half of their number were sent home to their patron and guardian. Then the Afghan nurse, so faithful and so unfortunate, fled from the burning camp with her charge, fell before the British colonel, and poured forth all her troubles. The Englishman knew Major Nowell, and had heard some parts of his history; so he took “Never-spot-the-dust” to her father, who was amazed at once and amused with her. She could run up the punkah, and stand on the top, and twirl around on one foot; she could cross the compound in three bounds; she could jump upon her father's shoulder, and stay there with the spring of her sole; she could glide along over the floor like a serpent, and hold on with one hand to anything. And then her most wonderful lightness of touch; she had fully earned her name, she could brush the dust without marking it. She could come behind her father's back, crawling over the table, and fasten his sword-hilt to his whiskers,

without his knowing a thing of it. She could pick all his pockets, of course; but that was too rude an operation for her to take any delight in it. What she delighted to do, and what even she found difficult, was to take off his shoes and stockings without his being aware of it. It was a beautiful thing to see her: consummate skill is beautiful, in whatever way it is exercised. The shoe she could get off easily enough, but the difficulty was with the stocking; and there the chief difficulty was through the sensitiveness of the skin, unaccustomed to exposure. Though she had never heard of temperature, evaporation, or anything long, her genius told her the very first time where the tug was and how to meet it. Keeping her little cornelian lips—lips which you could see through—just at the proper distance, she would breathe so softly upon the skin that the breath could not be felt, as inch by inch she lowered down the thin elastic covering. Then she would jump up out of the ground, and shout into his ears, with a voice of argute silver—

“Faddery, will 'oo have 'oor shoe? Fear to go wiyout him?”

She began to talk English, after a bit; and the weatherbeaten Colonel—for now he had got that far—who had never looked upon any child, except as one rupee per month—thinking of his beloved Bright Eyes of the Morning, who might, with the will of God, have made a first-rate man of him, only she was too good for him,—thinking of her, and seeing the gleam of her glorious eyes in her child, loved that child beyond all reason, and christened her “Eoa.”

He never took to bad things again. He had something now in pledge with God; a part of himself that still would live, and love him when he was skeleton. And that, his better part, should learn how lying and stealing do not lead to the right half of the other world. His ideas about that other world were as dormant as Eoa's; but now he began to think about it, because he wanted to see her there. So, with lots of tears, not only feminine, Eoa Nowell was sent to the best school in Calcutta, where she



taught the other young ladies some very odd things indeed. Wherever she went, she must be foremost; "second to none" was her motto. Therefore she learned with amazing quickness; but it was not so easy to unlearn.

Then arose that awful mutiny, and the Colonel at Mhow was shot through the neck, and let lie, by his own soldiers. His daughter heard of it, and screamed, and no walls ever built would hold her. All the way from Calcutta, up the dreary Ganges, she forced her passage, sometimes by boat, sometimes on her weariless feet. She had never cared much for civilization, and loved every blade of the jungle. The old life revived within her, as she looked upon the broad waters, and the boundless yellow tangle, wherein glided no swifter thing, nothing more elegant, than herself. She found her darling father in some rude cantonment, prostrate, helpless, clinging faintly to the verge of death. Dead long ago he must have been but for Rufus Hutton; and dead even now he would have been but for his daughter's presence. His dreamy eyes went round the hut to follow her graceful movements; she alone could tend the wound as if with the fall of gossamer, she alone could soothe and fan the intolerable aching. They looked into each other's eyes and cried without thinking about it.

Then, as he gradually got better, and the surge of trouble passed them, Eoa showed for his amusement all her strange accomplishments. She had not forgotten one of them in the grand school at Calcutta. They had even grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. She would leap over Rufus Hutton's head like a flash of light, and stand facing him, without a muscle moving, and on his back would be a land-crab; she would put his up-country hat on the floor, and walk on one foot round the crown of it; she would steal his case of instruments, and toss them in the air all open, and catch them all at once. By her nursing and her loving, her stealing and her mockery, she won Dr. Hutton's heart so entirely that he would have proposed to her, had she

only been of marriageable age, or had come to think about anything. Then they had all to cut and run, with barely three hours' notice, for the ebb of the rebellion swept through that district mightily. Eoa went to school again, and her father came to see her daily, until he was appointed to a regiment having something more than name and shadow.

Now Eoa, having learned everything that they can teach in Calcutta, the Himalayah, or the jungle, was coming to England to receive the down and crown of accomplishments. Who could tell but what they might even teach her affectation? Youth is plastic and imitative; and she was sure to find plenty of models. Not that the honest Colonel wished to make a sickly humbug of her. His own views were wide and grand, only too philoprogenitive. Still, like most men of that class, who, upon sudden reformation, love Truth so much that they roll upon her, having no firm rules of his own, and being ashamed to profess anything, with the bad life fresh in memory, he took the opinion of old fogeys who had been every bit as unblest as himself, but had sown with a drill their wild oats. The verdict of all was one—"Miss Nowell must go to England."

Finding his wound still troublesome, he resolved to retire from service; he had not saved half a lac of rupees, and his pension would not be a mighty one; but, between the two, there would be enough for an old man to live upon decently, and go wherever he was told that his daughter ought to go. He had seen enough of life, and found that it only meant repentance; all that remained of it should be for the pleasure and love of his daughter. And he knew that there was a sum in England, which must have been long accumulating—a sum left on trust for him and his children, under a very old settlement. He would never touch a farthing of it; every farthing should go to Eoa. Bless her dear eyes; they had the true light of his own Bright Eyes of the Morning.

*To be continued.*

MODERN COMMENTARIES ON THE BIBLE.<sup>1</sup>

BY REGINALD STUART POOLE.

COMMENTARIES have lately undergone a change that can almost be called complete. In former times they were wholly theological, and, except when they were enlivened by such fresh vigour as that of Augustine and Luther, they were put aside by the generality, who preferred reading the Bible without the doubtful aid of dissertations, that rather darkened than elucidated the sacred text. Thus they came to be exclusively studied by the clergy, who, at least in England, not unfrequently expanded a diffuse page or two into the far more diffuse sermon of an hour. The criticism of the last sixty years brought to the aid of commentators the results of modern philology, and all those historical and archæological discoveries that have made the age as remarkable as that of the Revival of Letters; and the trenchant criticism of not a few of the Germans threw abundant light upon many of the difficulties of Scripture. It was long before English theologians, with characteristic conservatism, ventured to make use of the materials thus rendered accessible. For some time they had a natural fear of weapons which had been not unskillfully used against the side of orthodoxy. At length, one by one, our scholars discovered that these weapons were as useful on one side as on the other, and that a commentary, after the new method, was likely to be of more service to religion than the endless repetitions of their predecessors. Hence a wonderful gain to the lay reader as well as to the lay hearer. Commentaries are learned, without being also painful (to pervert a good old phrase), and are by no means the sole property of the clergy; while every country parson, who has Smith's

Dictionary, Archbishop Trench's works, and such commentaries proper as that of Dean Alford, is likely rather to illustrate Scripture than to weary his hearers by unscholarlike amplification, or perpetual controversy. The change, indeed, from the controversial to the critical point of view may not tend to bring about an entire disuse of the attack and defence which must always characterize the revolutionary and the conservative parties in religion, but to change with some, and these the most useful commentators, the warlike sword and spear for the peaceful ploughshare and pruning-hook. Even the Church militant might for a time refrain from polemics.

To introduce to the general reader a good commentary of the new school, in which every available source of information is judiciously used by a writer who is liberal without being a latitudinarian, and learned without being either pedantic or dry, one cannot do better than choose Professor Lightfoot's edition of the Epistle to the Galatians; which has this advantage, that it goes over the same ground that has been traversed by Dean Alford in his edition of the New Testament, and by Professor Jowett and Bishop Ellicott in lesser works. The comparison with three such eminent representatives of the three sections into which English churchmen are now divided is a trying ordeal, but it is one Professor Lightfoot has no need to fear. The subject is peculiarly well calculated to bring out the powers of a largely-read student, and to shew whether he can take a broad view of questions which will always be among the most interesting that theology offers, and which at the present time are, perhaps, more debated by thinking men than any others of their whole class.

This Epistle, as it treats of the great

<sup>1</sup> St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. A revised text, &c. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D.



primitive controversy as to the authority of the ceremonial law, requires not merely a knowledge of Hebrew, but an acquaintance with Semitic turns of thought; and thus an editor should be not alone able to examine citations and parallel passages in the original language, but he should know how the Jews and their learned men, at the Apostolic age, would have understood the epistle. St. Paul not merely frees the Gentile but he also refutes the Jew; and, as he speaks to the Gentile in language he could comprehend, so also he does to the Jew. Then, again, the controversy is one which timid and narrow thinkers either ignore or misunderstand. There could be no better proof that it needs a brave and bold intellect than that Luther, whose commentary upon the Galatians "was written and rewritten," and esteemed by him above all his other works, found in this Epistle the most powerful arguments in support of the great principles for which he fought. But the very same controversy is again foremost in men's thoughts, and must be handled with the courage of those who are not afraid of their cause, and the breadth of those who believe that the Gospel is for all ages, and differs only from the Law in being a complete revelation. And, as Luther found in this great Epistle the keystone of Christian liberty, so may we find in it the main support of the bridge between earth and heaven. Nowhere is the truth more clearly defined than here, where an erroneous view of it is opposed.

Professor Lightfoot does not give us a life of St. Paul; it would not have entered into his plan to do so; yet there is one point that might well have been discussed at the very outset, as it touches upon the style of the Apostle's Epistles. Almost at the close occur the words, probably not well rendered in the authorized version, which Professor Lightfoot would thus translate, "Look 'you in what large letters I write with 'mine own hand' (vi. 11). 'The body 'of the letter seems to have been 'written by an amanuensis, but the 'final sentences were in the Apostle's

'own handwriting. It was his wont 'to add a few words at the close of 'his Epistles, either to vouch for their 'authorship, or to impress some truth 'more strongly on his readers. Here 'the urgency of the case leads him to do 'more. In a few eager rugged sentences 'he gives an epitome of the contents of 'the Epistle' (pp. 62, 63). Here, and in the note to vi. 11, the editor does not appear to see that St. Paul seems to call attention to his handwriting, for in no Epistle so much as this would it be necessary to attest his authorship, and it is not difficult to understand how the Galatians could have been well acquainted with his autograph. This too explains the "large letters." St. Paul, like most men of strong character and love of action, may have written a large hand, and it is needless to look for an explanation in the idea that the "thorn in the flesh" was weakness of sight; but here the change from dictation to writing would be well marked by a change in the size of the letters. If, then, there is any reason to suppose that this, like other Epistles, was dictated, we find in the circumstance an explanation of their long sentences and more or less parenthetical style, and those who doubt the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews may well consider whether the difference between a dictated and a written composition is not sufficient to explain the difference of style. The dissertation that one regrets Professor Lightfoot did not undertake in the introductory portion of his first volume, is upon the traces of dictation in St. Paul's Epistles, and the difference of style between the dictated and the written portions. The style of dictation throws the foot-notes into the text; the style of composition may avoid foot-notes altogether; and many of the difficulties of St. Paul's writings may depend upon the addition, at the close of a long dictated argument, of something of advantage for the illustration of a part of that argument, removed by several clauses or even sentences.

The value of ethnology in illustrating Scripture is especially evident in the

case of this Epistle. The Galatians, it must be remarked, were Celts, not Teutons—a matter which Professor Lightfoot satisfactorily determines. In the Epistle we can see how well they had retained their character amidst the powerful conflicting ethnic influences of that home of mixed populations, Asia Minor. This very tenacity, be it remembered, is a Celtic characteristic. So, in the details of their disposition, we find that the Galatians addressed by St. Paul were thorough Celts—affectionate yet wilful; believing yet credulous; ready to receive new truths, yet unable to retain them uncorrupted by hostile influences; “senseless Galatians,” yet “brethren;” first welcoming the Apostle, yet “quickly turning renegades.” St. Paul writes with the vexation of one who sees his heartiest converts running into extremes of folly of which the colder Greeks would have been incapable, and uses indignant remonstrances rather than argument. No wonder Luther saw how great an engine this Epistle offered him in the overthrow of those errors which had their stronghold among the Celtic and Latin populations; the former of which is governed by a system that affects to be the same, yet is ever changing, with a force that can only be explained by its fortunate agreement with their character. St. Paul sees what pleases the Galatians, but resolutely sets himself to eradicate the corruptions of their early Church. When we observe how remarkably different is his tone in addressing the neighbouring citizens of Colossæ, we may ask those who would imagine him to be a mere human teacher, how it was that he shewed a discrimination that Alexander or Cæsar might have envied, and yet, instead of moulding his views to suit the peculiarities he so well saw, unflinchingly threw away the very opportunity of easy success which thus offered itself, and told the Galatians that their corruption of the faith was not Christianity.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the Primitive Church was free from those corruptions of which St. Paul complains to the Galatians and the

Corinthians, and of which he foresaw the increase, and which give to St. John's letter to the Seven Churches the sombre colour of the rest of the Revelation. It is but a fond imagination that these are the exceptions—Churches under exceptional temptations, or times of exceptional falling away. Whenever we know the history of a Church we find that in the Apostolic times it was subject to the greatest inward conflicts and to the greatest outward sufferings. Yet the love of an ideal is always making mankind imagine that somewhere among the Churches without a history during this age, the Apostolic purity must have been preserved and handed down to a later age, of which, having the history, it requires a still greater force of imagination to picture the ideal. Rome is, perhaps, the most favourite home of an uncorrupt Church in the early centuries. “*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*” Professor Lightfoot, unusually well-read in the oldest Church literature, thinks otherwise. “Her early history, indeed, is wrapt in obscurity. If the veil were raised, the spectacle would probably not be very edifying.” “Rome was the meeting-point of all heretical creeds and philosophies. If the presence of Simon Magus in the metropolis be not a historical fact, it is still a carrying out of the typical character with which he is invested in early tradition, as the father of heresy. Most of the early heresiarchs—among others Valentinus, Marcion, Praxeas, Theodotus, Sabellius—taught in Rome” (pp. 313, 314). There is an evident reason, if we can once dismiss from our minds the common idea of the Apostolic Church, why the earlier centuries should have witnessed great corruptions. The very same reason explains the exceptional phenomenon of a Protestant persecution under Queen Elizabeth. Those whom the Apostles and their disciples had converted from Judaism and from Paganism would often have retained some of their old opinions; and, as soon as the first teachers were removed to a distance, still more when they were all removed by death, such converts would



fall back somewhat into their former way of thinking. To this is mainly due the enormous growth of heresy in the first ages of the Church. Some, also, may reasonably argue that it was well that the Apostles themselves should be able to meet and combat those opinions which would be afterwards most successful in producing strife and division. No doubt, on the whole, the Church, when it finally emerged from persecution, was stronger for these early dissensions; yet it was not without the marks of the injuries it then received. There was a severe view of even the smallest difference of opinion, a desire to reduce religion to a mathematical exactness, and a narrow and illiberal view of the relations of the world and the Church, which took the Church out of its duty into ascetic seclusion and forced celibacy. It was not until the Reformation that people began to see that the Church of the Apostles could not be localized; that, like the kingdom of Heaven, it was within; and that, instead of endeavouring to see, through the dim medium of tradition, a model ideal state, in which their doctrines were lived, it was better to strive to carry these doctrines into individual life.

The history of the Churches of Galatia during this obscure period well illustrates this view. The Apostle does not seem to have purposed to preach to the Galatians. He was passing through the country when an attack of his malady, "the thorn in the flesh," delayed him. He was not a man to be idle; and, though it seems that he was unable to travel, he taught with such success that, after a visit, probably short, certainly not long, he left there not one Church, but, according to the Apostolic term, Churches, no doubt in the principal towns of Galatia—whether we understand, as seems more reasonable, the country of the Galatians, or the Roman province. About three years afterwards, St. Paul visited the Churches he had there established, and seems to have found that changes were already apparent, and to have been received with a coldness that contrasted strangely with the first

welcome of him and his teaching. As long or longer afterwards the Epistle was written, to correct the errors which now threatened to undo the Apostolic work. The change was due to Jewish influence, but it may be noticed in passing, that it would not have been so thorough had it not been for the Celtic origin of the Galatians. St. Paul probably founded Churches wherever there was a Jewish community, offering the Gospel to his own countrymen, and availing himself of the synagogue as a place of preaching. There was, no doubt, much dislike of the new religion among the Jews; but away from Judæa, in the face of the common enemy, there was not unfrequently a disposition to sink the difference of belief, and befriend those who wielded a weapon that mightily overthrew unbelief. Notwithstanding the early persecutions of the Church by the Jews, which culminated at the sack of Jerusalem by Khusrû Parvez, the Chosroës of our historians, the Jews are not a persecuting people. It may be that, unlike kings, they have been taught by misfortune; it may be that the teaching of St. Paul influenced his master, Gamaliel, and is to be traced in his humane teachings; it may be that a religion that was never successful in proselytizing after a time yielded its place to the religion that at once made converts from all the races of the Roman Empire; it may be, most of all, that the death of the great rival sects of Judaism left the people to the simpler teaching of the Law, and the evangelical teaching of the Prophets; but it is certain that the charge of persecution is not true of the Jews at all times of their history, or in all the countries in which they have been dispersed. It is thus easy to see why Jewish influence should have been strong among the Galatians, and why the Galatian Christians should have been well acquainted with Jewish modes of thought; but it is a mistake to suppose that St. Paul addresses a Church mainly of converts from Judaism. There can be no doubt, from passages in the Epistle (especially iv. 8), that the bulk of those

to whom he writes had been heathens. It may then seem surprising that, having been admitted to the freedom of the New Dispensation, they should have been persuaded into the bondage of the Old. But it must be remembered that not only was there the considerable Jewish population already mentioned in Galatia, but that heathenism was virtually dead.

In meeting the decline of true religion the Apostle had one especial difficulty. It has been often said that the arguments of objectors are never new. This is certainly true of the favourite attack on St. Paul, that he differed from the other Apostles, the constant cry of detractors who questioned his authority, and perverted his teaching, and whose enmity has lasted through these ages, and found an echo in the newest follower of Julian. No doubt the teaching of the great cosmopolite Paulus Saul, of pure Hebrew descent, yet a Roman citizen, probably taken into the illustrious family of the conqueror of Macedon,<sup>1</sup> equally skilled in Jewish and Greek philosophy, by whom the services of the Temple and the Isthmian Games were alike used for illustration, is still formidable to all who wish to prove Christianity narrow, in order that they may broaden their own system, if system it may be called. But the unflinching Apostle who, whether by his own hand, or by that of a teacher of his school, wrote over the gateway made for the Jews into the temple of Christianity, *πολυμερῶς καὶ πολυτρόπως*, who could "be all things to all men," refuted all such charges, and in this very Epistle, where a narrow man would have written narrowly, rises above the Jewish controversy, and preaches not a Pauline religion, nor an anti-Jewish belief, but Christ, "in whom" there is no place for Jew nor Greek, "slave nor free, male nor female; for ye" "all are one man in Christ Jesus; and, if" "ye are part of Christ, then ye are Abraham's seed, heirs by promise"—a doctrine wide as the whole revelation of God.

<sup>1</sup> The author of a recent ingenious article on St. Paul's names does not seem to be aware that the cognomen Paulus was not limited to the *Æmilia* gens.

We know not the effect of St. Paul's remonstrance. Had it been without effect, Christianity would scarcely have remained among the Galatians. It is true that we know that in after times their country abounded in heresy. But we also know that it bore witness to the truth during the later persecutions. The oldest Church at Ancyra bears the name of the Bishop Clement martyred under Diocletian, as Professor Lightfoot finds from the archæologist Texier, with whose valuable "*Asie Mineure*" he is acquainted. Julian, who, notwithstanding his philosophy, persecuted with a keenness that had not the excuse of mistaken zeal whenever he was out of the reach of the public opinion of his educated and fastidious subjects, made a great effort to restore idolatry in Galatia, and once more proof was given of the vitality of the Churches St. Paul had founded. After this, the unhappy centralization of Rome and Constantinople destroyed the individuality of provincial Churches, and, placed as it was at the boundary of the contracting empire, the country of the Galatians fell into the power of successive invaders, until its Christianity was left to struggle against the oppression of Turkish misrule; and we can only now find a small and unenlightened remnant of this ancient Church, although the traveller can scarcely fail to see, in the many virtues of the peasantry of all Asia Minor, some traces of the early influence of the religion that once prevailed throughout this country of many changes, now in its lowest and saddest condition.

The exact time at which St. Paul wrote to the Galatians is not easy to determine, and it would be difficult to make this question interesting in the space that could here be given to it. Professor Lightfoot, in an essay deserving of careful study, supposes, but without speaking positively, that the date of this Epistle is after that of the Second to the Corinthians, and before that to the Romans, in the winter or spring of the years 57—58.

It would be beyond the purpose of the present article, which is to shew the



merits of the new English school of theological critics, to follow Professor Lightfoot in his Essay "On the Character and Contents of the Epistle;" but, before passing on to the critical and illustrative part of the Commentary, some portion of this Essay may be quoted, both as of service to the reader in reference to all that follows, and as indicating the rare union of breadth and acuteness which is characteristic of Professor Lightfoot.

"The Epistle to the Galatians is especially distinguished among St. Paul's letters by its unity of purpose. The Galatian apostasy, in its double aspect, as a denial of his own authority and a repudiation of the doctrine of grace, is never lost sight of from beginning to end. The opening salutation broaches this twofold subject. The name 'Paul' has no sooner passed from his lips than he at once launches into it. The long historical explanation which succeeds is instinct with this motive in all its details. The body of the letter, the doctrinal argument, is wholly occupied with it. The practical exhortations which follow, all or nearly all, flow from it, either as cautions against a rebound to the opposite extreme, or as suggesting the true rule of life of which the Galatians were following the counterfeit. Lastly, in the postscript he again brings it prominently forward. The two closing sentences reflect the twofold aspect of the one purpose, which has run through the letter. 'Henceforth let no man trouble me. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit.' Thus his last words echo his first: 'Paul an Apostle not from men;' 'God who called you in the grace of Christ.'—Pp. 61, 62.

"The sustained severity of this Epistle is an equally characteristic feature with its unity of purpose. The Galatians are not addressed as 'the saints in Christ,' 'the faithful brethren.' The Apostle has no congratulations, no word of praise for this apostate Church. . . . The charity which 'hopeth against hope,' seems to be strained to

"the utmost. For this once only the pervading type of his Epistles is abandoned in the omission of the opening thanksgiving. The argument is interrupted every now and then by an outburst of indignant remonstrance. He is dealing with a thoughtless half-barbarous people. They have erred like children, and must be chastised like children. Rebuke may prevail where reason will be powerless."—P. 62.

It is characteristic of Professor Lightfoot's thorough way of doing his work, that he is not content to acquiesce, with the usual feebleness of commentators, in the received text; and it is equally characteristic of his independence, that he has constructed a new text himself, instead of adopting any recent text—a laborious work, for which he thinks he must offer an explanation.

Professor Lightfoot has wisely so arranged his notes as to aid the continuous reading of the text. All such as can be given in a concise form he prints at the foot of the text. Those longer illustrations that cannot be thus treated he introduces after the first important break in the text. Other notes, which are not necessary for the reading of the Epistle, and are rather independent essays, are added as a kind of supplement. Of course it is the editor's object to get as much as possible into the foot-notes. With this object he admits only interpretations that are "possibly right," "generally received," or of "some historical interest"—contrary to the usage of old commentators, who seem to consider it a point of honour to annotate everything, and to preserve the rubbish as well as the treasure of former times, like children collecting coins, who heap together identical specimens, and value them most when they are "so old that nothing can be seen upon them"—as contrary to that of modern critics, who value nothing that is not new, and affect to despise the wisdom of godly men of all ages and countries—like the American, who wondered at the honest pride English shopkeepers take in placing the

dates of establishment, their era of Tyre, above their doors, and would have written up himself, "established yesterday," in argument for the ephemeral character of novelty. Between these dangerous alternatives, on which a Wordsworth and an Alford have narrowly escaped shipwreck, our judicious commentator steers a middle course, and shows the breadth of his mind even more than the largeness of his reading, by the use he makes of all his predecessors, whatever their opinions. The necessity of conciseness, however, prevents his stating authorities even for opposite views, except where, "as in the case of the Fathers, some interest attaches to individual opinions." He therefore states generally his obligations in the preface. After the Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries, he owes most "to English and German writers of the last few years." It may be unsatisfactory to some to hear the unpalatable truth that "the period from the fifth century to the Reformation was an entire blank as regards any progress made in the interpretation of this Epistle." Calvin, Grotius, and Bengel, in three successive centuries, are instances of commentators of great merit. "The value of Luther's work stands apart from, and in some respects higher than, its merits as a commentary." Avoiding the estimate of a partisan, the editor wisely acknowledges his obligations to Professor Jowett and Bishop Ellicott, to Dean Alford and Dr. Wordsworth, to Meyer, Wieseler, and Ewald, to the Roman Catholic Windischmann, and to Hilgenfeld of the Tübingen school. Not, indeed, that he does not heartily dissent from many of these scholars.

No doubt such a philosophic elevation, when difference of opinion is neither offensively urged, nor conveyed in the unjustifiable form of ridicule, is of great advantage; but the present attitude, not so much of the learned men of the Tübingen party as of scientific imitators who have seized their results without understanding their method (not always very logical), is not so easily borne. It is rather hard, though a

clergyman and a resident professor may be unaware of the phenomenon, that an educated layman is often assumed to be of the neologian party, and, if he deny it, is charged with either hypocrisy or prejudice; harder still that the assailants are ready at the smallest provocation to cry out that you are again lighting the fires of the Inquisition. Every one in England may now think and write exactly what he pleases; never was there so great a facility for committing oneself, and never was the Church less able, however willing, to adopt those gentle arts of persuasion which were initiated by Torquemada, who, by the way, appears never in any sense to have been a Christian. Let all therefore give, as well as have, a fair trial, and the most orthodox may learn the lesson that Professor Lightfoot has so well enforced.

By the foot-notes the editor must be tested. Many an unequal or indolent scholar can write a few brilliant essays; but to advance with a steady step, carefully choosing from the materials of his predecessors, and seeking to be rather accurate than novel, remarking on each salient point, and not diverting attention from the important to the unimportant—this difficult task proves a well-furnished and serious man of learning, who cares less for his reputation than for his author, and so best serves both.

A very good example of what a commentary should give in the way of foot-notes, is Professor Lightfoot's on the very difficult passage ii. 17. He selects, from the many interpretations that have been given, two, as alone deserving consideration: "*First*.—We may regard *Χριστός ἀμαρτίας διάκονος* as a conclusion logically inferred from the premisses, supposing them to be granted: 'If in order to be justified by Christ it was necessary to abandon the law, and if the abandonment of the law is sinful, then Christ is made a minister of sin.' In this case *ἀπα* is preferable to *ἀπα*. If the passage is so taken, it is an attack on the premisses through the conclusion, which is obviously monstrous and untenable.



"Now the assumptions in the premisses are twofold: (1) 'To be justified in Christ it is necessary to abandon the law;' and (2) 'To abandon the law is to become sinners;' and, as we suppose one or other of these attacked, we shall get two distinct meanings for the passage, as follows: (1) It is an attempt of the Judaizing objector to show that the abandonment of the law was wrong, inasmuch as it led to so false an inference . . . or (2) It is an argument on the part of St. Paul to show that to abandon the law is not to commit sin . . . Of these two interpretations, the latter is adopted by many of the Fathers. Yet, if our choice were restricted to one or other, the former would have been preferable, for it retains the sense of ἁμαρτωλοί ('sinners' from a Jewish point of view), which it had in ver. 15, and is more consistent with the indicative εὐρέθημεν, this proposition being assumed as absolutely true by the Jewish objector. But, on the other hand, it forms a very awkward introduction to the verse which follows." These should, therefore, probably be abandoned for another explanation. "*Secondly*:—We may regard Χριστὸς ἁμαρτίας διάκονος as an illogical conclusion deduced from premisses in themselves correct; 'Seeing that, in order to be justified in Christ, it was necessary to abandon our old ground of legal righteousness, and to become sinners (*i.e.* to put ourselves in the position of the heathen), may it not be argued that Christ is thus made a minister of sin?' This interpretation best develops the subtle irony of ἁμαρτωλοί,—"We Jews look down upon the Gentiles as sinners. Yet we have no help for it but to become sinners like them." It agrees with the indicative, εὐρέθημεν, and with St. Paul's usage of μὴ γένοιτο, which elsewhere in argumentative passages always negatives a false but plausible inference from premisses taken as granted. And lastly, it paves the way for the words διὰ νόμον νόμον ἀπέδανον, which follow. In this case ἅπα is to be pre-

ferred to ἅπα, because it at once introduces the inference as a questionable one. It may be added, also, in favour of ἅπα, that elsewhere μὴ γένοιτο follows an interrogation. ἅπα expresses bewilderment as to a possible conclusion. Any attempt further to define its meaning seems not to be justified either by the context here, or by its usage elsewhere. ἅπα hesitates, while ἅπα concludes."

It is curious to compare Bishop Ellicott's criticism of this passage, which is essentially grammatical, and, with a minute attention to the language, does not endeavour to investigate every aspect of the argument: "ἅπα 'ergone'? 'are we to say, as we must on such premisses?' ironical and interrogative:—not ἅπα; for, though in two out of the three passages in which ἅπα occurs (Luke xviii. 8, Acts viii. 30), it anticipates a *negative*, and not as here, an *affirmative* answer, it must still be retained in the present case, as μὴ γένοιτο in St. Paul's Epistles is never found except after a question. The particle has here probably an *ironical* force: 'are we to say, pray?' *i.e.* in effect, 'we are to say, I suppose.' It is thus not *for* ἅπα *οὐ*—at all times a *very* questionable position, as in most, if not all of such cases, it will be found that there is a faint irony or politely-assumed hesitation, which seems to have suggested the use of the dubitative ἅπα, even though it is obvious that an affirmative answer is fully expected . . . ἁμαρτίας διάκονος—'a minister of sin;' *scil.*, in effect, a promoter, a furtherer of it (comp. 2 Cor. xi. 15), one engaged in its service; ἁμαρτία being almost personified, and, as its position suggests, emphatically echoing the preceding ἁμαρτωλοί,—of *sin* (not of righteousness),—of a dispensation which not only leaves us where we were before, but causes us, when we exclusively follow it, to be for this very reason accounted sinners?' . . . The argument is in fact a *reductio ad absurdum*: if seeking for justification in Christ is only to lead us to be accounted sin-

“ners,—not merely as being without law and in the light of Gentiles, but as having wilfully neglected an appointed means of salvation,—then Christ, who was the cause of our neglecting it, must needs be, not only negatively, but positively, a minister of sin. See De Wette, *in loc.*”

Where Professor Lightfoot argues from the argument to the text, endeavouring thus to show whether *ἀπα* or *ἐπα* is preferable, Bishop Ellicott argues from the grammar to the text. But, while his grammar is excellent, and the primary difficulties of the case are mastered, when he comes to interpret he falls far below the correctness of the Cambridge Professor. His explanation contradicts his criticism. He prefers the dubitative *ἀπα*, and paraphrases with a positive “then.” If the argument is a *reductio ad absurdum*, the premisses are false and the conclusion logical, and this Bishop Ellicott by no means proves although he broadly states it.

Professor Jowett's explanation is remarkably characteristic of his method of criticism :—

“But, if, seeking to be justified in Christ, we too are found sinners as well as the Gentiles; that is, in other words, if we too fall back under the power of the law—is Christ the cause of sin? Is He the author of that law which is ‘the strength of sin,’ which ‘reviving we die?’ Not so. It is we, not He, who are the ministers of sin; we make ourselves transgressors by imposing upon ourselves a law which makes us transgress.”

It is curious to notice how strong a bias Professor Jowett here shows for his theory of St. Paul's relation to the other Apostles. In his paraphrase he stops short of the very verse that would prove the incorrectness of the idea that runs through it. “For I through the law died to the law, that I might live unto God.” Here is the proof that St. Paul was not speaking of the law as “the strength of sin.” The argument is to shew either that the Christians were not sinners, or that though in Jewish technical language *ἁμαρτωλοί*,

they were not transgressors. St. Paul does not ask whether Christ was a minister of the law. No doubt Professor Jowett's plan did not admit of elaborate discussions; but it cannot be denied that he has shown a want of care in leaving a very difficult position wholly undefended. No doubt something is gained by putting a new view of any great theological controversy in the strongest light. Bold men like Professor Jowett, in doing so, help the investigation, though they injure their own reputations. But it is not fair to draw the author of the great work of the controversy into a party by straining his language. This is precisely what Professor Jowett here does, however unintentionally. He assumes that St. Paul means the law by “sin,” and that he asks if Christ is not merely a minister of sin or the law, but the very cause and author of the law. A similar view is taken by Bishop Ellicott, but he does not push it to this extreme, or indeed state it broadly.

Dean Alford is essentially an exegetical as well as a critical commentator, and this must be borne in mind in reading his observations.

“But if, seeking (put first for emphasis—in the course of our earnest endeavour) to be justified in Christ (as the element—the Body, comprehending us the members. This is lost sight of by rendering ‘through Christ’), we ourselves also (‘you and I,’ addressed to Peter) were found to be sinners (as we should be, if we regarded the keeping of the law as necessary; for we should be just in the situation of those Gentiles who, in the Judaistic view, are *ἁμαρτωλοί*, faith having failed in obtaining righteousness for us, and we having cast aside the law which we were bound to keep), is therefore Christ the minister of sin (i.e. are we to admit the consequence which would in that case be inevitable, that Christ, having failed to obtain for His own the righteousness which is by faith, has left them sinners, and so has done all His work only to minister to a state of



"sin)? Whether we read *ἀπα*, or *ἀπα*, "matters little; either will express "the meaning, but the latter more "pungently than the former. The "clause must be interrogative, as *μὴ* "*γένοιτο* always follows a question in "St. Paul. . . . Those who would take "*ἀπα* for *ἀρ' οὐ* [*qu.* can it ever be "so taken. . . . ?] seem to me to miss "altogether the fine irony of the ques- "tion, which, as it stands, presupposes "the *ἀρ' οὐ* question already asked, the "inevitable answer given, and now puts "the result, 'Can we believe, are we to "hold henceforth, such a consequence?'"

This very full paraphrase has a disadvantage that is almost inevitable when a paraphrase does more than attempt to place the idea in different words, with the least possible amplification—of which terseness the paraphrases of Lightfoot and Jowett of this passage are excellent examples: it so dilutes the sense of the original that the reader leaves off embarrassed rather than assisted. Besides, this plan renders discussion of various opinions impossible without a change of method. The exegetical part is undoubtedly valuable in its details, but it lacks the logical exactness of Professor Lightfoot's. Dean Alford here takes the second explanation discussed by the Cambridge Professor—that which supposes that St. Paul attacks the premisses through the conclusion from a Christian point of view, and does not notice the other two, which are at least equally probable. Surely Professor Lightfoot tells us a great deal more in the same space, and tells it more clearly.

It may be said that a single specimen scarcely shows the comparative merit of commentators; yet a careful study of the writings of those who have been here compared with Professor Lightfoot will not lead to a far different estimate than may have been already formed.

A student who attended Professor Lightfoot's lectures at Cambridge, remembers his saying of the commentary of Bishop Ellicott, "If you want hard grammar, go to Ellicott." Nothing could be better as characterizing what he has

done. He is essentially a grammatical commentator, and, as such, he is of high value; but you must expect little else. His object was to furnish a grammatical commentary. At the same time sound grammatical views are necessarily of the utmost importance. Without them we cannot go forward a step safely, and Bishop Ellicott undertook this dry preliminary work, for the first time in English since the New Testament Scriptures had been studied with the aid of modern criticism, and thus did a great service, honestly, patiently, and most reverently performed.

Professor Jowett's characteristics are markedly shown by the single extract that has been given. It may not do justice to that picturesqueness of style which gives a dramatic interest to many of his dissertations—that peculiar acquaintance with the current ideas of the age of the New Testament that enables him to take the reader back into the very time; that disregard of minute criticism that makes him look at the general sense of a passage instead of philologically refining its details until the sense becomes obscure or is lost. But this extract does shew the cardinal faults of his writings—the excess to which neglect of verbal criticism is carried, and his strong bias in favour of a theory.

Of the large and valuable work of Dean Alford it is perhaps more difficult to form a similar judgment. His chief fault seems to be in his method. The old exegetical paraphrase is as dangerous to the commentator's judgment as to the reader's. The former is as much lost in his own cloud of words as the latter. As a critic he is extremely valuable on account of his extensive studies, and his freedom from bias, except that he shews a too great fondness for novelty: yet, as a grammarian, he is as inferior to Bishop Ellicott as he is as a logician to Professor Lightfoot. Much, however, must be conceded in the case of so great a work, and one which English scholars have accepted as by far the best commentary on the New Testament.

## MRS. GASKELL.

THE deaths of our friends are like milestones on the road of life. So somebody has said before; and, I think, the metaphor is just enough, save that, as we get well forward on our life journey, the milestones succeed each other so rapidly that we lose our reckoning. The number of dead men we have known becomes so large that, at times, we grow confused as to who is living and who is dead. In the first blush of youth there is—pardon the apparent cynicism of the remark—a sort of not altogether unpleasing sensation in being able to speak of your dead friend. To have known one who occupied some place in the world's notice confers upon us a kind of brevet of full manhood. I am speaking, be it understood, not of those lost loved ones—of whom all men, not cruelly cursed by fate, can say that as to their lives, they themselves were “*pars magna*,”—but of those common acquaintances whom we know neither more nor less than scores of others. Of such friendships—if I may so call these acquaintanceships—persons with whom literature is a profession or pursuit have, I think, more than most people. Authors, artists, editors, reviewers, newspaper writers, are brought much together by the necessities of their position, and form, naturally enough, those kinds of relations which entitle them in common parlance to call one another friends. Thus it becomes one of the privileges or pains, as you choose to consider it, of a literary life, that you are not allowed to pass in quiet to the grave with no tribute save the tears of those who have known and loved you. Nemesis compels your associates to write of you on your death, as you would have written of them had they gone before. I remember once being present at the funeral of one whose lot had brought him into contact with those who live by writing. All of us, who were assembled on the sunny slopes of

that pleasant Highgate burying-ground, were men connected in some way with literature. Many, perhaps most of us, were unknown by name to the public for whom we wrote; but still one and all were so far known behind the scenes, if not upon the stage, of literature, that we knew, if we died to-morrow, our deaths would be recorded in newspaper paragraphs. For some might be reserved the typographic glories of leaded print, of the black lines round the notice, of a place on the leader sheet; for others there might be afforded only the obscure paragraph in minion type, buried in some odd corner of the newspaper; but still for each there would surely be somewhere or other an obituary notice. And, as we were turning away from the grave where our friend lay buried, one of the mourners said to me, “Do you know what we are all thinking of in our hearts? We are wondering, in case this funeral had been ours, what our friends would have written of us to-morrow.” Such thoughts must be present surely to all who write. We can tell pretty well what our own record will be; we know it almost by heart, from the expression of deep regret at the beginning, to the very enumeration of our names at the close. But yet, though we may moralise on the hollowness of the custom, I suspect few of us would like to know that our friends would not follow our body to the grave, would not honour us with some passing record of our works and lives.

The world of English letters has just lost one of its foremost authors. Another of the writers I have known has passed away in the person of Mrs. Gaskell; and I think this magazine would scarcely be worthy of itself unless it contained some short notice of the authoress of “*Mary Barton*,” from one to whom, however slightly, she was known as a living woman, not as a writer only. It is that



which encourages me to say these few words in honour of her memory.

Of her private life it would not only be unbefitting to speak, but I believe that its record, even if it could be fully told by those to whom it is known, would throw but little light on the literary aspect of her character. Thus much may be fairly said, that it differed from those of most women who write novels, in being more calm and less eventful. Neither necessity, nor the unsatisfied solitude of a single life, nor, as I fancy, an irresistible impulse, threw her into the paths of literature. She wrote, as the birds sing, because she liked to write; and ceased writing when the fancy left her. And the result of this was, that all her works have, in their own way, a degree of perfection and completeness rare in these days, when successful authoresses pour out volume after volume without pause or waiting. For some eighteen years she had held a position amongst the first class of English novelists; and yet, during the whole of that period, she only published five novels of the three-volume order. She was a mother with many children, a wife approaching middle age, when she first became an authoress. It was, I have heard, to try and drown the memory of a dead child, an only son, that Mrs. Gaskell first thought of writing; and "*Mary Barton*" was the solace of a mother's sorrow. It always seemed to me that her face bore the impress of suffering; that her smile, sweet as it was, was sad also; that death, according to the saying of a French writer, had passed by her, and touched her in passing. Throughout her works there breathed something of the same gentle sadness. Her view of life was a cheerful one enough. One of the chief charms of her writings is the enjoyment she shows throughout in all the pleasures of home and family; but still, in all her works, there is a certain subdued weariness, as though this world would be a very dreary one if we were not all to rest ere long.

I take it that the fact of her literary life having begun so late explains, to a

great extent, both her strength and her weakness as a novelist. There is no sign of haste and immaturity about any of her novels. Her style was never slovenly; her word-painting was perfect of its kind; and her characters had none of the exaggeration so universal almost amidst women writers. Everybody who ever read "*Cranford*," knows the inhabitants of that little sleepy town as well as if he had been in the habit of paying visits there for years. 'We are on speaking terms with all the personages of "*Wives and Daughters*;" we can see the Gibsons, and Hamleys, and Brownings, as well as if we had called upon them yesterday. But, somehow, we never get further than an intimate acquaintance; we never quite learn to know them as we know the *Père Goriot*, or Colonel Newcome, or *Jane Eyre*, or *Adam Bede*. I doubt if any man, no matter what his genius, could rise to the highest rank of painters, if he never handled a brush till he had reached middle age; and in the same way an authoress, the passion time of whose life had gone by before she began to write fiction, must always lack something of that dear-bought experience which, for good or evil, is to be acquired only in the spring-tide of our existence.

Seldom has any author attained celebrity so rapidly as Mrs. Gaskell. Like Byron, she might almost say that she awoke one morning and found herself famous. Of all recent literary successes, "*Mary Barton*," with the exception perhaps of "*Jane Eyre*," was the most signal. During the period that its authorship remained a secret, there were few people, even amongst her own friends and neighbours, who suspected the quiet lady, whose home lay in Manchester, of having written a book of which the world was talking. With the celebrity that ensued on the success of the work there came trouble also. "*Mary Barton*" gave natural, perhaps not unreasonable, offence to the mill-owners and cotton lords, who formed the leaders of the society in which her position caused Mrs. Gaskell to live; and she was of too sensitive a nature not

to feel censure deeply. In truth, if I were advising an incipient authoress, and if I did not know that my advice was absolutely certain not to be taken, I should tell any lady who thought of writing novels, that she had far better not do so, for her own happiness' sake. I have known now a great number of authoresses, but I never yet have known one who could bear hostile criticism or ill-natured comment with equanimity. Somehow or other, the intense personality—if I may use the word—of female nature causes women to identify their private with their literary reputation to an extent unintelligible to men. To this general rule Mrs. Gaskell was, I imagine, no exception; and the censure which, justly or unjustly, was bestowed upon her "*Life of Charlotte Brontë*," gave her for a time a distaste for writing. Of all her works, this, viewed as a literary production, is, to my mind, the ablest. As a biography, it is almost unequalled. "*Currer Bell*" may or may not have been all that her biographer fancied: but, as long as her books are read, she will survive in the memory of men as Mrs. Gaskell painted her—not as she seemed to those who knew her less intimately and perhaps less well. The very success of "*Mary Barton*" told for a time almost against its authoress. At the period of its appearance public interest in the factory subject was very strong; and the novel had a remarkable hold upon the popular mind, quite apart from its literary ability. Of all Mrs. Gaskell's books, it was, I believe, the most largely sold, the one which has commanded the most permanent circulation. And, as a necessary result of this incidental popularity, the ensuing novels of the authoress were comparatively unsuccessful. Passion, as I have said, lay out of her domain; and both "*Ruth*" and "*Sylvia's Lovers*" rested on a delineation of passions with which the writer was either unable or, as I rather believe, unwilling to grapple firmly. The literature of passion can only be treated worthily by persons who, whether for good or bad, are indifferent to the thought how their

work may be judged by the standard rules of the society in which they move; and this was not the case with one of the most sensitive and delicate-minded women who ever wrote in England. "*North and South*," and "*Cranford*," perfect as they were as specimens of home portraiture, had not somehow that sustained interest that is necessary to constitute an eminently successful novel. Then, too, during the period which followed the appearance of "*Mary Barton*," we have had a remarkable succession of distinguished female writers. Currer Bell, George Eliot, Miss Yonge, Miss Braddon, and the authoress of "*George Geith*," all came, one after the other, before the public, after Mrs. Gaskell had made her mark. To institute any comparison between the various merits of these different candidates for public favour is a task for which I have neither the space nor the inclination. I only allude to them in order to point out how it was that for a time Mrs. Gaskell's reputation suffered, as it were, a partial eclipse. It was not that the public thought less of her, but that they thought more of others; and in literature, as on the stage, there is scarcely room for more than one *prima donna assoluta*. But her latest work won back for her more, I think, than any of its recent predecessors, the affections of a fickle public. "*Wives and Daughters*," introduced to the world with no flourish of trumpets, and with little preliminary puffing, appeared in a magazine without the writer's name, and without—as far as I know—any trouble being taken to let the fact of its authorship become generally known. Yet it acquired almost at once a singular popularity. Whether the novel—which, dying, she left half published—exists in manuscript, I, not being in the secret, cannot tell. From some internal indications, and from my own experience of authors, I should fancy it did not. If so, there are thousands of readers of every age, who will feel it a personal disappointment that they are never to know whether Molly Gibson married Roger Hamley, or how poor



Cynthia worked out her fate at last. Such a disappointment is surely one of the highest testimonies to a writer's genius. I heard, not long ago, of an old lady, whose life had not been a very happy one, and who was content enough to die when the time appointed came. In her last illness, when her strength was failing, though her mind remained clear and vigorous, she took much delight in reading a serial story then appearing in print. I think it was Mr. Collins's "No Name." Speaking one day, to the friend who told me the anecdote, of her passing life, she said, simply, "I am afraid, after all, I shall die without ever knowing what becomes of "Magdalen Vanstone." It is an odd thing, surely, to think how many readers, who begin to read any novel in numbers, must die before the word "finis" is written at the close. And, when a writer dies, leaving his tale half written, those who followed its fortunes eagerly feel as if something of their own had died with the writer's death.

In a fantastic German story, there is a strange fancy, which has often recalled itself to me. It was suggested that, whenever a novelist or dramatist died, the personages, whom, by his fictive art he had called into being, met him on the threshold of the unseen world to greet him, as their creator, and to thank or curse him for his share in the fact of their existence. If this dream-fancy had in it aught of truth, I can picture to myself no tribe of author-created visitants with whom I would sooner find myself surrounded on awaking beyond the grave than the cohort of those who might claim the author of "Mary Barton" as their spiritual parent. Becky Sharpe, or Valerie, or Jane Eyre, or Maggie Tulliver, or Lady Audley, or Consuelo, would seem too like weird ghosts from the nightmare-laden world I had left behind me for ever. But Ruth, gentlest and

purest of Magdalenes who have repented almost before they had sinned, and Philip, "tender and true," and Lady Ludlow, and Miss Matty, and Cynthia Kirkpatrick, would have so little of fault to answer for, that the burden of having called them forth to sin and suffer would weigh but lightly on my conscience as their responsible creator.

To say this is no small praise. It is not a slight matter that an author can look back at the last glimpse of life, and feel that he has left behind him no written word which can make those who read it otherwise than better; and this acknowledgment is justly due to Mrs. Gaskell. Other novelists have written books as clever, and many have written books as innocent; but there are few, indeed, who have written works which grown-up men read with delight, and children might read without injury. It is impossible to determine now the exact position which Mrs. Gaskell will hold ultimately amongst English writers of our day. It will be a high one, if not amongst the highest. Miss Austen's popularity has survived that of many writers of her time, whose merits were perhaps greater in themselves. So, if I had to say which of those novels we talk most of now will be read when we all are dead and buried, I should give the preference to "Cranford" and "North and South," above novels which I deem to excel them in innate power. These pleasant homeland stories—these vivid delineations of the lives of common men and common women, will survive, as long as people care to know what our England was at the days in which our lot is thrown. Within the last few years we have lost greater English writers than Mrs. Gaskell; we have greater still left; but we have none so purely and altogether English in the worthiest sense of that noble word.

D.

## NOTES FROM ORIEL COLLEGE HALL, ABOUT 1827.

BY FRANCIS TRENCH, A.M.

ORIEL COLLEGE, at the time to which these pages refer, had arrived at remarkable honour and distinction. For this—as I think all acquainted with the subject will allow—it was mainly indebted to its very able and accomplished Provost, namely, Dr. Copleston. He had been appointed to the headship in the year 1815; and Lord Dudley's congratulatory letter of that date, hopeful in expectations as it was, had been abundantly fulfilled. The college had become of first-rate reputation, and entrance to it was much sought and valued.

The ability and character of this distinguished man are well known to general readers from no less than three separate publications—I mean Lord Dudley's letters to him, and two separate biographies, one by his nephew, another by Dr. Whately, late Archbishop of Dublin.

The intention of the writer, both in regard to Dr. Copleston and also to the other personages mentioned here, is only to present a few characteristics, such as they appeared to an undergraduate of their day; and they will be very brief, as the nature of this paper demands.

Dr. Copleston was an unmarried man of middle age—stout, portly, and older in appearance than he really was. His society was much valued in the highest circles. As a scholar, he was very studious, accurate, and laborious. His Latin prose was beautiful. He had considerable wit, not to say severity, in criticism, when he chose to employ it—witness his celebrated article in the *Edinburgh Review*, directed against those who had ventured to impugn the studies of classical and ancient literature. It was said that he was fond of light reading also; and I certainly remember to have heard him descant on a novel of the day with much vividness and satisfaction.

To us, as undergraduates, he was

rather the Grand Lama. We dined with him once in a term; but unless we got into scrapes, and had to appear before him as delinquents, we saw little of him. A red coat was his abhorrence; and he discouraged the favourite pursuit of hunting by all possible means. He was regarded by the subordinate authorities of the college with the utmost admiration and respect; and to such a point was this carried that one of them once said to me that the study of his prose Latin composition would be no less profitable than that of Cicero himself.

Dr. Copleston held the Provostship till the year 1827, when he was appointed to the Bishopric of Llandaff and Deanery of St. Paul's—offices which he fulfilled with much reputation till his death. He often resided at a pretty country place of his own near Chepstow.

The time chosen for this short sketch might be in this or the previous year. Exact accuracy in this matter is of no consequence, as no particular day is selected for notice.

All those who are members of the college, except the Provost or Head, usually dine in the Hall. The whole room is filled with tables, and at the end opposite the entrance is what is called the *High Table*, placed transversely across the apartment, and raised, mediævally, by a single step above the remainder of the floor. Over it hangs a fine picture of Edward the Second, the founder of the college, for whose liberality and pious care in behalf of the institution thanks are given in the Latin grace said in the Hall by the Bible Clerk. An enemy of our collegiate institutions once positively and publicly declared that his soul was still prayed for in the Hall!

This table is and has always been occupied by the Fellows of the college, the gentlemen-commoners—a strange title, which I hope will be soon alto-



gether extinct—by invited guests, and by those who, having belonged to the college, keep their name on the books, and accordingly retain their privileges.

The head of the table is occupied by the Dean of the college, when present. This office is one immediately subordinate to that of the Provost. Within the collegiate walls it is always one of considerable importance. As the Arch-deacon (the eye of the Bishop) is to his superior, as the adjutant is to the colonel of the regiment, so is the Dean of the college to the Provost; and much depends on him for the order and prosperity of the whole establishment.

At the time now referred to, the reigning or sub-reigning Dean was a Welshman, from the county of Monmouthshire—the Rev. James Endell Tyler. No one, I am sure, who once knew him can forget him; and the writer, for one, can bear a faithful testimony to his noble and superior character.

He was a very original man, fervent and warm-hearted; perhaps, in a certain degree, vehement and excitable, as his countrymen are sometimes said to be; hating with true, good, Johnsonian hatred all that was false, mean, and wrong—loving, praising, promoting to the utmost of his power all that was laudable, worthy, and good among the undergraduates. In form he was strong and vigorous, florid in complexion, with voice of very varied tones—some of them deep and powerful, but mostly soft, winning, and persuasive. He felt and showed—far more than many of kindred position—a sincere personal interest in the conduct and advancement of the young men of the college; and altogether very well deserved that regard and appreciation in which he was always held.

Before the writer left Oriol, Mr. Tyler had removed to London, on receiving the appointment to the Rectory of St. Giles; a vast, populous, and most onerous charge, where he laboured, as at Oxford, with true, constant attention to his work, and carried on many public duties connected with the life of a prominent London clergyman.

Often, at the right or left hand of

the Dean, sat a tall, spare, erect, soldier-like man, who was one of the college tutors. He had served in the army before his entrance on life at Oxford; and among other “moving accidents of flood and field,” had been one in a party of eight, who were all brought into extreme peril of their lives by an accident on Mont Blanc. Three of them, I believe, perished. A full account of the matter was published in a well-known periodical of the day; and even up to the present time the subject is occasionally brought to mind by reports in the newspapers of portions of the bodies and clothing of the sufferers being cast out and brought to light through glacial movements.

The Rev. Joseph Dornford, to whom I now refer, was my college tutor, and had rooms just above mine. As undergraduates, we all considered him a graceful and accomplished scholar; and I very well remember, though so many years have since passed, the kind and gentlemanlike spirit which he always showed towards us. I am happy to say that he still lives, hardy, I am told, and vigorous, being a Prebendary of Exeter, and Rector of Plymtree, Devonshire. I shall add no more, except to express my very best wishes for his welfare and prosperity.

The same course will naturally dictate the very briefest notice of two other tutors and fellows at the time—one, the Rev. Edward Hawkins, who succeeded Dr. Copleston in the provostship, and accordingly has now held it nearly thirty-eight years. May the time be prolonged when any friend or writer of a sketch like this can speak of him as he deserves!

The other of our elder and official “*commensales*,” to whom I have just referred as tutor and fellow at the time, was the Rev. Richard William Jelf, now Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, Principal of King’s College and Sub-Almoner to the Queen. He left College during the writer’s time to undertake the chaplaincy to the late King of Hanover, and the tutorship of the present reigning monarch. So popular was he among the under-

graduates, that on his quitting college a testimonial was subscribed for among them, and the writer remembers one little incident connected with the matter, viz. the indignant ridicule, with which a certain article, sent on approbation by a well-known firm of jewellers in London, was received and returned. It was absolutely a small box, with G. R. and a crown upon it. We were quite unable to discover what possible allusion this could bear, either to us or to our worthy tutor, whom we desired to honour, and concluded that it was sent simply because an abundant stock of such things was on hand, given by George Rex to sundry officials, who had parted with them again. Hence the offer to us, and our immediate rejection on behalf of something a little more appropriate.

I shall now mention another, not only of wide-English but wide-world celebrity. He also survives; but unless there was some infringement of privacy, hospitality, or domestic life, any scruple about mentioning him, in the way which I intend here, would be simply absurd. He, I am sure, would be among the first to admit this: and his late *Apologetica pro Vitâ Suâ* will add fresh and extended interest to any little notices which may now appear on his earlier days.

To the best of my remembrance, at the time to which I refer Mr. Newman was fellow but not tutor at Oriol. He was usually resident at college, and for some time had the cure of St. Mary's parish, in Oxford. Not holding any office such as that of those here before mentioned, he did not come into any daily contact with us, in the way of lectures or general administration of affairs. In fact, therefore, our chief acquaintance, intercourse, and means of personal observation were derived from our habitually sharing in his company at the Hall table.

We there saw him invariably of calm and courteous demeanour, and always found him friendly, polite, and obliging to all his juniors. His features are too well known, by pictures and prints innumerable, to need any description. The expression was generally grave;

but his countenance was frequently lit up by a cheerful smile. His voice was gentle and attractive. The tones were rather low and measured, indicating thoughtfulness rather than any abrupt or hasty turn of feeling. We all considered him one of much delicacy and refinement of character. His manner and bearing towards the juniors of his college was always pleasing and full of respectful consideration; and accordingly any want of reciprocal conduct towards him would have been considered a grave reflection on any one who showed it. I say, without any hesitation, that these were the general sentiments entertained and shown towards Mr. Newman by a large body of young men, who met him almost daily at the table in Oriol Hall.

He was a few years senior to the writer, and had not taken any high honours in the Schools. This, however, did not diminish from his reputation amongst us as a man of undoubted attainments and ability. It was generally current that he had been debarred from Academical honours and distinction chiefly from illness or delicacy of constitution, either at or previous to the period of his examination: and his general appearance corroborated the impression that this solution and account of the matter was correct.

At the time in question, he had not become remarkable by any publications, or declaration of peculiar sentiments, or by attraction of a special school of disciples around him, or by any promise of renown or leadership, either in the college, in the university, or in the Church at large. Nor am I aware that any of his collegiate friends and contemporaries had then the slightest means of anticipating that stirring energy and those latent powers in him, through which he has borne so strong and mighty a part in our religious history. I scrupulously abstain from adding any more on this matter. There is a time, and a place for everything; and the object of these pages is not that of religious disquisition, but of simple, personal reminiscence. From this I do not consider that I swerve in mentioning that Dr.



Copleston, our Provost, subsequently spoke and wrote of him, quoting the passage from the Greek tragedian which tells of the young lion, bred up in apparent harmlessness, but afterwards so fearful in his strength.

I see by the "Apologia," that Mr. Newman states he has never visited Oxford since his departure and farewell to it and its friends; and has only seen it from the adjacent rail.

Few people have gathered and concentrated more interest around them. I remember once, even during the earlier days of his celebrity, to have been walking with a friend in Oxford, to whom his appearance was unknown. We met him. He stopped in his quick walk, and he and I had a few minutes of conversation together. Directly he left us, I told my companion who he was. The information was received with an absolute start of excitement, and a movement of the quickest "*right about face*," to get one look of him, as he vanished away under one of the porches of the schools, where the interview was.

The last time that I saw Mr. Newman, and it is now many years ago, was in London. He was then in the cloak, as I believe, of some monastic order. We speedily referred to old Oriel recollections, on which he entered with friendly and lively interest. His manner, demeanour, and expression appeared to me exactly that of former times, when we met, during term, almost daily at the table in Oriel Hall.

I may now refer to the *guests* who frequently dined in the Hall, and to those who were formerly connected with the college, but were now removed to other positions in the university.

Among those who were very frequently with us I may first, perhaps, mention the Rev. Richard Whateley, then Principal of Alban Hall, a man even at that time much distinguished, and who subsequently attained still higher reputation. At the period referred to, his chief public celebrity was as an acute and able logician. He had also much credit in a way almost everywhere appreciated, and certainly not less in Oxford than in most places. I mean,

as a *conversationist*. In this he was quick, ready, and original, and his talk embraced all kinds of subjects, of which we have heard so much in the biographies and various notices of him, as subsequently Archbishop of Dublin. His style was peculiar; almost always pithy, and sometimes exceedingly abrupt. It was often, *in appearance*, paradoxical, but woe to the inexperienced, who endeavoured to show that it was *really* of this character! His manner was quite in accordance with the strength, originality, and sometimes (it must be confessed) with the oddity of his conversation. He had this manner then. He took it wherever he went. He took it with him to Dublin; and it is mere nonsense to say that it had anything to do with his subsequent advancement to an ecclesiastical position, where he was without rivals near the throne. The quickness, the abruptness, the unexpected turn of his address, the absence of all effort to engage the sympathy of his hearers, except in his own special way, and many other similar characteristics, were all his "*proprium*" (to apply a logical term, as suiting to the man), and not at all the "*accidens*" of his discourse.

The only opportunity which I have had since of seeing Dr. Whately was after his promotion to the Archbishopric of Dublin. He then showed me the most friendly attention as an old Oriel man, sent me in his carriage with special notes to the superintendents of the various departments of National Education, in which he then took a very keen interest; and gave me a very graphic account of some among his candidates for ordination. He spoke of them highly in many respects, but seemed by no means satisfied with the accuracy of their scholarship.

The next person whom I may introduce in this list as dining at the Oriel table was the Rev. Blanco White, one who was the friend of Dr. Whateley, through all his various transitions of creed, and was always by him most kindly treated. His subsequent history, not less than his antecedents, were of a very remarkable character.

He had been a Roman Catholic priest in the Church of Spain; but, having been converted to the Protestant religion, and (as I believe) become a member of our Church, had been favoured with an Honorary Fellowship in the college—the only instance, as I understand, of the case. He now constantly dined in our Hall. He was of a Waterford family, and all the members of it had been devoted strongly to the creed of the Church of Rome. On going to Spain, he was appointed private chaplain and confessor to the king, and was deeply read in the ecclesiastical learning of his Church. He afterwards came to England, studied the Reformed faith, and became not less staunch in defending its principles than he had formerly been in condemning them. He greatly delighted in Oxford, and received much attention in the place.

I very well remember his manner and appearance. The former was soft, pleasing, and courtier-like; the latter was that of a grave, thoughtful, middle-aged man. His varied experience and peculiar history always ensured attention to his conversation; but, as undergraduates, we had little to do with him, and the interest in him has now, in the main, passed away. I shall, therefore, only add that he subsequently underwent fresh changes in religion, and for this reason no special Church or denomination would have any strong desire to claim him as one of their own adherents.

Another, frequently present, and formerly (I believe) of Oriel College, was the Rev. E. Denison, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. He was then of Merton College, and held the living of St. Peter's in the East, Oxford, which is in the gift of that body. To the best of my remembrance the Rev. W. K. Hamilton, who succeeded him in his see, was then his curate. They were both in high reputation as preachers and pastors. Denison was a very tall, grave, well-bred man, with general ability and attainments of the highest character. Many of his day will remember his distinguished appearance, as he used to ride on his tall horse, in the streets

of London. It is generally reported that he met his death from a cold caught on a visit of sympathy to our troops at Portsmouth, when they were setting out for the Crimean war. Another story is commonly current about him, viz.—that a relative applied to the prime minister of the day for some office, inferior to that of the episcopacy, and was met by the encouraging answer —“Why don't you ask for the bishopric?”—I suppose then vacant. Not an unpleasant mode of appointment this, and creditable to his own modesty and that of his kinsman.

The Rev. John Keble also occasionally visited Oxford, and dined in the Hall. His presence was, however, rare—much rarer than was desired, for, as a poet, he had already gained high reputation amongst us. I have no distinct remembrance of his conversation; and the same rule adopted in the earlier part of this paper, as to brevity on those who are still living, precludes further observation. At that time, as still, I believe that he was generally resident in his country parish.

My list of *notables*, among the seniors, is now brought to a close. I mentioned, at commencement, that the table, then frequently occupied from end to end, was attended by Fellows, guests, and undergraduates. As a company, they sat in no special order—a very excellent rule, as throwing the seniors and juniors more together, and thus promoting all true fellowship and union among different ages, grades, and characters. The remembrances of the company are to me very pleasant and interesting. Each took his seat in order as he came in; and it was a man's own fault if he did not enjoy the well-bred, courteous, and highly-educated company—taken as a whole—assembled at the Hall table.

Of the undergraduates who sat there I shall speak very briefly. Their history at the time was, of course, not of the past, nor of the present, but to come. Many among them have since arrived at considerable distinction; and many others have adorned their various positions in the higher walks of English private life with much credit to them-



selves and usefulness to society. I will not talk much of rank or position here; but among them it was certainly of a high degree. Three of them are now earls, one of whom has been a Secretary of State. There were some first-rate representatives of the English squirearchy—one of them from Devonshire—now departed—and, as a friend, “nulli flibior quam mihi.” Two among them have held, respectively, high colonial and diplomatic offices. Some of them are now baronets—some of them members of parliament—some diligent and useful clergymen. One of the greatest satisfactions of a man’s life must consist in occasionally meeting such old friends and “commensales:” and even this remembrance of them, as they rise up before the writer of this article, is in itself a sufficient reward for the delicate and somewhat anxious work of compiling it.

These pages may now be well brought to a close. When we happen to have met, at any time of life, those of whom others not possessing a similar advantage would desire to hear—and that very rightly and naturally—it seems to

me almost a duty to note down some few particulars for their information—not to keep it all idly shut up. It requires, of course, the most careful discrimination to judge what should be spoken of and what should not. But a difficulty of this kind is no reason for shunning the attempt. Some of those concerning whom I have written down these brief notices have occupied a place of considerable prominence in the public eye, and awakened a legitimate and most lively interest in all concerning them at the sundry periods of their life. I have written with a view to gratify the feeling; and, “errors excepted,” as some bankers say at the end of their yearly accounts—with this saving clause and provision, called for, perhaps, on account of the many years now gone by since the time on which the narrative chiefly and almost exclusively dwells—I venture to send it forth, and I do so with the happy conviction and assurance that nothing which it contains ought to give offence, or even to ruffle and disturb the spirit of any relative, friend, or admirer of any one spoken of.

## THE CASE OF THE ALABAMA.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

NEITHER the American nor the English nation, at this moment, at all contemplates a war. But civilized nations never contemplate a war. They drift into situations in which war becomes inevitable.

The disposition of the Americans towards England, so far as we can see, though not yet cordial, is improving, and is very far from being such as of itself to lead to a rupture. But a political struggle is about to commence in America, which in its issue may possibly bring a party, by tradition and interest unfriendly to England, again into the ascendant, and thus materially change the aspect of affairs.

It was a strange thing for England to

be thrown into the arms of the slave-owners. It was an equally strange thing for her to be thrown into the arms of the Democratic party.

The Democratic party, which our pro-Southern aristocracy and their journals delighted to honour as the “Conservative,” was headed, as everybody who knows anything of American politics is aware, by the Southern slave-owners, who drew after them as their political dependants the Irish of the Northern cities. A section of rich men at the North connected with the South by commerce, or sympathizing socially with the slave-owning aristocracy, and a certain number of mere party adherents, formed the remaining elements of the confeder-

tion, the main objects of which latterly became slavery at home and aggression abroad. The slave-owners, who led the party, were of course bitterly hostile to this country on account of slavery and the slave-trade. The sentiments of the Irish towards England it is not necessary to describe. We have said before, but we cannot too often repeat, that it was from the Democratic party, which down to the outbreak of this revolution had enjoyed some thirty years of almost uninterrupted ascendancy, that England received all the affronts and insults which, under the guidance of our great public instructors, we have been sagaciously wreaking on the heads of the Republicans, now, after a long exclusion, restored by the rebellion to power. It was the Democratic party that made war upon us in 1812. The Republican party suffered ostracism on that occasion for the suspicion under which it lay of sympathizing with the mother country rather than with France, and for its resistance, as the party of morality, of religion, and of Washington, to an immoral war.

Short-sighted people here have embraced the Democratic party as the party of Free Trade. But it included in its ranks the iron-masters of Pennsylvania, the most inveterate of all Protectionists, whose organs fan the flame of hostility to England, in order to exclude our iron, though it be at the risk of war.

The rebellion cut the Democratic party in two. The tail of it in the North, sympathizing too openly with the head in the South against the national cause, fell into utter discredit, and received at the last Presidential election what seemed a decisive overthrow; and had the Old England known her own interest, she and her statesmen would have rejoiced in that great victory of law, order, morality, and peace, as heartily as the New. But Mr. Lincoln fell by a blow which history, misled by no fanciful interpretations of Providence, will always reckon among the great calamities of the world. The new President, in spite of sinister appearances, has proved himself a skilful, temperate, and dignified ruler. But though a strong

Unionist, and now on political grounds a decided Abolitionist, he was formerly a member of the Democratic party, and a slave-owner. It is too early (we say it most emphatically) as yet to pronounce judgment on Mr. Johnson's reconstructive policy. But its present tendency appears to be towards a reconstruction not only of the Union, but of the old Democratic party. It is not without a colour of reason; at least, that the President receives the calamitous approbation of the Southern press in this country. And the destinies of the nation are to a great, to a terrible extent in the hands of this one man; who, from the schism which has taken place in the Republican ranks on the subject of negro suffrage, has evidently all parties at his feet.

Should the Democratic party rise again, it would again consist of slave-owners, or serf-owners inheriting the interests and sentiments of the slave-owners, as its head, and of Fenians as its tail. Its game would be a spirited foreign policy, especially in relations with England. It would hope thus to purge itself in the eyes of the nation of the fatal stain of disunion and rebellion. It would hope thus to dissipate in the whirlwind of new passions the accusing memories of the civil war. And a man must have a very inadequate idea of the character of Southern politicians if he refuses to believe them capable, in case it suits their tactics, of exciting the American people to hostility against this country, for having allowed Southern corsairs to issue from our ports.

Of the military designs of the Fenians we need entertain no fear. Fortunately for the mutual interest of the two Anglo-Saxon communities, the Irish at this moment are not popular in America. The assertion which one English journal repeated after another till all began to believe the slander, that the American armies were mainly composed of Irishmen, was the reverse of the fact. The Irish, from their jealousy of the negro as well as from their Democratic connexion, were throughout opposed to the war, and, after the fall of the Democratic general, McClellan, very few of



them entered the ranks. They voted as one man for M'Clellan and slavery at the last Presidential election: and their insurrection in New York, marked as it was with the same horrible atrocity which has always characterized the insurrections of Celts in Ireland and in France, did not fail to leave a deep impression on the minds of the most humane and law-loving of nations. No disposition, therefore, exists on the part of the Anglo-Americans to second Fenian enterprise; on the contrary, there is, perhaps, rather a disposition to make more allowance than has been hitherto made for the difficulties which England has to encounter in ruling and civilizing this unhappy race. But Fenians have votes; and, if the opportunity presents itself to them of using their votes in such a way so as to determine American policy in a sense adverse to England, we fear they will not show themselves sufficiently grateful for all the applause and encouragement which they received as "the Conservative party," from their admirers in the London press.

With this cloud on the horizon, it is desirable in the interests of peace and all that depends on peace (including constitutional government and national solvency in America as well as English trade) that all questions between the two nations should be settled while each remains in its present temper and under its present government; and that the settlement should not be delayed till the Democrats get into power on one side, and the Tories on the other. On the part of neither government at present is there any lack of determination to maintain the national honour, while both are, as we hope and believe, sincerely anxious to avoid a war.

The continuance of the general disarmament in America divests any claims which may be presented by that Government of the air of intimidation; and, surely, every Englishman, with a vestige of candour in his nature, will allow that the Americans have so borne themselves, both in their civil war and after its close, that the proudest of nations need not feel itself humiliated by rendering to them all that justice requires; if,

indeed, in any question of justice there could, under any circumstances, be so great a humiliation as persistence in a wrong.

The only question really remaining for settlement is that of the *Alabama* claims. But this question derives its angry and (we fear it must be said) threatening character in part, at least, from other grievances which have rankled in the heart of the American people.

The American ambassador still dwells on the general attitude of England during the war. In reply to the soothing assurances of the kindly feelings of England, tendered by Earl Russell, he still complains of the "coldness and "apathy which he has found prevailing "in many quarters from which his "countrymen had a right to expect "warm and earnest sympathy." We are not careful to answer Mr. Adams in this matter. We are ourselves among the Englishmen who have deplored as much as he has the sympathy shown for the wrong cause by a large class in this country: and we do not doubt that he has had personally, in his intercourse with English society during this period, much to endure, and by the almost heroic patience and forbearance with which he has endured it earned a title to the gratitude of both nations. But he is eminently a man of sense. He knows whether his countrymen, or the friends of political equality and religious liberty in general, have much reason to be surprised and scandalised because the old aristocracies and established hierarchies of Europe do not exhibit warm and earnest sympathy for a democracy whose friends proclaim that its success is their inevitable doom, if they are even somewhat unmeasured in their joy over such a respite to old institutions as the apparent downfall of the model republic. He knows, in short, whether it is quite rational to upbraid the thistle of aristocracy for not bearing republican figs. He knows also whether, in the quarters where he had really a right to look for warm and earnest sympathy in a crusade against the attempt to erect a slave empire, the

character of the struggle was, or could be at the outset, sufficiently apparent to produce its full moral effects. Did he ever experience a chiller blast of adverse sentiment in the "coldest" society of aristocratic London than that which blew upon him, and all enemies of slavery, but a few weeks ago from his own coast, when Connecticut refused political rights to the negroes? Did not an American proclaim the other day to English scepticism that after all it was right, for that, to the best men in America, the negro was an object of loathing? Is there not among his own countrymen, at this moment, a considerable party entitled to the sympathy only of those Englishmen who are for "the Constitution as it is, the Union as it was, and the negroes as they were?"

If the object of the civil war had been simply to restore the territorial greatness of the American republic, it might have commanded the sympathies of those whose political views lead them to wish that the American republic should be very powerful and influential among nations. But no man is bound by any moral obligation to have this object at heart, much less to desire that it should be sought at the cost of an effusion (which long seemed an utterly hopeless effusion) of seas of blood.

Each of the two kindred nations has in it explosive elements, which are dangerous to the common peace and welfare. We have our Tory aristocracy, our Liverpool plutocracy, our High Church Bishops. The Americans have their Fenians, their slave-owners, their violent war politicians. There is much on both sides to be controlled, and though, upon the whole, the control has been effectual, we must not wonder if there is still something on both sides to be forgiven. England may be reasonably expected to bury in magnanimous oblivion the unauthorized sallies of American subordinates. Americans may be as reasonably (and, considering their splendid victory over all their enemies and detractors, more reasonably) expected to bury in magnanimous oblivion the vain fulminations of our orators, the unheard prayers of our prelates, and the

unfulfilled predictions of our political seers.

At all events, let want of sympathy, however discreditable and provoking, be retaliated by want of sympathy, not by slaughter and destruction. Every soldier who should fall merely to avenge the wounded self-esteem of his nation, would be murdered by the government which sent him into the field. We moralise on the king who plunged two nations in blood to avenge an epigram on his mistress. Why are these things less horrible in nations than in kings?

Of the acts of the English Government, as distinguished from the general attitude of the English nation, the one which gave the greatest offence, and the memory of which rankles most deeply, is the concession of belligerent rights to the South. To this the American ambassador, on behalf of his Government, still reverts in a tone of unabated resentment. It is for this, as we suspect, that we are being called to account in the case of the *Alabama*, almost as much as for the depredations of the Alabama themselves.

Now, no Englishman, however great may be his admiration of America, however strong may be his conviction that her greatness is, or ought to be, identical with that of the nation from which she sprang, however firmly he may have believed that the hopes of humanity were bound up in the cause of the North, however warmly he may have resented all proceedings on the part of his own countrymen adverse to that cause, even though he may have incurred the opprobrium of a "Yankee" and an "un-Englishman," can scarcely hope to be regarded by Americans as free from partiality in passing judgment on the acts of his own country. But Englishmen, of whom all this is true, are not able, after giving the case the best and calmest consideration in their power, to see that in this matter their Government did, much less that it intended, a substantial wrong.

A power had sprung into existence, infamous, traitorous, and accursed it may be, but exercising dominion practically complete over a vast and united territory,



and having mighty armaments in the field. That at some point this power must have been recognised as possessing belligerent rights, all parties will allow. And never for one single moment, or in one single transaction, did the Federals themselves withhold those rights from their opponents. Never from the time when the first shots were interchanged between the besiegers and the garrison of Fort Sumter, did the Federals themselves incur in a single instance the awful risk of treating the Confederates as rebels, to be hanged when they were taken, not as regular enemies, entitled to quarter, and to all the other rights of regular war.

The only question, then, was as to the time when the recognition of belligerency should take place. This question, depending on the extent of an insurrection and the consistency which it has assumed, is, of course, one which in any given case it is very difficult to decide. No one can decide it infallibly. But the judgment of a bystander, provided he is acting in good faith, is more likely to be right than that of either of the parties engaged. It appears to us that our Government was right, or, at all events, that it was not palpably wrong, in deciding that there existed from the moment of the Secession a great power, which neutrals could not avoid recognising as belligerent, and investing with the rights—and it must be remembered at the same time with the liabilities—belonging to that character. Such was, in fact, the opinion of Americans themselves, when, not having our conduct or any other disturbing consideration before their eyes, they were led to take an impartial view of the subject. The judgment of the United States Court in 1862, cited by Lord Russell, in laying down the law in favour of the course taken by the American Government, practically rules the question of belligerency in favour of ours.

“This greatest of civil wars was not gradually developed by popular commotion, tumultuous assemblies, or local organized insurrections. However long it may have been its previous conception, it nevertheless sprang forth suddenly

“from the parent brain, a Minerva in the full panoply of war. The President was bound to meet it in the shape it presented itself without waiting for Congress to baptize it with a name; and no name given to it by him or them could change the fact.”

It would be a curious instance of the inconvenience resulting from the want of cognate words in the English language, if the friendly relations between the two portions of the English race were to be disturbed because, while they were agreed that there was a *war*, one of them denied that there were *belligerents*.

Let us suppose, however, that the British Government were mistaken. They cannot be the proper objects of serious blame, much less of sanguinary vengeance, if, in a matter notoriously difficult and doubtful, they acted in good faith.

Now, that they did act in good faith, that they were determined in recognising the Confederates as belligerents, not by any unfriendly designs or feelings towards the Federal Government, but by an honest sense of the necessity of the case, is a fact about which we believe no candid and reasonable Englishman, however little he may have admired the Government of that day, entertains any serious doubt. Lord Russell has, perhaps, in the course and under the polemical temptations of the controversy, cast a shadow of retrospective suspicion on the character of his own act by defending it too much on mere technical grounds, such as the declaration by the Federal Government of an intended blockade of the Southern ports. But at the time it was unquestionably founded on the real state of the case between the Federals and Confederates, as it appeared to the most ardent friends of the Federals on this side of the water. The measure emanated, in fact, immediately, not from any diplomatic deliberations in the bosom of the Cabinet itself, but from the call which our Admiral on the station addressed to his Government for a rule of conduct, on merely professional grounds.

That an English Government, looking at the question in the interest of England, desired to give strength to the rebellion,

and to prolong the civil war, and that it set justice and decency at defiance for that diabolical purpose, will not be easily believed by any one who remembers the awful peril, not only commercial, but social, with which the cotton famine threatened us, and the thrill of alarm and horror which, upon the dawning of that peril, ran through the whole land. The minds of many Americans, in judging of the motives which have actuated England, are full of the gains which we are supposed to have made, or hoped to make out of American calamity by trafficking in Confederate bonds, and for which a great nation is imagined to have sold its honour; though such a speculation is to the general trade of England as the contents of a pedlar's pack are to the contents of the greatest warehouse in New York. It is forgotten that we had the most tremendous motive for desiring the peace and tranquillity of the republic; and that, in fact, we have borne to an enormous extent the pecuniary burden of what to us also was almost a civil war.

As to the substance of this act of its Government, then, the conscience of the English nation is clear; and if a war were forced on England ostensibly or really on that ground, she would have much reason indeed to mourn (and on other grounds than that of loss of money or even of blood), but she could have no reason to fear; for she would be fighting as the North has been fighting, in self-defence and for the right.

There was more ground for complaint, we must frankly confess, as to the manner in which the act was done. Full of affliction and anguish as the American nation then was, under the pressure of a sudden and overwhelming calamity, every right feeling dictated that a step which, however inevitable, could not fail to be most unwelcome, should be taken with all the forms of studious and considerate courtesy of which the circumstances of the case would permit. The intention of the Government ought, in our humble judgment, at least, to have been communicated to the American ambassador, who, at the moment when the proclama-

tion was issued, was known to be on the point of arriving in this country. It is said by the apologists of the Government that Mr. Adams would have felt it his duty to protest against the measure; that our Government would then have had to carry it into effect in the face of his protest; and that an aggravated misunderstanding, perhaps an immediate quarrel with the Americans, would have been the result. But the answer to this plea, we apprehend, is that in public and in private life you have to look only to your own actions. Do what is right, and do it with perfect frankness and courtesy towards all who are concerned; and if those with whom you deal persist nevertheless in objecting to your decision, and take to violent courses, the blame will rest on them, not on you. No man, no nation, can guarantee himself or itself against unreasonable resentment on the part of others: all that he or it can do is to take care that the resentment shall be without reason.

A mere defect of manner, however, like a defect of sympathy with the right cause, finds its meet punishment both among men and nations in a loss of esteem and influence, not in a lawsuit or a war.

That the recognition of belligerency, even supposing it to have been precipitate, can have done much practical mischief in the way of consolidating and encouraging the rebellion, or that its delay for a few weeks would have made a great practical difference in that respect, is a thing which we can scarcely believe. This seems to us to be a part of the "sixty days" view of the secession, which, though naturally cherished at first from the unwillingness of all hearts to acknowledge the arrival of a great disaster, proved, as we know, in fact to be unfounded. Considering the almost demoniac fury and tenacity with which the South persisted in the struggle long after all hope of foreign assistance, long after all hope of every kind was at an end, posterity will, we are convinced, seek the key to the strength and duration of the Confederacy in causes more deeply rooted and nearer home than the early recognition by a distant nation of bel-



ligerent rights which the Confederates were from the first unquestionably strong enough to assert, and which the Federals themselves never practically withheld.

The French recognition of belligerency, though it came after ours, was not led by ours; it was a spontaneous and independent act of the French Government. The French were not under so urgent a necessity as we were of determining their maritime relations with the Confederates in American waters. And besides, while the British Government are, generally speaking, honest, straightforward, true to their engagements, but totally wanting in the faculty of conciliation, French Governments in general, and that which sprang from the conspiracy of 1851 in particular, rival the Government which sprang from the Charleston Convention in the address with which they practise all the arts by which good opinions can be won. They have the gift of making rapine itself almost popular; and know well how, out of any alliance or course of joint action in which they may engage, to suck all the advantage themselves and deftly cast all the odium on their partners. Substantially, what has been the conduct of France towards America compared with ours? Did not France in the darkest hour of American distress propose to England a "mediation," which would have amounted in fact to an intervention in favour of the rebels; and was not that proposal rejected by the English Government with the cordial approbation of the vast majority of the English nation? Has not the French Emperor taken advantage of the calamities of the republic to plant in the New World an offset of the upas tree which is blighting with its pestilential shade the political and social morality, not of France only, but of the surrounding nations? The day may come when the Mexican empire may spread the contagion of Imperialism, military aristocracy, and political priesthood over American states in whose veins the virus of a kindred malady is not yet extinct; and when American statesmen may know what it is to allow French despotism and sacerdotalism to extend their dominion

from shore to shore by taking advantage of the divisions of the Anglo Saxon race, the guardians in both hemispheres of freedom and of truth.

Frankness requires us to confess, in connexion with this question of the concession of belligerent rights, that we have always been of the number of those who contended that Confederate cruisers ought not to have been allowed to destroy merchantmen uncondemned; and who inclined to think that our Government erred, as the leading maritime Power among the neutrals, in not proposing to the other maritime Powers to protest against a practice which was clearly a relapse into the barbarous times when the end sought in war was not victory, but destruction. The answer given was, that Lord Stowell had decided that it was lawful to burn an enemy's vessel, without taking her into a prize-court, rather than allow her to escape. This answer did not seem to us conclusive. The great interests of humanity and civilization are not to be given into the hands of a dead lawyer. Questions relating to them are to be decided by the living generation, on grounds as broad and as substantial as the interests themselves. The necessity of carrying prizes into a prize-court is not merely a security to neutrals, it is a restraint imposed, in the interest of the whole commonwealth of nations, upon the destructive agency of war. The systematic burning at sea of multitudes of merchantmen by cruisers without a port or prize-court, was a state of things far beyond anything that Lord Stowell had experienced, or that he could have foreseen. Such an irruption of relapsed barbarism ought to have been arrested by the common action of civilized nations. But this concerned all the Governments, at least all other maritime Governments, as much as ours. The law, so called, was in favour of permitting the destruction of an enemy's vessel; and if the Confederates were burning Federal property on the sea, the Federals were burning Confederate property by land. Indeed, though the issue has been raised, we are not aware that any sustained charge has been made by

American publicists against our Government on this special ground.

The affair of the *Trent* is another grievance which still rankles, though in a less degree. It was an affair in which the British nation had very great reason for reproaching its own Government. The suppression of Mr. Seward's pacific note, and the positive denial of the fact that such a communication had been received, published in the Prime Minister's personal organ, would have formed the subject of discussion in Parliament, if Parliament had not been at the time in a remarkably complaisant mood. The expedition to Canada, at a season when no military operations could possibly be undertaken in that quarter, has entailed upon this country a waste of several millions, besides other bad effects. Undoubtedly the Prime Minister of that day did exhibit his usual love of displaying military force; and all will admit that anything like a gratuitous menace was peculiarly offensive and unworthy when directed against a nation in distress. But can Americans honestly say that no colour of justification for a display of force was afforded on their side? Let them remember the banquet given to Captain Wilkes at Boston, at which the Governor of the State was present. Let them remember the note addressed to him by the Secretary of the Navy, telling him "that his conduct in seizing "these public enemies had been marked "by intelligence, ability, decision, and "firmness, and had the emphatic approval of the Department." In that case, as in many other cases, the American Government had reason to complain of the uncontrolled action of too eager subordinates. But other Governments and nations must be excused for believing that when the Secretary of the Navy has formally approved the act of an officer, it will be necessary for a foreign Government to show some determination in order to get the act reversed. Let the truth be told: we have never conversed with a candid and well-informed American on the subject, who seemed quite sure that the resolution to insist on her demand evinced on the part of England had not some

influence in enabling the American Government, in the midst of great popular excitement, to do what, all admit, was required by public law. To the language in which our claim was preferred no objection can possibly be taken. It was the most studiously considerate and respectful which courtesy could dictate. On the whole we may heartily thank Heaven on both sides, that we were not led into a quarrel about a couple of slave-drivers, who were as hateful to the mass of the people in England as they were to the Americans themselves, and be content to think as little as possible for the future of this most hateful incident of the past.

Of the blockade-running, the Americans never professed to complain as a contravention of public law. Their own people, with the same temptations, would have done the same. But it was most natural that they should be galled by seeing the outlying dependency of a distant nation serving as a depôt and a base of operations for their enemy in a war which imperilled the existence of their nation. It will be well if the English people are led some day to consider whether so offensive and dangerous a possession as Nassau has any counter-vailing advantages which make it at all worth our while to retain it in our hands.

We come to the case of the *Alabama* itself, on which we will say a few words, not for the purpose of taking a case of international law out of the master hands of "Historicus," but for the purpose of insisting on a few leading considerations of a practical kind.

The first thing, indeed, which it is necessary in all these cases to reiterate is, that there is, properly speaking, no such thing as international law. It is heartily to be desired that nations had a recognised authority of some kind which could make laws in international matters binding on them all, and a tribunal armed by common consent with the requisite powers for enforcing these laws, and interpreting them in any doubtful case. Possibly such discussions as are now going on, by cultivating the general sense of legality, and the



general conviction of the irrational as well as dreadful character of an appeal to force to decide a question of right, may help to advance the world towards this yet very distant consummation. But at present there is no lawgiver, no tribunal, no sanction, and therefore no law. There are only usages, more or less ratified by the general consent of nations, and recorded in the works of eminent writers. Whenever a dispute arises between nations, we are still in a state of nature. Nor can we rely upon this quasi-law, as we can upon real law, to protect us by its technicalities in doing anything injurious or offensive to our neighbours. A citizen, so long as he keeps within the technical boundaries of the law, may make himself a nuisance to his fellow citizens with physical impunity; but, if a nation makes itself a nuisance to other nations, and they feel themselves strong enough to put the nuisance down, they will, on some pretext or other, certainly go to war. Let Ireland rise, let us blockade the Irish coast, let privateers issue from the ports of Holland or Portugal and prey on our commerce under the Irish flag; whatever technical precepts of the international jurists may stand in the way, we shall quarrel with the Dutch or Portuguese, and they will appeal to Vattel and Puffendorf in vain. Distinctions between different kinds of legal obligations, again, belong only to a state of law: between nations, which are in a state of nature, all real obligations stand on an equal footing, and if disregarded, will be equally enforced by arms.

American citizens had in more than one instance—in the war between England and the French revolutionists, and again in the wars between Spain and Portugal and the South American states—indulged to a great extent in the habit of preying on the commerce of a friendly nation under a foreign flag. The existence of this practice, and the dangers which it involved, had thus been brought vividly home to the mind of the American Government, which had wisely and honourably taken measures to prevent its recurrence by increasing the stringency of

the law. Of course the Confederates, from the same experience, were familiar with this device, and they hastened, as soon as their own ports were blockaded, to avail themselves of the ports of an unsuspecting nation, for the purpose of carrying on a naval war.

To the British Government and nation, on the contrary, this offence was practically unknown. When the first instance of it occurred, in the case of the *Alabama*, it struck the bulk of our people as a new and monstrous invention of the Confederates and their Liverpool allies. Large public meetings were immediately held to protest against its continuance; great indignation was manifested by the masses of the people; the Government, awakened to the full gravity of the occasion, effectually bestirred itself; and the practice was at once and finally put down. For though other vessels, built in English yards, and manned, unhappily, in part by Englishmen, were used by the Confederates for purposes of war, and under circumstances disgraceful to the English adventurers who were concerned in such enterprises, not a single real instance can be shown, after that of the *Alabama*, in which a ship armed for war was allowed actually to go forth from our ports; while Earl Russell is able to point to several cases in which their departure was arrested, sometimes by the exertion on his part of powers almost beyond the law.

Mr. Adams complains that we refused to increase the stringency of our law. But this complaint seems not tenable. The state of our municipal law is properly a domestic concern. Foreign nations have only to see that we fulfil our international obligations. A despot, with no law at all but his own arbitrary will, would be perfectly unimpeachable as against foreigners so long as he caused his subjects practically to abstain from doing wrong to those of other Powers; while, on the other hand, the most perfect municipal law that could be imagined would not afford the slightest defence against the charges of another Government whose subjects, in spite of the existence of that law, had practically suffered wrong. The municipal law is

merely the instrument by which each Government restrains its own subjects, for whose acts, not for the state of the law, it has to answer to other nations. A perfect uniformity of municipal law upon these subjects, indeed, so far from being indispensable, might not be desirable; since a law applicable to the circumstances and general institutions of one country might not be applicable to the circumstances and general institutions of another. It signifies nothing to Mr. Adams, or to his Government, whether we changed our law or not. If we executed it, or strained it, or even acted in defiance of it, so as to prevent any more of these vessels from leaving our ports, that is all that he and they have a right to require. The steam rams were stopped. They were stopped, it is true, by an expedient discreditable to the municipal law, and humiliating to the majesty of England—that of purchasing them, with the public money, of the offender who had built them. But this is a purely domestic question, not one affecting Mr. Adams as the representative of a foreign Power. If we had wilfully or carelessly allowed the rams to escape from Birkenhead, we should not have been exonerated in the court of international right, though we had been able to state that, by our municipal law, equipping ships without the permission of the State against Her Majesty's allies subjected the offender to the penalties of treason. But as we did not allow them to escape, we should have been perfectly exonerated, though, in addition to paying the builder of the rams for his offence, we had made him a Privy Councillor and a Knight of the Garter. The improvement of municipal law for the purpose of better fulfilling international obligations is a very proper subject of mutual suggestion and negotiation, and a strict Foreign Enlistment Act is evidence of good intentions; but so long as the obligation is performed, whether improvement in the means of performing it are adopted or not, no complaint can be sustained.

Before the nation and the Government could be roused, however, one vessel had escaped, and, unfortunately, she did

great damage to American commerce; though to charge us with the whole extent of that damage would on any hypothesis as to the history of the vessel, short of wilful connivance on the part of our Government, be unreasonable in the highest degree; since we should thus be held responsible not only for our own want of diligence in letting her escape, but for the slackness of the Americans in pursuit. Remissness is the worst fault with which either party can, consistently with any regard for probability and decency, charge the other; and the remissness of the Americans in failing to catch this vessel, or arrest her depredations, was, to say the least, quite as great as our remissness in allowing her to leave port. It is difficult to understand how, with such a navy afloat, they can have allowed a single corsair so long to sweep the sea.

Remissness, however, in the fulfilment of a national obligation, though confined to a single instance, and extenuated even in this instance by the novelty of the case, is a fault, and a fault which, if it can really be brought home, calls for some kind of reparation, which, the greater a nation is, the more ready it will be to afford. With remissness Mr. Adams charges us. And from the facts set forth upon both sides, many Englishmen believe that there is some ground for the charge—that, unfamiliar with cases of this kind, and not sufficiently impressed with the gravity of the subject, our Government did not attend to his warnings so promptly, or act upon them so vigorously, as it ought. They are confirmed in this impression by the reports circulated in excuse for the Government of untoward delays caused by the mental illness of the Queen's Advocate, and of a betrayal by some treacherous subordinate of the decision which had been taken at the Foreign Office to detain the *Alabama* at Liverpool. The truth, however, can scarcely in this, any more than in other disputed cases, be arrived at merely by comparing the assertions and counter-assertions of the parties to the dispute. It can be arrived at only by means of a judicial investigation, conducted before an im-



partial tribunal. We do not see by what other means an unjust accusation can be effectually disposed of, the character of this country effectually cleared of reproach, or, what is of the highest importance, the rule of right clearly established and solemnly recognised by both parties for the future. We are, therefore, very sorry, and we apprehend that there is a general feeling of regret, that both Governments should, as the case now stands, have rejected this mode of settling their difference, and determined each to make itself judge, in the last resort, in its own cause. In ordinary life, such a refusal of friendly arbitration to decide a question of right which it is morally impossible that the two parties, though each were the soul of justice and honour, should be able to decide for themselves, would be thought a sure proof of wrongheadedness and folly. Why it is not equally so in diplomacy, diplomacy alone knows.

That the British Government were somewhat taken by surprise, and did not know exactly how to deal with the case, appears from the course which they pursued when they learned that the vessel had escaped. They sent out orders to detain her at Nassau, but she did not visit that place; and next time she appeared in a British port, having then entered on her career of depredation, she was hospitably received, and treated as a lawful belligerent. It is impossible, as it seems to us, to reconcile such a course with any intention to do wrong upon the one hand, or any well-settled rule of right upon the other.

To hunt the *Alabama* down as a corsair, which had sailed from our port to prey upon the commerce of our friends, was perhaps the course prescribed to our Government by the highest considerations of public right, by the real justice of the case, and by our interests as a great commercial nation. But this course had not been taken by the American Government in similar cases, nor was it a part of the acknowledged law of nations. We are not aware, even, that the Americans ever demanded that we should take it; though, by putting in a claim for the whole of the damages

done by the *Alabama*, they now seek, in effect, to make us responsible for its not having been taken.

Again, to have called the Confederate Government to account for a violation of our neutrality, strictly analogous, and equal in heinousness, to marching troops over our territory for the invasion of our allies, would perhaps have been a just and (considering the vast interests we had at stake) a wise measure, and it was one which, as it seems to us, a really strong English minister would have adopted. But it had not been adopted by the Americans, and therefore they were not in a position to upbraid our Government with its omission. In fact, they had taken up a position which would have made it very difficult for them in any case to require that our Government should hold the Confederates to belligerent duties; for to require that the Confederates should be held to belligerent duties would have been to acknowledge, by necessary implication, that they had been duly invested with belligerent rights.

We repeat, however, that if there is any fair ground for suspecting that the English Government was guilty of remissness in the performance of international obligations, even in the slightest degree, and that through this remissness, wholly or in part, a friendly and allied nation has suffered a serious injury, the honour of England not only does not forbid us to submit the matter to arbitration, but requires that we shall do so, in order that by this, the only possible mode, our character for good faith may be cleared to our allies, and before the world.

Any arbitrator before whom we might go would, of course, give due weight to the precedents in our favour, furnished by the conduct of the American Government in the case of the Spanish and Portuguese claims, about which Lord Russell and Mr. Adams, as the parties interested, having once given their respective versions of the facts, can do little more than bandy words. Those precedents, as at present set forth, seem to us almost decisive in our favour. The only difference which Mr. Adams

succeeds in pointing out between the conduct of our Government and that of his own, to the advantage of his own, is that the American Government consented to improve its law,—though not so effectually, it appears, but that the offence continued to be committed after the change. But we did what was, in effect, the same thing—we administered the law more strictly; and whether the offence is prevented by a stricter law, or by a stricter administration of it, or by any other means, is, as we have said before, a matter with which the representative of a foreign nation has no concern.

An arbitrator would take care to separate the case of the *Alabama*, as the issue really before him, from the other cases of Confederate cruisers built in English ports, which are made to cluster round it, and by the seeming connexion artificially to deepen its hue, in the polemical despatches of Mr. Adams; but which really belong to a different class. An arbitrator would note, in our favour, the strangeness of the present situation, in which the Confederates themselves, the principal and only wilful offenders, are received back to the privileges of American citizenship, while we, at worst their involuntary abettors, are called upon to bear all the consequences of the offence; so that, literally, the real criminals would be allowed to take part in voting war against other people, for not having been sufficiently active in preventing the commission of their crimes. An arbitrator, taking a large and equitable view of the entire case, would in his own mind trace back the whole of these calamities to their original source; and would pronounce, as we apprehend, that the Americans, who had by their own institutions nursed the sure elements of a great political explosion, ought to be somewhat lenient in heaping blame and inflicting vengeance on their neighbours, who, having also some combustibles in their houses, did not entirely escape the conflagration which ensued.

It is the more necessary that we should embrace all available means of purging our honour, since, unfortunately, the

bearing of our Government, or rather of our Prime Minister and of a party in our Parliament, was such as, so far from removing, materially to increase whatever sinister appearance might attach to the transaction. In the debate on Mr. Forster's motion, the builder of the *Alabama* was not only tolerated, but cheered; and whereas from Pitt, Canning, or Peel he would assuredly have met the lofty and crushing rebuke of English honour, by Lord Palmerston he was acquitted with the faintest blame. The mention of the *Alabama's* depredations was received with cheers by the violent partisans of the South. And the Prime Minister, instead of holding towards the Americans the language which in public and private life is always held by a gentleman who has, however involuntarily, done an injury to a friend, courted popularity by magnanimously refusing to change the law at the instance of a foreign Power—a boast, the dignity of which receives its meet illustration when Lord Palmerston's colleague, under circumstances less favourable to magnanimity, is fain to claim credit from the same foreign Power, for having at its instance strained, if not overstepped the law. The Attorney (then Solicitor) General, also, in the arduous apparently of advocacy, made a speech which caused great and (considering what the Americans were suffering at our hands, if not through our fault) most natural irritation; though no one, we believe, to whom Sir Roundell Palmer's character is known, would suspect him for a moment of any want of justice or of good feeling, and, though so far as his personal opinions were concerned, he was understood to be friendly to the cause of the North. The Americans have not forgotten these things, nor is it to be expected that they should.

The conduct of a large portion of our press on the same occasion was also such as to expose us to the worst suspicions. Whoever will be at the pains of referring to the language which was held by great English journals at the time of the *Alabama* affair, will see that, if it had been a real exposition of the sentiments and intentions of this



country, the American Government would have had no alternative but, in defence of its own honour and the property of its subjects, at once to prepare for war.

As to the specific grounds upon which Lord Russell takes his stand, they are, we believe, felt to be untenable by the majority of the nation in whose name he speaks. He says that England is the guardian of her own honour. Nobody has impeached the honour even of any English Minister, much less that of the English nation. All that has been alleged on the other side is that our Ministers have, by want of reasonable care and precaution, led to the infliction of an injury on our neighbours, and that we owe reparation accordingly. Such complaints are constantly made and attended to in private life without involving the impeachment of anybody's honour. If I am charged with having neglected my fences and thereby allowed my cattle to escape and do mischief in my neighbour's grounds, am I to be allowed to meet his demand for reparation by saying that I am the only guardian of my own honour?

Again, Lord Russell says he will not consent to arbitration because he cannot submit the correctness of the Attorney-General's opinion on the law of England to the decision of a foreign Power. But nobody has asked him to do anything of the kind. The Attorney-General is in no way concerned with the present issue, which relates wholly to the external conduct of the English Government in its dealings with another country. The Attorney-General is the adviser of his own Government on the state of the English law, not the arbiter of what is due from the English Government to those of foreign nations. The Attorney-General to the Dey of Algiers advised the Dey that, according to the law of that state, piracy on the high seas was a legal and laudable occupation. We did not question in the slightest degree the correctness of this opinion, though we very properly knocked the Dey's city about his ears.

It is no disparagement to Earl Russell's capacity to say that the traditions

upon which he acts are drawn rather from a bygone age—an age which settled all questions, not by arbitration, but by force; and, when we may add, the relative strength of England and her neighbours naturally tempted her, oftener than she ought, to insist on being, in questions of right, “the guardian of her own honour,”—in other words, judge in her own cause. Our policy is not likely to be brought entirely into harmony with a new morality and with changed circumstances until we have a Minister of the present generation.

The Attorney-General's law, as delivered in the debate on the *Alabama*, happens, we believe, to be looser than that of other jurists on the same side. It would in this case be doubly absurd and wrong to take our stand upon that opinion, and in deference to it to refuse the obvious means of averting war. But, we repeat, the opinion of the domestic advisers of our Government is in no way concerned in the present issue.

That which, as all men of sense on both sides feel and say, ought to result from the present discussion, is not a war, which would be simply a disgrace to our civilization as well as to our humanity, but a stricter understanding between the two nations for the future on a subject of vital importance to both of them, and not more so to us than to the Americans, who have a vast ocean commerce and carrying trade, without, in ordinary times, a great war navy for their protection.

At present the American Foreign Enlistment Act may be somewhat stricter than ours, but we suspect that it is not, any more than our own, sufficient to meet all the Protean forms of this most heinous and dangerous offence. There is nothing, we believe, in either Act to prevent a ship from being built in a private yard, on a private speculation, without any contract or understanding for sale to any foreign Power, and, when she is completed, taken out to sea, there sold to a belligerent, and by that belligerent immediately commissioned and launched on a course of depredation against the commerce of a Power friendly to the nation in whose port the ship was

built. She would be contraband of war, no doubt, in the same sense as a rifle or a bag of saltpetre, but her builders and vendors would be liable to no other penalties, provided the sale was *bonâ fide*, and no agreement could be proved to have been entered into while the ship was in port. And if this door of evasion is really open, as the law now stands, cupidity may drive a coach and four through the Foreign Enlistment Acts of both nations at its pleasure.

These events, furthermore, have clearly revealed the necessity of placing in the hands of all Governments some more effectual instrument for controlling the acts of greedy adventurers, who are ready to sacrifice the peace of nations and the welfare of the country to their own commercial end, than any which the English Government possesses under our existing law. It is not liberty, but anarchy, when men are allowed not only to commit with impunity a crime of the deepest dye, but almost to boast of it before the Legislature of the nation. The thousands and hundreds of thousands who might perish or be ruined through the consequences of an offence of which they are perfectly innocent, and against which they have protested with all their might, have a right to demand that, as they are protected by a regular police and sufficient penalties against murder and arson, so they shall be protected in the same manner against the building of *Alabamas*.

We have purposely abstained so far from dwelling on the terrible consequences which a war would entail on both nations. England would be able to protect her trade with France, and probably her trade in the Baltic and in the Mediterranean. In fact, the progress of free-trade has now bound the European nations together in a commercial confederacy so close, that an enemy in cutting up the commerce of any one of them would run a serious risk of making enemies of them all. But our Eastern trade would probably be in a great measure destroyed. Our American and West Indian trade would, of course, almost entirely cease. Great suffering, a stoppage of all political

and social progress, possibly in the end political convulsions, would be entailed upon this country. We should lose Canada and the West Indies in a way which would inflict upon us immediate dishonour and loss of social strength, though in the long run the severance would be substantially a gain. The Americans would gratify their resentment, but at a tremendous cost. Their import trade would be entirely suspended, at a moment when the import duties are required to sustain a weight of taxation which is fraught with political danger as well with fiscal embarrassment. If they took Canada by force, they would only incorporate a disaffected population, and mar the natural course of events, which is evidently tending to bring all the English-speaking states of America amicably into one great Confederation. They would run a great risk of having the smouldering embers of Southern hostility fanned again into a flame. And they would bring upon themselves at once the heavy expense of replacing their army and fleet upon a war footing; for the belief, which seems to prevail among them, that they would only find it necessary to prepare a few iron-clads for the defence of their principal ports, rests on the precarious assumption, as we venture to think it, that a proud and powerful nation, stung in every part of its frame by a waspish swarm of privateers, and having a vast mass of sailors thrown from the commercial into the war marine by the destruction of trade, would not attempt to deal a body blow at its enemy either on the eastern or the western sea. An enemy could offer the Southerners, as the price of co-operation or neutrality, together with independence, immunity from the galling tribute of taxation, which they are called upon to pay as interest on the heavy debt contracted for their own subjugation.

The consequences to the world at large of a war between the two Anglo-Saxon nations may be summed up in a word. English liberty would succumb, and French despotism would ride triumphant in one hemisphere certainly, perhaps in both.



But we will augur no such evil ; and while a liberal Government, containing more than one tried and staunch friend of the American cause, holds the reins on one side, and Mr. Seward on the other, we can hardly, in spite of ominous appearances, bring ourselves to entertain a serious fear of war. To preserve the honour of both nations and their respect for each other unimpaired, to keep the

peace between them, to get the rule of right so vital to both of them clearly laid down and ratified for the future, to sink the precedent of the *Alabama* as deep as the *Alabama* herself is sunk in the sea—these are the objects which true statesmen will keep in view, and which we confidently expect to see accomplished.

## TRADES' UNIONS, STRIKES, AND CO-OPERATION.

*To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.*

SIR,—The subjoined letter from the manager of the Gilders' Association has reached me in consequence of my mention of that society in my article published in your October number. I fear I may have excited the jealousy of the trade against the Association by some carelessness of expression, though I am not conscious of having done so. If, therefore, you could kindly give a place to this letter, you will oblige me, as I should much deprecate such a result from any writing of mine.

I am, yours faithfully,

THOS. HUGHES.

"19, RED LION SQUARE.

"DEAR SIR,—When I inform you that the very flattering account you have given of us is creating some wrong impressions, I trust it will be a sufficient apology for troubling you upon the subject.

"The Association was formed by five men, and it devolved upon me to start the affair. After a few months' time two others came into the shop to work, one of whom soon retired, having lost faith and patience. The other, being more earnest and far-seeing, continued. After six years' hard work he died, as firmly impressed with the justness and practicability of association as when he commenced.

"In the first year of the Association's existence we admitted another member in the place of the retiring one, who has proved himself invaluable as an associate. We shortly had to engage more help, until eventually the other two came in to work, and have continued to the present time. We have since admitted two others as members, who had worked for us for some time, thus making seven. We also had a youth—now a man—and two sons of members, who have been trained, or are being so, by us. Another young man has been with us four years, and others varying from six, to one year. For the last four

years or more our usual number is from sixteen to twenty in all, fully employed. But we have not taught ten young men. This is important, for the reason that many would represent that we had made our position upon boy-labour, which is the reverse of our practice. We have always paid others who could do the work, the same amount of wages as we allowed ourselves. The recognised minimum wages of the trade, by which is meant, in the trade, *societies*, is 30s. per week. We wished to adopt the higher standard of 33s. but were compelled to abandon it for a time.

"Finding myself baffled in my endeavours to obtain the more remunerative class of work, I found or made another market. And for the work that my competitors pay 24s. and less in some cases, I have paid 30s. and all employed about the place have been liberally treated in other ways in addition. You will do us a kindness if you will let it be known that we have never paid men below the scale of our trades society ; that we have paid members and non-members the same wages ; and have not employed boy-labour.

"I am Sir,  
(For the Association)

"Respectfully yours,  
"W. NEWTON."

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1866.

## OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

### CHAPTER I.

#### HOME, SWEET HOME.

THERE is no example of human beauty more perfectly picturesque than a very handsome man of middle age.

No, smiling reader, not even a very handsome young man: not even that same man in his youth. The gain is in expression; of which every age has its own, and perhaps there is more change in that than in the features, under the working hand of Time. When luckless Dr. Donne wrote to the proud mother of the famous George Herbert of Bemerton and Lord Herbert of Cherbury—

“Nor spring nor summer beauty hath the  
grace,  
That I have seen in an autumnal face,”

it is to be feared he was more complimentary than veracious; for bloom is an integral part of woman's loveliness, and every day that brings her nearer to its withering takes away something of her charm. But with the other sex it is different. The youth who is noble-looking, glad, eager, gallant and gay as the young Lochinvar, will yet be handsomer when time shall have given him that air of customary command, of mingled majesty, wisdom, and cordial benevolence, which belongs to a later date; and which, in fine natures, results from much mingling with the joys, sorrows, and destinies of other men, with an in-

creased instead of a diminished sympathy in all that concerns them. Often, too, this is accompanied by a genial cheerfulness of manner, springing from the same source. At the age of which I am speaking, small annoyances have ceased to afflict: great hopes and fears are subject to a more noble reserve: the passionate selfishness of inexperience has vanished: the restlessness of learning how much or how little life can achieve is calmed down. The smile of welcome in such a man's countenance is worth all the beauty of his adolescent years.

And if there should be any of my readers who, in spite of this argument, refuse to become converts to such unusual doctrine, and obstinately adhere to a contrary opinion,—that is because they never saw SIR DOUGLAS ROSS of GLENROSSIE, familiarly called by his tenantry and his few remaining family ties, “Old Sir Douglas.”

He had indeed been called by that name before he could reasonably be said to have earned it: before his dark and thickly-curled hair had shown any of those rare silver streaks which the American poet, Longfellow, beautifully images as the

“Dawn of another existence, when this world's troubles are over.”

He was called Old Sir Douglas, chiefly, as it seemed, because every body



else was so young. His father had run away with a beautiful and penniless Miss Macrae, when he was scarcely twenty. At five-and-twenty he was a widower with two infant sons; and by way of at once satisfying his family, redeeming the past, and giving a second mother to those young children, he wedded with the heiress of Toulmains; a very stiff and starched successor to the blooming and passionate girl, whom he had laid in her grave so early that his union with her grew to be a vague dream rather than a distinct memory.

But the sunshine was off the path of his life for ever: and perhaps that instinct of insufficiency to another's happiness, which haunts the hearts of those who live in intimacy together even when those hearts are not very tender, crept into the hard shell where beat a sort of cold fish-life, in the bosom of the second lady Ross, and soured still further a nature never genial. Hateful to her was the memory of that first wife; displeasing to the last degree the sight of her orphan children and the sound of their prattle. She spent her time in steady efforts at repression, and in a series of inventive punishments, principally directed against the sin of liveliness.

She did not relax in her system even after she herself became a mother; and the little pale, shrewd, sharp-browed half-sister she gave the boys, seemed indeed to have been modelled on her own pattern. Still, resolute, and reserved, that tiny girl foreshadowed the woman to be, and faithfully transmitted the soul and spirit of her progenitrix.

Young as the first brood were when they lost their loving mother, they felt the change. Home was home still, but it was home *frappé à la glace*; and the efforts of Lady Ross to train and nail them as snow-berries not only failed, but produced, as years went on, a sort of chronic state of rebellion; insomuch that, even had her wishes been reasonable and gently expressed (two conditions that never existed), I fear she would have found the two boys, Douglas and Kenneth, wilfully provided with a stock of ready-made opposition.

In a household where the sole break in the monotony of discontent was a change from storms to sullenness on the part of the governing authority, and a corresponding change from passion to dejection in the young things that were to be governed, it was not to be expected that nature should be properly disciplined, or minds effectually taught. The boys learned as little as they could, and resisted as much as they dared. Their affection for each other was proportionate to their isolation at home, and before they were severally nine and ten years old, their chief pleasure was to roam over the hills behind the castle, their arms twined round each other's necks, talking of the insupportable tyranny of stepmothers, as set forth in all the stories they had ever read, and planning wild and boyish attempts at escape from such thralldom. From their father they received neither instruction nor guidance. Tormented and disappointed himself, his weak and impulsive nature took that turn to evil from which perhaps a pious, cheerful, loving helpmate might have saved him. Captious in his temper, drunken in his habits, given greatly to those open grievous twits and taunts in the wars of home, which seem to lookers-on so indecent and embarrassing,—and which a man should be taught to govern and conceal in his soul, as he is taught to clothe the nakedness of his body,—his children combined an utter absence of respect for him with a certain degree of prejudiced pity. If they did not think him always in the right in the family quarrels they witnessed, at least they always thought their stepmother in the wrong. "Poor papa" was their kindest mention of him; and "papa's too lazy to care" the common salvo to their conscience when doing something that had been absolutely forbidden.

At length came that crisis in their child-life which might be expected. Among the smaller obstinacies about which papa was "too lazy to care," and which was the subject of fierce reprobation with their stepmother, was the constant presence of two rough terriers,

which had been given the two boys in the earliest stage of their mutual puppyhood by the old keeper. Jock and Beadie were installed as idols in their young masters' hearts. Rustling through the brushwood, leaping over the purple heather, panting through the brawling burns, covered with dust or drenched with rain, as the case might be—in rushed, with a scuffle and a yelp of joy, sniffing for drink, or scratching for a comfortable resting-place, these four-footed plagues, as Lady Ross termed them; following, or followed by, the kilted little lads. During the brief period allotted to their careless lessons, dog and master eyed each other with an equally intelligible agreement to “go out the moment it was over,” when,—as if at the sound of a signal gun,—the scuffle, shout, yelp, and rush were renewed. Often had Beadie been chased angrily with a whip, to teach him indoors manners; often had Jock been seized by the scruff of his shaggy neck, and tossed out of the low windows; often pulled out from slumbers surreptitiously permitted in the tumbled beds of their sleeping masters; often made to howl for flagrant discovery of bones half gnawed, and fragments of victuals, under those same little couches; often shaken out rudely on the bare floor when curled up for a nap in the plaided counterpanes. But it was in vain that Lady Ross scolded and stormed. The dogs did not understand what she would be at, and the boys were determined that where they went Jock and Beadie should follow.

On one especial day, the rushing, yelping, shouting, and scuffling, which attended their entrance seemed redoubled: the boys had fallen in with an otter hunt, conducted by an experienced old gillie, their chief friend on the estate. They entered flushed, wet, panting, and joyous, leaving every door on their progress open, including that of the wide oak hall, through which a whirl of wind and autumn leaves followed their reckless little heels, as if willing to share in the sport and the confusion. Then dog and master, alike muddy, breathless, and dripping, burst

into the presence of Lady Ross, even as she sat in the state drawing-room receiving the somewhat formal visit of the most puissant of all her Scotch neighbours, the dowager Countess of Clochnaben and the invalid earl her son.

“Are those Sir Neil’s boys? They seem rudish little bears,” was the polite speech of the dowager, as she hastily drew her ample dress nearer the boundary of the sofa, where the ladies were seated.

“I told you to hinder that sort of thing,” said the irate hostess to her husband after her guests had departed.

“How am I to hinder it?” sulkily replied he. “I’m just wishing you’d let the lads and their dogs be.”

Then rose one of those wild storms about nothing, which are at once the curse and the wonder of ill-mated married life: the wife “flyting” at the husband; the husband swearing at the wife; the children staring at the loud battle and angry gestures; till, a portion of the wrathful torrent of violence being turned their way, they were ordered off to “make themselves decent for supper.”

That supper was not eaten, nor greeted otherwise than with bitter cries and regretful tears; for, when the boys recrossed the great hall adorned with the antlers of innumerable stags, they were met by their incensed stepmother. She pointed fiercely through the great arched door, calling out, “Since there’s neither teaching nor managing will rule ye, and your father lets you run wild, we’ll see if I can find means to make more impression:—I think you’ll not forget to-day’s otter hunt in a hurry.”

Through the arch the boys gazed, in the direction indicated by her gaunt finger, and then stood as though she had turned them into stone by some weird spell. For there, on the two lower branches of a stunted old fir-tree, just outside the castle door, hung the two dogs; horrid in their recent death by strangulation; pitiful in their helpless dangling attitudes; executed by a sudden doom! Poor Jock, whose warm kindly brown eyes and rough nose were wont to bury themselves under Douglas’s caressing arm; and Beadie,



handsome, active, and frolicsome Beardie, who had leaped so high to Kenneth's stick, and whose long silky coat of iron grey hair had been the admiration of all beholders! There they hung! wet and dragged and weary-looking, as when they came in: but never more to dry their coats by the fire; or lap from the great bowl of water set ready for them by the boys; or lick the tanned little hands, in mute joy and gratitude, at the end of some pleasant day! There they hung: tongues out; eyes glazed; limbs contracted with horrid evidences of a bygone struggle ending in a helpless death.

Kenneth was the first to break silence; with a cry that was almost a yell of despair and defiance, he made a dash towards the tree, opening his knife as he went, to cut his favourite down. Douglas stood still; panting, speechless, and breathless; his eyes rivetted on poor Jock, as though he had no power to withdraw them from the dreadful sight. Then followed, from both boys, a wild echoing shout for their father—for their father to come and see what had been done by them during the brief interval they had spent in preparations for a more decent appearance in the sitting-room and at the family meal.

Nor did the easily excited ire of that father disappoint the boys' expectations. It went beyond them: it alarmed them by its excess. Louder and more furious, and more and more intermixed with oaths, grew Sir Neil's rapid phrases of reproach to his wife, as the boys, sobbing and exclaiming, kissed the corpses of their canine companions; and, at length, as with fierce and fearless defiance, taunt for taunt returned in the shrillest of voices, Lady Ross made a step or two in advance towards her husband, the latter seized her by the shoulders; shook her violently; and, with the exasperated words that she had "done an ill devil's deed,"—and he "wished from his soul she was hanging up alongside of the dogs," he thrust her from him against the tall, heavy, hatstand that stood at the hall-door. The hatstand fell over with a crash; and, though Lady

Ross recovered her balance with a staggering effort, and did not fall, the excitement of the scene proved too much for Douglas, who, throwing himself between the contending parties with a piteous exclamation of horror, suddenly dropped at his father's feet in a dead faint.

He was a fine robust boy; and, the burst of emotion and its consequences once over, he rapidly became himself again. But neither of the lads would come in to supper, or give any attention to the persistent lecturing with which they were favoured by their stepmother. They remained out in the early moonlight till they had buried their dogs; came in, and went heavily up to their own room, where they were yet heard sobbing and talking for a while; and, in the morning, the two little rebels were missing. They had run away.

The preparations made by children on these occasions are not very extensive. A bag of oatmeal, a few apples, and a very slender remainder of pocket-money, would not have taken them far on their projected road to high fortune; though in their first eager four miles they had considered it quite a settled thing that Douglas should become a warrior and statesman like the Duke of Wellington, and Kenneth, at the very least, Lord Mayor of London.

They were pursued and brought back—footsore, hungry, and exhausted,—at the end of their first day's march; before they had got even to the suburbs of the market-town from which this plunge into worldly success was to be made.

While they crept once more (less loth than boyish pride might have avowed) into their accustomed beds, a parental council was held. Lady Ross was of opinion that they should both be "flogged for their escapade within an inch of their lives;" her husband, that no further notice should be taken of it, since they probably had had a sickening of such attempts, in their failure and fatigue. But the upshot of the debate was, that Douglas and Kenneth were parted; the elder sent to Eton for civilized training, in token of a certain concession to Lady Ross's English views

on the subject; and the younger delivered over in gloom and disgrace to a neighbouring Scotch minister, who had one other forlorn pupil, and a reputation for patient teaching.

Undoubtedly the best education for man or boy is to mingle much with his fellows; and that is why a man educated at a public school is in general better educated than one who has received tolerably careful training at home. Lessons may not be so well learned, but Life is learnt; emulation is roused; the mind is not allowed to roost and slumber, like a caged bird on a perch. Douglas Ross owed to his inimical step-mother an immense service as to his future; though in her disposal of him she had merely consulted her desire to be rid of him, and certain consequential notions of how "the heir" should be educated. Had she had a boy of her own, perhaps some grudging might have mingled with such plans; but the sharp-browed Alice was her only child, and was an interest apart, and, in fact, subordinate, to Lady Ross's feelings of family consequence. Young Douglas would have justified a nobler pride. Frank, intelligent, spirited, and yet amenable to true discipline now that such discipline had replaced the alternate neglect and tyranny of home, he was popular alike with masters and companions; while the simplicity of such early training as he had had, rendered him insensible to the shallow compliments of strangers, struck with his personal beauty and free untutored grace of manner.

The holidays of many a "half" to come, were days of rapture. To see Kenneth waiting and watching under the tall fir-trees at the turn of the road where the mail-coach was to drop him; to leap down, and strain him to his heart; to exhibit his prize-books, on which the younger brother would gaze with a sigh of curiosity—and then to plunge back into the wild happy life of the Highlands,—this made home a temporary paradise. "Days among the heather" are days which, to those who have been brought up in the wild

mountain-life of Scotland, are days of intoxicating joy. Once more with his brother; once more in his kilt, clambering here and there, lounging under the silver birches by the blue lake's side, gliding over its silver surface in the coble-boat, fishing for trout, and waking the echoes, as they rowed home, with many a snatch of song; uncovering his glossy head for very sport in the sudden shower, and feeling a wild delight in the mountain storms;—young Douglas's holidays for the first three years were days of unalloyed delight.

Then came the gradual change which circumstances bring,—a change which is not exactly alienation, but separation, between those who are differently situated as to occupations, associations, and aims. A certain discontent, instead of approbation, took possession of his father's mind. The prize-books were tossed aside, with some discouraging observation as to the value of "book-learning," and the absurd disproportion of such rewards with the expense of such an education. Douglas himself had a sorrowful instinct that Kenneth's life was narrowing round him,—he was a companion in all purposeless pursuits to his father, but the main elements of improvement were wanting. He smoked and sat up drinking whisky-toddy,—he shot and walked with Sir Neil. But he did nothing, and learnt nothing. It was neither the life of a boy nor a man; and the dawdling leisure left from its loose occupations was spent by Kenneth in familiar visitings wherever a pretty face smiled on the threshold of a farm-house, or a bothy in the glen; in idle talk with gamekeepers, farmers, and petty tenants; and in making love betwixt jest and earnest to the miller's daughter at the Falls of Torrieburn; Torrieburn being a small separate estate of Sir Neil's, which was settled on his younger son.

In his own loving earnest way, Douglas hinted good counsel, but without good effect. Kenneth was angry; was saddened; was somehow suspicious that his Eton brother was "coming the fine gentleman over him;" and a coldness stole between them, dreamy and impalpable



as the chill white mist which rises among the hills at the beginning of winter, and hides all our pleasant haunts and familiar trysting-places with its colourless and ghostlike veil.

With his stepmother he was on even worse terms than during his comfortless boyhood. Disliking her profoundly, and yet attempting a certain show of courtesy to his father's wife, his reward was only the bitter sneer with which she spoke of him as "that *very* stately and gentlemanly young gentleman, Mr. Douglas Ross."

With his father he was restless and uncomfortable. Too young when a resident at home, in the memorable days of the dog-hanging, to be the companion Kenneth had gradually become, and old enough now to see all the defects of such companionship, he inwardly groaned in spirit at his own incapacity to give, or to receive, satisfaction from communion with one who in his best days was a poor specimen of what the head of a family should be, and whose worse days were now come—days of mingled apathy and discontent, of absolute repugnance to the nearest tie in it, his irritable and irritating wife; of selfish craving for what amusement or comfort he could get out of the society of the half-educated lad he had kept at Glenrossie without a thought of his future; and of angry surprise at the transformation, as it seemed to him, of the lovely, ardent boy whose small rebellions against discipline and Lady Ross he had so often protected, into the proud, thoughtful adolescent, who "seemed to think he would advise the whole family."

In this state of mind was Sir Neil, when Douglas asked that his brother might be put to some profession, and that he himself might be sent to one of the universities; and for once Sir Neil and Lady Ross united their discordant voices in a chorus of agreement, holding that his demands were preposterous, and not to be granted.

Sir Neil considered that already he had had too much of "book-learning," which was "never of much use," and

Lady Ross told him that he was "puffed with presumption" in venturing to chalk out for himself what was to be done.

Even Kenneth, the loved and clung-to Kenneth, was provoked; and hastily assured his brother it was lucky he had not succeeded in persuading his father, for that he, Kenneth, would certainly not have gone to study for any profession whatever. He meant to live at Torrieburn, and there'd always be grouse and oatcake enough to satisfy his notions of life. The tears started into Douglas's eyes;—but there was no one to heed or understand what passed in his heart; and no evidence of that day's mental struggle, except in a brief letter to his Eton "chum," Lorimer Boyd; younger son of that Dowager Clochnaben whose visit with the sickly young Earl to Glenrossie had been the exciting cause of the sudden execution of Jock and Beardie, and the exile of the runaway boys. The letter ran as follows:—

"TO LORIMER BOYD, Esq.

*"Balmossie, N.B.*

"MY DEAR LORIMER,—I am not to go to college; so I shall see no more of you at present! My father has consented, however, to my entering the army. Heaven grant I may do something more with life, than accept the bare fact of living! Kenneth is to remain on at home. I am sorry for Kenneth. Such a fine, quick, handsome lad! I wish you could see him. I wish my father had given him a chance. Do not forget me, old fellow; I shall never forget *you*. I send you a little Elzevir 'Horace' you and I used to read sometimes together under the trees by the river that hot summer, when you sprained your arm, and had to give up rowing in the boats. I would be glad you wrote to me. I am sure you will, Lorimer. I don't mind owning to you that I feel so lonesome and disappointed I could cry like a girl. I hope you will distinguish yourself at college; you were much the cleverest fellow at Eton. I

end with a *nil desperandum* ; for, after all, I trust to our future meeting. You are a Scotchman, and so am I ; and some day, I suppose, I shall be at home again. Meanwhile, since I cannot be at college, I am glad to be a soldier.

"Yours ever,

"DOUGLAS ROSS."

## CHAPTER II.

### PASSING AWAY.

IF there were not daily examples to familiarize us with the marvel, we might wonder at the strange way in which Nature asserts herself, or the effects of Nature and accident combined, in the characters of individuals. We see children, all brought up in one home, under the same tutelage, as different as night from day. Pious sons and daughters sprung from infidel and profligate parents ; unredeemed and incorrigible rascals from honest and religious fathers ; fools, that fritter away the vanishing hours they themselves scarcely know how, born where steady conduct and deep knowledge seemed the very life of those around them,—and earnest, intelligent, and energetic souls springing up, like palm-trees in the desert sand, where never a thought has been given to mental culture or religious improvement.

Out of that home which looked so stately and beautiful among the surrounding hills, and held such grovelling inmates—the castled home of Glenrossie—went forth at least one scion of the good old name worthy to bear it. Douglas Ross drew his sword in the service of his country, in India, in America, and in China ; he rose rapidly to command, and proved as strict in authority as he had formerly been in obedience. Beloved, respected, and somewhat feared, his name was one already familiar in men's mouths, as having greatly distinguished himself in the profession he had chosen, when he was recalled to Scotland, with leave of absence from the military command he

held, to attend the rapidly succeeding death-beds of his father and brother.

Whether, in dying, some dim consciousness of his folly and injustice smote Sir Neil,—or that he was merely haunted by his lingering love for the son who had been left with him through recent years,—he made a sort of appeal to the elder when bending anxiously over him to gather the failing words. "You'll look after Kenneth," he said ; "he has greatly mismanaged—You'll help him—Torrieburn's been ill sorted—He's let himself down, rather—with those people. I—— Be good to Kenneth—Maybe he'll settle in the way of marriage, and do well yet. You'll have to make amends to——"

Sir Neil made great efforts to conclude this sentence, but was unable ; he held convulsively by his son's hand, looked in his face with that dying wistfulness which, once seen, is never forgotten, and fell back on the pillow exhausted—the anxieties, errors, and hopes of this world at an end for ever.

Brief was the time allotted to Douglas for any obedience to his father's dying wishes, as far as his brother was concerned. Kenneth had insisted on riding home to Torrieburn every night, in spite of the urging of his brother. He did not seem to believe the end so near. He was wilful as to being at home in his own bachelor abode. He hated his stepmother, he said, and his half-sister, and did not wish to see any of their mock grief for the father, who had at least treated him always with affection.

The night that father died, he rode away as usual. Torrents of rain, swept to and fro by the wild gusts of an autumnal storm, whistling and moaning through the ancient fir woods at the back of the castle, greeted his departure. The crash of trees blown down, the roar of the swollen torrent, sounded loud in the ear of his brother, as he stood grasping his hand at the open door, and bidding him good night. "If you will, you will, Kenneth ; you were always a wilful fellow ; but what a night !" and for a few minutes yet, Douglas Ross



watched the receding form, full of grace and activity, of the handsome rider. "I shall be with you early in the morning," were his last words, as he waved his hand and put spurs to his horse. But neither that nor any other morning ever brought Kenneth Ross to the castle again. Their father died in the night; and Douglas was still pondering over the anxious, needless, commendation of his brother to his kindness, when the day dawned, as it had set, in storms of drenching rain.

Plans of affection, of hope, rational useful plans, chased each other like the wind-borne clouds through the mind of the new-made heir of Glenrossie. Yes, he *would* "look after Kenneth,"—Kenneth, and Torrieburn, and every fraction of his destiny! He would set that destiny to rights. He would think over a suitable marriage for him. He would give, lend, do anything to get him out of the embarrassments his father had hinted at. And then he remembered the other concluding sentence of that father's dying voice: "You'll have to make amends to—" To whom? Could it be some one who had already assisted Kenneth? Or perhaps to his stepmother? Sir Neil had never uttered his wife's name; he had begged she might not be present while he talked with his son at that solemn midnight hour. He meant to see her again in the morning. Could he have been going to recommend her also to Douglas's kindness?

He went to her room to break the news. He found her cold, impassive; indifferent to the fact; suspicious of his intentions. She pronounced but one sentence: it was, "You are aware, I suppose, that I've a right to stay at the castle for a year from this date?" Her daughter was with her; she also looked at Douglas with her grave shrewd eyes. There was a certain beauty of youth and girlhood about her, and her half-brother gazed at her with pity. He took her hand and said gently, "Even if there were no right, do you think I would drive you away? This is Home."

Ailie drew her little thin hand out of his, as though she had been slipping

off a glove. She sat mute. She gave no token even of having heard him, except withdrawing her eyes from his face, and casting a sidelong furtive glance at her rigid mother.

While Sir Douglas still lingered—in the sort of embarrassment felt by warm-hearted persons who have made a vain demonstration of sympathy—a sudden tumult of vague sounds, the arrival of a horseman, the chatter of servants, the flinging open of doors, struck heavily through the silence of the room. "There is Kenneth!" said Sir Douglas, as he hastily turned and opened the door into the broad handsome corridor at the head of the great oak staircase immediately fronting the entrance. The old butler was already there: he put his hands out as if deprecating the advance of a step: "Mr. Kenneth was thrown from his horse last night, sir, and the doctor says he'll no live till the morrow," was all he could utter.

Another death-bed—another and a dearer!

Sir Douglas rode to Torrieburn almost as desperately as his brother had done the night before. He found the handsome rider he had fondly watched at his departure, a bruised, shattered, groaning wretch. His horse, over-spurred, and bewildered by the drifting rain and howling storm, had swerved on the old-fashioned, sharp-angled bridge that crossed the Falls of Torrieburn, close to his home, and had dashed with his rider over the low parapet in among the rocks below.

Close to home; luckily, close to home!

Near enough for the wild shout he gave as he fell, and even the confused sound of the roll of shaken-down stones, and terrible weight of horse and rider falling on the bed of the torrent, to reach the house, and the quick ear of one who was waiting and watching there. For Kenneth's bachelor home was not a lonely one. Startling was the picture that presented itself in that drear morning's light when Sir Douglas entered. The weariest frightened form he ever beheld in the shape of woman, sate at

the foot of the bed. Untidy, dishevelled, beautiful ; her great white arms stretched out with clasped hands, shuddering every time that Kenneth groaned ; her reddish-golden hair stealing in tangled locks from under the knotted kerchief, which she had never untied or taken off since she had rushed out into the storm and scrambled down to the Falls the night before. The lower part of her dress was still soaked and dripping, covered with mud and moss—one of her loose stockings torn at the ankle, and the blood oozing through—her petticoat, too, torn on that side : she had evidently slipped in attempting to reach the horse and rider. Douglas spoke first to her, and he spoke to her of herself, not of his brother.

“Och !” she said, and her teeth chattered as she spoke—“ye’ll no mind me, sir ! it’s naething. I just drappit by one hand frae the brae, in among the stanes to get at him, and sae gat hurtit. Ou Kenneth ! Kenneth ! Kenneth ! Ou my man ! my ain man !” and, rocking wildly to and fro, while the rain beat against the window, and the storm seemed to rock the trees in unison with her movements, she ceased to speak.

The dying man moved his lips with a strange sort of smile, but no sound came. Douglas knelt down by him, and, as he did so, was conscious of the presence of a little nestling child, the most lovely little face that ever looked out of a picture, that was sitting at the bed-head, serene and hopeful in all this trouble, and saying to him with a shy smile—“Are ye the doctor ? and will ye put daddy a’ richt ? We’ve been waiting lang for the doctor.”

No doctor could save Kenneth—no, not if the aching heart of his elder brother had resolved to bring him life at the price of his whole estate. He was fast going—fast ! The grief of the ungovernable woman at his bed-foot only vaguely disturbed him. He was beginning to be withdrawn from earthly sights and earthly sounds. But Sir Douglas tried to calm her. He besought her to be still ; to go away and wash her wounded limb and tear-swollen face, and

arrange herself, and return, and meanwhile he would watch Kenneth till the doctor came. No, she wouldn’t—no, she couldn’t—no, he might die while she was out of the way—no, she “wad see the last o’ him, and then dee.” She offered no help ; she was capable of no comfort ; she kept up her loud lament, so as to bewilder all present, and it was a positive relief to Sir Douglas when, with a sudden shiver through her whole frame, she slid from the bed-foot to the floor in a swoon.

By this time the doctor had arrived, with an assistant, both of them common “bone-setters” from the village of Torrieburn—rough, untutored, but not unkindly ; and perhaps in nothing more kind than in the honest admission that beyond giving restoratives for the time being, and shifting the bed a little, so as to lessen (not remove) the great agony of human pain that must preface this untimely death, they could do nothing.

Do NOTHING ! very solemn and trying are such death-beds ; when human love, that seems so strong, stands helpless ; listening to the great dreadful sentence, “You shall see this man whom you love pass to the presence of his Creator in torments inconceivable, and you shall not be able to lift away, no, not so much as one grain of his bitter pain, though you would give half your own life to do it.”

God’s will be done ! Oh ! how hollow sound even those solemn words ! while we echo, as it were, the writhing we look on at, in the thrill of aching sympathy that goes through our own corporeal frame ; and wait, and wait, and wait, and know that only Death—only Death—can end the anguish ; and that, when he has ceased to suffer, we are alone for ever in the great blank. No more to hear his voice, no more to clasp his hand, no more to be conscious of his love ; but to know that somewhere there is a grave, where he who suffered so much lies stiff and still,—and that “his spirit has returned to God who gave it.”

When the doctor had arranged that dying bed for the best,—and had at-



tended to the miserable woman who had fainted, and had brought her back, pale, exhausted, but quieter, to the sick chamber,—Kenneth made a feeble effort to raise himself; an exertion which was followed by a dreadful groan. Then he murmured twice the name of “Maggie!—dear Maggie!” and Sir Douglas rose up, and made way for the trembling creature so called upon, to kneel down in his place; adjuring her, for the love of heaven—for the love of *Kenneth*—not to give way, but keep still; getting only from her a burst of sobbing, and the words, “Kill me, oeh! kill me! and then maybe ye’ll hush me down.” There seemed no “hushing her down,” till suddenly Kenneth said, in a sort of dreamy voice, “Maggie, you’ll call to mind the birken trees—the birken trees!”

The woman held her breath. There was no need to quiet her now:—

“The birken trees by the broomy knowe,” repeated he dreamily; and, in a low clear tone, he added—“I’m sorry, Maggie.”

Then, opening his eyes with a fixed look, he said, “Dear Douglas!” in a tone of extreme, almost boyish tenderness; and then followed a renewed silence; broken only by the wild gusty winds outside the house, and the distant sound of the fatal Falls of Torrieburn. All at once, with the rallying strength that sometimes precedes death, he spoke clearly and intelligibly: “Douglas! be kind—I’m going—I’m dying—be kind to *my* Kenneth, for the sake of days when we were boys together! Don’t forsake him! don’t deny him! Have pity on Maggie!”

A little pause after that, and he spoke more restlessly: “I’m asking others, and I ought to do it myself. It’s I who forsake him. It’s I that didn’t pity. I say—I say—are you all here? Douglas! the doctor—ah! yes, and my father’s factor,—Well—I—”

He struggled for a moment, with blue blanched lips, and, feeling for the little curled head of the child, at the further side of his bed, and locking his right hand in the hand of the kneeling

woman, he said, “I trust Douglas with these. I declare Margaret Carmichael my WIFE, and I acknowledge Kenneth Carmichael Ross as my lawful son!”

The woman gave a suppressed shriek; she sprang up from her knees, and flung her arms round the dying man, with a wild, “Oh, I thank ye! I thank ye! and mither ’ll thank ye for ever! Ou! my Kenneth!”

He turned his head towards her with that unutterable smile that often flits over dying faces. Brighter and fonder his smile could not have been in the days of their first love: “by the broomy knowe, under the birken trees;” and perhaps his thoughts were there, even in that supreme hour. No other word, except a broken ejaculation of prayer, came from him; only the bystanders “saw a great change”—the change there is no describing—come over his brow. The anguish of mortal pain seemed to melt into peace. A great sigh escaped him, such as bursts from the bosom in some sudden relief from suffering, and the handsome man was a handsome corpse. He who had been so much to that wailing woman, had become *it*! “it;” “the body;” that perishable form which had clothed the eternal soul, and was now to be carried away and hidden under the earth, “to suffer corruption,” and join the unseen throng of those whose place in this world “shall know them no more.”

The loud sound of her tempestuous wailing seemed to float out and follow Sir Douglas, as he at length left the house, and recrossed the dreadful bridge which had been the scene of that tragedy. The dead horse, whose neck had been broken in the leap, was still lying there; the waters gurgling round the new obstacle, and waving the glossy mane to and fro, like a row of reeds. The dreary rain was still drifting with the wind against the soaked stems of the fir-trees; and the scarlet berries and yellowing leaves of the mountain ash, or rowan-tree, tossed and swung above the torrent, far over head; dropping now and then a bead of red like a blood-gout into the whirling waters that swept

them away. Even so were swept away all the hopes, plans, and resolutions made only the night previous in behalf of his brother, by Sir Douglas Ross of Glenrossie. And as the sobbing stern died down on wood and mountain, and one pale crimson and melancholy streak gleamed light from a sunset that promised a better day, even so did the gleaming hope of being of use to little Kenneth (so like the Kenneth his earliest boyish recollections brought back to him !) break through the miserable gloom in his kindly mind.

On arriving at the castle he described the scenes he had witnessed, and the death that had so unexpectedly taken place, to Lady Ross. She heard it, as she had heard of the death of her husband, with frigid composure. Her daughter also seemed unmoved ; except by a certain amount of surprise, and the curiosity of one who listens to the account of a strange event.

But when Sir Douglas, endeavouring to repress the evidence how much he himself was moved, wound up his narration by endeavouring to enlist what pity there might be in Lady Ross's heart for the orphan and his wretched parent, then indeed a slight change was visible in Lady Ross's countenance. The indifference that had reigned there was replaced by a look of supercilious scorn ; and, when Sir Douglas imprudently faltered—"Being yourself a mother, I thought perhaps——" she flashed that look of scorn full upon him, with the speech, "I beg to remind you, Sir Douglas, that I am *not* the mother of children legitimatized on a death-bed. Nor am I a miller's daughter ; which, I understand, was the social position of Meg Carmichael. I was not ignorant of the indecent infatuation of your brother for that low-born and low-bred woman ; and the last thing I should have expected from *you*, on coming into the estates, was the admission of such base claims on the part of persons who have no more real right to Torrieburn than your father's head-keeper, and are about as fit to set up there as lairds of the place."

## CHAPTER III.

### CLAY IDOLS.

IN spite of the opinion thus enunciated by the widow of his misguided father, Sir Douglas took up the trust his brother left him in all the simplicity of good faith. Little Kenneth was acknowledged and installed as "Kenneth Carmichael Ross of Torrieburn ;" and a tutor appointed to teach and care for him as the young laird. Fain would Sir Douglas have removed him from his mother, and from all the early associations of the place ; but the same ungovernable spirit, which had struck him with so much amazement at the time of poor Kenneth's death, was displayed in all her dealings with others. Her grief was despair : it was followed by a nervous fever : the fever by a disturbed state of nerves bordering on insanity. And then she recovered, like a creature that has moaned for its whelps and gradually forgotten them.

No sooner had she lifted from the pressure of that woe, than a wilfulness exceeding all poor Kenneth had ever shown, took its place. She considered herself, under that declaration of marriage, as the natural occupier and possessor of Torrieburn House till her son should be grown up. She established her mother there, as indeed might have been expected ; her father, the old miller of Torrieburn, coming frequently over—sometimes to complain of the inconvenience of his wife's residence apart from him, sometimes to quarrel both with her and her daughter, sometimes to carouse with companions for whom she could scarcely refuse to provide whiskey in a limited or unlimited quantity. With the first tutor, appointed to the care of her son, she entered into relations so unseemly, after the subsiding of her grief, that, the fact coming to the ears of Sir Douglas, he wrote her a letter of remonstrance ; and substituted a somewhat stern but very sensible pedagogue in his stead, with whom she incessantly quarrelled, and



from whose authority she encouraged her boy to appeal. Sir Douglas was always receiving letters from the boy or his mother complaining of severity, complaining of injustice; till, at length, wearied out by petitions and objurgations, a fresh substitution was made, and a tutor sent of good education, with excellent recommendations, and private instructions to "show as much indulgence as was consistent with good discipline." This time Meg Carmichael made further changes impossible by *marrying* the tutor: and the ill-assorted household continued on the most comfortable footing,—the wayward, handsome woman alternately quarrelling with her husband, and giving herself airs as "Mrs. Ross of Torrieburn,"—or bestowing on him some of the wild adoration which had formerly been the portion of poor Kenneth: and the tutor-husband vainly trying to make head, in the house that was scarcely to be called his own, against the drunken old miller and his boon companions, the bustling and shrewish old woman his wife, and the disposition to shirk all control and all guidance in the lovely little boy whose position, as the future "laird," was acknowledged, in different forms of folly and flattery, by all around him in the narrow circle of home. A hint from Sir Douglas that it would soon be time to send him to a good school was received with such a storm of indignation and despair, such ill-spelt, ill-worded letters of passionate remonstrance, that Sir Douglas put off all further alteration in young Kenneth's destiny till he could get home from his command, and personally superintend the necessary changes. That the boy was well taught by his tutor-father was evidenced by the letters he wrote; and which, though they half-nettled, half-amused Sir Douglas by their tone of presumption, addressing him entirely "*d'égal en égal*," were such as no boy of inferior education or inferior intelligence could possibly have penned.

At length the day came when Sir Douglas Ross of Glenrossie returned as a resident to the home of his fathers!

His stepmother had been dead some time; but her daughter had, by his own express wish, continued to reside in the castle; nor had he the heart, when he found that lonely young spinster there, to enter on the topic of her removal. It would be time enough, Sir Douglas thought, when he was married, if ever he married. Her mother had been odious, but that was not the daughter's fault; and there was nothing offensive in her, personally. On the contrary, she appeared especially anxious to preserve the home she had acquired, by the most absolute acquiescence in her half-brother's wishes, and a disposition to see to all those minor arrangements of a household which a man cannot see to himself, and which that astute and reserved little personage performed as well as any hired house-keeper, if not better.

When Sir Douglas first beheld the boy for whom, unseen, he had been caring, and whose future he was so anxiously about to arrange, soldier though he was, he burst into tears. Kenneth stood before him! Kenneth in the days before they were parted—Kenneth when they used to climb the hills with their arms round each other's necks—Kenneth before the cold cloud of difference mistily rose between them. And, though Sir Douglas kept to his resolution, and sent the lad both to school and college,—undeterred by the loud wailing of Mrs. Maggie Ross, who ran along the edge of the high road weeping and waving her handkerchief at the mail-coach the first day he departed, and who constantly made his recurring holidays terms of the most corrupting influence of folly and over-indulgence,—yet the depths of love he felt for that orphan lad were such as rarely exist even in a father's heart for a favourite child. It was a passion with Sir Douglas. What Kenneth did, what Kenneth said, what Kenneth thought, was the principal occupation of his own more mature mind. Inwardly he vowed never to marry: to bring the boy up as his heir: to make his home not at Torrieburn but Glenrossie, and suffer that

living image of his dead brother to "come after him," when he, too, should be dead and gone.

As time rolled on, however, much anxiety was mingled with Sir Douglas's love. The wayward son of that wayward race seemed turning out yet more wayward and rebellious than all that had preceded him. Drunkenness, a love of low company, of being what is vulgarly termed "cock of the walk," the most profuse extravagance as to money matters, and a sort of careless defiance of all authority, more especially of the constituted authority of his stately uncle, whom at this time he and all around him took to calling by the title I have already commented upon, "Old Sir Douglas,"—all these defects, and more, showed themselves in Kenneth's son. And all these defects did Sir Douglas believe he could, by care and resolution, weed out of that hot young head and heart, as the gardener weeded the broad walks in the long-forsaken gardens of Glenrossie. Twice had he paid the debts of the young collegian, and received, in answer to his imploring lectures, the most satisfactory promises for the future. A third time he called upon his uncle to clear him, and this time Sir Douglas thought fit, greatly to the young man's discontent, to consider his college career as closed, and send him to travel. Fain would he have made the lad his own companion, but there was so much chance of ill-will and hot blood in the attempts at control over his actions that he dreaded to undertake it, lest it should make "a break" between them.

With the most liberal allowance it was possible to grant, and the most intelligent companion he could find,—little over Kenneth's own age, and full of good and amiable qualities,—Sir Douglas despatched his nephew on what in old-fashioned days was called "the grand tour;" and, with a pang at his affectionate heart, stood on the steps at the castle entrance, and saw that handsome careless head smile a final farewell from the chaise window, and waited till the sound of wheels died away in the distance, and lifted his cap, with a half-

murmured prayer, before he turned back into the great hall.

There, everything looked as it did in his own boyhood and adolescence; as when he ran away from home; when he was sent to school; when he returned in eager gladness to be pressed in Kenneth's arms; when he tried to persuade his father to give Kenneth some profession; when he looked out into the stormy night, and saw that brother ride away for the last time; and all these scenes chased each other through his musing mind—all terminating in the one leading thought, What would be the future of Kenneth's son?

The accounts sent from time to time were far from reassuring. Young Kenneth acknowledged no power of control in the student-companion allotted for his tour, but treated him as a sort of confidential courier, bound to take all trouble off his hands, provide for his amusements, and carefully administer to his comforts, but nothing more. The one vice, too, from which Kenneth had hitherto been guarded, that of immorality,—which his mother, remembering her own destiny, watched over with a jealous care she bestowed on nothing else,—seemed rapidly to be taking rank among the young laird's already established errors; and at length Sir Douglas received one morning, by the early post at Glenrossie, a very long, very tender, very comfortless letter from the friend of Eton days, Lorimer Boyd, then at the English Legation at Naples, informing him that young Kenneth, whose acquaintance he had made with the most eager interest for Sir Douglas's sake, was becoming a noted character among the English visitors, with anything but credit to himself and family; that the young man who had been engaged to accompany him, desired to resign his trust into Sir Douglas's hands, feeling it to be positively dishonest to continue receiving a high salary, as travelling tutor, for the supposed performance of duties which the disposition of Kenneth Ross rendered it impossible to fulfil. Finally, that he thought Sir Douglas could not do better than come himself to Italy,



where Lorimer Boyd would be overjoyed to see him, and where new arrangements might, he hoped, be made; ending with the ominous words, "for, if something is not done, and that speedily, I should fear that this young lad, to whom you have shown such generous kindness, will turn out utterly worthless."

The next day saw Sir Douglas Ross on his way to London, to procure his passport and proceed to his destination. He reached it without event; and, in the satisfaction evinced by Lorimer Boyd, and the pleasant converse of that old friend, half forgot the pain of observing that his unexpected coming had produced in young Kenneth no other evidence of emotion than a sort of discontented surprise.

"Well, well," thought the uncle, indulgently, "he probably knows he has been complained of, and I must make allowance for that."

In the evening, fidgeting a little over the long colloquy after their late dinner, at which Lorimer Boyd was the sole guest, Kenneth said, "I am now going out; going to a party,—a very decent family party," added he, with a half saucy, half angry smile. "Will you come too, Uncle Douglas? I know Mr. Lorimer Boyd is dying to get there, instead of talking any more to you, for there is to be amateur music, and some of his particular friends are to sing."

Something of gloom and displeasure overshadowed Lorimer Boyd's countenance, and apparently, in spite of assumed carelessness, the young man felt it, for he added hastily, "I believe he's as fond of music as you are, Uncle, and that is saying a good deal."

"My dear boy, I'll go wherever you are both going; we can all go together; if Lorimer will undertake to introduce me, I shall be charmed to plunge at once into the dissipations of Naples."

Lorimer started out of some sort of reverie in which he had been absorbed; and, with half a sigh and half a laugh, he said, "I fear you won't find much to charm you in the set that are at present in Naples; but this is a pleasant enough

house, and certainly the music is divine."

Lorimer Boyd made his introduction with a degree of shyness, which no experience of the world had conquered in him; but stately Sir Douglas was greeted with great eagerness as a new-comer amongst the little society; nor were there wanting looks of surprised admiration and whispers of inquiry, as the handsome soldier made his way through the busy crowd to a place near the piano. For it was true that Sir Douglas was very fond of music; and the one faint recollection he retained of his mother was the shape of her lovely mouth and the soft darkness of her eyes, singing some snatch of an old ballad of unhappy love:—

"He turned him round and right about  
All on that foreign shore;  
He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
With 'Adieu for evermore, my dear,  
With adieu for evermore!'"

Nothing is so capricious as memory. Why one incident is remembered and all others forgotten—why a person with whom we have lived in intimacy for years is recalled always by one, or, at the most, by two or three different aspects,—on occasions neither more nor less important than a thousand others,—are mysteries of the working of the brain, where these memories are packed away, which the profoundest of our philosophers have been, and are, unable to solve. But certain it is that among other caprices of memory Sir Douglas, who had lost his mother in his childhood, remembered her chiefly by her songs; and above all by that versified farewell which could have conveyed no idea to a child's mind beyond the vague sadness of intonation. Whenever he thought of his mother, he heard that stanza float upon the air. He was thinking of her now, in the midst of that assembly of strangers, with no other mainspring to those thoughts than the sudden touch given by his nephew's remark that he was fond of music.

His thoughts wandered, too, to a beautiful German fable as to the effect of certain singing—one of their wild

stories of water-spirits; in which the hero, impatient at the old ferryman not being in attendance to punt him across a river, swears a good deal; is stopped by a young girl who says she is the ferryman's daughter, and offers to punt him over in her father's absence; accepts the offer, but is greatly troubled in his mind by the fact that the reeds keep bowing wherever the boat passes, though there is not a breath of wind; and that, as the young girl herself bends to the water, her face is reflected there, not as she actually appears, but with a wreath of lilies round her head. He comprehends immediately (as people do, in dreams and in German ballads), that she is something supernatural,—and spends the remainder of his shortened and grieving days in perpetually paddling in and out among the reeds; calling for her, looking for her, pining for her, because, as the poet writes it, he has been bewitched "by that little red mouth so full of songs!"

Sir Douglas was roused from his fanciful musing by a real song; and, by some strange coincidence, a German song. A young lady had sat down to the piano. His nephew was standing by her, waiting to turn the leaf when the verse should be completed. She shook her head gently, and said, in a low voice, "I know them all by heart." Then came the rich melody of one of those soft contralto voices the very sound of which gives the sensation of a caress to the listener; a little trembling too,—not the trembling of shyness, but that peculiar *tremolo* natural to some voices, and which rather adds to, than takes away from their power.

A German song; a German "Good-night;" something ineffably coaxing, soothing, and peaceful in its harmonious notes. Involuntarily Sir Douglas sighed; he felt a strange contrast between the anxiety that had prompted his hurried journey,—the storms of his past life,—and his present feverish fatigue and worry,—with that delicious lullaby! The girl who was singing glanced towards him, with soft hazel eyes that seemed made to match her voice. Then she asked something in an undertone of

young Kenneth, and the reply was distinctly heard, "It is my Uncle Douglas."

The young lady's reply was also audible in the silence that followed her song. She said, in a tone of great surprise, "*That*, Sir Douglas? *that* Sir Douglas Ross?"

"Yes," said Kenneth testily; "why not?"

"Oh! I don't know," said the girl, laughing shyly; "only it is not at all my idea of him. I never should have guessed that to be him, from your way of talking. I expected——"

"Expected what?"

"I don't know; but I should never have guessed that to be 'Old Sir Douglas.'"

As she spoke the last words, she again looked up at the newly-arrived stranger. Sir Douglas's eyes were fixed upon her. It was but too evident he had overheard what she had said. Both felt embarrassed as their glances met. Sir Douglas coloured to the temples; and the young lady blushed.

## CHAPTER IV.

### UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

THE pleasant evening was followed by a painful morning. Sir Douglas ascertained from Lorimer Boyd that, with the one exception of Lady Charlotte Skifton's (where that evening had been passed), Kenneth Ross had scarcely footing in one respectable house in Naples. His nights were spent at the theatre, the gaming table, and in wild orgies with the idlest of an idle Neapolitan aristocracy; and his days in recovering from the debauch of the night. Sums perfectly fabulous, considering his position and the amount of his very moderate fortune, were owing in all directions;—and thrice, but for the painstaking interference and discretion of Lorimer Boyd,—the result of quarrels on the most trivial, or the most scandalous grounds, would have been a meeting with adversaries not very nice in their code of honour, and infinitely better accustomed to the use of pistols. To all remonstrance about his gambling



or other debts he had constantly affirmed that it would be "all right"; that "Old Sir Douglas" would pay them; and, with a spirit of exaggeration partly wilful, and partly arising from ignorance of all things in his uncle's affairs, except the extreme readiness to assist him which had been always displayed, he represented himself as nephew to a millionaire; and was looked upon in the indolent and profligate circles he frequented as related to a sort of Scotch prince, whose coffers overflowed with gold, for which he had no better use than the pampering of his brother's son, the idol of his bachelor life, and his eventual heir.

Half melancholy and half provoked, Sir Douglas left his hotel for the lodging taken by his graceless favourite in one of the palazzos on the Chiaja. In the anteroom he found an Italian valet smoking one of his master's cigars as he leaned carelessly from the window overlooking the Giardin' Reale, with no other occupation, apparently, than that of watching the swarming crowd, whose ceaseless shouting and chattering form so strange a contrast to our own more silent and business-like population. The valet was extremely reluctant to admit Sir Douglas. "Sua Eccellenza,"—as he termed Kenneth,—had gone to a masked ball after the musical *soirée* at Lady Charlotte's, had only returned at daylight, and was not yet awake. But on receiving the explanations that the parties were related, and that he beheld before him that millionaire Milord of Scotland, of whose unexpected arrival even he had been told as of an important if not satisfactory event, he became as obsequious as he had been recalcitrant, begging his Excellency to walk into the other Excellency's apartment, when he would speedily wake the sleeping Excellency, and inform him of the illustrious Excellency's visit.

Sir Douglas got rid of the bowing valet, forbidding him to disturb his master. As he passed through Kenneth's bedroom, he paused and stood a few moments, with folded arms, leaning against the silk hangings and embroidered mosquito curtains of the luxurious

bed, contemplating the sleeper. It was nearly noon, but the dim shadowy light from the Venetian blinds, broken by narrow streaks of sunshine that seemed to quiver and ripple on the floor, as if reflected from the dazzling bay below, could not disturb his slumbers. The wonderful likeness of Kenneth to his father, in that soft dreamy light, melted away the displeasure in Sir Douglas's heart. What to do with him, how to set matters right for him, and, how to reform him, was his sole thought. "He is yet but young," sighed the uncle, as he passed into the sitting-room, where the open windows admitted at once the brilliant glow of a southern sun, and as much fresh air as Naples can boast in these quarters on the Chiaja. Little enough; since all along that coast-built street lingers a compound odour, of stale fruit, church incense, tar and fishing-nets, reeking beasts of burden, and the cheese and garlic of poverty-stricken and dirty lazzaroni. In the principal sitting-room everything was in the same style of confused luxury as in the bedroom. Parisian fauteuils and sofas in handsome chintz covers, hired in to assist the indolence of the occupant, formed a strange contrast, and looked, as it were, doubly negligent, by the side of the faded splendour of the tight and upright satin chairs and banquettes which formed the original furniture of the Palazzo; which furniture was indeed but sparsely supplied; the real owner making an arrangement very common in Italy—namely, letting the under and upper apartments, and inhabiting the principal floor himself. A quantity of little paper volumes of French romances, and a guitar, half-buried in sheets of music—some of it new, and some tattered and soiled and scribbled over—were the only symptoms of occupation, if we except two or three handsome pipes and an open box of cigars. "He is yet but young;" and "Did I do right in sending him abroad?" was doubtfully repeated in the mind of the perplexed uncle: not without a sorrowful consciousness that his own youth, and his own residence in various foreign countries, had been very differently

spent, though he had had no friend or counsellor to guide and overlook him.

Absorbed in these reflections—looking out on the bright bay without seeing it, and scarcely conscious even of the shrill sound of multitudinous voices and ceaseless roll of vehicles in the streets below—it was not till young Kenneth laid a hand on his shoulder and greeted him with a sort of tired good-morrow, that Sir Douglas was even aware of his presence. Then the imprudent uncle plunged at once into all he had been ruminating over; all he had to say to the erring nephew. Warmly and rapidly he spoke; of Kenneth's extravagance, his drunkenness, his idleness, his debts; of the absolute necessity of his instantly selecting a profession, whether army, navy, law, or diplomacy; of the journey to Naples having been made in fear and trouble solely on his account (with a frank admission that Lorimer Boyd's friendly report had brought about that journey); of the determination Sir Douglas had come to, to tighten the reins, and so prevent the self-indulgent ruin of the young man who stood before him!

A man who rises after a late ball, and is thus suddenly set upon before he has even breakfasted, is not likely to be very patient; nor did either of the interlocutors come of a patient race. Kenneth's answers were full of that blind and boundless ingratitude which belongs to early youth. He refused to recognise in anything that had been done for him anything for which he had to be grateful; he utterly defied all authority; he could not see how Sir Douglas could assume to exercise any. He (Kenneth) was Ross of Torrieburn, and Sir Douglas was Ross of Glenrossie,—a richer man, that was all. Lorimer Boyd was an intolerable prig, and a meddlesome, treacherous idiot; and he (Kenneth) well knew to what cause he might attribute his uncalled-for interference.

He had little doubt (unless Sir Douglas had greatly mismanaged during his long minority), that his debts could be paid with the greatest ease; as to a profession, his father had no profession,

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and he himself desired nothing of the kind. He loved every inch of Torrieburn too well to go about the world like the Wandering Jew, as he considered Sir Douglas had done all his life, for no earthly reason. He had never asked, or wished, to come abroad,—but since he had come (by Sir Douglas's desire), he was determined to enjoy himself, and no earthly power should prevent him from doing so. As to the accusation of drunkenness, it was not true; and if he did occasionally get drunk, so did all the men he had ever known, either at college or since; and as to other temptations, he had infinitely greater temptations than other people, being handsomer, quicker-witted, and more fitted for social enjoyment than ninety-nine men in a hundred; so that, though it was all very well for common-place fellows to be tied down to common-place rules, it wouldn't do for *him*, and he thought his uncle mad to expect it! Finally, with a saucy toss of his handsome young head, and a look of defiance at land and sea, as he turned from the open window and dropped into one of the lounging arm-chairs preparatory to beginning his late breakfast, he advised Old Sir Douglas not to get into "that humbugging way of lecturing" that comes upon men in later life, but to remember the days when he himself was young; when, doubtless, he indulged to the full in all that early harvest of fleeting pleasures of which he was now seeking to deprive his ill-used nephew.

Sir Douglas almost prefaced with an impatient groan the burst of passionate reply with which he met this tirade. "In the first place," he said, "if I had made debts my father would not have cleared them, even had they been reckoned by hundreds instead of thousands, as I fear yours will be. In the next place, I had a profession in which,—whatever may be *your* opinion of its opportunities for pleasure—strict discipline, and the conduct of a gentleman, are imperative even in time of peace; and I am thankful to say that of those leisure times I saw but little."

A proud, evanescent flush passed over



the fine frank face, as he spoke ; and then he continued eagerly and sadly :

"Oh ! my dear Kenneth, do think there is something more to be done with life than merely to enjoy it ! And, for God's sake, don't take the tone you have just taken with me, of that morbid selfish individuality that supposes its own temptations or advantages greater than those of other people ! Take your place freely and frankly amongst them, without expecting too much, or thinking too highly of yourself, or offending by assumptions that they won't recognise, and which only lead to quarrels. Depend upon it, there is no such thing upon earth as a man so intensely superior to his fellow-men, that he should stand exempted from common rules of conduct. God does not permit such gaps of distance among His creatures. He gives to all, something ; and He gives to *none* the sort of superiority you would claim. 'That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,' is a line from a true poet and philosopher. I know but one thing, Kenneth, in which you excel other men, and that is, that you are handsomer than most men ; but how far will that one advantage go, in this world ?"

"Well, a good way," muttered the youth, with a sulky smile, as he broke the shell of a second egg ; "ask your wise friend Lorimer Boyd else."

"My friend Lorimer Boyd may overvalue an advantage he has not, as you overvalue the advantages you have. Nevertheless, he might please where you would not ; and most assuredly in the great race of life he would win where you would not. Whether you adopt, or refuse to adopt, a profession, you must (unless you retire to a hermitage) mingle with your fellow-men. To be admired, is an accident ; but to be beloved is in every one's power. You *must*, if you mean to be socially welcome, keep some prudence and decency in view ; you must be patient and respectful to some men, cordial and even-tempered with others ; and, above all, you must accept, in lieu of such foolish self-assertion as broke from you but

now, the position which most certainly at times will be yours—namely, the finding yourself less gifted, less well-informed, less worthy, and less esteemed, than some you consort with. I say *must*, because it is utterly impossible that any man should *always* be the first, foremost, and best, of every given group of men in which he finds himself for the time being.

"And now, my dear boy, cease to pelt that plate with grape-skins, as though it were the author of my unwelcome lecture ; and put on your hat, and do the honours of this lovely city to me ; for, in spite of all my wanderings, I have never been here. And get me a list of your liabilities, that we may see what should be done. Torrieburn is not California, and even my willingness to aid you does not extend so far as to be willing to transfer the rents of my estate into the pockets of foreign gamblers. Tell me, too, something of your friends and friendships, here ; since I am not entirely to rely on that honest arch-traitor my old schoolmate Lorimer Boyd. Tell me about the people we were with last night ; on whom, indeed, we ought, or rather I ought, to go and leave a card this morning. And get back your smiles, Kenneth, as we walk along ; for that is too clouded a brow for so clear a morning !"

The anxious heart hiding its anxiety under this assumed gaiety, touched the wayward young man more than the previous lecture. Kenneth wrung his uncle's hand with some confused expressions of mingled regret and deprecation ; and he smiled, too (not a very comfortable or satisfactory smile), as they reached the arches of the villa at Santa Lucia, where Lady Charlotte Skifton and her daughter resided ; murmuring to himself *sotto voce*, as he looked up at the green jealousies that shut out the sultry day in those familiar windows, "Here, at least, I think I have the advantage over wise Mr. Lorimer Boyd." And with this ejaculation he followed Sir Douglas into the house.

*To be continued.*

## "PEACE ON EARTH."

BY THOMAS HUGHES, M.P. FOR LAMBETH.

THE last time that the season of "peace on earth and good will to men" came round, the great struggle between the free and slave powers in America had not yet come to death-grips. Here, at least, many people still believed that the Southern States could not be subdued, and were sure sooner or later to establish their independence, and a new polity which would act for the rest of time as a healthy corrective to the dangerously popular institutions and ideas of New England. The year has passed, and the great revolutionary epic of our time has closed. Perhaps some of us may still stop short of Mr. Seward's triumphant summing up:—"Death," he says in his yearly address to his fellow-citizens at Auburn, "death has removed his victims; liberty has crowned her heroes; humanity has crowned her martyrs; the sick and the stricken are cured; the surviving combatants are fraternizing; and the country—the object of our just pride, and lawful affection—once more stands collected and composed, firmer, stronger, and more majestic than ever before, without one cause of dangerous discontent at home, and without an enemy in the world." We may think him somewhat too hopeful in the breadth of his assertions, and may have our fears that it may take a generation yet to weld again into one brotherhood all the states of the Union. But, when he predicts so fearlessly that "under next October's sun he shall be able, with his fellow-townsmen in Auburn, to rejoice in the restoration of peace, harmony, and union throughout the land," we cannot but own that earlier prophecies of his, which seemed at least as rash, have been fulfilled almost to the letter. In any case, we do all willingly now admit, and honour,

the marvellous energy and constancy with which the great game has been played out by the American people. As one of the many Englishmen whose faith in that people never faltered during the contest, I do most heartily rejoice to see that all classes of my countrymen are at last not only ready to appreciate, but hearty in their appreciation of, what has been done for freedom in America in this revolutionary war. I am sure that we now only want further knowledge of facts to honour our kith and kin across the Atlantic as they deserve to be honoured, for the glorious sacrifices which they made of all that was most precious and dearest to them in a struggle upon which not only their own life as a nation, but the future of at least one-third of the world, was at stake.

In this belief, I think that Christmas is the right time for bringing out into somewhat clearer light a side of the drama which has not been as yet fairly presented to us here: I mean, first, the strain on the resources of the Northern States while the war lasted; and, secondly, the heroism of the men of gentle birth and nurture, who, so far from shrinking from the work, and fighting by substitute (as was asserted by some of our leading journals), took at least their fair share of all the dangers and miseries and toils of those dark years.

First then, as to the people's work; and, highly as we may value the men who have come to the front, and whose names as soldiers and statesmen are now known over the whole world, we must acknowledge that the true hero of the war is, after all, the American people. In proof of this I will take one or two of the Northern States, and look for a moment at what the call was which



was made on them, and how they answered to it. Let us look, as a first instance, at the smallest in area of all the States, and the smallest in population of all the free States. Little Rhode Island, at the census of 1860, just before the breaking out of the war, contained a population of 174,620. As usual in the Eastern States, the females considerably exceeded the males, and of the latter there were 82,304 altogether. Up to December 1st, 1862—that is to say, in less than two years from the first call of the President for troops—Rhode Island furnished 14,626 men to the army, and 1,400 to the navy, or almost 1 in 5 of her total male population, and, of course, far more than that proportion of her men of fighting age, between 18 and 45. In the first enthusiasm, when the call for 500,000 men came in the summer of 1861, the quota of Rhode Island was 4,057, and she furnished 5,124. I do not give the later returns, because there appears to have been a large number of substitutes amongst her recruits after 1862, and I have no means of knowing whether these were or were not natives of the State. There is no need to overstate the case, and I should, on every account, shrink from doing so. Rhode Island, though the smallest, is tenth in rank of all the States as a producer, and her people are consequently rich and prosperous. If, in the later years of the war, they found substitutes in large numbers, it must be, at the same time, remembered, that they contributed more largely than any other State, in proportion to numbers, to that noblest of all charities—the Sanitary Commission.

But Englishmen will very likely say, "Give us an instance of any but a New England State; they are exceptional." Let us take Indiana, then, one of the mighty young Western sisters, a community scarce half a century old. A stronger contrast to Rhode Island could scarcely have been found. Indiana, in 1860, possessed 8,161,717 acres of improved farming land; Rhode Island but 329,884. Indiana was fifth of all the States in agricultural production, and

thirteenth in manufacturing—Rhode Island standing tenth, or three higher than her gigantic younger sister. Yet we find the same readiness of response to the President's call to arms amongst Western farmers as amongst New England mechanics and merchants. The population of Indiana is returned in the census of 1860 at 1,350,428, and her males at 693,469. On the 31st of December, 1862, she had furnished 102,698 soldiers, besides a militia home-guard when her frontiers were threatened. When Morgan made his raid into the state, 60,000 tendered their services within twenty-four hours, and nearly 20,000 were on his track within three days. I do not happen in this case to have the later returns, and so must turn back to New England, to the old Puritan Bay state, to give one perfect example of what the American people did in the great struggle.

Massachusetts, at the outbreak of the war, held a population of 1,230,000 or thereabouts, out of which there were 257,833 males between the ages of 15 and 40. The first blood shed in the war against the slave power, as in the Revolutionary war against England, was Massachusetts blood. The 6th Massachusetts was fired on in the streets of Baltimore on April 19th, 1861, and had to fight its way through the town, losing 4 killed and 30 wounded in the operation. Well, the number of men demanded of Massachusetts during the war was 117,624. The number furnished by her (reducing all to the three years' standard) was 125,437, being a surplus over all calls of 7,813. Besides these 6,670 were mustered in answer to a call for three months' men in 1864, which were never credited to her by the Government. Look at the meaning now of this other fact, that she has actually sent more men to the war than are now to be found in the State liable to do military duty. How does this tell as to wear and tear of the human material in those Southern campaigns? The last assessors' return gave these at 133,767; while the total number who served (including three and nine months' men, and

not adhering to the three years' standard) was 153,486. Out of these, how many does the reader (who has probably heard more or less of "stopping the war by prohibiting emigration from Ireland," and of "New England hiring foreign mercenaries to do the fighting") think were foreign recruits? Just 907. This does not include men born out of the States, but resident or naturalized there before the war broke out. These latter, however, I suppose, could not come within the definition of foreign mercenaries; and, of foreigners arriving in America during the war, Massachusetts enlisted, as I have said, 907 out of 150,000. While on this point, I may add that the most reliable statistics as to the whole forces of the North show that of native-born Americans there were nearly 80 per cent., of naturalized Americans 15, and of foreigners 5 per cent. only, in the ranks.

I can honestly say that I have chosen these States at hazard, and that a scrutiny of the remaining free States would give a very similar result. And now let us consider what that result is. Rhode Island, Indiana, and Massachusetts may perhaps equal in population this metropolis with its immediate suburbs; while one of them alone actually sent to active service, in the four years of the war, an army equal in numbers to the total volunteer force now under arms in Great Britain. Rhode Island is not so populous as Sheffield; and in eighteen months she armed and sent South 15,000 of her citizens. I know that England in like need would be equal to a like effort. Let us honour, then, as they deserve the people of our own lineage to whom the call has come, and who have met it.

I need scarcely pause to note how the Northern people have paid in purse as well as in person. Let one instance suffice. In 1864 the assessment of Massachusetts for taxes to support the general government amounted to fourteen millions, every fraction of which was collected without impediment or delay. Add to this the State taxation, and the mounts contributed to the Sanitary

Commission, and other organizations for distributing voluntary contributions in support of the war, and we should reach a figure almost exceeding belief. I have no means of stating it accurately, but am quite safe in putting it as high as 25,000,000 dollars, actually raised and paid, by a State with a population less than half of that of our metropolis, in one twelvemonth.

And now for my second point—the example set by the men of birth, wealth, and high position. Here too I feel sure that a few simple facts, taken at hazard from the mass which I have under my hand, will be more than enough to satisfy every just and generous man amongst my countrymen; and I am proud to believe that, whatever our prejudices may be, there are few indeed amongst us to whom such an appeal will be made in vain.

I have said above that the mass of materials is large; I might have said unmanageable. It is, indeed, impossible to take more than an example here and there, and to bring these out as clearly as one can in the limits of an article. Let me take as mine a family or two, with some one or more of whose members I have the honour of friendship or acquaintance. And, first, that of J. Russell Lowell, the man to whose works I owe more, personally, than to those of any other American. It would be hard to find a nobler record. The young men of this stock seem to have been all of high mark, distinguished specially for intellectual power and attainments. Surely the sickle of war has never been put more unsparingly into any field! First in order comes Willie Putnam, age 21, the sole surviving son of Lowell's sister, a boy of the highest culture and promise, mortally wounded at Ball's Bluff, in October, 1861, in the first months of the war, while in the act of going to the help of a wounded companion. At the same bitter fight his cousin, James Jackson Lowell, aged 24, was badly hurt; but, after a short absence to recruit, joined his regiment again, and fell on June 30th, 1862. "Tell my father I was dressing the line



of my company when I was hit," was his last message home. He had been first in his year at Harvard, and was taking private pupils in the law-school when the war broke out. Warren Russell fell at Bull's Run, in August, 1862. Many of us here may remember the account, which was reprinted in the *Times* and other papers, of the presentation of colours to the 2d Massachusetts Infantry, by Mr. Motley, at Boston, in the summer of 1861. It attracted special notice from the fact that the author of the "History of the Dutch Republic" had been so lately living amongst us, and was so well known and liked here. The group of officers who received those colours were the very *jeunesse dorée* of Massachusetts—Quincy, Dwight, Abbot, Robeson, Russell, Shaw, Gordon, Savage, Perkins. Such a roll will speak volumes to all who have any acquaintance with New England history. Those colours have come home riddled, tattered, blackened; but five-sixths of the young officers have given their lives for them, and of the 1,000 rank and file who then surrounded them, scarcely 150 survive. This by the way. I refer to the muster, because Robert Shaw was amongst those officers—a name already honoured in these pages, and another nephew of Lowell's. Shaw's sister married Charles Lowell, of whom more presently. We all know how Robert Shaw, after two years' gallant service, accepted the command of the first black regiment raised in Massachusetts (the 54th); how he led them in the operations before Charleston, and was buried with his "niggers" in the pit under Fort Wagner—the grandest sepulture earned by any soldier of this century. By his side fought and died Cabot Russell, the third of Lowell's nephews, then a captain of a black company. Stephen George Perkins, another nephew, was killed at Cedar Creek; and Francis Dutton Russell at one of the innumerable Virginian battles.

I pass to the last on the list, and the most remarkable. Charles Russell Lowell, the only brother of the James who died "dressing his line," was also

the first scholar of his year (1854) at Harvard. He had visited Europe for health, and made long riding-tours in Spain and Algeria, where he became a consummate horseman. On the day after the 6th Massachusetts were fired on in Baltimore streets, Charles Lowell heard of it, and started by the next train to Washington, passing through Baltimore. All communication between the two cities was suspended, but he arrived on foot at Washington in forty-eight hours. In those first days of confusion, he became agent for Massachusetts at Washington, and brought order out of chaos for his own State before joining the army. His powers of command and organization gained him rapid promotion. He served with distinction in the Peninsula campaigns of McClellan, and, after Antietam, was selected to carry the captured standards to Washington. He raised a second cavalry regiment at home in the winter of 1862. He was placed in command of the cavalry force which protected Washington during the dark days of 1863. In Sheridan's brilliant campaign of 1864, he commanded the cavalry brigade, of four regular regiments, and the 2nd Massachusetts volunteer cavalry. He had thirteen horses shot under him before the battle of Cedar Creek, on October 19th; was badly wounded early in that day, and lifted on to his fourteenth horse to lead the final charge, so faint, that he had to give his orders in a whisper. Urged by those round him to leave the field, he pressed on to the critical point of attack; and himself led the last charge which ended one of the most obstinate battles of the war. It is the death of this nephew which wrung from his uncle the lines which occur in one of the last "Biglow Papers," published in one of last winter's numbers of the *Atlantic Magazine*—

"Wut's words to them whose faith and truth  
On War's red techstone rang true metal;  
Who ventured life, an' love, an' youth  
For the gret prize o' deth in battle?  
To him who, deadly hurt, agen  
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,  
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men  
That rived the rebel line asunder?"

"Ta'n't right to hev the young go fast,  
All throbbin' full o' gifts and graces,  
Leaving life's paupers dry as dust  
To try and make b'lieve fill their places ;  
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss ;  
Ther's gaps our lives can't never say in,  
An' that world seems so fur from this,  
Lef' for us loafers to grow grey in."

He died next day of his wounds, leaving a widow of twenty, himself not thirty. The *Gazette*, in which his commission as general was published, did not reach the army till after his death. Sheridan, with the generosity which most of the great Northern captains have shown, declared that the country could better have spared himself, and that there was no one quality of a soldier which he could have wished added to Charles Lowell.

My first example, then, gives us one family, in which there was no soldier in 1860, losing eight young men under thirty in little more than three years' fighting.

I have mentioned the name of Motley above. Let us see how it fared with his circle. He has assured me more than once, that of his own immediate family there were fewer than the average in the ranks ; but he had at least five near relatives serving,—three Lothrop's, one of whom was killed in Louisiana ; Major Motley, badly wounded in Virginia early in 1864 ; and Major Stackpole, another highly-distinguished graduate of Harvard, who served through the whole war, and has now resumed his practice as a barrister. Miss Motley married Captain Ives, a gentleman of fortune in Rhode Island, who was travelling in Europe when the war broke out. He volunteered into the navy, commanded the Potomac flotilla, and accompanied Burnside's expedition to S. Carolina, where he contracted the illness of which he has since died. His cousin Robert Ives, also a man of large fortune, volunteered into the army, and was killed at Antietam. I believe they were the two last men who bore the name of Ives in their State.

The name of Wadsworth is better known here than most American names in consequence of its English connexion. The head of the family was a

country-gentleman living on his estates at Genesee, in New York State, up to 1860, with a family of three sons and three daughters. At the news of the attack on the Union troops in Baltimore he instantly chartered a steamer, loaded her with provisions, and sent her up the Potomac—a most timely aid to the capital. He acted as aide-de-camp to M'Dowell, and was his right-hand man in the Bull Run campaign, his "youngest as well as his oldest aide ;" was made a general soon afterwards ; and, after several campaigns, was placed in command at Washington. His reputation as an officer had now become such that at the beginning of the last campaign every corps commander of the army of the Potomac applied to the War Department to have him with them as brigadier. He was killed in the wilderness in the last advance on Richmond. His three sons have all served, the youngest having enlisted at sixteen. Thus every man in the family served ; and the only married daughter is the widow of Colonel Montgomery Ritchie, one of two brothers, both of whom served with distinction, one to the sacrifice of his life by the same subtle disease which struck down Captain Ives.

I could go to any length, for my acquaintance with Americans is large, and I scarcely know a man who has not lost some relative in the war. But, apart from one's own acquaintance, there is scarcely one of the famous colonial and revolutionary names which has not been represented. The Jays, Adamses, Schuylers, Livingstones, Van Reugselaers, have not failed their country in her second great need ; and have fought well, and worked hard, though the present holders of these honoured names, mostly quite young men, have not had time to reach their ancestors' places. The bearers of great names, I take it, do not get such a start in the States as with us at home. A descendant (grandson, I believe) of Alexander Hamilton, however, became a general, while several of his cousins remained in lower ranks. Colonel Fletcher Webster, only surviving son of Daniel Webster, was killed in Virginia.



Perhaps the man who excited most the hopes and martial enthusiasm of Americans in the first months of the war was Major Theodore Winthrop, grandson of the famous Governor John Winthrop, scholar, traveller, poet, athlete, who was killed at the disastrous battle of Great Bethel, June 10th, 1861. A son of General Porter, who was distinguished in the last war with us, fell as a colonel in the spring campaign of 1864. Even the families famous, as yet, for wealth only have not shrunk from the fighting; one Astor, at least, and Cuttings, Schermerhorns, Lydigs, and others, having held their own in the volunteer ranks.

Or, let us come to names more familiar than any other Transatlantic ones to us—the Boston group. Longfellow's young son (Charlie, as I hear all men call him) has managed to fight a campaign, and get badly hit in Louisiana, at an age when our boys are thinking of their freshman's term at Oxford. Oliver Wendell Holmes (junior), poet, artist, Greek scholar, virtuoso, has been twice—I was going to say killed—well, shot through the body and neck, and again in the heel; and, having fought through all to the end of the war, is again busy with brush and pen. Olmstead has fought, with mightier weapons than rifled cannon, at the head of the Sanitary Commission. Of four brothers Dwight, two were killed, and a third fought his way to general. Whittiers, Appletons, Loring, Crowninshields, Dehons—but I will tax my readers' patience no longer with rolls of names which, perhaps, to most of them, will be names, and nothing more! Let this last summing up of the work of men of birth and position in one State suffice: (I choose Massachusetts again, because, thanks to Governor Andrew, we have more accurate returns as to her, over here, than as to any other State). Since the declaration of war, 434 officers from Massachusetts have been killed—9 generals, 16 colonels, 17 lieutenant-colonels, 20 majors, 15 surgeons, 2 chaplains, 110 captains, and 245 lieutenants. Of the 35 general officers from that State, 10 only have escaped wounds.

Of all the living graduates of Harvard

(the university of highest repute in America), one-fifth, or, to be as accurate as possible, nineteen and some fraction per cent., have served with the army. At Yale College, the percentage has been even higher. Conceive a struggle which should bring one in every five of men who have taken degrees at Oxford and Cambridge under fire, and which should call on us, besides our regular army, to keep on foot and recruit for three years a volunteer army five times as large as our present one!

Such plain facts and returns as these will, I am sure, convince the last sceptic—if there be one left amongst us at this Yule tide, 1865,—that New England has not spared of her best blood in the great day of the Lord, under the burthen and heat of which the whole North has reeled and staggered indeed, but without ever bating heart or hope, and always gaining fresh power, through three years of war which have seemed—nay, which have been—a life-time. In such crises time is not measured by years or days. The America which looked on, paralyzed and doubtful, when John Brown prophesied all these things on his way to the scaffold, kissing a negro child as he passed along, while Stonewall Jackson and his pupils guarded the gibbet—the America of State sovereignty and Dred Scott law, in which the Gospel news meant avowedly "Good will to *white* men," and abolitionism was loathed as a vulgar and mischievous fanaticism—is as far behind us to-day for all practical purposes as the England of the Stuarts, or the France of the Regency. What this means, for the old world as well as for the new, I will not pause to consider. My estimate might raise smiles or provoke criticism amongst us, both of which (good as they are in their right time and place) I am anxious here to avoid.

I prefer at parting to endeavour to put my readers in sympathy with the spirit, the heart, and conscience, of the North, in the presence of their astounding success. I cannot do this better than by a glance at the Commemoration of the living and dead soldiers of

Harvard University. Commemoration Day at Harvard, in July, 1865, must indeed have stamped itself indelibly on the memories of all those sons of the first of American universities who were present at the gathering. To me, I own, even the meagre reports one got over here in the American papers were unspeakably touching. The irrepressible joy of a people delivered, after years of stern work and patient waiting, from an awful burthen, almost too heavy for mortal shoulders to bear, tempered, as it was, by the tenderest sympathy for the families of the fallen, and a solemn turning to give glory and thanks with full heart to that God who giveth victory, and healeth wounded spirits, and standeth above His people as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land—the mingled cry of triumph, and agony, and trust, and love, which went up from the very heart of that meeting—must ever, to my mind, rank amongst the most noble, the most sublime pieces of history of the century in which we are living. Let the reader consider the following as compared with ordinary commemoration poetry. The first is the hymn written for the commemoration service by Robert Lowell—

- "Thy work, O God, goes on in earth,  
With shouts of war, and harvest songs :  
A ready will is all our worth ;  
To Thee our Maker all belongs.
- "Thanks for our great and dear, who knew  
To lavish life great needs to earn ;  
Our dead, our living, brave and true,  
To each who served Thee in his turn.
- "Show us true life as in Thy Son ;  
Breathe through our flesh the Holy Ghost ;  
Then earth's strongholds are stormed and  
won ;  
Then man dies faithful at his post.
- "They crowd behind us to this shade,  
The youth who own the coming years ;

Be never God, or land, betrayed,  
By any son our Harvard rears !"

My second quotation shall be a stanza from the Commemoration Ode, by the best known member of the family, James Russell Lowell, author of the "Biglow Papers"—

"Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release !

Thy God, in these distempered days,  
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,

And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace,

Bow down in prayer and praise !

O Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once more !  
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair  
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,  
And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,  
What words divine of lover or of poet  
Could tell our love and make thee know it,  
Among the Nations bright beyond compare ?

What were our lives without thee ?

What all our lives to save thee ?

We reck not what we gave thee ;

We will not dare to doubt thee ;

But ask whatever else, and we will dare !"

Was ever truer, or braver, ring struck out of the metal of which English-speaking men are made ? If so, I for one have yet to learn when, and where. And now at this Christmas time, when their tremendous storm-cloud has broken up, and nothing but a light streak or two of vapour is to be seen in their heavens, let us seize this precious moment, never to recur again in their or our history, and, by graceful and loyal word and deed, show them that we honour, as it deserves, the work they have done for the world since the election of 1860, and can sympathize with their high hopes for the future of their continent with no jealousy or distrust, as brethren of the same stock, and children of the same Father.



## RECENT NOVEL WRITING.

OUR literature—like our commerce, our house-building, or our railway system—grows and spreads at a wonderful rate; on the whole, doubtless, with beneficial result; yet who has not sometimes sighed for a despotic hand to prune its luxuriance and chastise its follies? Mr. Matthew Arnold decides, perhaps rightly, against the expediency of introducing into this country any formal critical institution like the French Academy, but suggests that

“The mob of gentlemen who write with ease,”

(in Pope’s happier time there seems to have been no mob of ladies similarly gifted) should exercise the functions of a just and severe criticism all the more vigilantly over their own and others’ performances. It cannot be denied that there is too little of this wholesome severity at present.

“Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim:” we all endeavour to catch, but few of us to correct, the ear of the public. Yet, as the Bankruptcy Court purifies commerce from rotten speculations, and parliamentary committees, however imperfect as tribunals, do knock on the head many worthless railway schemes, it is much to be wished that criticism, instead of suffering itself to be deluged by the flood or silenced by the din that issues incessantly from all our literary workshops, should assert its right and its function more stiffly than ever, should lash what is carelessly, correct what is imperfectly done, and mercilessly decapitate what should never have been done at all. Bad work, run up flimsily according to a bad design, is better out of the way; masons and carpenters know how to pull down as well as to construct; and, should the journeyman of literature refrain from necessary works of demolition, because it is a dirty and disagreeable business, and a few bats and

owls, resenting their dislodgment, may flit and flap around his head? By the shade of Gifford, no! Criticism should not spare conceit or folly, though arrived at a second edition, nor let nonsense pass, though circulating in its fiftieth thousand.

There is a certain class of popular novels, of which one or two specimens lie before us, which bears a considerable resemblance to the poetry which, under the name of “Laura Matilda,” was ridiculed by Gifford, and burlesqued by the two Smiths. Both are distinguished by an extravagant and inflated style of expression, the effect of which is much heightened by a succession of ludicrous blunders. Both were evidently designed by their authors to produce a notable impression on the feelings; and both produce no impression at all upon any reasonable being, beyond one either of amusement or weariness, according to the particular chapter or stanza that he may be perusing. But the poetry belongs to a more somnolent period than ours; its aim was to produce melting rather than startling effects. The jaded palate of the habitual reader of fiction in our day requires more stimulating food; rose-water sentiment and namby-pamby philosophy have ceased to charm him. The fair authoress of “Taken upon Trust,” who, since she has published previously two or three successful novels, may be supposed to know how to cater to the wants of public, treats us in this, her latest work, to a literary feast, in which murder, theft, personation, forgery, and the like, are the principal ingredients. Of her capacity for writing English some idea may be formed when we say that she writes “colloquist” for colloquutor, “refreshened” for refreshed, “abided” for abode, “laid” for lay, “yolk” for yoke, “commiserately” for compassionately. Her acquaintance with

English grammar is illustrated by such sentences as "I wonder who he's waiting for," and "whom Lord Ashington perceived was a stranger to him;" passages in which the second blunder balances the first, on the same beautiful principle of compensation which makes the Cockney enrich as many words by the illegitimate addition, as he impoverishes by the illegitimate abstraction, of the "h." Her idioms and phrases sometimes have a smack of the servants' hall; her messengers "run of errands," and wives are "aggravated" by their husbands; sometimes they are purely Malapropian and absurd, as in the sentence, "the strong man who had seemed so *redolent* of life and energy," or, "had felt some *symptoms* of regret," or, "Thomson gave the necessary orders for the restoration of his guest," where we learn from the context that restoration is used in the sense of entertainment.

The book, as we have before intimated, is full of what stage-managers call "heavy business." It opens with an inquest on the body of a disagreeable person, named Adolphus Raynham Fletcher, whom the authoress had previously murdered in the last chapter of "Such Things Are,"—the second novel of the trilogy, of which "Recommended to Mercy," and "Taken upon Trust," are the opening and concluding pieces. The result of the inquest is the finding of a verdict of wilful murder against the murdered man's wife, without a particle of pertinent evidence, or the faintest attempt to indicate a motive. Her incarceration in Clerkenwell Gaol follows. The person on whom the reader's suspicion falls at the end of "Such Things Are" is a Miss Florence Harley, who had both a strong motive for putting Fletcher out of the way, because he had declared his intention of revealing to her affianced lover the trifling circumstance of her having been seduced the year before, and also, through a chance visit to the house, had a good opportunity of putting in his composing-draught the strychnine which carried him off. But, as she advanced

in the composition of "Taken upon Trust," the authoress appears to have been smitten with compunction. Why, after all, should she saddle such an odious crime upon a lovely and interesting female; was there no vulgar fellow among her secondary personages upon whom the guilt could be transferred? So with a great deal of pains, and at the cost of a ludicrous amount of discrepancy and incongruity in her story, she substitutes for Florence Harley, who had in the meantime become Mrs. Bernard, a discharged butler of the name of Thomson; though she utterly fails in the attempt to show that he had a motive for, or could in any way have benefited by, the murder. However, all ends well; Thomson is hanged; Florence dies; her husband, the Rev. Mr. Bernard, consoles himself by marrying a former flame, Susan Brigham; Mrs. Fletcher is let out of prison; Marion Clavering's brute of a husband is left on the point of death, and we see that she will make a happy marriage with the man with whom she has been flirting; Bernard's brother is reconciled to his wife, whose feelings are wonderfully relieved by the discovery that she is the illegitimate child of an earl, instead of the legitimate offspring of a murderer; the humpbacked and low-lived claimant of the Ashington peerage is disposed of by consumption; and so *exeat omnes*.

Some may be puzzled to imagine how this *rudis indigestaque moles*—these thousand pages of ill-cohering and ungrammatical narrative—can find either readers or a publisher. But let us consider the circumstances of the reading class. It swells every day, owing, chiefly, to the immense and continual expansion of our industry. Every new row of suburban villas at one of our great towns, every new ship or steamer that is launched, every railway that is opened, every factory that is built, betoken an increase, not only in the class of those who have made, or are making, their fortunes, but also in the class of intelligent ministrants to these, such as clerks, book-keepers, surveyors, engineers, merchant-captains, and



the like. Now both these classes of persons—and not only they but their wives and families—as their numbers increase, directly swell the reading class, since their employments presuppose a certain amount of education, and admit in ordinary cases of sufficient leisure for some degree of mental cultivation. Unfortunately, as has been lately pointed out in various quarters, the great imperfections of our middle-class education imply in the majority of these persons, when thus placed in the way of obtaining wealth, and in the possession of some leisure, a previous culture little adapted to fit them for making the most of their opportunities. If they read *Chambers's Miscellany*, it is well; but most of them probably give their patronage to something more sensational; and those who read novels are more likely to enjoy “Lady Audley's Secret,” or “Miriam May,” than “Pendennis” or “The Caxtons.” Those who launch upon the book-sea with no better previous training than the greater number of our middle-class schools supply, will be deterred by no amount of bad taste, bad English, and literary crudity, from reading what is suited to the barbarous condition of their intelligence. So the law of supply and demand works; and, to meet the notions of such readers, a plentiful crop of like-minded writers arises; and an unprecedented circulation of worthless books is the inevitable result. The only remedy for this state of things, which can strike at the root of the evil, is the improvement of the quality of middle-class education. But in the mean time criticism has an office to perform;—as the conservator of our language and the guardian of our literary traditions, it is bound to strike at the misgrowths which corrupt the one and do discredit to the other.

In the large reading class which has been just briefly described, there are of course many gradations and subdivisions; and so there are corresponding varieties of the novel offered for their mental food. That extremely low level, in point of form as well as matter, which the extracts above quoted would

indicate, is perhaps not often reached. Something more brilliant and intellectual is required for a large subdivision. Business,—manufactures—engineering—bringing men as they do into close contact with the facts and laws of nature—compelling them to the constant exercise of their understanding on those facts, and demanding the constant and ready application of means to ends, are great sharpeners of the wits; and it is probable that the trading and manufacturing classes are indefinitely cleverer than the agricultural classes are now, or than their own slow-going unscientific predecessors were in the past centuries. These pursuits are favourable to the development of cleverness—less so, as managed with us, to the genesis of nobleness. A crop of novels, clever but ignoble, is suited to this mental state, and is constantly produced to gratify it. Of such novels we may take “Respectable Sinners,” as a by no means unfavourable specimen. Neither bad English, nor bad grammar, need be looked for here; a piece of clever, brilliant, dashing composition is before us; a writer with all her wits about her, who can say something smart and telling about everything and everybody, is not likely to fall into blunders so easily avoidable. But the constant sparkle becomes fatiguing; and, when we seek for literary qualities higher than this Corinthian smartness, we do not find them. Of literary art, of plot and its involution, the book is innocent. A pretty woman elopes with a handsome captain in the first chapter, and marries him without her father's consent; her pretty daughter does much the same in the second volume: this second marriage turns out ill at first, the husband being selfish, and addicted to “making love to other men's wives;” but in the third volume he sows his wild oats for no particular reason, comes in for a fortune, is forgiven by his angelic wife, and all ends well. With so much talent, the authoress might do better than this; to brilliancy a vigorous self-restraint might add firmness of touch—an endowment without which nothing solid or precious

can be produced in literature; and plan and purpose might inform her pages with a steady light far different from the cold glitter which is all that mere cleverness can give. But there is a crowd of clever people waiting to read what she writes, to whom culture is unknown, and who miss nothing, feel no void, because the work that fills them is not noble, is constructed upon no elevated and consistent plan. "As is the people, so are the priests."

The lover of his kind, observing the continual issue from the mint of human intelligence of these imperfect pieces of workmanship, many of them so clumsy in execution, some of very base metal, yet all launched without let or hindrance into general circulation, is disposed at first to view the prospect with dismay, and to question the utility of novel-reading, and the lawfulness of novel-writing altogether. Considerations crowd upon him of the fearful waste of time, the unsettling of the mind, the suggestion of ideas and enterprises incapable of being realized, the exaggeration of feeling on the one hand, and the waste or prostitution of talent on the other. But, apart from the absolute incompatibility of any system of press restraint with the temper of our countrymen, and the ideas current in Europe, let us say at once that all such systems are in themselves, with the one exception to be mentioned presently, false and mischievous, and that freedom is ultimately best for society. The exception relates to works which are evidently *contra bonos mores*, not only in particular details, but in their whole plan and purpose; works which Hume and Bentham would place under the ban of the police as mercilessly as St. Augustine or the Bishop of Orleans. But, short of these vicious misgrowths, which society, represented by Government, may lawfully suppress for its own protection, there is no kind of novel in regard to which the arguments in favour of its free circulation would not outweigh those in favour of its suppression. For, be it remembered, the reasoning of Milton in the "Areopagitica" as to the general evils of

a censorship—that it acts as a clog upon invention and the communication of ideas; that it demands in the censors powers of retrospect, foresight, insight, and impartial judgment, which it is vain to expect from ordinary men; that it is certain to stifle many good books, and give undue encouragement to many mean and stupid books—has never been answered, and is in fact unanswerable; so that all which we need concern ourselves to prove in the case of any particular novel, however apparently mischievous in tendency, is the further point that, upon the whole the good effects of its circulation are likely to transcend the bad, or at least may conceivably do so. An instance or two will make our meaning clear. Perhaps no novel ever appeared which seemed at first sight to offend so outrageously against public decency, and the moral sense and sentiment of mankind, as Voltaire's "Candide." And doubtless it has done much mischief. Yet is not mankind the better after all for having learnt the lesson, though coarsely and scoffingly conveyed, which "Candide" was designed to teach? Was it not well that the flimsy and hypocritical optimism, which a certain class of divines and philosophers employed and still employ themselves in fostering, should be rudely pulled to pieces; that we should all see the necessity of including in our analysis a number of awkward and painful facts which seem to be built up in the constitution of the world and of human nature, as a preliminary to the construction of any synthesis that will hold water?

Perhaps the case of novels such as "Jack Sheppard," by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, is still stronger. Can we conceive the possibility of any good arising to any one from reading that spicy publication, compared to the obvious risk of the derangement of his ideas respecting *meum* and *tuum*? And the risk is not imaginary. There appeared a police case in the papers a few months ago, of a boy tried and convicted of theft, whom the evidence showed to have been incited to the act by a desire to tread in the footsteps of the Newgate hero, whose



adventures he had become acquainted with through the pages of that fascinating romance. But let us scan the matter closely. What the boy would really derive from the book would be a spirit of adventurous daring, an admiration for intrepidity, coolness, nerve, self-reliance, and so on. That Mr. Ainsworth should invest a housebreaker with all these attractive qualities was no doubt a grave fault in morals and art,—a fault which the foolish boy had to expiate in durance vile. Let us, however, follow him a little farther. If we suppose him to have been sent to gaol, there to mix with and take lessons from felons such as they really are, not such as his fancy had painted them, we must indeed admit that the ultimate effect upon his character of his readings in British fiction would most probably have been disastrous. That, however, is simply an argument against our iniquitous system of prison discipline, at least against what *was* our system. Fortunately we have grown a little wiser. In point of fact, if we mistake not, the boy was sent to a reformatory. These institutions, as they at present exist, are not faultless; but the admirable results which have been obtained at some of them warrant us in looking with great hope on their eventual influence for good. The Red Lodge at Bristol, for instance, conducted by Miss Carpenter, has effected permanent moral cures in a very large number of cases. Placed then at such a reformatory—exposed to salutary converging influences—a sensible chaplain, a rigid discipline, regular and suitable work, punishment for misdoing, and marks, *i.e.* privilege and reward, for well-doing,—the original enterprising bent of his nature not crushed, but guided out of wrong paths into right—who will say that the boy in question might not have eventual cause to be thankful for the mental stimulus which even “Jack Sheppard” had afforded him, so soon as he had learned to employ his energies in serving instead of preying upon his fellow-creatures? Even, then, in the case of such books as “Jack Sheppard,” the circumstance that there is a possibility

of eventual good, added to the overwhelming weight of the general considerations in favour of freedom, forbid us to desire the imposition of any external restraint whatever on their circulation.

It happens not seldom that there is just one point which gives a certain value to a novel, and makes its appearance temporarily useful, though in every other point it may be useless or pernicious. Thus it is with a certain class of novels which, though their authors had no such intention, act as a criticism on the defective education of our day. Take, for instance, “Held in Bondage,” by Onida. There is just one truth which this clever, flashy book would impress upon a sensible person, and that is, the inconceivable amount of harm which the narrowness and dullness of our public school and college education is doing to the minds and characters of many young men. Nothing but classics and mathematics: the former taught in a dull insular traditional way—the latter presented as an alternative for classics, with all the repulsive array of technical terms and abstract methods, and rather as an end in itself than as the means to the attainment of exact knowledge respecting physical realities, to a crowd of young men and boys who have neither the brains nor the patience to make out for themselves the value of the study. The consequence is that many clever and wilful men, like Onida, after going through this routine, look back upon it with contempt, and finding that they can pick up a good deal of general knowledge, and what they call experience, while ranging through the world at their own will—seeing also that many of those who gain the honours in the educational field are after all dull and one-sided fellows—they vote Latin and Greek a mistake and a nuisance, and cry up the education given by “the world,” and “the experience of life.” But they suffer negatively from the educational system as much, or more, than the classical book-worms whom they despise suffer positively; the latter are turned out pedants—they barbarians.

Culture repudiates both alike. But the barbarians are not so modest as the pedants; they have a soul above the humble utilities of school-books and dictionaries; brimful, as they think, of large and burning thoughts, they will instruct and delight mankind in three volumes. "I!" exclaims De Vigne, Onida's pattern barbarian, "chained down to the limits of 'a commentator's studies, or a Hellenist's labours! Heaven forbid!' What a dreary waste of time for one who 'knows twenty times more of modern literature and valuable available information' than his tutor Dr. Primrose, 'and fifty times more of the world and 'its ways.'" So these ambitious gentlemen take pen in hand and rush into the literary arena, not doubting that distinction here is as easy and certain as in the hunting-field. Unfortunately the Pegasus, on which they imagine themselves to be riding, turns out too often a half-bred hack, and spills them in the first ditch. To men of letters they afford as much amusement as an ill-mounted sporting tailor affords to themselves. In spite of their profound acquaintance with modern literature, and "valuable available information" of all sorts, we find them calling Louise de Querouaille "Louise de Keroualle," and speaking of some one as being "in far too *mal odeur*." Coruscations is spelt "corruscations," though we admit the printer may be in fault here. And then, with their sovereign contempt for the classics, why will they not be wise enough to steer clear of classical literature and mythology altogether? Why will they talk of "Ulysses, or Atrides, or Agamemnon," forcing us to suppose that they conceive of the two last as distinct personages; and invent a nominative singular for the noun "minutiæ;" and use the "*cui bono*" in a wrong sense? This is a sample of blunders, culled from the first hundred and twenty pages of "Held in Bondage;"—no doubt it could be correspondingly increased, if we could spare time to read the remaining seven hundred and eighty. Yet the hero from whose instructive conversation these

gems are borrowed laments touchingly that he is "before his time." He is a type, we suppose, of the state of man in some distant future age, when the literary cataclysm sometimes talked of shall have swallowed up all our books, and left us in a state of blissful and primitive ignorance.

We return, however, to the point from which we started, and maintain that for the sake of the one true and forcible impression left by this book—the defectiveness of the education given at our superior schools—it is good for society that "Held in Bondage," and other works of its class, should circulate freely. Their advocacy of false freedom and barbarous ignorance will have but a limited and temporary effect; the truth which they unconsciously teach will sink into thoughtful minds, and help forward in due time the needed reformation.

But, if it be granted that there should be free trade in novels, and that the system of protection and prohibition is as great a mistake in the interchange of thought as in the interchange of goods, does it therefore follow that novels, as a whole, do more good than harm? Perhaps not; still all truths hang together, and the shrewdest observers of the phenomena of civilization are becoming more and more unanimous in the conviction that the unshackled circulation of thoughts and speculations is not only a negative good—that is, that an overplus of evil would result from the opposite system—but also a positive good, inasmuch as from the collision and comparison of minds new tendencies are evolved, new courses suggested and followed, the general scope of which is to the augmentation of human virtue and happiness. In order to believe this, no greater amount of optimism is required than the persuasion that most men mean well, that an immense majority of persons wish to deal honestly rather than roguishly, to speak truth rather than tell lies, to serve rather than to harm one another. With those who will not admit thus much we cannot



argue ; we only say that the exigencies of some doctrinal system, some cherished theory of human depravity, blind their eyes to the facts.

To show how the general principle here stated to be applicable to all literature holds good in the particular case of novels is a task, not indeed without difficulty, yet practicable. Of course, no one denies that great mischiefs arise in individual cases ; such as the emasculation of mind arising from an indulgence, not followed up by practice, in exciting and stimulating food—vain day-dreams and longings for the unattainable—divorce from and disrelish for the hard world of fact—and many others. Still, on the whole, it may be boldly maintained that novels minister to culture ; and, when we have said that, we have already given sentence in their favour. Be it remembered that all our remarks have principally in view the needs and interests of that great and growing middle class which supplies the vast majority of novel-readers, just as a statesman, in estimating the productiveness of taxation, relies chiefly on those taxes the incidence of which is upon the great masses of the population. Well, then, is it not a good thing that the energetic and quick-witted man of business, and not only he, but his wife, and sons, and daughters, should be taught that there are things which mere practical energy cannot accomplish, and which no amount of money can buy—spiritual powers—faculties of observation, imagination, memory, description, which he is forced to confess are of a higher order than his own—depths of passion which he has never fathomed—heights of ambition beside which his own schemes of money-getting look poor and vulgar ? Now there are many novels which can teach all this to him and his, and there are few so absolutely worthless as not to furnish him with some small portion of the lesson. And where is our typical middle-class family likely to get such instruction, if not from novels ? Not from works of real science and philosophy, for *ex hypothesi*

it has not culture enough to comprehend them. Not from popularized science—pretty stories about inventions, and machinery, and volcanoes, and Lord Rosse's telescope ; all these things are partly in its own line, partly raise no feeling but wonder ; at any rate, they are not *above* it ; and culture is that which raises us from a lower level to a higher.

“ Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man ! ”

Not, alas ! (except under rare and happy circumstances) from the minister, priest, or rabbi, whose weekly addresses it listens to. The preachings of the convulsional school can only do it harm so far as culture is concerned ; and the decent dulness of the normal pulpit can certainly do it no good. A good biography is often of service ; but a good biography does not appear oftener than once in ten years. Novels flow in a perennial stream ; they presuppose that the hearts and minds of their readers are what they are, not what theological conventions assume them to be ; daringly they strike the chords of passion and of hope ; freely they record the confessions of inquiring or doubting spirits ; the ordinary reader cannot despise them, for they complete his own half thoughts, and give them back to him with a fluency and force of language which he knows he cannot approach. In spite of all drawbacks, they are paving the way for the easier and nobler relations which will cement the more graceful and humane society of the future. Till the time comes when theatres become true halls for the purifying and ennobling of the passions, when Art shall stoop to beautify and fill with melody the lowliest roof,—when the intimate knowledge of at least some one compartment of the goodly frame of the world we live in has become as common as now it is rare, and the absence of such knowledge is thought as disgraceful as it really is,—till then, we must put up with the shortcomings of the novels, and rejoice that there are

at least some sermons that sink deep and bear fruit, and some preachers that are listened to without weariness and perpetual inward dissent.

The novel-writers on their side must really learn to treat somewhat less exclusively of love and marriage. Not of course that passion must be proscribed;—not that it will not always form the chief attractiveness of the novel, as it is the chief source of the happiness of life. But love is after all but one element in the nature and progress of a noble man or woman; and when the marriage, and the honeymoon, and even the period of the birth of children, are over, life is as full of divine mystery, the activity of the mind as exultant, free, and buoyant, art as glorious, and science as immense and enthralling, as ever they seemed in the ecstatic days of passion. Truly says Emerson, "The life of man is the true romance, which, when it is valiantly conducted, will yield the imagination a higher joy than any fiction." Let the novelists look up to their great prototype, who—the master of the European mind when this nineteenth century began—still seems to look down, with serene breadth of vision, from that throne

where the hearts and minds of all nations have installed him, upon our half-truths, our morbidness, our uneasy strivings,—and study the structure, the internal proportions, the various themes, yet the unity of idea, which distinguish the greatest novel that literature can show—Wilhelm Meister.

"Be *Goethe's* words your study and delight,  
Read them by day, and meditate by night."

Let his calmness rebuke their flashy cleverness, his universality reveal to them their own one-sidedness, his strict subjugation of impulse to art teach them to hate bad taste and exaggeration. From such a study, if honestly undertaken, two good results would be certain to follow; in the first place, many worthless books, now in process of parturition, would be suppressed by their authors and never see the light of day; in the second, those which did appear would approach nearer to the standard of excellence, would make the critic's work lighter and more agreeable, and would be to society a benefit much less qualified than our existing novel-literature can be pronounced to be.

T. A.

## CRADDOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

EOA was now sixteen years old, tall, and lithe, and graceful as the creepers of tropic woodlands. Her face was of the clearest oval, a quick concise terse oval, such as we find in the eggs of wild birds rather than of tame ones. Her eyes were of bewildering brightness, always flashing, always in motion, rarely allowing the gazer a chance of guessing what their colour was. Very likely they were of no positive colour, but a pure dark lustre, such as a clear swift river has, when overhung by palm-trees. Her complexion, beautifully soft and

even, was toned with a delicate eastern tinge, like that fawn-coloured light which sometimes flushes a cloudless sky before the midsummer sunrise. And her warm oriental blood suffused it, at the slightest emotion, as the leaping sun pervades that sky with a flood of limpid rubies.

She had never been flattened by education: all her qualities and feelings, like her beauty, were in excess. You could see it in the quick rise and fall of her breath, in the sudden grace of her movements, in the infinite variety of her attitudes and aspects. Whatever she thought, she said at once; yet none ever called her a bold girl. Her modes



of thought were as widely different from those of an English maiden, as a wild honeysuckle differs in form, habit, and scent, from a rose. She cared for no one's opinion of her, any more than the wind cares how a tree swings; unless indeed it were one whom she loved, and then she would crawl to please him. For she loved with all her heart and soul, and hated with no less; and she always took care in either case to apprise the object of it. And yet, with all her depth of passion, Eoa was pure of heart and mind,—ay, as pure as our own Amy.

She soon recovered from her bruises, being perfectly healthy, and elastic as India-rubber. Nevertheless, she would not have been saved from that terrible sea, but for the generosity of poor Captain Roberts, and the gallantry of Bob Garnet.

Now Bob was hurt rather seriously, and, being (as we are well aware) an uncommonly shy young fellow, he was greatly astonished, and shocked a little, when on the Friday morning a beautiful girl, very strangely dressed, ran to the side of his sofa, threw her arms round him, and kissed him till he was out of breath, and his face was wet with the dew of her tears.

"Oh, please don't," said Bob; "I am sure I don't deserve it."

"Yes, you do; and I will marry you when I am old enough. I don't know what you are like, and I don't care two straws, directly they told me what you had done. Only I must have papa's leave. Kiss me again, I like it. Now where is my darling papa?"

"What, don't you know? Haven't they told you? Oh, poor thing!"

At the tone of his voice she had leaped back, like a bird at the gun-flash, and stood with her little hands clasped on her head, her eyes with their deep light quivering, and the whole of her form swinging to and fro, from the wild push of sudden terror. Then she spoke with a hollow depth, which frightened Bob more than the kissing.

"They told me that he was well, gone to his brother's somewhere, and I

thought it wasn't like him to leave me so, and—tell me the truth, or I'll shake you to pieces."

"No, don't," said Bob, as she leaped at him; "I have had shaking enough."

"Yes, you poor boy, and for my sake. I am a brute, I know. Tell me the truth, if you love me."

"Your dear father is dead. But they have found his body."

"Do you mean to say that God has been so wicked as to kill my father?"

"God knows best," said Bob; he could think of nothing else to say.

"No, He doesn't. No, He doesn't. No, He never knows anything. He couldn't have known who he was, and how terribly I loved him, or He wouldn't have the heart to do it. Oh, you wicked boy; oh, you wicked boy. I will never forgive you for saving me. Hya, hya, hya!"

Bob never saw such a thing before, and never will again. And he won't be much the loser; although the sight was magnificent. The screams and shrieks of the clearest voice that ever puzzled echo brought up the landlord and landlady, and our good friend Rufus Hutton, who had set forth full speed from home on hearing about the *Ali-wal*. He caught Eoa in his arms, carried her back to her room, and dosed her. He gave her some Indian specific, some powder of a narcotic fungus, which he had brought on purpose.

It stupefied her for nearly three days, and even then she awoke into the dreamy state of Nirwana, that bliss of semi-consciousness, like mild annihilation, into which the Buddha is absorbed, and to which all pious Buddhists look as their eternal happiness. Then she opened her delicate tapering arms, where you could see the grand muscles moving, but never once protruding, and she called for her darling father to come. Finding that he did not come, she was satisfied with some trifling answer, and then wanted to have Bob instead; but neither was Bob forthcoming.

On the very day when Dr. Hutton came to look for Eoa, Mr. Garnet found himself getting better from that wretched

low nervous fever into which his fright had thrown him. Then he asked Dr. Hutton whether there would be any danger in moving Robert, and finding that there would be none whatever, if it were carefully managed, he ordered a carriage immediately, and with some of his ancient spirit. The Crown, which had the cross-bar of its N set up the wrong way (as is done by-the-by on the roof of Hampton Court chapel, and in many other places) made public claim to be regarded as a "commercial hotel and posting-house." No Rushford folk having yet been known to post anything, except a letter at rare intervals, and a bill at rarer, this claim of the Crown had never been challenged, and strangers entertained a languid theoretical faith in it. But Mr. Brown looked very blue when Bull Garnet in reviving accents ordered "a chaise and pair at the door in half-an-hour's time; a roomy chaise, if you please, because my son must keep his feet up."

"Yes, sir; yes, to be sure, sir; I quite understand, sir. It shall be attended to, sir."

"Then why don't you go and order it?"

"To be sure, sir; I forgot. I will speak to Mrs. Brown, sir."

Mrs. Brown, being a woman of resource, mounted the boy on her donkey, the only quadruped she possessed, but a "wonner to go," as the boy said, "when you knows the right place to prog him in," and sent him post-haste to Lymington, whence the required conveyance arrived in about an hour and a half.

Rufus Hutton, having promised to be at home that evening, left Eoa to sleep off her heavy soporific, and followed the carriage on horseback; neither did he leave its track where the Ringwood Road turned off, for he had undertaken to tell Sir Cradock how his niece was getting on. He started nearly half-an-hour after the Lymington chaise, for Polly would never demean herself by trotting behind the "posters." During that half-hour he drank hot brown brandy and water, although he could not bear it, to ingratiate him with Mrs. Brown for the sake of the poor Eoa.

For Mrs. Brown had no other hot method of crowning the flowing bowl. And now, while I think of it, let me warn all gentle and simple people who deign on this tale of the New Forest, never to ask for pale brandy within the perambulations. How do you think they make it? By mixing brown brandy with villainous gin. Rufus was up to this, of course; and, as he must take something for the good of the house, and to get at the kindly kernel of the heavy-browed hostess, he took that which he thought would be least for his own evil. Then, leaving Mrs. Brown (who, of course, had taken her own glass at his sole charge and largesse, after fifty times "Oh no, sir, never! Oh Lord, how my Brown would be shocked!"), having imbued that good Mrs. Brown, who really was not a bad woman—which means that she was a good one, for women have no medium—with a strong aromatic impression that he was a pleasant gentleman, and no pride, not a bit of it, in him, no more than you or me might,—off he trotted at a furious pace, smoking two cheroots at once.

I believe that there was and is—for I am happy to say that he still inhales the breeze of life down his cigar, and looks browner and redder than ever—I believe that, in spite of all his troubles in connexion with this story, which took a good deal out of him, there was and is no happier man in our merry England than the worthy Rufus Hutton. And, as all happiness is negative, and goes without our knowing it, and only becomes a positive past for us to look back upon, so his went before it came, and goes or e'er it comes. And yet he enjoys it none the less; he multiplies it by three for the past and by nine for the future, and he never finds it necessary to deduct for the present moment.

Happy man who never thinks beyond salutary average, who can accept, in perfect faith, the traditions of his forbears, and yet is shrewd enough to hope that his grandsons will discard at least a portion of them,—who looks upon the passing life as a thing he need not move in, a world which must improve



itself, and every day is doing it. And all the while he sympathises with his fellow men, enjoys a bit of human nature, laughs at the cross-purposes of native truth and training, loves whatever he finds to be true, and does his best to foster it, is pleased with his after-dinner story, and feels universally charitable; then smiles at his wife, and kisses his children; and goes to bed with the firm conviction that they are worth all the rest put together.

Yet this man's happiness is not sound, because it is built upon selfishness.

In Nowelhurst village Dr. Hutton met Mark Stote, the gamekeeper, who begged him to stop for a moment, just to hear a word or two. Rufus, after hearing his news, resolved to take the upper road to the Hall, past Mr. Garnet's house; it was not so very far out of his way, and perhaps he might be of service there, and—ah, yes, Dr. Hutton, this last was the real motive, though you may not have thought so—what a fine opportunity to discover something which plagued him! Perhaps I ought to say rather, the want of which was plaguing him. Rufus took so kind an interest in his neighbour's affairs, that anything not thoroughly luculent in their dealings, mode of life or speech, or management of their households, was to him the subject-matter of continual mental scratchings. Ah, how genteel a periphrase, worthy of Bailey Kettle-drum; how happily we have shown our horror of that English monosyllable, beginning with the third vowel, which must be (according to Dr. Aldrich) the correlative of scratch! Score two, and go on after Dr. Hutton.

He overtook the Garnets twain just at their front gate, whence the house could not be seen, on account of a bank of evergreens. The maid came out with her cap flying off, and all her mind perturbed. Rufus Hutton, checking his mare, for the road was very narrow, heard the entire dialogue.

"Oh, sir! oh, master! have you heard of it? Such a thing to be sure!"

"Heard of what, Sarah? Of course

I have heard of the great disaster at Rushford."

"No, no. Here, sir, here! The two big trees is down on the house. It's a mussy as Nanny and me wasn't killed. And poor Miss Pearl have been in hysterics ever since, without no dinner. There, you can hear her screeching now, worse than the mangle, ever so much."

Mr. Garnet did not say a word, but set off for the house full speed, even forgetting that Bob wanted help to get from the gate to the doorway. Rufus Hutton jumped down from his mare, and called to the driver to come and hold her, just for a minute or two; no fear of *his* horses bolting. Then, helping Bob to limp along, he followed through the shrubbery. When they came within full view of the house, he was quite amazed at the mischief. The two oaks interlocked had fallen upon it, and, crashing as they did from the height above, the breaches they made were hideous. They had cloven the house into three ragged pieces from the roof-ridge down to the first floor, where the solid joists had stopped them. It had happened in the afternoon of the second day of the tempest; when the heart of the storm was broken, but tremendous squalls came now and then from the bright north-west. Mr. Garnet's own bed was occupied by the tree which he detested. Pearl had screamed "Judgment, judgment!" and danced among the ruins; so the maid was telling Mr. Garnet, as he feared to enter his own door.

"Judgment for what?" asked Rufus Hutton, and Mr. Garnet seemed not to hear him.

"I am sure I don't know, sir," answered the maid, "for none of us done any harm, sir; unless it was the bottle of pickled onions, when master were away, and there was very few of them left, sir, very few, I do declare to you, and we thought they was on the turn, sir, and it seemed such a pity to waste them. And please, sir, we've all been working like horses, though frightened out of our lives 'most; and we fetched down all the things from your room, where the cupboards

was broken open, for 'fraid it should come on to rain, sir; and we've taken all our meals standing, sir; and made up a bed in the meat-screen, and another upon the dresser; and Miss Pearl, what turns she have given us— Here she comes, I do declare."

"Dr. Hutton," said Bull Garnet, hastily, "good-bye; I am much obliged to you. I shall see you, I hope, next week. Good-bye, good-bye. Excuse me."

But, before he could get him out of the way—for Rufus lingered strangely—Pearl Garnet came into the little hall, with her eyes distended fearfully. "There, there it is," she cried, "there it is I tell you! No wonder the tree came down upon it. No wonder the house was crushed for it." And she pointed to a shattered box, tilted up endwise, among a heap of account-books, clothes, and furniture.

"Oh, yes, you may look at it. To be sure you may look at it. God would not have it hidden longer. I have done my best, God knows, and my heart knows, and my—I mean that man there knows. Is there anything more I can do for you, anything more, *dear father*? You have done so much for me, you know. And I will only ask you one little thing—put me in his coffin."

"The girl is raving," cried Mr. Garnet. "Poor thing, it comes from her mother."

"No, it comes from her father," said Pearl, going boldly up to him, and fixing her large bright eyes upon his. "Do as you like with me; I don't care; but don't put it on any one else. Oh, father, father, father!" Moaning, she turned away from him; and then sprang into his arms with shrieks. He lifted her tenderly, and forgot all about his own safety. His great tears fell on her wan, sick face; and his heavy heart throbbed for his daughter only, as he felt hers bounding perilously. He carried her off to an inner room, and left them to their own devices.

"I should like uncommonly," said Rufus Hutton, rubbing his chin, "to know what is in that box. Indeed, I feel it my duty at once to ascertain."

"No, you shan't," cried Bob, limping

across in front of it; "I know no more than you do, sir. But I won't have father's things pryed into."

"You are very polite," replied the Doctor; "a chip of the old block, I perceive. But perhaps you will believe me, my boy, when I tell you that, if ever there was a gentleman totally devoid of improper curiosity, it is Dr. Rufus Hutton, sir."

"Oh, I am so glad," said Bob; "because you won't be disappointed then."

Rufus grinned, in spite of his wrath; but he was not to be baffled so easily. He could not push poor Bob aside, in his present disabled state, without being guilty of cowardice. So he called in an auxiliary.

"Betsy, my dear, your young mistress wished me just to examine that box. Be kind enough to bring it to the light here, unless it is too heavy for your little hands." Oh, if he had only said "Miss Sarah," what a difference it might have made!

"Betsy, indeed!" cried Sarah, who had followed her mistress, but, being locked out, had come back to see the end of it; "my name, sir, is nothing so low as that. My name is Sarah Mackarness, sir, very much at your service; and my mother keeps a potato-shop, the largest business in Lyndhurst, sir. Betsy, indeed! and from a stranger, not to say a strange gentleman, for fear of making a mistake. And as for my hands,"—she thought he had been ironical, for her hands were above regulation size,—"*my hands are such as pleased God to make them, and honest hands, anyhow, and doesn't want to interfere with other people's business. Oh, what will poor Nanny say, to think of me, Sarah Mackarness, be permissive called Betsy?*"

At this moment, when Sarah Mackarness, having recovered breath, was starting into another native discourse on pronomina, and Rufus was calling upon his resources for some constitutional measure, Bull Garnet came back, treading heavily, defiant of all that the world could do. His quick eyes, never glimpsing that way, but taking in all



the room at once, espied the box un-meddled with, and Bob upon guard in front of it. He was his own man now again. What did he care for anybody, so long as he had his children?

"Dr. Hutton, I thought that you were gone."

"You see I am not," said Rufus, squaring his elbows, and looking big, for he was a plucky little fellow, "and, what's more, I don't mean to go till I know what is in that box."

"Box, box!" cried Bull Garnet, striking his enormous forehead, as if to recall something; "have we a box of yours, Dr. Hutton?"

"No, no; that box of *yours*. Your daughter told us to examine it. And, from her manner, I believe that I am bound to do so."

"Bound to examine one of my boxes!" Bull Garnet never looked once that way, and Rufus took note of the strange avoidance; "my boxes are full of confidential papers; surely, sir, you have caught my daughter's—I mean to say, you are labouring under some hallucination."

"There are no papers in that box. The contents of it are metal. I have seen one article already through the broken cover, and shall not forget its shape. Beware; there have been strange things done in this neighbourhood. If you refuse to allay my suspicions, you confirm them."

The only answer he received was a powerful hand at the back of his neck, a sensation of being lifted with no increase of facilities for placid respiration, finally, a lateral movement of great rapidity through the air, and a loud sound as of a bang. Recovering reason's prerogative, he found himself in a dahlia, whose blossoms, turned into heel-balls by the recent frost, were flapping round his countenance, and whose stake had gone through his waistcoat-back, and grazed his coxendix, or something; he knows best what it was, as a medical man deeply interested.

He had also a very unpleasant reminiscence of some such words as these, to which he had no responsive power—

"You won't take a hint like a gentleman; so take a hit like a blackguard." Dr. Rufus Hutton was not the man to sit down quietly under an insult of any sort. At the moment he felt that brute force was irresistibly in the ascendant, and he was wonderfully calm about it. He shook himself, and smoothed his waistcoat, and tried the stretch of his garters; then never once looked toward the house, never shook his fist, nor frowned even. He walked off to his darling Polly as if nothing at all had happened; gave the man a shilling for holding her, after looking long for a sixpence; then mounted, and rode towards Nowelhurst Hall, showing no emotion whatever. Only Polly knew that burning tears of a brave man's sense of ignominy fell upon her glossy shoulder, and were fiercely wiped away.

At the Hall he said nothing about it; never even mentioned that he had called at Garnet's cottage; but told Sir Craddock, like a true man, of Eoa's troubles, of her poor forlorn condition, and power of heart to feel it. He even contrived to interest the bereaved man, now so listless, in the young life thrown upon his care, as if by the breath of heaven. We are never so eloquent for another as when our own hearts are moved deeply by the feeling of wrong to ourselves; unless, indeed, we are very small, and that subject excludes all others.

So it came to pass that the grand new carriage was ordered to the door, and Sir Craddock would himself have gone—only Rufus Hutton had left him, and the eloquence was oozing. The old man therefore turned back on the threshold, saying to himself that it would be hardly decent to appear in public yet; and Mrs. O'Gaghan was sent instead, sitting inside, and half afraid to breathe for fear of the crystal. As for her clothes, they were good enough, she knew, for the Lord Mayor's coach. "Five-and-sixpence a yard, ma'am, lave alone trimming and binding." But, knowing what she did of herbs, she could not answer for the peppermint.

Of course, they did not intend to

fetch poor Eoa home yet ; but Biddy had orders to stay there until the young lady was moveable. Biddy took to her at once, in her heavy, long-drawn sleep, with the soft black lashes now and then lifting from the rich brown cheek.

"An' if she isn't illigant, then," said Biddy to Mrs. Brown, "ate me wi'out a purratie. Arl coom ov' the blude, missus. Sazins, then, if me and Pat had oonly got a child this day ! Belikes, ma'am, for the matter o' that, a drap o' whisky disagrays with you." Biddy, feeling strongly moved, and burning to drink her new child's health, showed a bottle of brown potheen.

"To tell you the truth, mem," said Mrs. Brown, "I know nothing about them subjects. Spirituous liquors is a thing as has always been beyond me."

"Thin I'll clap it away again," said Biddy, "and the divvil only the wiser. I never taks it alone, marm."

"It would ill become me, mem," replied Mrs. Brown, "to be churlish in my own house, mem. I have heard of you very often, mem. Yes, I assure you I have, from the people as comes to bathe here, as a lady of great experience in diseases of the chest. If you recommend any cordial, mem, on the strength of your experience, for a female of weak vitality, I should take it as a dooty, mem, strictly as a dooty to my husband and two darters."

"Arrah, then, I'm your femmale. Me vitality goes crossways, like, till I has a drap o' the crather." And so they made a night of it, and Mr. Brown had some.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

LEAVE we now, with story pending, Biddy and Eoa, Pearl, and even Amy ; thee, too, rare Bull, and thee, O Rufus, overcast with anger. It is time to track the steps of him whom fortune, blithe at her cruel trade, shall track as far as Gades, Cantaber, and wild Syrtes, where the Moorish billow is for ever heaving. Will he exclaim with the poet, who certainly was a jolly mortal,—“I praise  
“her while she is my guest. If she flap

“her nimble wings, I renounce her charities ; and wrap me in my manhood  
“robe, and woo the upright poverty, the  
“bride without a dower.” A very fine sentiment, Master Horace ; but were you not a little too fond even of Sabine and Lesbian—when the Massic juice was beyond your credit—to do anything more than *feel* it ?

As Craddock Nowell trudged that night towards the Brockenhurst Station, before he got very far from Amy, and while her tears were still on his cheek, he felt a little timid lick, a weak offering of sympathy. Hereby black Wena made known to him that she was melted by his misfortunes, and saw that the right and most feeling course, and the one most pleasing to her dead master, was the transfer of her allegiance, and the swearing of fealty to the brother. To which conclusion the tender mode in which she was being carried conduced, perhaps, considerably ; for she was wrapped in Clayton's woolly jacket, enthroned on Craddock's broad right arm, and with only her black nose exposed to the moon. So she jogged along very comfortably, until she had made up her mind, and given Craddock the kiss of seisin.

“Dear little thing,” he cried, for he looked on her now as Amy's keepsake, “you shall go with me wherever I go. You are faithful enough to starve with me ; but you shall not starve until after me.”

Then he put her down, for he thought that a little run would do her good, and, in spite of all her misery, Amy had kept her pretty plump, plumper than she herself was ; and it became no joke to carry her, with a travelling-bag, &c. after the first half mile. Then Wena capered about, and barked, and came and licked his shoe, and offered to carry the coat for him. As he would not let her do this, she occupied her mind with the rabbits, which were out upon the feed largely, and were the last she would see for a long while, except the fat Ostenders.

When he got to London, and took small lodgings at a Mrs. Ducksacre's “greengrocer and general fruiterer, Mor-



timer Street, 'Cavendish Square,"—I quote from the lady's bags : confound it, there ! I am always saying improper things ; *honi soit*—I mean, of course, her paper bags—it was not long before he made two important discoveries, valuable rather than gratifying.

The first of these discoveries was, that our university portals are a mere side-postern, and not the great *janua mundi*. He found his classical scholarship, his early fame at Oxford, his love of elegant literature, rather a disadvantage than a recommendation for business. "Prigs, sir, prigs," said a member of an eminent City firm ; "of course, I don't mean to be personal ; but I have always found you Oxford men prigs, quite unfit for desk-work. You fancy you know so much ; you are always discovering mare's-nests, and you won't bear to be spoken to, even if you stick to your work ; which, I assure you, is quite the exception. Then you hold yourself aloof, with your stupid etiquette, from the other young men, who are quite as good as you are. I assure you, the place was too hot to hold us with the last Oxford man we took in the counting-house ; he gave himself such airs, the donkey ! I vowed never to do it again : and I never will, sir. Good morning, sir ; Gregson, show this gentleman the way out." Gregson did so with a grin, for Craddock's face showed that the principal had not been altogether wrong. Is this prejudice, or, rather, perhaps, I should say, this aversion, disappearing nowadays, or is it upon the increase ? At any rate, one cause of it is being removed most rapidly ; for the buckram etiquette of Oxford will soon become a tradition. We will only hope she may not run too far into the free and easy.

Craddock's other discovery was that £50 is no large capital to commence in life with, especially when the owner does not find his start prepared for him ; fails to prepare it for himself ; and has never been used to economy. He would not apply to any of his father's friends, or of the people whom he had known in London, to help him in this emergency.

He would rather starve than do that ; for he had dropped all name and claim of Nowell, and cut his life in twain at manhood ; and the parts should never join again. Only one feeling should be common to the two existences, to the happy and the wretched life ; that one feeling was the love of Amy, and, what now seemed part of it, his gratitude to her father. John Rosedew had given him a letter to a clergyman in London, a man of high standing and extensive influence, whom John had known at college. But the youth had not undertaken to deliver that credential, and he never did so. It would have kept him to his identity, which (so far as the world was concerned) he wished to change entirely, immediately, and irrevocably. So he called himself "Nowell" no longer—although the name is common enough in one form or another: the Nowells of Nowelhurst, however, are proud of the double *l*, and think a good deal of the *w*—and Craddock Nowell became "Charles Newman," without licence of Her Majesty.

Even before his vain attempts to enter the stronghold of commerce, and before he had learned that Oxford men are not thought *primi virorum*, he had lifted the latch of literature, but the door would not swing back for him. The *mare magnum*—to mix metaphors, although bars are added to the Lucrine—the *mare magnum* of letters was more like his native element ; and, if he once could have gotten—bare-footed as we must be—over the jagged rocks which hedge that sea, I believe he might have swum there.

In one respect he was fortunate. The publishers upon whom he called were gentlemen, and told him the truth.

"Oh, poetry !" exclaimed one and all, as their eyes fell upon his manuscript, "we cannot take it on our own account : and, if we published it at your expense, we should only be robbing you."

"Indeed !" replied Craddock, in the first surprise ; "is there no chance, then, of a sale for it ?"

"None whatever. Poetry, unless it

be some one's whose name is well known, is a perfect drug in the market. In the course of ten or a dozen years, by advertising continually, by influence among the reviewers, by hitting some popular vein, or being taken up by some authority, you might attain an audience. Are you ready to encounter all this? Even if you are, we must decline, we are sorry to say, to have anything to do with it.

"Verse, eh? Better have cut your throat," more tersely replied an elderly gentleman, well known for his rudeness to authors. However, even that last was a friend, when compared with some whom it might have been his evil luck to consult. They advertise their patent methods of putting a work before the public, without any risk to the author, &c. &c. Disinterested gentlemen! They are to have no profit whatever, except from the sale of the work!

However there are not many of this sort in an honourable and most important profession; and Cradock Nowell was lucky enough not to fall in with any of them. So he accepted the verdict so unanimously returned, and stored away with a heavy heart his laborious little manuscript. It was only a translation in verse of the *Haliuties*, and a few short original pieces—the former at any rate valuable, as having been revised by John Rosedew.

There are courts and alleys in the neighbourhood of Mortimer Street which, for misery and poverty, dirt and desperation, may vie with almost any of the more famous shames of London. Cradock's own great trouble, the sympathy he had met with, and the comfort he received from it, had begun by this time to soften his heart, and render it more sensitive to the distress of others. At first it had been far otherwise. The feeling of bitter injustice, resentment at, and defiance of, a blow which seemed to him so unmerited, and, worse than all, his own father's base and low mistrust of him—who could have been surprised if these things, acting upon a sad lone heart, and a bold mind beginning to think for itself, had made the owner

an infidel? And very likely they would have done so, when he was removed from John Rosedew's influence, but for that scene with Amy. He loved that girl so warmly, so devotedly, so purely, that, when he found his love returned in equal quantity and quality, it renewed his faith in justice. He saw that there is a measure and law, even where all appears to be anarchy and anomaly; that the hand of God is not stretched forth upon His children wantonly; that we cannot gauge His circling survey by the three-inch space between human eyes, neither does He rest His balance on His earthly footstool. So Cradock escaped the deadly harm, which almost seems designed to poise that noblest gift of Heaven—a free and glorious intellect—he escaped it through the mercy which gave him true affection.

And now once more he looked with love upon his fellow-men, such love as the frigid atheist school shall never form nor educate—which truth alone to a great heart might be conclusive against that school—the love which few religions except our own inculcate, and no other takes for its essence. As yet he was too young to know the blind and inhuman selfishness, the formality and truckling, and the other paltry dishonesties, which still exist and try to cheat us under the name "Society." The cant is going by already. Every man who dares to think knows that its laws are obsolete, because they have not for their basis either of these three—truth, simplicity, charity.

Even that young man was astonished at the manner in which society ignores its broader and only true meaning—fellowship among men—and renounces all other duties, save that of shaking from its shoes its fellow-dust. He could not look upon the scenes so nigh to him, and to each other, parted often by nothing more than nine inches of brick or two inches of deal; the wealth and the want, the feast and the famine, the satiety and the ravening, the euphemy and the blasphemy—though sometimes that last got inside the door; the prudery and the indecency, the whis-



pered lie and the yelled one, the sale of maidens by their mothers, or of women by themselves—though here again the difference was never very perceptible; all this impious contrast, spread as if for God's approval, for the Universal Father's blessing, in the land most chiefly blessed by Him: which of His sons, not cast out for ever, could look on it without weeping?

Cradock did something more than weep. He went with his little stock of money, though he knew it could not do much; and he tried to help in little ways, though as yet he had no experience. He bought meat, and clothes, and took things out of pawn, and tried to make peace where fights were. At first he was grossly insulted, as a meddling swell; but, when he had done two or three good things, and done them as a brother should, he began to be owned among them. In one thing he was right, although he had no experience; he confined his exertions to a very narrow compass. Of course he got imposed upon—of course he helped the unworthy; but after a while he began to know them, and even the unworthy—some two hundred per cent.—began to have faint ideas of trying to deserve good luck. One man who attempted to pick Crad's pocket was knocked down by the biggest thief there. "I wish I had a heap of money," said Cradock, every day; "I must keep some for myself, I suppose. Perhaps, after all, I was wrong, in throwing up so hastily my chance of doing good."

Then he remembered that, but for his trouble, he might never have thought of the good to be done. And the good done to him was threefold as much as he could do to others. Every day he grew less selfish, less imperious, less exacting; every day he saw more clearly the good which is in the worst of us.

There is a flint of peculiar character—I know not the local name of it—which is found sometimes on the great Chissel Bank, and away towards Lyme Regis. It is as hard, and sullen, and dull a flint (with even the outside polish lost from the chafing of the waves)—a stone as

grey and foggy looking—as ever Deucalion took the trouble to cast away over the left into an empty world. Yet it has, through the heart of it, traversing it from pole to pole (for its shape is always conical) a thread, a spindle, a siphuncle, of the richest golden hue. None but those who are used to it can see the head of the golden column, can even guess its existence. The stone is not hollow; it is quite distinct from all pudding-stones and conglomerates.

Many such flints poor Crad came across, and sought in vain for the beauty of them. He never tried to split them with a hammer, as too many do of our Boanergæ; but he was too young to see or feel the chord of the golden siphuncle. One, especially, one great fellow, was harder and rougher than any flint, like the matrix of the concentric jasper. "Confound that fellow," said Cradock to himself; "I never shall get at the heart of him. If my pluck were up a little more, I'd fight him; though I know he would lick me. He'd be sorry for me afterwards." Issachar Jupp could lick any two men in the court. He was a bargee, of good intentions—at least, when he took to the cuddy; but his horses had pulled crosswise ever since; and the devil knew, better than the angels, what his nature now was.

"None of your d—d Scripture-reading for me!" he cried, when Cradock came near him; though the young man had never attempted anything of the sort. He knew that the Word of God is not bread to a blackguard's empty belly. And another thing he knew—that he was not of the age and aspect for John Bunyan's business. Moreover, Jupp was wonderfully jealous of his wife, a gentle but grimy woman, forty-five years old, whom he larruped every day; although he might be an infidel, he would ensure his wife's fidelity. Nevertheless, he had his pure vein, and Cradock at last got at it.

Mrs. and Miss Ducksacre were very goodhearted women, but, like many other women of that fibre, whose education has been neglected, of a hot and hasty order. Not that we need suppose

the pepper to be neutralised by the refinement, only to be absorbed more equably, and transfused more generally.

A little thing came feeling the way into the narrow, dingy shop, one dark November evening, groping along by the sacks of potatoes (all of them "seconds," for the firm did not deal much in "Ware Regents"), feeling its way along the sacks which towered above its head, like bulky snow-giants embrowned with thaw; and then by the legs of the "tatie-bin," with the great scales hanging above it, and then by the heap of lighting-wood, piled in halfpenny bundles, with the ends against the wall; and so the little thing emerged between two mighty hills of coleworts, and under the frugal gas-burner, and congratulated itself, with a hug of the heart, upon safety.

"Take care, my dear," cried Mrs. Ducksacre, looking large behind the counter, "or you'll tumble down the coal-trap, where the black bogeys lives. Bless my heart, if it ain't little Loo! Why, Loo, I hardly knew you. You ain't looking like yourself a bit, child. And who sent you out at this time of night? What a shame to be sure!"

Loo, the pride of Issachar Jupp, was rather a pretty little body, about three and a half years old, "going on for four," as she loved to say, if anybody asked her; and her pale but clean face would have been *very* pretty, if her mother would have let her hair alone. But it was all combed back, and tied tightly behind, like the tail of a horse at a fair. She looked up at Mrs. Ducksacre, while her fingers played with the coleworts, for her hands were hot, and this cooled them; and then, with the instinct of nature, she stuck up for her father and mother.

"Pease, ma'am, Loo not fray much,"—though her trembling frock belied her, all over the throat and the heart of it—"and father don from home, ma'am, on the Wasintote" [Basingstoke canal], "and mother dot nobody, on'y Loo, to do thins. And she send this, 'cause Loo's poor troat be bad, ma'am."

The little child, whose throat was tied up with worn flannel from the char-

bucket, with the grey edge still upon it, wriggled in and out of her shape and self, in the way only children can do; and at length drew, from some innermost shrine, a halfpenny and a farthing.

"And what am I to give you for it, Loo? Oh, you poor little thing, how very hoarse you are."

Loo, with a confidence in human nature purely non-Londinian, had placed her cash upon the altar, upon the inside of which so many worship, while on the outside so many are sacrificed; without circumlocution, the counter. Her eyes were below the rim of it, till she stood upon tiptoe with one foot, while the other was up in the colewort roots, and then she could see the money, and she poked out her little lips at it, as if she would fain suck it back again.

"Pease, ma'am, Loo's troat so bad, mother are goin to make a 'tew, tree ha'porth of tipe and a ha'porth of 'egents, and a fardy of inons!"

"What a splendid stew, Loo!" said Mrs. Ducksacre, seeming to smell it; "and so you want a ha'porth of taties, and a farthing's worth of onions. And you shall have them, my dear, and as good a three farthings' worth as ever was put up in London. Where are you going to put them all?"

Loo opened her sore throat, and pointed down it. She had not yet lost her appetite; and that child did love tripe so.

"No, no, I don't mean that, Loo. I know you have a nice room inside; though some will be for mother, won't it now? I mean, how are you going to carry it home?"

"In Loo's pinney," replied the child, delighted with her success; for ever so many people had told her, that the Ducksacres now were getting so high, they would soon leave off making farthingworths; and any tradesman who does that is above the sphere of the street-child.

"My dear, your pinney won't hold them, potatoes are so cheap now"—she had just sworn they were awfully dear to a person she disliked—"I am sure you can't carry a ha'porth. Oh, Mr.



Newman, you are so good-natured"—Cradock was just coming in, rather glum from another failure—"I really don't believe you would think you were demeaning yourself, by going home with this poor little atom."

"I should rather hope I would not," replied Cradock, looking grand.

"Oh, I did not know. I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I would go myself, only Sally is out, and the boy gone home ever so long ago. I beg your pardon, I'm sure, Mr. Newman; I thought you were so good-natured."

"Mrs. Ducksacre," said Cradock, "you utterly misunderstand me. I replied to the form of your sentence, perhaps, rather than to its meaning. What I meant was, that I should rather hope I would not think it below me to go home with this little dear. If I could suppose it any disgrace to me, I should deserve to be kicked by your errand-boy all round this shop, Mrs. Ducksacre; and I am surprised you misunderstand me so. Why I know this little girl well; and her name is Louisa Jupp."

"Tiss Loo," said the little child, standing up on tiptoe, and spreading out her arms to Cradock. All the children loved him, as the little ones at Nowelhurst would run after Mr. Rose-dew. Children are even better judges of character than dogs.

"Why, you poor little soul," said Crad, as he seated her on his strong right arm with her little cheek to his, and she drew a thousand straws of light through her lashes from the gas-jet, which she had never yet been so close to, "how hot and dry your lips are! I hope you are not taking the—sickness"—he was going to say "fever," but feared to frighten Loo.

"Mother fray," cried the small girl, proud of the importance accruing to her, "Loo dot wever; Irishers dot bad wever on the floor below mother. Loo det nice thins, and lay abed, if me dot the wever."

"Put the poor child's things, whatever they are, in a basket, Mrs. Ducksacre. How odd her little legs feel!

And a shilling's worth of grapes, if you please, in a bag by themselves. Here's the money for them. You know, I'll bring back the basket. But the bags don't come back, do they?"

"No, sir, of course not. Half-a-crown a gross for the small ones, with the name and the cross-handle basket, and the cabbage and carrots, sir. Sixpence more for cornopean-pattern with [a pineapple, and grapes and oranges. But lor, sir, the cornopean" [cornucopiæ] "would frighten half our customers. The basket-pattern pays better for an advertisement than to get them back again, even if parties would bring them, which I knows well they never would, sir."

Then Cradock set forth with the child on his arm, his coat thrown over his shoulders, and the best shilling's worth of foreign grapes—Mrs. Ducksacre never bought English ones—and the best three farthings' worth of potatoes and onions that was made that day by any tradesman in any part of London, not excluding "them low costers," as the Ducksacre firm expressed it.

Little Loo Jupp's sore throat proved to be, as Cradock feared it would, the first symptom of scarlet fever; and the young man had the pleasure—one of the highest and purest pleasures which any man can have—of saving a human life. He watched that trembling flame of life, and fostered it, and sheltered it, as if "the hopes of a nation hung"—as the penny-a-liners love to say of some babe not a whit more valuable—upon its feeble flicker. He hired another room for her, where the air was purer; he made the doctor attend to the case, which [at first that doctor cared little to do; he brought her many a trifling comfort; in a word, he waited upon her so that the old women of the court called him thenceforth "Nurse Newman."

"What, you here again, you white-livered young sneak!" cried Issachar Jupp, reeling in at the door, just as Cradock was coming out; "take that then—" and he lifted a great oak bludgeon, newly cut from the towing-path of the Basingstoke Canal. If

Craddock had not been as quick as lightning, and caught the stick over the bargeman's shoulder; there would have been weeping and wailing, and a life-long woe for Amy.

"Hush," he said; "don't make such a noise, man. Your child is at the point of death, in the room overhead."

Poor Crad, naturally of a bright complexion, but now pale from long unhappiness, might have retorted the compliment as to the "pallor jecoris." The bargee turned so pale, that he looked like a collier's tablecloth. Then he planted his heavy stick on the ground; else he would have lain flat on his threshold.

"My Loo, my Loo!" was all he could say; "oh my Loo! *It's a lie, sir!*"

"I wish it was," replied Craddock; "take my arm, Mr. Jupp. Don't be over frightened. We hope with all our hearts to save her, and to-night we shall know. Already I think I perceive some change in her breathing, though her tongue is like a furnace."

He spoke with a tone and in a voice which no man ever has described, nor shall, but which every born man feels to be genuine, long ere he can think.

"[Condemn] me for a [sanguineous] fool," cried Jupp, with two enormous tears guttering down the coal-dust, and his great chest heaving and wanting to sob, only it didn't know the way; "[condemn] my eyes for swearing so, and making such a [female dog] of myself, but what the [Hades] am I to do? Oh my Loo, my Loo! If you die, I'll go to [Hades] after you." Excuse me for washing out this speech to regulation weakness; perhaps it was entered in white on high, as the turn of a life of blackness.

Craddock turned away, and trembled. Who can see a rugged man split to the bottom of his nature, and not himself be splintered? I don't believe that any can: not even the cold iron scoundrels whom modern plays delight in.

"Now come up with me, Mr. Jupp," said Crad, taking care not to look at him, "out at this door, in at the other. Poor little soul; she has been so good.

You can't think how good she has been. And she has taken her medicine so nicely."

"Pray God Almighty notto [condemn] me, for not [condemning] myself enough," said Issachar Jupp, below his breath, as he leaned on Craddock's arm. It was his form of prayer; and it meant more than most of ours do. Though I may be discarded by turtle-dovequill-drivers, for daring to record it, will he ever be worse for uttering it? Of course it was very shocking; but far more so to men than to angels.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

LITTLE Loo's fever "took the turn" that night. Craddock went away, of course, now her own father was come; and the savage bargee would have gone on his knees, and crawled in that fashion—wherein all fashion crawls—down the rough stairs, every one of them, if the young man would only have let him. We are just beginning to scorn the serfdom of one mind to another. We begin to desire that no man should, without fair argument, accept our dicta as equal to his own in wisdom. And I fully believe that if fate had thrown us across Shakespeare, Bacon, or Newton, we should now refer to our own reason what they said, before admiring it. For, after all, what are we? What are our most glorious minds? Only one spark more of God.

And yet the servience, not of the mind, but of the heart to a larger one, is a fealty most honourable to the giver and the receiver. In a bold independent man, such as Issachar Jupp was, this fealty was not to be won by any of that paltry sentiment about birth, clanship, precedency, position, appearance, &c. which is our national method of interpreting the New Testament—it was only to be won by proof that the other heart was bigger than his. Prove that once, and till death it was granted.

Now, the small Loo Jupp being out of danger, and her father, grinning like a gridiron with the light behind it,



every day at her bedside, the force of circumstances—which, in good English, means too often, the want of money—sent Craddock Nowell once more cat's-cradling throughout London, to answer advertisements. His heart rose within him every day as he set out in the morning, and in the same relative position fell as he came home every evening.

"Do, sir, do," cried Issachar Jupp, who never swore now, before Craddock, except under strongest pressure; "do come aboard our barge. I've a'most a-got the appointment of skipper to the *Industrious Maiden*, homeside of Nine Elms, as tight a barge as ever was built, and the name done in gold letters. Fact, I may say, and not tell no secrets; I be safe to be aboard of her, if my Loo allow me to go, and I don't swear hard at the check-house. And, perhaps, I shall be able to help it, after Loo ill, and you such a hangel."

"Well, I don't know," replied Craddock, who could not bear to simulate intense determination; "I should like a trip into the country, if I could earn my wages as agent, or whatever it is. But suppose the canal is frozen up before our voyage begins, Jupp?"

"Oh, d—n that," cried Issachar, for the idea was too much for him, even in Craddock's presence; "I never yet knew a long winter, sir, after a wonderful stormy autumn." And in that conclusion he was right, to the best of my experience. Perhaps because the stormy autumn shows the set of the Gulf Stream.

By this time more than a month had passed since Craddock and Wena arrived in London; half his money was spent, and he had found no employment. He had advertised, and answered advertisements, till he was tired. He had worn out his one pair of boots with walking, for he had thought it better to walk, as it might be of service to him to know London thoroughly; and that knowledge can only be acquired by perpetual walking. No man can be said to know London thoroughly who does not know the suburbs also,—who, if suddenly put

down at the Elephant and Castle, or at Shoreditch Church, cannot tell exactly whither each of the six fingers points. Such knowledge very few men possess; it requires the genius loci—to apply the expression barbarously—as well as peculiar calls upon it. Craddock, of course, could not attain such knowledge in a month. Indeed, he was obliged to ask his way to so well-known a part as Hammersmith, when he had seen an advertisement for a clerk, to help in some coal-office there.

With the water quelching in his boots (which were worn away to the welting)—for the sky was like the pulp of an orange, and the pavement wanted draining—he turned in at a little gate near the temporary terminus of the West London line. In a wooden box, with a kitchen behind it, he found Mr. Clinkers; who thought, when he saw Crad's face, that he was come to give a large order, and when he saw his boots that he was come to ask to be errand-boy. Clinkers was a familiar, jocular, red-faced fellow, whom his friends were fond of calling "not at all a bad sort."

"Take a glass, mister," said he, when Craddock had stated his purpose; "won't do you no harm such a day as this, and I don't fancy 'twould me either. Jenny! Jenny! Why, bless that gal; ever since my poor wife died, she's along of them small-coals fellows. I'll bet a tanner she is. What do you say to it, sir? Will you bet?"

"Well," replied Craddock, smiling, "it wouldn't be at all a fair bet. In the first place, I know nothing of Miss Jenny's propensities; and in the second, I have no idea what the small-coals fellows are."

The small-coals men are the truck-drivers, and the greengrocers in the by-streets, who buy the crushings and riddlings by the sack, at the wharf or terminus, and sell them by the  $\frac{1}{4}$  cwt. at a profit of 200 per cent. Craddock might have known this, but the Ducks-acre firm was reticent upon some little matters. Mr. Clinkers could not stop to explain; only he said to himself,

"Pretty fellow to apply for a clerkship in the coal-line, and not know that!" Jenny appeared at last, looking perfectly self-possessed.

"Jenny, you baggage, two tumblers and silver teaspoons in no time. And the *little* kettle; mind now, I tell you the *little* kettle. Can't you understand, gal, that I may want to shave with the water, but ain't going to have the foot-tub?"

Jenny's broad face, mapped with coal-dust, grinned from ear to ear, as she looked at her master saucily—a proof almost infallible of a very genial government. She heard that shaving joke every day, and, the more she heard it, the more she enjoyed it. So the British public, at a theatre, or an election, appreciates a joke according to the square of the number of the times the joke has been poked at it. Hurrah for the slow perception, and the blunt knife that opens the oyster!

"Queer gal, that," said Clinkers, producing his raw material; "uncommon queer gal, sir, as any you may have met with."

"No doubt of it," replied Craddock; "and now for the cause of my visit——"

"Hang me, sir, you don't understand that gal. I say she is the queerest gal that ever lived out of a barge. You should see her when she gets along of some of them small-coals fellows. Blow me if she can't twist a dozen of them round her finger, sir."

"And her master too," thought Craddock; "unless I am much mistaken, she will be the new Mrs. Clinkers."

Jenny heard most of her master's commentary as she went to and fro, and she kept up a constant grin without speech in the manner of an empty coal-scuttle.

"Ah, sir, grief is a dry thing, a sad dry thing;" and Clinkers banged down his tumbler till the spoon reeled round the brandy; "no business if you please now, not a word of business till we both be below the fiddle; and, if it isn't to your liking, speak out like a man, sir."

"Below the fiddle, Mr. Clinkers!

What fiddle? I don't at all understand you."

"Very few people does, young man; very few people indeed. Scarcely any, I may say, except Jenny and the cook-shop woman; and the latter have got encumbrances as quite outweighs the business. Ain't you ever heard of the fiddle of a teaspoon, sir?"

"Oh, very well," said Craddock, tossing off his brandy-and-water to bring things to a point. It was a good thing for him that he got it, poor fellow, for he was sadly wet and weary.

"Lor, now, to see that!" cried Clinkers, opening his eyes, "I'm blowed if you musn't be a Hoxford gent."

"To be sure, so I am," replied Craddock, laughing; "but I should not have thought that you would have known—I mean, I am surprised that you, at this distance, should know anything of Oxford men."

"Tell you about that presently. Come over again the fire, sir. Up with your heel-tap, and have another."

"No, thank you, Mr. Clinkers. You are very kind; but I shall not take one drop more."

"Then you ain't been there very long, that's certain. Now you have come about this place, I know; though its a queer one for a Hoxford gent. 'Gent under a cloud,' thinks I, the moment I claps eyes on you. Ah, I knows the aristocracy, sir. Now, what might be your qualifications?"

"None whatever, except such knowledge as springs from a good education."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Clinkers, and that sound was worth fifty sentences.

"Then you conclude," said Craddock, not so greatly downcast, for he had got this speech by heart now, "that I am not fitted for the post offered in your advertisement?"

"Knows what they Hoxford gents is," continued Clinkers, reflectively; "came across a lot of them once, when I was gay and rattling. They ran into my tax-cart, coming home from Ascot, about a mile this side of Brentford. Famous, good company over a glass,



when they drops their aristocracy; they runs up a tick all over town, and leaves a Skye dog to pay for it; comes home about four in the morning, and don't know the latch from the scraper. Always pays in the end, though; nearly always pays in the end—so a Hoxford tradesman told me—and interest ten per cent. Differs in that from the medicals; the fast medicals never do pay, sir."

"Most unjust," said Craddock, rising, "a most unjust thing, Mr. Clinkers; you not only judge the present by the past, but you reason from the particular to the universal—the most fruitful and womanlike of the fallacies."

"It ain't anything about fallacy, sir, that makes me refuse you," cried Clinkers, who liked this outburst; "I'll tell you just what it is. You Hoxford scholars may be very honest, *but you ain't got the grease for business.*"

Sorely down at heart and heel, Craddock plodded away from the yard of the hospitable Clinkers, who came to the door and looked after him, fearing to indulge his liking for that queer young fellow. But he had taken Crad's address; for who knew but something might turn up?

"That man," said Craddock to himself, "has a kindly heart, and would have helped me if he could. He wanted to pay my fare back to town, but of course I would not let him. It was well worth while to come all this distance, and get wet through twice over, to come across a kind-hearted man, when a fellow is down so. I began with applying for grand places; what a fool I was! Places worth 150*l.* or 200*l.* a-year. No wonder I did not get them; and what a lot of boot I have wasted. Now I am come down to 50*l.* per annum, and 75*l.* would be a fortune. If I had only begun at that mark, I might have got something by this time. "Vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself." And I might have emigrated—good heavens! I might have emigrated upon the bounty of Uncle John, to some land where a man is worth more than the cattle of the field. Only Amy stopped me, only the thought of my Amy. Darling love, the sweetest

angel—stop, I am so unlucky; if I begin to bless her very likely she'll get typhus fever. After all, what does it matter what sort of life I take to? Or whether, indeed, I take the trouble to take to any at all? Only for her sake. A man who has done what I have lives no more, but drags his life. Now I'll go in for common labour, work of the hands and muscles; many a better man has done it; and it will be far better for me while my brain is so loose and wandering. I wonder I never thought of that. Isn't it raining though! What we used, in the happy days, to call 'Wood Fidley rain.'"

The future chironax trudged more cheerfully after this decision. But he was very sorry to get so soaked, for he had his only suit of clothes on. He had brought but one suit of his own; and all he had bought with the rector's money was six shirts at 3*s.* 6*d.* and four pairs of cotton hose. So he could not afford to get wet.

There could be no doubt that he was shabbily dressed, no rich game to an hotel-tout, no tempting fare to a cabman; but neither could there be any doubt that he was a pure and noble gentleman; that was as clear as in the heyday of finest Oxford dandyism. Only he carried his head quite differently, and the tint of his cheeks was gone. He used to walk with his broad and well-set head thrown back, and slightly inclined to one side; now he bore it flagging, drooping, as if the spring of the neck were gone. But still the brave clear eyes met frankly all who cared to look at him; the face and gait were of a man unhappy but not unmanly. If, at the time Sir Craddock condemned his only son so cruelly, he had looked at him once, and read the sorrow so unmistakeable in his face, the old man might have repented, and wept, and saved a world of weeping. A tear in time saves ninety-nine; but who has the sense to yield it?

Soaked and tired out at last, he reached his little lodgings—quite large enough for him, though—and found Black Wena warming the chair, the only chair

he had to sit on. Unluckily, he did not do what a man who cared for himself would have done. Having no change of raiment—in plain English, only one pair of trousers—he should have gone to bed at once, or at any rate have pulled his wet clothes off. Instead of doing so, he sat and sat, with the wet things clinging closer to him, and the shivers crawling deeper, until his last inch of candle was gone, and the room was cold as an ice-house, for the rain had turned to snow at nightfall, and the fire had not been lit.

Wena sat waiting and nodding upwards, on the yard and a half of brown druggot, which now was her chiefest *pulvinar*, and once or twice she nudged her master, and whined about supper and bedtime. But Cradock only patted her, and improved the turn of his sentence. He was making one last effort to save from waste and ridicule his tastes and his education. A craftsman, if he have self-respect, is worthy, valuable, admirable, nearer to the perception of simple truth than some men of high refinement. Nevertheless it is too certain—as I, who know them well, and not unkindly, can testify—that there is scarcely one in a dozen labourers, even around the metropolis, who respects himself and his calling. Whose fault this is, I pretend not—for pretence it would be—to say. Probably, the guilt is “much of a muchness,” as in all mismanaged matters. The material was as good as our own; how has it got so vitiated? It is as lowering to us as it is to themselves, that the “enlightened working-men of England” cannot go out for their holiday, cannot come home from their work, cannot even speak among their own children, and in the goodwife’s presence, without words, not of manly strength, but of hoggish coarseness. In time this must be otherwise; but the evil is not cured easily. The boy believes it manly to talk as he hears his father talk; he rejoices in it the more, perhaps, because the school forbids it. He does not know what the foul words mean; and all things strange have the grandest range. Those words tell powerfully in a story, with smaller

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boys round him upon the green, or at the street-corner. And so he grows up engrimed with them, and his own boys follow suit.

Cradock was young and chivalrous, and knew not much of these things, which his position had kept from him; nor in his self-abandonment cared he much about them. Nevertheless he shrank unconsciously from the lowering of his existence. And now he sat up, writing, writing, till his wet clothes made little pools on the floor, while he answered twenty advertisements, commercial, literary, promiscuous. Then he looked at his little roll of postage-stamps, and with shivering fingers affixed them. There were only fifteen; and it was too late to get any more that night; and he felt that he could not afford to use them now so rashly. So he ran out into the slushy streets, gamboged with London snow, and posted those fifteen of his letters which were the least ambitious. By this time he knew that the best chance was of something not over-gorgeous. Wena did not go with him, but howled until he came back. Then he gave the poor little thing, with some self-reproach at his tardiness, all the rest of his cottage loaf, and his ha’porth of milk, which she took with some protestations, looking up at him wistfully now and then, to see whether he was eating.

“No, Wena, I can’t eat to-night; bilious from overfeeding perhaps. But I’ve done a good evening’s work, and we’ll be very plucky for breakfast, girl, and have sixpenceworth of cold ham. No fear there of making a cannibal of you, you innocent little soul.” He was desperately afraid, as most young fellows from the country are, of having unclean animals spicily served up by the London allantopolæ. This terror is the result for the most part of rustic sham knowledge, and the British love of stale jokes. However, beyond all controversy, dark are the rites of sepulture of the measly pigs around London.

He crept, at last, beneath his scanty bedding—clean, although so patched and thread-bare—and the iron cross-straps



shook and rattled with the shudders that went through him. Wena, who slept beneath the bed in a nest which she made of the druggot-serap, jumped upon the blanket at midnight, to know what was the matter. Then she licked his face, and tried to warm him, in his broken slumbers. That day he had taken a virulent cold, which struck into his system, and harboured there for a fortnight, till it broke out in a raging fever.

The next day, Craddock received a letter, of doubtful classicality, and bearing the Hammersmith post-mark.

"RESPECTED SIR,—Was sorry after you streaked off yesterday that had not kept you longer. You was scarce gone out of the gate as one might say, when in comes a gent, no end of a nob, beats you as one might say in some respects, and a head of hair as good. Known by the name of Hearty,—Hearty Wibraham, Esquire, but friends prefers callin' him Hearty, such bein' his character. And hearty he were with my brandy, I do assure you, and no mistake. This gent say as he want to establish a hagency for the sale of first-class Hettons to the members of the *bone tons*: was I agreeable to supply him? So I say, 'Certainly, by all means, if I see my way to my money.' And then he breaks out, in a manner as would frighten some hands, about the artlessness of the age, the suspiciousness of commercial gents, and confidence between man and man. 'Waste of time,' says I; 'coals is coals now, and none of them leaves this yard for nothing. Better keep that sort of stuff,' says I, 'for the green young gent from Hoxford as was here just now.' 'What, says he, 'Hoxford man after a situation?' 'Yes,' I says, 'nice young gent, only under a cloud.' Says he, 'I loves a Hoxford man; hope he has got some money.' 'For what?' I says; 'have you got anything good for him to invest in?' 'Haven't I?' he says; 'take a little more brandy, old chap'—my own brandy, mind you, blow me if he ain't a hearty one. Well, I can't tell you half he said, not being a talkative man myself, since the

time as I lost Mrs. Clinkers. Only the upshot of it is, I think you couldn't do no harm by callin', if he write you as he said he would.

"Yours to command, and hope you didn't get wet,

"ROBERT CLINKERS, Jun. for POKER, CLINKERS, and Co. Coal Merchants, West London Terminuss, Hammersmith.

"N.B.—Coke supplied in your own sacks, on the most moderate terms."

By the next delivery, Craddock got another letter, far more elegantly written, but not half so honest.

"Mr. Hearty Wibraham, having heard of Mr. Charles Newman from a mutual friend, Mr. Clinkers, of Hammersmith, presents his compliments to the former gentleman, and thinks it might be worth Mr. Newman's while to call upon him, Mr. H. W., at six o'clock this evening, supposing the post to do its duty, which it rarely does. Hearty Wibraham, No. 66, Aurea Themis Buildings, Notting Hill district. N.B.—The above is *bonâ fide*. References will be required. But perhaps they may be dispensed with. H. W."

"Well," said Craddock to Wena, shivering as he said it, for the cold was striking into him, "you see we are in request, my dear. Not that I have any high opinion of Mr. Hearty Wibraham; as a gentleman, I mean. But for all that he may be an honest man. And beggars—as you know, Wena, dear, when you sit up so prettily—beggars must not be choosers. Do you think you could walk so far, Wena? If you could, it would do you good, my beauty; and I'll see that you are not run over."

Wena agreed, rather rashly, to go; for the London stones, to a country dog, are as bad as a mussel-bank to a bather; but she thought she might find some woodcocks—and so she did, at the game-shops, and some curlews which they sold for them—but her real object in going, was that she had made some nice acquaintances in the neighbourhood, whom she wanted to see again. She wouldn't speak to any low dog, for

she meant to keep up the importance and grandeur of the Nowell family, but there were some dogs, heigho! they had such ways with them, and they were brushed so nicely, what could a poor little country dog do but fall in love with them?

Therefore Wena came after her master, and made believe not to notice them, but she lingered now and then at a scraper, and, when she snapped, her teeth had gloves on.

When Cradock and his little dog, after many a twist and turn, found Aurea Themis Buildings, the master rang at the sprightly door, newly grained and varnished. Being inducted by a young woman, with a most coquettish cap on, he told black Wena to wait outside, and she lay down upon the doorstep. Then he was shown into the "first-floor drawing-room," according to arrangement, and requested to "take a seat, sir." The smart maid, who carried a candle, lit the gas in a twinkling, but Cradock wondered why the coal-merchant had no coals in his fire-place. Just when he had concluded, after a fit of shivering, that this defect was due perhaps to that extreme familiarity which breeds in a grocer contempt for figs, Mr. Wibraham came in, quite by accident, and was evidently amazed to see him.

"What! Ah, no, my good sir, not Mr. Charles Newman, a member of the University of Oxford!"

"Yes, sir, I am that individual," replied Cradock, very uncomfortable at the prominent use of his "alias."

"Then allow me, sir, to shake hands with you. I am strongly prepossessed in your favour, young gentleman, from the description I received of you from our mutual friend, Mr. Clinkers. Ah, I like that Clinkers. No nonsense about Clinkers, sir."

"So I believe," said Cradock; "but, as I have only seen him once, it would perhaps be premature of me——"

"Not a bit, my dear sir, not a bit. That is one of the mistakes we make. I always rely upon first impressions, and they never deceive me. Now I see

exactly what you are, an upright honourable man, full of conscientiousness, but *not overburdened here.*"

He gave a jocular tap to his forehead, which was about half the width of Cradock's.

"Well," thought Cradock, "you are straightforward, even to the verge of rudeness. But no doubt you mean well, and perhaps you are nearer the truth than the people who have told me otherwise. Anyhow, it does not matter much." But, in spite of this conclusion, he bowed in his stately manner, and said:

"If that be the case, sir, I fear it will hardly suit your purpose to take me into your employment."

"Ah, I have hurt your feelings I see. I am so blunt and hasty. Hearty Wibraham is my name; and hearty enough I am, God knows; and perhaps a little too hearty. 'Hasty Wibraham, you ought to be called, by Jove, you ought,' said one of my friends last night, and by Gad I think he was right, sir."

"I am sure I don't know," said Cradock; "how can I pretend to say, without myself being hasty?"

"I suppose, Mr. Newman, you can command a little capital? It is not at all essential, you know, in a *bonâ fide* case like yours."

"That's a good job," said Cradock; "for my capital, like the new one of Canada, is below contempt."

"To a man imbued, Mr. Newman, with the genuine spirit of commerce, no sum, however small, but may be the key of fortune."

"My key of fortune, then, is about twenty pounds ten shillings."

"A very, very small sum, my dear sir; but I daresay some of your friends would assist you to make it, say fifty guineas. You Oxford men are so generous; always ready to help each other. That is why I can't help liking you so. Thoroughly fine fellows," he added, in a loud aside, "thoroughly noble fellows, when a messmate is in trouble. Can't apply to his family, I see; but it would be mean in him not to let his friends



help him. I do believe the highest privilege of human life is to assist a friend in difficulties."

Cradock, of course, could not reply to all this, because he was not meant to hear it; but he gazed with some admiration at the utterer of such exalted sentiments. Mr. Hearty Wibraham, now about forty-five years old, was rather tall and portly, with an aquiline face, a dark complexion, and a quick, decisive manner. His clothes were well made, and of good quality, unpretentious, neat, substantial. His only piece of adornment was a magnificent gold watch-chain, which rather shunned than courted observation.

"No," said Cradock at last, "I have not a single friend in the world to whom I would think of applying for the loan of a sixpence."

"Well, we *are* independent," Mr. Wibraham still held discourse with himself; "but Hearty Wibraham likes and respects him the more for that. He'll get over his troubles, whatever they are. My good sir," he continued, aloud, "I will not utter any opinion, lest you should think me inclined to flatter—the last thing in the world I ever would do. Nevertheless, in all manly candour, I am bound to tell you that my prepossession in your favour induces me to make you a most advantageous offer."

"I am much obliged to you. Pray, what is it?"

"A clerkship in my counting-house, which I am just about to open, having formed a very snug little connexion to begin with."

"Oh!" cried Cradock, for, green as he was, he would rather have had to do with a business already established.

"I see you are surprised. No wonder, sir; no wonder! But you must know that I shall have at least my *quid pro quo*. My connexion is of a very peculiar character. In fact, it lies entirely in the very highest circles. To meet such customers as mine, not only a man of gentlemanly manners is required, but a man of birth and education. How could I offer such a man less than 150*l.* per annum?"

"Your terms are very liberal, very liberal, I am sure," replied Cradock, reddening warmly at the appraisal of his qualities. "I should not be comfortable without telling you frankly that I am worth about half that yearly sum; until, I mean, until I get a little up to business. I shall be quite content to begin upon 100*l.* a year.

"No! will you, though?" exclaimed Hearty Wibraham, flushed with a good heart's enthusiasm. "You are the finest young fellow I have seen since I was your age myself. Suppose, now, we split the difference. Say 125*l.*; and I shall work you pretty hard, I can tell you. For we do not confine our attention exclusively to the members of the Ministry, and the House of Lords; we also deal with the City magnates, and take a contract for Somerset House. And remember one thing; you will be in exclusive charge whenever I am away negotiating. A man deserves to be paid, you know, for high responsibility."

"And where will the"—he hardly knew what to call it—"the office, the counting-house, the head-quarters be?"

"Not in any common thoroughfare," replied Mr. Wibraham, proudly; "that would never do for a business of such a character. What do you think, sir, of Howard Crescent, Park Lane? Not so bad, sir, is it, for the sale of the grimy?"

"I really do not know," said Cradock; "but it sounds very well. When do we open the books?"

"Monday morning, sir, at ten o'clock precisely. Let me see: to-day is Friday. Perhaps it would be an accommodation to you, to have your salary paid weekly, until you draw by the quarter. Now, remember, I rely upon you to promote my interest in every way consistent with honour."

"That you may do, most fully. I shall never forget your kind confidence, and your liberality."

"You will have two young gentlemen, if not three, wholly under your orders. Also a middle-aged gentleman, a sort of sleeping partner, will kindly attend *pro tem*, and show you the work

expected of you. I myself shall be engaged, perhaps, during the forenoon, in promoting the interests of the business in a most important quarter. Now, be true to me, Newman—I take liberties, you see—keep your subordinates in their place, and make them stick to work, sir. And remember that one ounce of example is worth a pound of precept. If you act truly and honestly by me, as I know you will, you may look forward to a partnership at no distant date. But don't be over sanguine, my dear boy; there is hard work before you."

"And you will not find me shrink from it," said Cradock, throwing his shoulders back; "but we have not settled yet as to the amount of the premium, or deposit, whichever it may be."

"Thank you. To be sure. I quite forgot that incident. Thirty guineas, I think you said, was all that would be convenient to you."

"No, Mr. Wibraham; I said twenty pounds ten shillings."

"Ah, yes, my mistake. I knew that there was an odd ten shillings. Say twenty-five guineas. A mere matter of form, you know, but one which we dare not neglect. It is not a premium; simply a deposit; to be returned at the expiration of the first twelve months. Will you send it to me by cheque? That, perhaps, would be the more convenient form. It will save you from coming again."

"I am sorry to say I cannot; for now I have no banker. Neither can I by any means make it twenty-five guineas. I have stated to you the utmost figure of my present census."

"Ah, quite immaterial. I am only sorry for your sake. The sum will be invested. I shall hold it as your trustee. But, for the sake of the books, merely to look well on the books, we must say twenty guineas. How could I invest twenty pounds ten shillings?"

This appeared reasonable to Cradock, who knew nothing about investment; and, after reflecting a minute or two, he replied as follows:—

"I believe, Mr. Wibraham, that I

might manage to make it twenty guineas. You said, I think, that my salary would be payable weekly."

"To be sure, my dear boy, to be sure. At any rate until further arrangements."

"Then I will undertake to pay you the twenty guineas. Next Monday, I suppose, will do for it?"

"Oh yes, Monday will do. But stop, I shall not be there on that morning; and, for form's sake, it must be paid first. Let us say Saturday evening. I shall be ready with a stamped receipt. Will you meet me here at six o'clock, as you did this evening?"

Cradock agreed to this, and Mr. Hearty Wibraham shook hands with him most cordially, begging that mutual trust and amity might in no way be lessened by his own unfortunate obligation to observe certain rules and precedents.

In the highest spirits possible under such troubles as his were, Cradock strode away from Aurea Themis Buildings, and whistled to black Wena, whom two of the most accomplished dog-stealers in London had been doing their best to inveigle. Failing of skill—for Wena was a deal too knowing—they at last attempted violence, putting away their chopped liver and hoof-meat, and other baits still more savoury, upon which I dare not enlarge. But, just as Black George, having lifted her boldly by the nape of the neck, was popping her into the sack tail foremost, though her short tail was under her stomach, what did she do but twist round upon him, in a way quite unknown to the faculty, and make her upper and lower canines meet through the palm of his hand. It won't do to chronicle what he said—I am too much given to strictest accuracy; enough that he let her drop, in the manner of a red-hot potato; and Blue Bill, who made a grab at her, only got a scar on the wrist. Then she retreated to her step, and fired a royal salute of howls, never ending, ever beginning, until her master came out.

"Wena, dear," he said, for he always looked on the little thing as an inferior piece of Amy, "you are very tired, my



darling; the pavement has been too much for you. Sit upon my arm, pretty. We are both going to make our fortunes. And then you 'shall walk in silk attire, and siller hae to spare.'" Wena nuzzled her nose into its usual place in Cradock's identity, and growled if any other dog

took the liberty of looking at him. And so they got home, singing snug little songs to each other upon the way; and they both made noble suppers on the strength of their rising fortunes.

*To be continued.*

## MRS. CAMERON'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

THERE is no medium in photographs. They are either exceedingly beautiful, or—and this in by far the larger number of cases—exceedingly hideous. The beautiful has hitherto been often the accident of the inexperienced photographer. Experienced photographers have often produced only hideousness in their copies of the human face divine. The reason, it seems, is, that a certain amount of experience is necessary to secure the exactness of the focus. An exact focus brings everything into the clearest outline, and so greatly emphasizes the bad drawing of the photograph. For all photographs are inevitably ill-drawn, the prominent parts of the images being exaggerated, and the receding diminished. The shadows of photographs are also always false, unless the original is colourless, or in one colour only; and, if these shadows have marked outlines, their falsehood is shockingly conspicuous.

But the emphasis which an exact focus gives to these great defects of the photographic image is scarcely more objectionable than the microscopic clearness with which it brings to the notice of the eye the minutest details, whether of defect or beauty; details that are merged, to the unassisted eye,—*which never does see objects in true focus*,—in a general impression, made up, indeed, of these elements, but of these elements seen with no obtrusive distinctness and isolating outline.

An amateur photographer, Mrs. Cameron, was the first person who had the wit to see that her mistakes were her

successes, and henceforward to make her portraits systematically out of focus. But this has not been the sole secret of her unequalled art. She is evidently endowed with an unusual amount of artistic tact; she knows a beautiful head when she sees it—a very rare faculty; and her position in literary and aristocratic society gives her the pick of the most beautiful and intellectual heads in the world. Other photographers have had to take such subjects as they could get. With few exceptions, all Mrs. Cameron's subjects are of a very high order of beauty. But intellect and beauty have apparently not been the only qualities considered in her choice. She has carefully selected the beauty which depends on form. In the few instances in which the character of her originals has depended partly on colour, Mrs. Cameron's portraits are almost as unpleasant in their shadows as ordinary photographs are. Where there is little or no colour to interfere with the form, as in the heads of Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Henry Taylor, and Mr. Watts, the portraits are as noble and true as old Italian art could have made them; but as soon as colour becomes an element of the character, as in the heads of Mr. Hughes, Mr. Holman Hunt, and some of the female subjects, the likeness is vitiated, and the ideality of expression, which is so remarkable in many of Mrs. Cameron's portraits, is altogether lost.

There is one point—a very trifling one in itself; yet one which may be very influential with persons unable to perceive the higher qualities of the photo-

graphs exhibited by Mrs. Cameron—in which she seems to have done herself and her productions injustice. She has, in many cases, endeavoured to make pictures out of them. She is not content with putting one or more noble heads or figures on her paper; but she must group them into *tableaux vivants*, and call them "Faith, Hope, and Charity," "St. Agnes," "The Infant Samuel," "The Salutation, after Giotto," &c. &c. The effect of this is often strange, and sometimes grotesque; and must do much more to diminish the general popularity of the pieces which have such titles than any advantage, in the way of convenience of reference, can compensate. The simple human head is the only thing in which nature can rival art. It is impossible to compose, by juxtaposing, real figures, so as to emulate, in the faintest degree, the composition of great artists. Now the beauty of the heads in these photographs is the beauty of the highest art. We seem to be gazing upon so many Luinis, Leonardos, and Vandyckes; and the contrast between this "grand style," which still remains in nature to the human head, with the postures into which the figures are sometimes forced, in order to make them into pictures "after Giotto," is, in some cases, as striking and undesirable as could well be. We are not sure, indeed, that the singular art with which Mrs. Cameron has often arranged the draperies of her figures does not increase the effect of the "realistic" air which most of her groups persist in maintaining for themselves, after all has been done to bring them into the pure region of ideality.

It must have occurred to every thoughtful visitor of the collection at 120, Pall Mall, that the fact of the existence of such photographs ought to modify very greatly some of the prevailing theories concerning art. It will not do, as far at least as the human head is concerned, to speak any longer of ideality as the peculiar character of art. The greatest heads of the early painters were evidently nothing more than nature seen with an eye of perfect sincerity.

The inference might seem to be that portrait painting is now at an end. But it is not so. Colour, in even the most colourless face, is a power which must be sadly missed in the finest photograph. Indeed, though it may sound paradoxical, it is usually in faces of the least colour that colour is the greatest power. Those who recollect the water-colour drawings exhibited, in the past season, by Mr. Edward Jones, must remember how some of his pieces, which were painted almost in monochrome, made the glaring drawings in their neighbourhood look almost colourless. A great colourist will give a greater effect of colour, literally without the use of a second hue, than can be obtained by an ordinary painter with all the colours of the rainbow. This wonderful power must never be laid aside, if we would have portraits of real value. The place of photography is that of a guide and corrector of the artist's eye, unless his eye be itself capable of photographic precision. By the aid of such photography as Mrs. Cameron's, an artist of moderate ability is enabled to produce such portraits as could otherwise be painted by none but excellent artists, and, by their aid, the excellent artists can arrive at a degree of excellence which has long been regarded as extinct. With such a power of portraiture as seems now to be within our reach, no beautiful head ought ever to be allowed to die. Beauty, though always springing up in new forms around us, is never reproduced. How many thousands of divine heads might each have been "a joy for ever," had the ordinary powers of art been supplemented by such photography as that of Mrs. Cameron's.

We are glad to see that the exhibition which has been lately open in Pall Mall is advertised by Mrs. Cameron as her first exhibition. It is to be hoped that she will lose no time in working the mine which she may be said to have discovered. Meanwhile, we can affirm from our personal observation that her late exhibition has been admired in exact proportion to the artistic faculty and culture of the spectator.



## CONSIDER.

## CONSIDER

The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:—  
 We are as they;  
 Like them we fade away,  
 As doth a leaf.

## Consider

The sparrows of the air of small account:  
 Our God doth view  
 Whether they fall or mount,—  
 He guards us too.

## Consider

The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,  
 Yet are most fair:—  
 What profits all this care  
 And all this coil?

## Consider

The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;  
 God gives them food:—  
 Much more our Father seeks  
 To do us good.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## WORDSWORTH AND HARTLEY COLERIDGE:

## IN GRASMERE CHURCHYARD, WESTMORELAND.

Two graves, and in them poets twain,  
 The two not half-a-yard apart,  
 Two brother bards, who thus have lain  
 A dozen summers, heart to heart!

Well matched they lie where few are matched,  
 Within that cherished churchyard plot,  
 Two mutual souls, in life attached,  
 And even in death divided not—

Bards of the mountain and the grove,  
 Who yet wrung lessons from the age;  
 Trim charioteers, as ever drove  
 Fair Fancy's gaudy equipage:

They sleep together, side by side;  
 And as they sleep, so lived they long;  
 Two friends, whom nothing could divide,  
 Two singers, joining hand and song.

JAMES DAWSON, JUN.

## NATURE AND PRAYER.

BY THE REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

THE prayer appointed for use in our churches with reference to the cattle plague and the cholera, appears to have fallen upon a susceptible state of the public mind like a spark upon tinder. It is evident that many thoughtful persons have been much exercised in mind by questions relating to prayer. Not unwilling to pray, they have shrunk from praying blindly. They have wished to feel assured that they could pray reasonably, and without stultifying convictions upon which a main part of their life is built up. Old difficulties and perplexities about prayer have revived, and have assumed what has appeared for the time a more formidable aspect. And whilst these anxieties have been stirring in the minds of the thoughtful, that portion of the religious world which is not troubled by doubts has been disposed to *push* the use of prayer with a certain importunity, and in a spirit of latent, if not professed, antagonism. There are always people ready to seize with eagerness what they regard as an opportunity "to rebuke the infidel notions of the day." Most likely a strong and early pressure was brought to bear upon the Archbishop and the Ministry to induce them to appoint a public prayer against the cattle plague. "What are the clergy and the authorities doing," I was asked, "that we have no prayer issued for deliverance from the cattle plague?" I expressed a doubt whether the calamity had reached a magnitude which called for so special an act. "Oh, but," the answer was, "it is so important to take these things in time!" The appointment of a prayer which was to be looked to as a kind of mechanical prophylactic did not seem to me a thing much to be desired; and probably a similar distaste was similarly excited in others. When the prayer came, it certainly was not peculiarly

felicitous, but it was not unlike other prayers of the same kind. It was welcome, I fully believe, to a large number of pious persons, who had been very much alarmed by the reports of the disease, and who thought it right that we should publicly deprecate the terrible visitation which had begun to afflict us. But, on the other hand, it excited an almost angry outburst of protest and criticism. Fault was found with details of the prayer, in a tone which shewed plainly that those who found it disliked the whole before they quarrelled with the parts. Then followed reflection and questioning. "If this prayer is wrong, what kind of prayer is right?" Objections have been gravely and even reverently raised; attempts have been made to meet those objections. Laymen have come forward to say that, while they felt that some ordinary kinds of prayer could not be defended in the face of science, and must be abandoned, they yet could not consent to give up prayer altogether. Reasons have been given for discriminating between one kind of prayer and another; and it has also been seen, as in common in similar cases, that those who have given up certain beliefs in deference to argument, think they have thereby purchased a right to live unmolested by argument in what they retain.

Every one is aware of the ground upon which prayer is commonly objected to at the present time. The *uniformity of nature*, it is said, makes it impossible that any prayers having for their object a variation in the course of nature should be effectual. The laws of nature, according to all true observation, are constant. There is no greater or less in the matter. To ask that a single drop of rain may fall, is as contradictory to science as to ask that the law of gravitation may be suspended. Prayer, there-



fore, having reference to anything which comes within the domain of natural laws, is forbidden by modern science.

It would be the rashness of mere ignorance and folly to enter the lists against science, or against that principle of the uniformity of nature which is at once the foundation and the crowning discovery of science. Science has been so victorious of late years, and has been adding so constantly to the strength of its main positions, that it is scarcely safe to doubt anything which is affirmed by cautious and scientific men as a fact within their own domain. But when, from the proper and recognised conclusions of science, inferences are drawn which affect the spiritual life, and threaten destruction to what we have been accustomed to regard as most precious, it cannot be complained of if we scrutinize those inferences carefully. If there is a region of genuine mystery, into which the science of phenomena is pushing forward its methods too confidently, it may be forced to retire, not indeed by spiritual intimidation, but by the opposition of realities to which it is self-compelled to pay respect.

Now the affirmation of the uniformity of nature, when pressed *logically* against the utility of prayer, seems to me either to prove too much or to prove nothing. We may be permitted to ask this question, Does *the constancy of the laws of nature* imply that *the course of nature is absolutely fixed*, or not?

It is surely conceivable that the negative answer might be given to this question. For the experience of every hour, of every minute, seems to show, that the actual *course* of nature may be altered without the slightest interference with any *law* of nature. Shall I blow out the candle before me, or not? It seems to me that I may do it or refrain from doing it as I please. In either case, no law of nature is violated. In either case, interminable consequences follow my choice. The whole course of nature will be different if I do it from what it would be if I did not do it. The voyage of discovery of Christopher Columbus was at one time apparently

within the domain of human choice. He might *not* have sailed; he *did* sail; and what prodigious results have followed, in the ordinary course of nature, as we say, from his enterprise! If this variableness of the course of nature be admitted, it is clear that the constancy of natural laws interposes no obstacle to an efficacy of prayer without limit. There may be other reasons why human prayer should not avail to change the course of nature, but the absolute inviolability of law will not be a reason. For, in the first place, prayer may be conceived as taking effect *through human will*. In a vast proportion of cases, the objects for which we have prayed might be accomplished through human agency. The cattle plague might be neutralized by the discovery of a remedy, by the adoption of hitherto neglected sanitary precautions, and by other means which ingenuity might imagine as operating through the minds of men. If any persons have a conviction that our praying could not lead to any quickening of human intelligence, or to any invigoration of human effort, they would hardly express that conviction by saying that the laws of external nature are too constant to allow it. With regard to all that may be done through human volition, the existence of fixed laws of nature is manifestly no hindrance to its being done.

The interference of mind and will with the course of nature is no doubt more intelligible to us as taking place through human action, than if we transcend human action. But we are now speaking of possibility, in a strict logical sense. And, although we are entirely ignorant *how* the Creator can change the course of nature otherwise than through man, it seems clearly unreasonable to affirm that such other interference is impossible, because we know nothing about it. If there are invisible beings in the universe, why should they not have some power of acting upon the course of nature? So far as analogy is any guide, the fact that we, by our volitions, can alter the course of things without violating laws, would suggest a

presumption that the same thing can be done in other ways of which science simply knows nothing, and about which imagination cannot with much advantage exercise its power of conjecture. It is conceivable therefore that prayer relating to definite physical ends *might* be answered, without the appearance of the slightest departure from the ordinary course of nature.

If, then, the constancy of natural laws be so interpreted as to admit of indefinite variations, through free volition, of the course of nature, that constancy proves nothing against prayer.

If, however, it be interpreted to mean that by the operation of cause and effect the course of nature is so fixed that no change in accordance with human thought or desire can possibly take place in it, the argument proves too much. If the tremendous doctrine of necessity be called in at all, it is unnecessary to apply it partially. If in the face of a fixed and necessary course of things prayer becomes an absurdity, how much else becomes absurd also! Everything properly human ceases to be rational, till we are reduced to the deadliest fatalism. If a philosopher says to me, "How can you think that by your prayers you can divert universal nature from its preordained course?" I think I reply rationally by asking, "How can I suppose that by any *acts* of mine, any more than by any prayers, I can alter the unalterable?" If the assertion, "It is of no use to *pray* against the cattle-disease or the cholera," be based upon the fact that effect follows cause with unvarying uniformity, the same reason would lead us on to the further assertion, "It is of no use to *do* anything against the cattle-disease or the cholera."

Let us consider what will have to be given up, if prayer for physical benefits be condemned on the ground of the uniformity of nature. Prayer for spiritual blessings can hardly be retained. Are not spiritual things mixed up inextricably with physical? Spirit acts upon outward things; outward things act upon the spirit. Fever is raging in a swampy district. The owner, feeling it to be his

duty to try and subdue it, and learning that he might probably do so by draining it, cuts a drain. The place becomes wholesome. Then the moral tone of the population also rises. The children become brighter, more intelligent, more moral. A great spiritual gain is secured, by the enlightenment of one man acting through a physical improvement. Can it be said that visible things are subject to law, spiritual things to no law? Neither the philosopher nor the Christian could acquiesce for a moment in such a distinction. If, then, a mother is forbidden, by reason, to pray for the restoration to health of her child, can she reasonably pray that it may grow up wise and virtuous? Again, thanksgiving appears to be correlative to prayer. If we are to regard everything that happens as a fixed by a predetermined order, we shall be bound to repress all special promptings to gratitude. There may remain perhaps a certain sense of admiration of the course of things as a whole, —modified, one would expect, by a good deal of dissatisfaction,—but what we commonly mean by thanksgiving must disappear. Again, deliberate effort to accomplish any end is stultified. If a man were betrayed into it by the singular instinct which haunts us, the recollection of the true philosophy would make him smile at himself as a fool. And lastly, he would learn to be ashamed of desire and hope. Only those who have not been taught the unalterableness of the course of things can be weak enough to indulge a wish or a hope concerning the future. What will be will be: and there is an end of it. Motives, aims, hopes, may be included as blind instincts in the great scheme, but they cannot be properly rational; they cannot justify themselves to the enlightened understanding. They must share the fate of prayer. They are instinctive—so is prayer. Prayer is not rational—no more are they.

It would seem, then, that the unalterableness of nature, if it is allowed to condemn prayer, must go on to extinguish everything that we call human. And this argument, if it is sound,



would no doubt be generally accepted as a *reductio ad absurdum*, conclusive for refutation. A *reductio ad absurdum*, however, is always more annoying to an opponent, than really satisfying or instructive. It ought hardly to be used except where strict logic is professed on the other side. That is so in the present case. And we might desire to meet as summarily as possible an assumption which holds up to contempt a large part of all the utterances which human souls in their earnestness and their anguish have offered up, and still offer up, at that Throne of Grace before which they have been invited to prostrate themselves. But the most important bearing of this argument is that it leads us to lay stress upon the affinity between *Prayer* and rational *Desire*.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed." All Christians have been ready to accept this as a principle of devotion. But may we not find, in the definition that prayer is desire looking upwards, a useful guide as to the conditions of reasonable prayer? If desire, by looking upwards, becomes prayer, then we have a real basis for prayer before we come to consider its efficacy. We have it even before we have provided ourselves with any solution of the mystery of God's providence. What we do require, as an antecedent condition of prayer, is the confession of a living God, whose creatures we are, and in whose presence we stand. Then the simple affection of desire for this or that, by being the affection of a man who remembers God, and knows his relation of dependence and subjection to God, grows into a prayer. A man who desires, in his true consciousness as a creature and child of God, also prays. Supposing this ideal condition to be realized, whatever modifies the desire will modify the prayer; and whatever modifies the prayer will modify the desire.

This view of the nature of prayer would have two important negative effects:—1. It shuts out the use of prayer as a kind of spiritual machinery. The plausible representations of what

has been gained by praying, which are often made use of to stimulate the devotions of religious persons, have a tendency to become thoroughly offensive to a reverent mind. We cannot pray rightly, if we resort to prayer simply as an expedient for obtaining what we want. 2. It protests against the divorce of prayer from exertion. Instead of being a substitute for effort, or a supplement to it, prayer is seen to be a kind of natural breath of effort. And the man whose energies are most simply roused in pursuit of any object, will be the man to pray most earnestly.

But how does this view, that prayer is the Godward aspect of desire, bear upon the question, What boons we may reasonably ask for from God? It suggests, I think, the following principles.

1. We cannot reasonably either desire or ask for anything, except subordinately to the greater desire that God's will, and not ours, may be done. We are sometimes afraid, I suspect, that the full statement of this principle may damp the ardour of prayer. We apprehend the easy objection, "What is the sense of asking God to do His own will?" But let us bear in mind that the same principle applies to wishing. Can I deliberately desire that God should give up His will for mine? Suppose I earnestly desire,—say that my church should be crowded by reverent and teachable hearers. And suppose a Divine voice to ask, "Do you wish this, whether it be in accordance with my will or not?" How monstrous and shocking an idea it would be that I could wish it apart from its being God's will! There is no difference, then, in this respect between praying and wishing. Eager importunate entreaties and desires will no doubt be checked by the habitual consciousness of the perfection and power of the Divine will. So far as reasoning goes, we might probably expect that such a consciousness would tend to the extinction of desire and prayer altogether. But experience seems to prove that a constant remembrance and worship of God's will does *not* quench desire, but rather keeps it alive.

Whatever be the effect of it, we must take the consequences without reservation. If we can only say other prayers heartily on condition of *not* saying always, "Thy will be done," we must keep to this prayer and give up the rest. On this point no doubt or compromise can be admissible.

2. A second principle will be, that we should yield without resistance to the instinct of *modesty* in making particular requests. It is here that our increased knowledge of the laws of nature and the interdependence of all phenomena should tell upon us. Occurrences which primitive ignorance never dreamed of as being other than partial and limited, are known to us as having the widest bearings and connexions. To wish that this or that phenomenon should occur to suit our convenience, when we know that it must have other and far more important consequences than those which concern us, would seem ridiculously arrogant. We ought not to shut our eyes to the influence which this consideration may exert upon the character of our prayers. That influence will vary with the knowledge and with the habit of mind of different persons, and is sure to be increasingly great. But, whilst our prayers go hand in hand with our wishes, I think we need not fear for our prayers. We must be content to trust our human nature in the hands of its Maker. If it be His will that we should arrive at a state in which desires for particular things have become extinct, it is not for us to try to arrest our progress towards that state. But, on this point, it would be rash to speak confidently as to the future. At the present time, I imagine it cannot be doubted that cultivated minds, and especially those which are familiar with the study of the complicated and orderly processes of nature, instinctively shrink from allowing themselves in deliberate desires for external occurrences, which are not within the apparent scope of human effort. There is indeed a less scrupulous kind of feeling, somewhat different from desire, of which the natural expression is, "I should be glad if such or such a

thing were to happen." Of this I am not speaking as being co-ordinate with prayer, but of that which would lead a man to say, "I long for this or that to come to pass." A philosopher's desires of this nature (though I believe he will not be without them), will certainly be different from a child's; and it seems reasonable to apply to the growth thus to be observed the words of St. Paul, "When I was a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

3. Besides this growth in what I have called *modesty*—the philosopher's modesty in the presence of the outward world—there is another kind of growth, more properly belonging to the Christian, which will tend towards the same result: I mean the increasing *spirituality* which should characterize our desires and our prayers. Every one would concur in the statement, that, as a Christian advances in godliness, his mind will be set less on outward things, and more on the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. In all records of the aspirations of devout men, we observe that their genuine longings have been spiritual, and that physical good things have seemed hardly worthy of their prayers. And this answers to the teaching of our Lord—as in the Sermon on the Mount, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" and "If ye, being evil, give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give *the Holy Spirit* to them that ask Him?"

It is not enough to say that the spiritual Christian will not pray earnestly for temporal good things *for himself*; but will think more of being enlightened, purified, and brought into fellowship with God. His feeling will be similar when he thinks of those in whom he is interested. For them, also, he will not be careful to ask physical blessings; he will most earnestly desire their spiritual good. Nor will the case be different when it is a community—a Church or a nation—which prays, and not an indi-



vidual. In proportion as we know what is best, and understand the dependence of inferior blessings upon the higher gifts of spiritual life, we shall pray that light may be given us, and righteousness, and mutual harmony, and self-control, and power to aid other nations and Churches, more earnestly and with more satisfaction than we shall pray for an abundant harvest or for a new development of trade.

It doubtless has occurred to the recollection of the reader that, in thus exalting spiritual objects as the proper objects of our prayers, we are but following the example which our Saviour expressly gave us to follow, when He said, "After this manner pray ye," and then recited the prayer in which we ask the Heavenly Father of all to cause His name to be hallowed, His kingdom to come, and His will to be done, before we speak of ourselves at all; and then only pray that our daily bread may be given us—this bread itself including unquestionably spiritual food—and pass on to petitions for forgiveness and for deliverance from the dominion of the evil one.

If our prayers be in their nature strictly co-ordinate with our desires, and if both our prayers and our desires should be governed by these principles,—that in all we wish for or ask we should be careful (1) to cherish a willing submission to the Divine will, (2) to bear in mind our own insignificance in relation to the natural order, and (3) to lift up our aspirations to spiritual objects, it will assuredly follow that petitions for physical objects of desire will become less and less acceptable to us, and will tend to disappear from our habitual prayers. Our feeling about them will probably be that they belong to an early stage of spiritual and intellectual growth, in which they are natural and wholesome; but that they are scarcely suitable to adult age. But we shall continue to pay deference to instincts and necessities of nature; and, when the pressure of suffering and alarm extorts a longing and an appeal, we shall not pronounce in the name of either reason or religion that the appeal

shall not take form in words of prayer addressed to the Father or the Saviour. If we are to cry out at all, it is in every way best that we should cry to God. An earthly parent might desire that the wishes and requests of his little child should gradually be disciplined by knowledge; but he would not repulse the child, and bid him carry elsewhere than to *him* his childish petitions. Unless our relation to God in heaven be altogether a fiction and a delusion, it is impossible that He should not desire that our deepest feelings should be turned in trust towards Him. And, to those who contend that laws of nature make such appeals unreasonable, we have a right to say, "You, who tell a mother that it is useless for her to pray for the recovery of her sick child, tell her also that the longing she cannot suppress is an illogical anomaly: you, who say that a nation, in the agony of a struggle, should not ask God to bless its arms, say also that all the yearning sentiment which is roused into life by the struggle is futile and irrational."

It is right to state plainly the conclusion, from which some perhaps might shrink, but which seems to follow from the above considerations, that the *forms* which prayer may take, as they must be unimportant in the eyes of God, are also comparatively of little importance for *us*. The *spirit* of prayer is that which is really acceptable to God, and therefore really efficacious. That spirit may find expression only in unspoken groanings. It may address petitions to God as unreasonably as when a child asks for the moon. "We know not what we should pray for as we ought." But the prayer will be weighed and estimated, not by its form, but by its essence. There is some danger, let it be admitted, in what may be called the laxity of such a view concerning the utterances of prayer. But we cannot avoid danger, though we may in some degree guard against it. And, in the deeper matters of faith and worship, the true view generally seems to be that which is not unreasonably suspected of being dangerous.

And, though it is right to speak decidedly of the *comparative* unimportance of forms of prayer, it does not by any means follow that they are entirely unimportant; still less that we can dispense with them. It should be regarded as a solemn duty—and it is one which easily commends itself to the conscience and the judgment—to throw the spirit of supplication into the most rational forms which our knowledge enables us to create. It is surely a mistake to force ourselves to pray for things which do not impress us as fit objects of deliberate desire. Liberty in this respect should be allowed to individual consciences; and at the same time it might be hoped that tolerance, a reverent tolerance unmingled with contempt, should be shown by more cultivated and philosophical minds towards the humbler prayers of the more ignorant.

For they who recognise in any degree the nature and relation of man as a son of God can scarcely fail to admit, that it is well for a man to bring *all* his thoughts, whatever they are, into the presence of his unseen Father. It is better, a thousand times better, that he should put the most foolish and irrational desires into prayer, than that he should throw himself into the same desires without remembering God. Not that no praying can be bad. Prayer may be bad, it can hardly be good, when it is addressed to a capricious being, to a tyrant who may be coaxed or soothed or bribed, in order to obtain some private advantage. And there is room for earnest thought and endeavour in the effort to keep the image of the Fatherly will of God pure and clear before the mind. But, if it be remembered who and what God is, then, I think, it may be said without limit, it is good for a man to bring all his desires to God and to turn them into prayers, that God Himself may teach him what desires are worthy of a child of His, and from what he needs to be purged.

After all, I may seem to have evaded the question as to the *efficacy* of prayer. Can we expect that God will do what

we ask any the more for our asking? Are we ready to bring this question to the practical test of experiment? I confess to a shrinking from such an inquiry, as from one which it is neither reverent nor useful to prosecute. But that this feeling may not be reasonably attributed to the consciousness of a bad case, we are bound to try to justify it. Let due consideration, then, be given to the fact, that prayer, when it comes to be regarded as *efficacious*—that is, as a machinery for securing results—is beginning to pass into a hurtful and irreverent superstition. No doubt we here confront a paradox. We are taught to believe in the efficacy of prayer; we may be satisfied that prayers have brought down definite blessings from heaven: but, the moment we begin to act in a business-like manner upon a theory of the efficacy of prayer, we cease to pray acceptably. This, let it be borne in mind, is not a mere makeshift of an argument, introduced to cover a weak point; it is a first principle in the doctrine of prayer. If, therefore, specific fulfilments were fixedly or even abundantly assigned to human prayers, a great evil would almost inevitably be created. Prayer would cease to be, in the deepest and truest sense, the prayer of faith, and would become the prayer of calculation; and the spirit of it would evaporate. I should be sorry to say that no good is done by appeals to instances of prayers answered by direct gifts; we have some such appeals in Scripture. But I think a reverent mind must experience some shock to its delicacy from a contact with such appeals; I can almost imagine that it would rather hear nothing of such answers. It scarcely raises our idea of the character of God, to be told that He has caused some little thing to come to pass just because So-and-so asked Him. What we want to feel assured of is, that God *hears* our prayers; that if we pour out our hearts before Him in childlike hope, He is pleased, and helps forward the cause into which we have thrown our sympathies. In this way, we may thankfully believe that our prayers are always



efficacious. And, inasmuch as very little matters enter into the scheme of God's Providence, and are to be deemed worthy of the Infinite Being because He is infinite, we may also venture so take comfort from any incidents which come to us like signs that God has heard us, and to read answers to our prayers in the most ordinary occurrences of life.

POSTSCRIPT.—The following sentences occur at the end of an essay by Professor Tyndall, on the Constitution of the Universe, in the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1st, which has appeared since the above pages were written:—“Prayer, while it is thus impotent in external nature, may react with beneficent power upon the human mind. That prayer produces its effect, benign or otherwise, upon him who prays, is not only as indubitable as the law of conservation itself, but it will probably be found to illustrate that law in its ultimate expansions. And if our spiritual authorities could only devise a form in which the heart might express itself without putting the intellect to shame, they might utilise a power which they now waste, and make prayer, instead of a butt to the scorner, the potent inner supplement of noble outward life.” This unspeakable gain, then, which we should all alike desire, is made dependent by Professor Tyndall upon the devising of some new form of prayer,—whether by our spiritual authorities or by others would not, I presume, be of any consequence. I wish he had given us at least some hint which might help us to conceive what the nature of such prayer, satisfying both to the heart and the intellect, would be. It seems natural to suppose that he had in his mind some idea,—if only a vague, undefined idea,—of a possible prayer. But, as his words now stand, he ascribes an extremely high value to prayer, condemns

the prayers hitherto devised, and gives no help towards discovering the right kind of prayer. If he is satisfied with any existing type—say with that of the Lord's Prayer, which has been largely imitated in the Christian Church—it would have been more natural to ask our spiritual authorities to abstain from devising new forms, than to represent so vast a good as depending upon their power to devise another form. And the whole passage suggests a doubt whether “the man of science” would consider a prayer for moral or spiritual good consistent with science. Mr. Tyndall does not contrast “external nature” with the realm of the spirit. He knows that the two cannot be severed: indeed, he intimates that the reflex effect of prayer upon the mind—as spiritual a process as we can imagine—will probably be found to illustrate that law of the conservation of energy which makes prayer impotent in external nature; and therefore it is clear that he would include spiritual relations within “the economy of nature.”

I gladly recognise however that Professor Tyndall does not teach that we must pray *for the sake of* the benefit we derive from the act of praying. He would admit, I am sure, that the only prayer which can possibly produce a “benign” effect upon him who prays is the lifting of a voice “as unto *One that hears.*” He desiderates a genuine prayer, but one that will not aim at affecting the course of nature.

The question I would again ask is this: Whether, in using the unchangeable economy of nature to condemn prayers for physical objects, philosophers are not really assuming a system of fatalism, and binding down the free action of spirit under a fixed mechanical necessity? If this is so, the controversy might as well ascend at once from the discussion of forms of prayer to a still higher region.

## WORKING MEN: SOME OF THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WANTS.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

HAVING for the last twelve years been brought, by my calling, into daily intimate communion with "the working-classes" in London, and having, of course, heard or read many opinions about them—from that of enthusiasts, who admire them as the hope of the country, the order which combines the experience of toil with the intelligence of virgin philosophy, to that of self-contained philanthropists, who sigh over them in tracts or on platforms as godless and heathen—I may say that the few thoughts I here venture to set down are the result of observation which has been, I believe, at least unprejudiced and patient. There are a number of phases in the character of working people which no other class seems to me to exhibit. They are in a state or simmer of transition, which turns up every now and then a trait so pure and promising that those who watch the seething pot of their society with hope pick it out and hold it up at once, crying, "See what these people are made of; how sweet and wholesome!" while others, who continue their suspicious inspection, need only wait a little longer to gather a sample which is obviously worthless or offensive. No doubt in general society you may find specimens of all sorts, but the peculiarities to which I allude are shown by working people as a class. To take a familiar instance: what with demagogues, imperfect knowledge of political economy, and unchecked licence to complain, we might expect riots to accompany destitution, and yet the Lancashire operatives displayed the most remarkable collective endurance of hardship England has ever seen. Had analogous distress fallen upon any other class, had its whole business shrunk unexpectedly away and left it settling slowly down into the slough of despair, while the rest of the community was working with briskness and profit upon hard ground,—had the occupation of

lawyers suddenly gone, or tithes ceased, there would have been probably a tinge of bitterness in the wail from the sufferers which we did not hear from those on whom the cotton famine fell. I doubt whether attorneys and clergymen would have been so patient as the spinners. On the other hand, to take an example which shall not twit them with offensive vice, what a serious defect of character is seen in the improvidence of the working-classes! How small a proportion avail themselves of the means within their reach to secure a provision during sickness or old age! They are generally acquainted with these means, they are incessantly reminded by the example of their fellows how miserably homes are broken up by a few months' illness of the bread-winner, they talk with abhorrence of the workhouse into which their elders, long and steadily employed and paid, disappear; and yet, as a class, they stubbornly decline to adopt simple precautions against the evils they dread. Probably they are encouraged in their tenacity of this vice by the doings of some philanthropists, who address themselves to the relief of all kinds of destitution, however caused; so difficult is it to do real good, so hard to carry out the love of One who restored the use of diseased limbs and senses, and thus put the sufferers in the way of earning their own bread, but who gave no money to the beggar. Thus He did the will of His Father, who permits the idle and extravagant, of all degrees, to smart for their vice. When we are told to take no thought for the morrow, we must recollect that it is the duty of to-day to put a shilling into the Post-office Savings Bank.

I have glanced at the patience and improvidence of working people as a class, because it helps us to understand the opposite estimates of their character which we so frequently hear from those



who cannot look at anything as a whole, and because it partly illustrates the transition state in which they now are. Let me now bear glad witness to some of their virtues. I do not think I shall be misunderstood, or show that I am affected, or charged with too favourable prejudices, when I say that they are remarkably courteous; and explain what I mean. As a clergyman I have had to call thousands of times upon utter strangers among the working people. I cannot remember any instance in which I have been treated with rudeness, except when I have been inconsiderate, or professionally intrusive, myself. Of course I except boys; for, however great friends you may be with young people generally, you cannot escape some wanton impertinence from street imps, bursting with irreverent wit. But they are rude to each other, every one, and all. Their ill-behaviour is chiefly the result of sheer animal spirits, and the fact that their playground is the street. Boys must be at high jinks sometimes; and when they are let out of the workshop, or are enjoying any parenthesis of escape from supervision by their immediate and admitted superiors, they let off steam. A model boy, who never dirties his fingers or tumbles his hair, who always "rebukes" his fellows for departures from his code of morality, who appears in favourable aspects, under initials, in a tract, is often more radically and exquisitely offensive than one who thinks aloud, freely, about any person or occurrence, whether it be a tipsy old woman on a stretcher, who is being borne, as in a living police funeral, to her temporary home in the station, or a duchess whose carriage is blocked on its way to a drawing-room, and "dominated" by some urchin on a lamp-post. I except street-boys, who are unfeeling; I except encounters in a mob; and I repeat that I can recall no instances of unprovoked ill manners in any of the genuine working-classes, throughout numberless personal communications with them. They are naturally courteous. No doubt, if you were to call just as the family were sitting down to dinner or tea, and still go in though you found them thus engaged; if you were to open the door

without knocking, or ask impertinent questions about the goodman's or goodwife's ways and means, or begin to read a chapter from the holy Bible apropos to nothing at all, simply because you assumed that a strange bootmaker's family needed conversion, you might expose yourself to a rough hint that your company was undesirable. But if the Archbishop of Canterbury were to pay you a visit, and remark that your doorstep was not so clean as it might be, or ask you what your income was, or how much you had paid for your child's funeral, and what you had got for dinner, you would try to convey to his Grace your sense of the mistake he made in affecting an interest in your concerns. And when a clergyman, or visitor bent on amateur proselytism and elevation of the masses, forgets his manners, as the Archbishop of Canterbury never would his, what wonder if he gets a rap on the knuckles from a carpenter who does not know how to reply to an impertinence with indirect and polished coolness? I will give an instance of the courtesy shown by the working classes. When the volunteer movement began, in 1860, a number of working-men came to me with the request that I would assist them in forming an artisans' corps, by lending them my schoolrooms and accompanying their request to the authorities for enrolment and permission to wear a characteristically cheap uniform. This involved numerous meetings, deputations to the Lord Lieutenant and the War-office. We waited on Lord Salisbury's representative. We waited in Pall Mall. We were left to cool for some time. We were on two or three occasions politely snubbed. I was present at the interviews, and talked with the men after them. We had several public meetings, and heard freely-uttered sentiments. At last, with the aid of hired instructors, about 120 men were drilled in our schoolroom. Now comes my instance of courteous consideration. During that whole winter, though I mixed freely with the men, I never heard an oath. They knew how to swear well enough, and I dare say many of them swore among themselves,

but *courtesy restrained them in the presence of a clergyman*. In the course of the year I chanced one day to be brought into the company of a large party of volunteers, drawn mostly from the middle classes of society. They swore like troopers, and I could not help contrasting their utter disregard of the presence of a clergyman with the considerate politeness of my friends the artisans. This is no afterthought. I noticed it at the time. The men were mostly young, in high spirits, and in full work. They were in more than high spirits, they boiled over with enthusiasm. They were no mere results of working men's clubs and youths' institutes, trained to "behave properly," but fresh from the workshop. And yet, with all their high spirits, they never forgot the rules of speech in a clergyman's presence. I was struck, too, with their remarkable subordination. They were full of the instinct of obedience to law. As a clergyman, I did not personally take any part in their drill. Still I felt more or less responsible for what went on in the schoolrooms. So we hired steady non-commissioned officers, who set our men to work with great severity, and that half-concealed suspicion of the volunteer movement which was felt by regulars. But our men never winced or complained of the irksomeness of the preliminary instruction. I was engaged teaching in a night-school, several times in the week, in rooms adjoining the drill room, and often looked in to see how matters were getting on. We had only one serious case of rudeness. With this exception—and we have had by this time more than 300 working men drilled—nothing can exceed the general *good manners* and *respect for authority* which they have invariably shown. The respect for authority which I noticed exhibits itself in many ways. The working classes are anything but lawless. In their own concerns they are liable rather to cumber business by a nice and laboured observation of the etiquette of rules. I have attended many committees of working men, and have been almost depressed by the elaborate technicalities of their procedure. Nothing is allowed out of order.

There is no destructive disturbing haste or disregard of law. I remember once being present at a discussion on the rights of labour. The speakers were all artisans. The chairman kept his watch before him, and stopped all discursiveness, limiting each man to his time. There was also a rule that two should not follow on the same side. The pros and cons were called up with severe regularity. The speakers all argued from principles or great facts, allowing no personal or local disputes to mar the purpose of the discussion. I mention this meeting as a specimen of the way in which the most intelligent among working men face the questions of the times. No doubt there are occasional departures from regularity of procedure; but, of all the committees I ever attended (and they have not been a few), I must admit that those conducted by working men have appeared to me among the most careful of the general principles of social action.

And now let us look shortly at some of the circumstances of these men. In the first place, as a rule, especially in those parts of London which have been left to them in consequence of the tide of population setting westward, they are wretchedly housed. In some districts, especially in the East and South, where new streets (not model ones) have been built with an eye to the character of the tenants, and where land is comparatively cheap, working people are very much better lodged than in the grand parishes of St. James's and St. George's. I was curate in Lambeth once, and speak from personal knowledge. There many houses are far better adapted for their purpose, and are more conducive to family morals, than streets within a stone's throw of Grosvenor Square; and in St. James's I believe the crowding to be more mischievous than in any place I know. The character of the trade in the neighbourhood, say of Regent Street, is such that skilled artisans, who belong to high-class workshops, where orders must be executed speedily, and frequent communication is needed between the master and the man, are obliged to live in places not fit for them. My district—St. Luke's,



Berwick Street—is crammed to its eaves with artisans of all kinds. I will set down some of our trades as they come uppermost in my mind. We have seamstresses, diamond-cutters, sweeps, pianoforte manufacturers, jewellers, costermongers, labourers, artificial teeth manufacturers (we turn out thousands every week, and adorn half the smiles of society), picklemakers, pearlstringers, coachmakers, laundresses, bookbinders, printers. We make artificial wax flowers, turning lathes, blinds, wire work, billiard balls, lasts, many kinds of explosive projectiles, bullets, painted windows, pewter pots, sausage machines, brushes, fiddles, beer. I hardly know where to stop. There are, too, more tailors and shoemakers than I ever found together. We speak all languages, unite all nations, gather together people with the strangest histories, and the oddest, most out-of-the-way antecedents I ever read of. Witness a visit to three old men, two of them at least dead or gone, who suggest themselves off-hand as coming within a few days' acquaintance. One was dangerously ill and sent for me. He was a fireman, had been taken prisoner by natives on the coast of Africa and carried up the country, where he lived till he made his escape. It was a long tale. At last he settled down as a fireman, and had saved I do not know how many lives. But, however sudden and imperative the summons to a fire, he told me, dying happily, that he had never put on his helmet without first kneeling down in his room for a word of prayer. The next was as deaf as a post. "How came you to be so deaf?" I asked, in conversation. "Eh!" "How came you to be so deaf?" I repeated. "Oh, ah! I got it at the burning of Moscow." It was quite true; he was a Pole, and had been with Napoleon. I suppose the fire connects these two in my mind. The third was a teetotalter, had been a great Chartist demagogue, was just then finishing a dressing-case, with a gold key, for a Russian potentate. You can, or you cannot, imagine the simmer of intelligent work which goes on, especially in the "season," in a district some three hundred yards square, containing thirty

streets, or parts of streets and courts, all stuffed full of these busy people. They are dingy-looking enough, many of them, in their working clothes, but the large majority are very intelligent, and from experience or reading are ready to bear their part in general conversation on the topics of the day. The largeness of the circle taken in by their thoughts is, however, sadly spoilt by the narrow accommodation they can get for their families. In most instances one room serves for a house. They pay a large rent for it, but the poor clodhoppers in Dorsetshire are better lodged.

Now I would ask you, What must be the effect of this mischievous crowding on themselves and their families? What would your pulse be if you slept in the same small room you had worked in all day, with, perhaps, your wife and three or four children? If your medical man were to feel it thus fluttering or weak, he would probably prescribe some stimulant. Now comes one cause of mischief. We have about thirty flourishing public-houses. A man wakes in the morning with a bad pulse and no appetite. Nature says, "Give me something." So he steps out, or sends one of the children and a bottle, turns up his little finger with a dram, and is relieved. But when a man with such a spur as the *consciousness of temporary relief* from the use of alcohol begins to drink, there is small hope of his recovery. It is very easy for those who have every sanitary appliance, suites of rooms, change of occupation, fresh air, tubs, and well-cooked food, to cry out at the intemperance of the working-classes; but this is not a radical vice among them, it is mainly a result of circumstances which drag them down, and if we should judge any severely for its prevalence, we should judge those whose indolence or selfishness permits such a state of things to continue. There is another provocative to drink in the monotony of trade. Work is now so much subdivided that a man is tied down to the incessant repetition of one process. You don't suppose that one man makes a pair of boots? A "bootmaker" does not join the seams, he fastens the "upper" to the "sole." A "closer" does the stitch-

ing. So with a coat.—One is good at collars, another at button-holes, &c. Now this wearisome beginning over and over again at the same part of a process so acts at last upon many men that they “break out,” as it is called. Nature avenges herself, creates a long-desired diversion by a bout of drinking. There is the alternative, close at hand. You cannot expect every man to clean himself and go to the British Museum for an hour’s recreation. There is all-potent gin, which carries the wearied worker off into its region of delirious change, round the corner, for a few pence. In a day or two the man returns, with red eyes, shaky hand, and crusty temper, to create still more rapidly another accumulation of bilious weariness, which he dissipates, with lessening resistance, by the same miserable means. Air! we want more air. Play! we want more wholesome play. If we would but get out into the Park, thereby involving a better dress, and a refreshing contact, however slight, with other society and scenes, we should hope to disturb the creeping palsy of domestic stagnation, which too often results in periods of monotonous toil, relieved by slovenly idleness and drink. The worthy gentlemen, ruddy and pious, who sent up petitions against the Sunday bands from the country, would, I am sure, relax much of their indignation at the offence if they knew how hopelessly some of us get mired in depressing drudgery, and how thankful we are to be tempted out of our close courts by some attraction which those who have green fields around and blue sky above them do not need.

The local remedy we, and thousands of others in our predicament, most need, is better streets and houses. Efforts have been made from time to time to draw such public and parochial attention to our own case, which may be taken as a sample of others, that I will mention our particular necessities, and in so doing help to serve the battery which is working against all such social arrangements as do mischief to the working class. I use names, for any one who lives in London and reads this may go and see for himself some of the

truth of what I say, and those at a distance who may take any interest in a local matter which has a general interest for society, will follow and understand me better than if I were to put an imaginary case before them.

The population of St. James’s, Westminster, is 35,324, of which about one-third is lodged in about one-eighth of the space occupied by the whole parish. My own district lies in the most crowded part of this crowded portion, and is said by authorities learned in statistics to be, by comparison with other localities, the *most populous* district of its size in London. All the houses in it, with the exception of those which have been already adapted to the requirements of the residents, were built for one household alone; but, having been deserted by the class for which they were designed, are now crowded to their chimneys by the families of working people. The rents are high, the buildings old, and the accommodation, in the majority of cases, scanty and indecent. In the thick of the most crowded parts, moreover, there is an additional evil, in a number of blind, or half blind, courts and streets, which dam up all those influences which are opposed to wholesome commerce and traffic. There are spots where thieves and other persons beneath the more fashionable profligates of the parish assemble. They do not live there, but meet, and more or less degrade the residents. A network of courts, too, is mischievous on sanitary as well as on social grounds. It shuts out fresh air as well as the corrective public eye, and tends to injure the health of the residents as well as to provide a rendezvous to bad characters.

Any one can see that this, with all its vested interests, and, in many cases, hopeless indifference of the sufferers themselves, two or three of whom have, I fear, at last grown to like it, is a heavy dragon to fight. But fought it has been, and will be till it is slain. Some time ago a long and toilsome protest on my part drew such attention of influential residents in St. James’s to this cancer in their parish that a proposal was made in the Vestry to cut the cancer right through



the middle by connecting two streets—Rupert Street and Berwick Street—which run in the same line, the expense being borne by a three-halfpenny rate, and the result being shown, by those who were able to calculate it, to promise eventually a gain to the parish in poor and police rates. All looked promising for a time. I brought leading parishioners to see and smell for themselves. An important representative deputation, with Lord Stanley as spokesman, addressed the Vestry. All agreed that the formation of a new street by connecting the two I have mentioned, and lining the new part with houses well adapted to the working classes, would be a “boon” to the parish ; but the three-halfpenny rate stuck in the throats of some of the smaller householders who had votes in the vestry. The larger ratepayers were willing to bear their share, but some whose share would have been 6s. 2d. looked blue and important. The levels, however, were taken, the cost calculated, and the plans made by an architect. The toil of years came to a crisis in a crowded Vestry. I, having no vote, was advised by several of the leading parochial authorities to do no more. The matter was out of my hands. It was a fair fight. I could do no more ; so I went to a friend’s house, five miles out of town, for a day’s rest, desiring the result to be telegraphed to me. It came—I walked out to meet it—in the hands of a little sauntering boy. The improvement was lost by three votes. Dirt, the great dragon, and six-and-twopence had won that round. The work is still to be done. Then—and I mention this because it bears on one of the most pressing questions of the day—there was a proposal for an underground railway, with a street (in this part of its course at least), above it, to be carried right through the parochial cancer which the Vestry declined to cure. Fresh interviews, letters, statistics, looking at the place, talking about it, plans, levels, appointments. The old story ; now so familiar to me, that I think if I were dead and galvanized, I should sit up and repeat it straight through. The look

of the new street on rolls of paper is to me a picture of Paradise. I see it as I walk down Berwick Street. Lovely ugly houses in flats, five or six stories high, with shops on the ground floor, and entresol above for the shopkeeper to live there if he likes. A common door, with large, well-lit staircase opening into sets of two, three, or four rooms, suitable to the wants of the artisan. A wholesome draught of traffic, unpleasant to the idlers at the public-house corners, in short hair, and jackets with thieves’ pockets in them, who romp occasionally—in coarse, rough gallantry—with bare-headed girls, thus providing an out-of-door school of foul morals to the children of decent working-people. The neighbours complain of these Bohemians bitterly. Poor creatures, one’s heart bleeds for them, they—the girls especially—are so defiant of decency. It is a common sight enough. All honour to any man, be he who he may, who can break through the reserve of their close society, and set up a wholesomer action within it. These gentry, who are civil enough to my colleagues and myself, and take in kindness any poor efforts we make to improve them, are ill-disposed towards the police, whose heads they occasionally break with brickbats ; and you have only to ask the constable on duty at the bottom of Berwick Street what he thinks of the place, and he will give a character to the neighbourhood which the hard-working residents would resent, since the conspicuous offenders are felt to be a scandal to the genuine artisan, whose business compels him to live near the spot. Indeed, they are attracted by some tumble-down houses close by, where some of them live ; since they have there the certainty of cheap rents and the possibility of being able to run away without any payment for their lodging at all. But the destruction of any such houses as they live in would be an unmixed good. They are mostly bricklayers’ labourers, whose work moves about everywhere over London, and who would be much healthier if compelled to move to the cheaper tenements in the suburbs. A railway through our district

would provide lodgings for the characteristic working classes of the parish, some of whom, who would be decent in decent streets, sink below their proper level under the influence of degrading circumstances. Any change which improves the look or value of a place by driving away the poor who ought to belong to it is cruel, however it may diminish local expenses. But in this case, and many others, mechanics who work and would live in the parish are excluded by the present state of some of the dwellings, or, if not that, by the state of the streets in which the dwellings are situated. And I am strongly inclined to think that this is true where any nest of foul, close houses is found. Under no circumstances are they fit for human habitation. They breed disease and death, and avenge their existence on those who suffer them to stand, as well as injure such as dwell around and within them. A rotten dirty house is like a piece of carrion. Let it alone, and it not only produces a swarm of its characteristic tenants, but stinks in the nostrils of all who live about it. A rookery, as it is unjustly called—for rooks will never build on a rotten tree, and are conspicuous for their love of ventilation and strict observance of social laws—is by no means a necessary item in the fabric of a city. It is always a sign that a certain portion ought to be cut out, like a fly-blown spot in a carcase.

A few words more about some phases of the working-class character which perplex many who wish them well. Their non-attendance at public worship is conspicuous. Here and there an eloquent preacher after their own heart draws them to church or chapel, but they have little care for such ordinary instruction and services as will always be found in the large majority of parishes. Striking vernacular sermons are rare. An attractive ritual has often to contend against the suspicion of Romanism. It is true that it may accompany liberal teaching, and a sincere dislike of Popery under any form, whether semi-Romish exaltation of the sacerdotal system, or individual Protestant dogmatism ; but the mass of

the people are slow to distinguish between a ceremonial which appeals to the common-sense desire for a bright, lawful service, and that which clothes an attempt to reproduce mediæval sentiments, or to imitate the religious customs of the Continent. Still, the paraphernalia of Foresters, Druids, Odd Fellows, &c. &c. with their processions, banners, and gaudy pomp, show that the working classes are not radically averse to festive symbolical display. This makes me think that if we could get rid of the severe simplicity, or, as it might in some cases be called, sour repulsiveness, with which public worship is often conducted, especially in town, we should remove one obstacle to the attendance of the working classes at church. They want something attractive, especially in neighbourhoods where their circumstances are depressing. But such a style of services would answer only where the people had the free use of the church. Hired and appropriated pews will ever hinder the “ masses ” from frequenting a building which is thus monopolized. Isolated attempts to break the ice of public worship will be only partially successful. The habit of non-attendance has been so long confirmed, that we could expect a marked result only when a large number of churches had been long freely opened, and served with heartiness and brilliancy. My own experience goes to show that a free church, with bright, musical services, is best adapted for the “ people.” With us, in the morning very few of the working classes are present ; and in the evening, during summer, many who attend at other times go out for a walk ; but in the winter evenings we have a very fairly characteristic congregation of those who live in our neighbourhood.

The large number of pence collected at our weekly offertories is a sign of the appreciation of these services by the working people. Since our church has been free, the voluntary contributions, mostly in small coin, of the worshippers, to the expense of maintaining public worship, amounts to thrice the sum received from pew-rents under the old system, and the preponderance of young



people in the evenings is very remarkable. This looks as if, at least, some little promising action were set up. I mention the matter because such a change is within the reach of any parson. He need not be a popular preacher, but he may depend upon finding boys in his national school, and members of his congregation, who will gladly form a choir, to lead the singing of the people. Thus he draws them to church, not to hear a man deliver himself of a sermon, but to take part in the services. Such a change in the mode of conducting public worship as I refer to is possible anywhere, but most especially in large towns, and it has no necessary connexion whatever with any party in the Church. The growing love for and skill in music which is so remarkable among the working classes in these days, added to their inevitable appreciation of a free church, where no exclusive pews suggest unpleasant comparisons between the respect shown to rich and poor in the house of God, will I am sure, at least in the towns and cities of England, result in a remarkable change in the present usual mode of conducting public worship, and remove one great obstacle from the attendance of working people at church.

It is true that these are but external matters. Many intelligent artisans are, I fear, repelled by what they believe to be the proselytizing, illiberal spirit of the clergy. I do not say that I think they are right in their prejudice. They would find the great body of the clergy far different to what they imagine them to be. But they stand aloof, rendered suspicious of a whole class of men, whom they judge by the conspicuous patronizing and condemnatory voices of a few. Working men must be addressed as men, not lectured as children, or scolded as malignants. They sometimes read in the papers of their society being stigmatized as heathen and godless, and decline submitting themselves to teachers who seem to belong to a set which produces these provokingly-piteous censures.

One is reminded of the story of Lord P——, who, when an officious wine-merchant sent him a sample of claret, high he said was good for the gout,

replied that "he was much obliged, but he preferred the gout." The sour meaning which some working men attach to the sweet exhortations aimed at them through the ecclesiastical press, determines them to decline the remedy offered, with no noisy, repellant bluster, but simply by keeping away from church. They *will* identify the worship of God with the preaching of man, and as they believe that preaching to be mainly condemnatory or professional, they spend the Sunday after their own fashion, in irreligious independence.

Space will not permit me to enter into the great question of the education of the working classes, whether of their children in elementary schools, or of adults in such institutions as combine instruction with amusement. I am inclined, however, to think that "Working Men's Clubs," as they are now supported, must have the element of the school rather than of the club. They are in a great measure educational, not so much in a direct as in an indirect manner. They are none of them, or at least none that I have heard of, clubs proper. They invite pecuniary assistance from the upper classes, and so associate themselves with those philanthropical institutions that contemplate the "elevation of the masses." I should rejoice to see clubs set up and supported by working men themselves; clubs which provided for social recreation, and delivered their members from the tempting atmosphere of the public-house. Their principle, too, should be exclusive; members should be balloted, not touted for. A club into which men are urged to enter for the sake of their own moral benefit is not a "club," as the word is generally understood. It is essentially educational; and, if we will detach its usual meaning from the name it goes by, is evidently calculated to do much good. Many supporters of these "working men's clubs" as they are called, see, however, great difficulties in the way of their success in London. There is less fellow-feeling among working men here than in provincial towns. In the metropolis they are like an heap of sand which is blown about by the gusts of business, or massed

in trades. There is little parochial or residential *esprit de corps*, and yet a club, to be of use, must be within easy reach of all its members. If, however, you were to take the tenants of a dozen contiguous houses of the working classes in the thick of London, you would probably find that, like their richer neighbours, they were as much strangers to each other as if they lived miles apart, and moreover that most had their own special lodges, brotherhood, and houses of call to which they belonged, which absorbed their spare money, and attached

them to various if not antagonistic interests. It is found difficult to set up a common action among these adjacent but independent atoms, much more to give them so great an interest in one thing as the members of a club must have, if it is to succeed at all. The experiment, however, is being made in various parts of London, and we shall see whether the fears of several of the friends of the working classes are confirmed by its failure. The attempt certainly deserves to be made.

## ON THE SOCIAL AND LOCAL DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN ENGLAND DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROFESSOR J. E. THOROLD ROGERS.

It is obvious that these two subjects may be combined into widely different sets of economical facts. Wealth may be greatly divided—in other words, the general condition of a community may be prosperous—and yet the area over which wealth is possessed may be bounded by districts which are scantily occupied, and therefore scantily productive; and, on the other hand, a country may be fully occupied, but wealth may be accumulated in few hands, the mass of the community may be poor and wretched, and, unless the real condition of the people be estimated, the semblance of prosperity may be a mere delusion. Again, the whole capacities of any country may be fully understood, and its whole area economically worked, and wealth may be generally distributed; or, on the contrary, it is possible to find instances where the country is scantily or insufficiently worked, where such wealth as is possessed is held by few persons, and where, by the conjoint causes of great riches enjoyed by some and great poverty endured by others, the economical progress of the nation is grievously crippled. The first of these social conditions may be represented by the United States and the Anglo-Saxon colonies; the second by Ireland and the

greater part of the Indian peninsula; the third by the New England States and Western Lombardy; the fourth by Russia and Central Germany. Our own country presents a singular anomaly. All its laws favour accumulation, and protect the accumulations when made. Were it not for the extraordinary circumstances which develop and continue new industries, it cannot be doubted that the policy of our law would be absolutely destructive to economical progress. In this country we have at once the phenomena of gigantic wealth possessed by a few individuals, the perpetual creation of fortunes from successful mercantile pursuits, and a peasantry more sordid and hopeless than can perhaps be found in any other part of the civilized world—a peasantry which holds the plough, and hardly holds an inch of the soil.

Historians, following the statements to be found in the earliest law books, have concluded of the fourteenth century, that England contained a few great and wealthy lords, temporal and spiritual, an indeterminate but probably scanty body of freeholders, and a mass of serfs, possessing, in respect of their feudal superiors, neither property nor rights. The towns, it is admitted, were occupied by freemen,



and engaged, under bye-laws and municipal regulations, in the production or sale of various commodities of home and foreign make. The most cherished and valued privileges of these towns were, government by local magistrates, generally elected by the citizens, and absolute freedom from feudal dependence on any superior besides the king. The upland or outlandish folk, therefore, were almost universally in a state of bondage; the townspeople were free, and capable of conferring freedom on all whom they chose to welcome and protect within their walls. It is acknowledged that the process by which the serfs continued to emancipate themselves is imperceptible, and that the change from absolute dependence and complete deprivation of civil and personal rights to the secure position of the copyholder was certain, but very gradual, because wholly insensible. And it is concluded that the grievances of their condition provoked the serfs to their outbreak in 1381, and that the insurrection of Tyler and his associates was identical in character with the uprising of the French Jacquerie in 1358. Many, however, of their views are unwarranted by facts.

Owing to the low rate of production from the soil—rarely exceeding, on an average, four times the seed sown—population was necessarily scanty; and most persons were, for certain times of the year, engaged in agricultural pursuits. During the harvest months, the townsfolk poured out into the country to aid in gathering the crops. When, as a result of the rise in wages consequent on the losses inflicted by the great plague of 1348, the Legislature strove to fix the price of labour by enactments, levying considerable fines on those who gave or received more than specified rates, and with much greater effect enacted a rigorous law of settlement; permission was given that the inhabitants of certain northern countries should travel as they had hitherto been wont in quest of harvest work. It is said that the duration of the long vacation of the universities and law courts, extending from the beginning

of July to the morrow of St. Dennis's Day, *i.e.* October 10th, was expressly intended to cover the time in which harvest operations might be completed, and so to liberate all persons from other avocations in order for the performance of this necessary labour.

It would be an error to imagine that the size of a mediæval town, as measured by the surface contained within its walls, is any sure indication of the population which it comprised. It is true that our forefathers had no very exalted notions of what we should call domestic comfort, and that the huddling together of many persons in the same room, which is now recognised as the great hindrance to sanitary improvement, was general in the Middle Ages. Wykeham, whose college was in all its particulars a more magnificent and commodious structure than any academical building which preceded it, put his warden, seventy fellows and scholars, ten chaplains, and the various servants maintained by the college into what now forms the first quadrangle, with, however, one storey less than the present building contains. But, on the other hand, gardens were attached to most town houses, even in the city of London, where space was less plentiful. New College has possessed from its foundation certain tenements in Aldgate; and I have often seen in accounts of this college note taken of the purchase of old casks to form palings for the gardens annexed to these houses. So the site of New College itself was a void space within the walls, which the founder purchased of the city.

A small number of wealthy persons, the great barons, prelates, and abbots, formed the highest classes of the fourteenth century. These personages possessed large revenues, derived in some degree from the profits of land farmed by their bailiffs, but much more from the fines, quit-rents, and compositions levied on their tenants, from tolls of fairs, markets, and ferries, and from numerous other small sources of income, issuing for the most part from manorial rights. These resources of the feudal baron—seldom, except he were a Church-

man, adequate to his necessities—were expended in some few foreign luxuries, in ostentatious attendance, in military display, and occasionally in public charity.

Trivial as the items seem which made up the income of the lord, they formed a considerable sum when the recipient was the owner of many manors; and, as the value of money varied in no perceptible degree up to the beginning of the sixteenth century, these fixed payments were the most important source of revenue possessed by the feudal baron. Mr. Hallam, indeed, has expressed an opinion that the spirit of chivalry, cultivated by the habits of the English nobility, would have disdained such pitiful sources of income as the contributions of their inferior tenants; and he infers that the gradual emancipation of the villains was due to the scorn which the lords would have felt at appropriating the poor accumulations of the lower classes. I cannot but think that Mr. Hallam has exaggerated the generosity of the chivalric spirit, and that his standard is wholly ideal. At any rate, I have never seen in any of the accounts which I have investigated—and they are derived from the estates of many great barons of the fourteenth century—the smallest negligence in exacting the most trivial sums which might be due from their dependents.

A manor in the fourteenth century was generally divided into three portions. The lord held one, with the capital mansion of the estate; the second was divided out among the tenants, free and serf; and the third was the common pasture-ground of the inhabitants. Such an arrangement, in the total absence of roots and artificial grasses, was absolutely necessary for the subsistence of the cattle kept on the manor. It did not, indeed, follow that the pasture was always a separate portion of the estate. It was frequently the case that strips of arable were intermixed with pasture, that the ridges were sown, and a broad space between left for grass, and that the whole field was possessed in different shares by many occupiers.

The lord, as I have observed, cul-

tivated his estate by a bailiff, who gave in an annual account of receipts and expenses. He collected for the most part the quit-rents and fines, the customary payments from the villains, and the dues of the manor court. In the roll of the court, all residents were registered before they reached adolescence, and were called on to serve in the various offices of the manor—as jury-men for instance, and ale-tasters. In accordance with the view of frank-pledge, the free tenant was perpetually open to supervision in reference to the conduct of his guests and dependents; he was liable to fine for breaches of police regulations, and was constantly bound to be answerable for the due discharge of amercements levied on any unruly or slanderous members of his household. It may be doubted whether, up to very late times, at least, any local regulations have been—the differences of information on sanitary and similar questions considered and accounted for—more energetic and effective than were those in the ancient manor court. It is certain that the precautions taken to prevent fraudulent adulteration and dishonest weights, and to secure general order, were exceedingly practical under this obsolete machinery.

I have before me the rentals of two parishes in Oxfordshire and Bucks, Cuxham and Ibstone—the area of the former being at the present time 487, of the latter 1,112, statute acres. But the parochial and manorial limits are not identical, the latter being wider than the former. The date of the rolls is 1299, but they have been corrected in the margin for a century and a half later.

At Cuxham there are four free tenants: two hold a fourth of a knight's fee, both situate in Chalgrove, and worth, according to the valuation of a knight's fee, 5*l.* a year. One holds 3½ acres with a house in frank-marriage, and 9 acres with another house. The rector of the parish holds a small piece. The prior of Holy Trinity, in Wallingford, has a mill, a house, and six acres in free alms; and another person holds a cottage on condition of keeping two lights



in the church. Another mill is held by a tenant at will. Besides the freeholders, there are thirteen villains or *nativi*, each of whom holds at least a house with half a virgate of land, and some more. A virgate is variously computed from 25 to 40 acres. The services payable annually for this portion of land amount, on the larger estimate, to something less than sixpence an acre, when reckoned in money value. Besides these villains, there are 8 *coterells* or cottagers, four of whom are women, and probably widows.

At Ibstone there are eight freeholders holding half a virgate and more, and twelve others holding smaller parcels. There are also four villains, each tenant of more than half a virgate, and four *coterells*.

I have adverted to the facts contained in these records, at the risk of being tedious, because, being illustrative of the custom which generally ruled in thousands of other manors, they indicate that the land was, on the whole, largely subdivided. The owner of twenty acres of land in these parishes (where the soil was better than the average), might, in addition to his right of common pasture, reckon on reaping, in ordinary years, about twenty quarters of different kinds of grain, if, indeed, the smaller husbandry was not more productive than the larger. Of these, perhaps, two quarters represent the permanent liabilities of his tenure, his quitrent, and his payments to the manor court. The labour needful for cultivating his small estate was that of his own household; and we cannot doubt that, as is always the case with the peasant proprietor, his toil and care were unremitting. He contributed to the wages of the knights of the shire; and he must have watched with much eagerness those perpetual remonstrances against arbitrary taxation and purveyance which formed the burden of most of the complaints of Parliament in the fourteenth century. He won with his bow and axe the great battles over the French chivalry, and spread the reputation of English steadiness and courage through the length and breadth of Europe. And when, in the course of

time, events put the means of extending his holding into his hands, and, in addition to his patrimony, he rented, and ultimately bought up, much of the land which had formed the estate of the wealthier franklins and barons, he became the rich yeoman of the fifteenth century, whose prosperity is lauded so highly by Fortescue and Fuller.

Again, it would be a great error to conceive that the condition of the serf was one of hopeless bondage—of complete annexation to the limits of a manor—to which, if he quitted it, he could be recalled by force; on which, while he resided, he had neither property nor civil rights. I do not pretend to say that servitude, in the sense given to it in the law books, did not exist under some of the Plantagenet or Angevine kings; but in the time for which we have contemporaneous testimony it is virtually extinct, and the tenancy in villenage is characterized by the incidents of labour rents, and the contingency of certain special disabilities. The villain of the fourteenth century was liable to fixed service only—such service being invariably compensated by the possession of land; and the service was as universally commutable for a low money payment. It was natural, indeed, that the lord, when the service was fixed, should accede to such a payment in lieu of actual service. Labour payments are never very heartily rendered, and money was always acceptable in the Middle Ages; the more so, because so much significance was given to treasure.

I have been at the pains to calculate the average money value of the labour rents levied on the Cuxham and Ibstone tenants. Taking the half virgate at twenty acres, the quantity to which I incline, the highest value which can be annexed to the service of the villain amounts to little more than sixpence an acre, in money of the time, on his land. Now, though this is a high rent, even for land the rate of production on which was so considerable, relatively speaking, as at Cuxham, yet it represents a state far removed from the condition of bondage

which the law-books state, and Mr. Hallam accepts. Furthermore, the villain was secure in his holding, and transmits his land by descent, and even devises it by will. If, indeed, he commits a feudal offence against his lord, he is liable to ejection; but never, I am sure, by any other process than the presentment of the homage—that is, the freeholders who might sit in judgment on all offences. We know, too, that from the earliest times he was protected from injury on the part of his lord, and that the female villain had her remedy against insult, even when it was merely threatened.

The villain laboured under a few social disadvantages. His daughter could not be given in marriage without the payment of a fine to the lord; and in some cases, it appears, the male villain was equally restricted. But this did not differ, except in degree, from the position of the ward in chivalry; whose liberty, in what seems to us so eminently personal a matter as marriage, was equally restricted. So, again, the villain was debarred from alienating his land except on payment of a fine. One of the Cuxham tenants alienates his half virgate and house, and the incoming occupier pays two marks for the privilege of possession. Such a payment does not indicate that the villain was destitute of property as against his lord.

Another disability was the prohibition laid on villains against educating their sons, or getting them ordained. In the Middle Ages, the small farmer strove to get one of his sons into the Church—partly because it secured a provision, partly because it did credit to his family—just in the same way as the Irish farmer does, as the Scotch farmer did, perhaps does still, and as was done by the Bishops Fox and Latimer. Such persons formed the numbers, probably greatly exaggerated, who frequented the university of Oxford in the time immediately before the great plague of 1348. The Church, which in the Middle Ages formed the refuge for the oppressed, and was the surest method for the social exaltation of piety, activity, and learning, presented peculiar attractions to the

peasantry, as it does, even without these accidental advantages, when it gives influence and comparative rank.

The influx of villains into the Church is the object of one of the constitutions of Clarendon, though even here the lord might permit the ordination. And this was the practice. The villain was fined for sending his son to school, and for the grant of a licence for orders. The sum paid was never large, and denotes probably little more than a recognition of the lord's authority. After the revolt of Tyler, the knights of the shire, who seemed to have acted on this occasion apart from the burgesses, petitioned the king, that the sons of villains should be henceforth disabled from taking orders. But Richard, or rather his councillors, negatived the petition.

The villain, as I have said, always held land, though he was bound to the soil, and could not depart without licence. But he is always able to procure the licence by a small annual payment, called *chivage*, or by a round sum, seldom of more than a trifling amount. These more enterprising villains migrated to the borough towns. It is said that the city of London would never admit a villain among its citizens; and Palgrave quotes a custom to that effect from the "*Liber Albus*." It is certain that the rule was very indifferently kept, for we know of aldermen who had no better origin. Nor was low birth fatal to success in other secular pursuits. Sir Robert Sale, who had been appointed captain of Norwich, the richest city after London, at the time of the insurrection of Tyler, was a villain born. We read that the insurgents parleyed with him, and asked him to become their leader, alleging that, as his origin was as low as theirs, he should be naturally of their party. The reasoning, it is true, failed of its object, and Sale perished in his duty. Indeed, in an age of partisans, free companions, *condottieri*, it was not likely that curious inquiry would be made into the antecedents of vigorous, capable, and active soldiers.

We know but little of the condition of the townspeople. But an assessment



levied in the year 1301 on the inhabitants of Colchester, an important town at the time, gives us a little insight into the occupation of its inhabitants. The number of persons assessed is 391, including the inhabitants of four hamlets in the immediate vicinity. The reckoning is probably exhaustive; and, taking five persons to a family, the population of this town and its neighbouring villages was probably about 2,000. The total assessment of the chattels possessed by the inhabitants is 518*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.*, and the fifteenth, 34*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.*; that is, 1*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* of property, and 1*s.* 9*d.* of tax.<sup>1</sup>

Colchester evidently possessed two local manufactures of some importance—tanning, namely, and shoemaking. The rest of the traders, in so far as they are specified, are just what one might expect to furnish the occupations of a small town. Eighty-nine heads of families have no distinct occupation, and were probably the employés of the various traders and manufacturers, and lived on wages. I may observe, in anticipation, that the eastern towns were far more prosperous than the western—none of which, except Bristol, were of any particular importance. Colchester had at this time a considerable foreign trade with France and the Netherlands.

The inferences, then, which an examination of the social state of England during the fourteenth century enable us to gather, as to the distribution of wealth among the inhabitants, are as follows:—There was, as has been said, a small body of wealthy barons and prelates. Below these is a class of landed proprietors, who held one or more manors, whose land amounted in the aggregate, perhaps, to one-third of the various estates known by this name—one-third being occupied by the king and peers, the other third by ecclesiastical corporations. Then come the freeholders and burgesses—the tenancy of the former being such as to supply its possessors with an income from agricultural pursuits of about five pounds

a year in money of the time; the latter carrying on trade and manufacture in the neighbouring towns, and occasionally assisting in the harvest work of the country. Next are the tenants in villenage, the average area of whose estate was, as a rule, equal to that of the freeholders, but whose holdings were liable to larger fines, and burdened with greater services. And, lastly, there were a few cottagers—the class who performed the hired service of the parish, as ploughmen, carters, cowherds, shepherds, and the like, whose money wages varied from six-and-eightpence a year to two shillings, and who received an allowance of wheat, at the rate of a quarter every eight or ten weeks, along with certain occasional gifts at harvest-time and Christmas, and the same common right of pasture with the other tenants of the manor. This income, it must be remembered, is that of the head of the family. The women and children also worked at day-wages and frequently earned considerable sums on special occasions. After the great plague, it is rare to see any entry of women's work—a sure sign that the condition of the labourer had materially improved.

It is always difficult to compare states of society at widely distant periods, with the purpose of determining the comparative prosperity of any particular class at these different epochs. This arises from the shifting nature of any standard of comfort. "These English peasants," said the envoys of Philip the Second of Spain, "live like hogs, but they fare as well as the king." The peasantry of the Middle Ages in England dwelt in small huts, built of wattles and mud, which generally contained but one room, and were unpaved, unglazed, and unclean. Their clothing was coarse and costly. Linen, to judge from the washing bills of Merton College, was an article of occasional luxury even among the better classes. Meat was cheap, but half the year the people lived on salted mutton and beef as well as on bacon. Vegetables were almost unknown, and hence scurvy and leprosy were endemic. When the great plague came, it found ample occasion for its ravages, and the

<sup>1</sup> Multiplied by 12, the average value of each householder's rateable property was 15*l.* 18*s.*, his tax 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* See Rot. Parl. ii. 201.

people perished by thousands. But, on the other hand, the mass of the people were well-to-do peasant proprietors, cultivating their own land, and obtaining, except on the rare occasions of absolute famine, abundance for their maintenance. An annual produce worth five pounds a year in money of that time would represent, in an estimate of the first necessities of life, at least sixty pounds in modern value. And, when the outgoings of these estates are calculated, the annual produce suggested is by no means an excessive estimate.

Let me attempt to reckon the actual value of a well-paid farm-servant's wages, with those of his family, in the first half of the fourteenth century. He received, in kind, say six and a half quarters of wheat the year. The average value of wheat during the fourteenth century was 5s. 10½d. This payment amounts, then, to about 38s. 8d. His money wages were, say 6s. 8d. His allowances during the harvest months were not worth less than five shillings. If his wife worked for 120 days in the year at a penny a day, it would add another ten shillings; and, if his boy were also engaged at a halfpenny (and these were the customary wages of women and boys), it would add five shillings more. If we multiply this aggregate, that is 3l. 5s. 4d. by 12, the wages of a hired farm-servant, conjointly with those of two members of his family, would have amounted in modern money to 39l. 4s., that is, to nearly 15s. a week—a rate far higher than the average wages of the modern agricultural labourer. And we must not forget that this calculation does not include his commonable rights, and that he held his cottage and curtilage at a rent of about 3s. a year—that is, again, in modern money, at about 9d. a week. Nor does it seem that the labourer ran any risk of not finding employment. Wherever peasant-proprietorship is the rule of tenancies, the wages of labour are comparatively high, because hired labourers are scarce. This is known to be the case in France and Lombardy. In our own country, the highest rate prevails in Cumberland, where the small

proprietor, called the statesman, is not yet extinct. And, though there are many conveniences which modern commerce and manufactures have supplied to the English peasant, it cannot, I fear, be doubted, that, estimated by the money value of his wages, his condition is far inferior in the command over the necessities of life to that of his ancestor in the fourteenth century.

There is, I believe, one source from which we may calculate the local distribution of wealth in England during the fourteenth century—that is to say, from records of subsidies or taxes. When a parliamentary grant was made in those times, assessors, sworn to execute their office favourably, were deputed to make a valuation of all personal property possessed by the parties liable to the tax—for an income-tax, in our modern sense, was unknown. The assessors entered all the goods of each taxpayer in a schedule, enumerating his household furniture, his plate, his money, his clothing, and even his farm stock and corn. Farm implements were not, it seems, valued.

Save in the case of a few articles, such as corn and money, the assessment was generally taken on a low estimate, so that the money-values given must not be conceived to denote real prices. It is an incident by the way in these taxations, that the assessors took bribes freely to undervalue the goods of the contributors, and entries are frequently found in farm accounts of gifts made to taxors in order to induce a favourable estimate. Indeed, one of the greatest grievances in the assessment of subsidies was the opportunity given for oppression, and the free use taken of any such opportunity.

None of these tax returns are perfect. It is possible that an exact and laborious study of the Pipe rolls—that is, the annual account rendered to the exchequer for the king's use—might ultimately supply the materials for a general estimate of population and public wealth, and also, in a rough way, enable us to discover the alternate rise and decline of prosperity in some towns. But the labour would be prodigious.



There does exist, however, one document, printed in the rolls of Parliament, which gives, with two exceptions, indirect information as to the total wealth of each English shire. The two counties palatine, Durham and Chester, are omitted; for each was under a particular jurisdiction, was not reckoned in any general scheme of taxation or contribution, and was therefore not represented in Parliament.

In the year 1341, the Commons granted a subsidy of 30,000 sacks of wool, to be assessed, according to their several fiscal capacities, on all the counties and towns which the Lower House represented. The tax, expressed in that raw material—for which this country had, it seems, almost the monopoly of produce—was intended to be, and actually was, paid in money; the value of the sack of wool in this year being, on an average, 4*l.* in coin of the time—that is, about 2½*d.* a pound, or, taking my former multiplier, about 2*s.* 7½*d.* in modern money; a price low in fact, but even exceeding by comparison the great rise in the price of this material which has been lately induced by the cotton dearth.

The wool grown in England at this time was coarse and full of hairs. Specimens of cloth wove from it may still be seen in the lining of Wykeham's mitre case, preserved in the muniment room of New College. The growth of fine wools is matter of climate, and Spain and Saxony were then just as fit for the better sorts as they are now. But the king's peace was kept as well as proclaimed in England, and the administration of justice was, all things considered, certain and prompt, whereas there were little order and justice in Germany or France or Spain in the fourteenth century. It must be remembered that a sheep is very defenceless and very eatable. I am strongly of opinion that the fact of England having a monopoly of wool in the Middle Ages is closely connected with its habits of comparative social equality. It is said that the modern test of economical civilization is the quantity of sulphuric acid annually consumed by any community:

in the Middle Ages the gauge was the possibility of herding and keeping sheep.

The occasion on which this tax was levied was the commencement of the long claim to the French crown, and the assumption of a title which formed part of the English style for more than 450 years. It was twice almost successfully asserted, after Poitiers and Agincourt. The tide was twice successfully turned back—first, after the Spanish expedition; next, after the marriage of Bedford with Jacqueline of Luxembourg, and the defection of the Duke of Burgundy. The project occupied the best years of Edward the Third's manhood, and the reverses consequent on the rupture of the peace of Bretigni clouded his old age. The miserable inheritance of a French war saddled the administration of Richard, and undermined the throne of Henry the Sixth.

The fruit of Edward's claim was a strife between two nations which lasted nearly 500 years, which estranged near neighbours and natural friends, and has been the fruitful source of misery to mankind. There is hardly any considerable country on the face of the earth in which hostile armies have not met in order to renew the great contest which began at the time before me, and has been continued with but few interruptions ever since.

It was almost in a spirit of prophecy that the king, on summoning the Parliament and Convocation by letters, dated August 21, 1338, announced to the Archbishop that he was about to encounter a *profluvium expensarum*. The inheritance of the worthless Isabella, the wife of Edward the Second; a century later the intrigues of another still more infamous Isabella, the wife of Charles the Sixth—were the earliest sources of that protracted hostility which will, though we may believe it to be now quieted by fifty years of peace, have crippled the inhabitants of both countries with the burden of an enormous debt, and will cripple them for centuries to come.

Now, if we take the table given in the original, and divide the present area of

the several counties in statute acres by the amount of the contribution assessed on it, we shall find that nearly the wholewealth of England lay in the south, south-eastern, and south-midland counties—the western, north-midland, and north-western counties being relatively very poor. Excluding Middlesex, whose contribution with London is much the heaviest—that is,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times more than any other county—and without London, which, indeed, is separately assessed, and is rated at exactly the same proportion as Oxford—the order of wealth, as estimated by acreage, is Norfolk, Oxfordshire, Beds, Kent, Berks, Rutland, Hunts, Cambridge, Suffolk, each of which contributes a sack to less than a 1,000 acres; and the first-named 1 in 610, the second 1 in 760. Wilts, Northampton, Herts, Gloucester, including Bristol, (which is separately assessed), Surrey, Bucks, Sussex, Dorset, Warwick, Lincoln, contribute a sack to less than 1,500 acres. Leicester and the East Riding, Southampton, Notts, Somerset, a sack to less than 2,000. Derby, Worcester, Stafford, Northumberland, to less than 3,000. Westmorland, Devon, Shropshire, Cornwall, Hereford, to less than 4,000. Lancashire and the North Riding, 1 in more than 4,000. The West Riding, to 1 in more than 5,000 acres. Middlesex contributes nearly 21 times as much, area for area, as the West Riding— $19\frac{1}{2}$  times as much as Lancashire. Again, Norfolk pays nearly  $8\frac{1}{2}$  times as much as the former, nearly 8 times as much as the latter. Oxfordshire is 7 times as rich as the one, and nearly 7 times as rich as the other.

The great wealth of Norfolk, and of some other eastern counties, was due to the woollen manufactures, to the trade with the Continent, and to the immigration of the Flemings. These men, alternately caressed and persecuted, invited to settle and exiled, flocked to the eastern counties and the southern ports, especially to the town of Southampton. Fleming is still a common name in the last-named place; and, as I find from a rental of God's House in Southampton, these foreigners were numerous in the town as early as the reign of Richard I.

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I have assumed that the ancient and modern limits of these counties are identical. In fact, however, such an hypothesis is liable to considerable corrections.

Even if the inland boundaries are unchanged, great differences have been made in the areas of the sea-coast counties by the dereliction and encroachment of the sea. Norfolk has gained largely by the former. Kent and Sussex have suffered much by the latter.

For instance, in the thirteenth century, and probably in the fourteenth also, Norwich was situated on an estuary of the sea. Beccles, a town on the borders of the county, is possessed of considerable corporate estates, the origin of which is ascribed to the fact that King John gave the town a meadow, which at that time stretched from the hill on which the church was built to the sea. The German ocean is now between eight and nine miles from the town. The accretion on the eastern coast of Norfolk must have been very great.

On the other hand, the isles of Thanet and Sheppey, the cliffs of Reculver and Dover, have been abraded. The low level coast which reaches from the Downs to the Channel, from Beachy Head to Selsey Bill, has been incessantly wasted, especially between Littlehampton and the shingle bank just named. In one night 400 acres were said to have been lost at Pagham. Old men living near Bognor remembered to have played and laboured in fields now far beyond low-water mark. The old town of Brighton stood on a spot which is now occupied by the extremity of the chain pier. I mention these facts because they show that, relatively to its magnitude, Norfolk was even wealthier in the fourteenth century than the present area of the county would suggest in its comparison with others. Its ports, Yarmouth, Lynn or Lenn, and Blakeney, were considerable for their foreign trade, and habitually held direct communication with the low counties, with the Hanseatic towns, and with the western coast of Norway.

According to the return given of the assessment of the income-tax under Sche-



dule A—that, namely, of land and houses—the average rental of all the English counties, except Durham and Chester (which I have not calculated, because they are omitted from the list of 1341), is 3*l.* 5*s.* 5½*d.* the acre. The highest rental is, of course, Middlesex, which is 98*l.* 3*s.*; the lowest, Westmorland, 14*s.* 10*d.* But Norwich has sunk to 1*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.*; Oxford to 2*l.* 4*s.*; Beds to 2*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*; Rutland to 1*l.* 15*s.* On the other hand, Lancashire has risen to 9*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*; Stafford to 4*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.*; Somerset to 3*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.*; other counties representing similar, but not such notable, alterations.

Time has, therefore, made great changes in the relative prosperity of these several localities. The wealth of England has migrated to her western coast, or, at least, grown in far larger proportion in regions which were comparative deserts in the fourteenth century. Trade traverses other highways, explores other oceans, than those which were known in the days of the three Edwards. Men heard, indeed, of the far east, whose products were borne by slow transit from the Persian gulf, through the valley of Mesopotamia, and along the highlands of Armenia to the Black Sea, or, again, down the Nile to Alexandria, to be distributed by the energy of Venice and Genoa. But the vast ocean which lay beyond the western coast of England, and formed the boundary to the wild and unsubdued tribes of Connaught and Munster, was yet unexplored. The most sagacious man of those days could not have dreamed that in a few hundred years the further border of that trackless and stormy Atlantic would contain nations, sprung from his stock, speaking his tongue, living under his law; while he was doing his part towards building up the English mind, shaping English enterprise, and indicating English freedom, in the Parliaments of Westminster, in the factories of Norfolk, and in the yeoman's farm and homestead.

The place of those great hives of industry, which now store up the materials of the whole world, and diffuse their produce among all nations, whose energy

is ceaseless, and growth unremitting, was then little else than moorland and fen, scantily peopled, imperfectly known, and rude even by comparison with the rude age before us. The course of inland traffic never lay on the western side of our island. It was only on few occasions that the towns of the great northern road were visited. In general, when the traveller had need to journey northwards, his route lay through the eastern highways, through the more hospitable and safer counties, to the more densely-peopled cities, and by the more wealthy abbeys which lay towards the coast of the German ocean.

The Mersey was then a silent estuary, the Irwell a mountain stream; the fells and valleys of the West Riding were unexplored and hardly tenanted; and the great mineral wealth of the midland counties undisturbed and unknown. Regions which are now the home of thousands were then wooded solitudes, peopled by the red deer, by wild boars, and by wolves.

On the other hand, Ravenspur, the great Yorkshire harbour, lies below the ocean. The Norfolk sea-ports have wasted away or been silted up. The Sussex forges are extinct. The widely-renowned fair of Stourbridge—famous as that of Novgorod, or Nuremberg, or Leipsic—is forgotten; and its rich harvest of tolls, once reaped by the Prior of Barnwell, is now, I conceive, no source of considerable income to his successor, the University of Cambridge. The chartered towns of the eastern, the south-midland, and the southern counties—all originally gifted with parliamentary representation, because they were the seats of mediæval manufacture or trade—have now become, in many cases, rotten boroughs, *urbes umbratiles*, villages whose past prosperity can be guessed at only by the great grey church and the ruined castle.

This is not the occasion on which to interpret the aggregate of causes which have led, almost in our time, to the growth of population, and the settlement of vast industries in the north, the north-midland, and the western counties. We know how these results

have been aided by the special advantages of vast mineral treasures, buried in the soil of these regions. But the labour which has discovered and applied these materials has been originally supported by the acceptance of sound economical maxims, by the development of commercial liberty, and by the early acknowledgment of some among the social principles which must needs be admitted before a true progress is possible. To have entered, after so many centuries of oppression and monopoly, on the vestibule of the temple of commercial freedom is, indeed, a great step. But the continuance of this prosperity must, after all, be expected in the fuller obedience to the same fundamental principles of freedom, whose initiative only has been hitherto taken. If hereafter other regions of the world offer fairer prospects to capital, thither, in the increasing intercommunion of nations, capital will inevitably flow. If hereafter the social dignity and material advantages of labour

are vindicated in greater manner under other political and economical conditions than those which characterize our polity, thither labour, on which so many circumstances are now conferring mobility, expansion, experience, will inevitably migrate. Hereafter, assuredly, the whole civilized world will become more and more one nation, governed by international interests as well as by municipal ordinances. Densely-peopled countries will be the cities of the globe, to which its more thinly-settled regions will be the source of agricultural and other supply. But, that the growth of any nation should continue in the same successful course, all the free forces which may stimulate and maintain the existing energies of special or local industry must be discovered and applied; for, as is well known, those regulations which tend only to the advantage of particular classes in a community are sooner or later fatal to its material as well as to its moral progress.

## PARLIAMENTARY REFORM. .

BY LORD HOBERT.

THAT the people of this country are not duly represented in Parliament appears to be admitted, though with much diversity of meaning, by every party in the State. But, in view of the changes which will probably be made in the constitution of the representative body, it is above all things desirable that the real nature of its defects, and their relation to each other, should be distinctly understood, and the ground cleared for legislative action by removing from it the formidable impediments which are due to confusion of thought. For it is certain, notwithstanding perpetual assertions to the contrary, that the national representation is no exception to the general rule which prescribes clearness of apprehension and closeness of reasoning, comprehensive inquiry and systematic treatment, as conditions of success in the solution of social problems; and that, if this

question is abandoned to the care of those who deprecate as "mere theory" all attempt at scientific investigation, and consider that there is nothing in common between statesmanship and thought, that which has already followed from such a course will follow from it again,—piecemeal legislation, confusion worse confounded, and complete if not immediate failure.

The charge against the House of Commons which is chiefly and almost exclusively insisted upon is, that the great majority of the nation has no part actual or nominal in its election. But this is not the only important imputation to which it is liable, nor the first in point of logical order, nor that against which it is most difficult to defend. The first and most serious defect in the House of Commons is that it does not represent even those whom it professes to represent—the enfranchised portion



of the community. It is obvious that the ordinary meaning of the terms "representation" and "representative government" is different from their literal meaning. Speaking literally, any nation the ruler or rulers of which are chosen by a considerable number of the citizens may be said to possess representative government. But this is not the ordinary meaning of the term. Representative government, in the sense in which it is commonly understood, and in which only it can claim the superiority usually ascribed to it over other political systems,—representation, considered as an instrument of political liberty,—implies political equality. No member of a community can be said to be "represented," in the technical and usual acceptance of the term, or to possess that liberty which such representation confers, who has not an equal share with each of the rest in the choice of its rulers. That such equality should exist may, or may not, be desirable; but no one who is without it is "represented," or politically free. Political liberty (or more strictly speaking that measure of it which is conferred by representation) is the result of political power; of such a power in the individual as affords security that measures affecting his interests will not be adopted without either his own consent, or the consent of a majority of the whole electoral community. But in order that he may have this power, it is not sufficient that he should be entitled to a share in the election of the governing body. His share in it must be such as cannot be set aside by the superior share possessed by another person. As long as each elector has an equal part with each of the rest in the choice of the representative assembly, no political action can be taken by it without his consent (as expressed by his representative), or the consent of a majority of the electors. But it is otherwise if he has an inferior part in it. In that case the representative assembly may legislate, not only against the will of the elector, but against that of the majority of those who possess the franchise. He is therefore without that political power

of which representation is the instrument and political liberty the result; he is not, properly speaking, "represented" at all. The most that he can be said to possess is an approach to the privilege varying with the degree of the inequality. It cannot be too often or too emphatically repeated, that without political equality there is no real political liberty. It may, or may not, be expedient with a view to the general welfare, which is the only true test of expediency, that a majority of the citizens should be excluded from political power, or that of those who have it some should have a larger share of it than others; but it must never for a moment be forgotten that to those who are thus placed at a disadvantage is denied the privilege of "representation," and of that political freedom which representation is intended to confer.

Tried, then, by this test, it is evident that the representation which has been accorded to a limited number of persons in this country is far indeed from being of that kind to which the name is generally applied,—of that kind which is essential to "free institutions." Among those to whom the subject is familiar, its inequalities are sufficiently notorious; but, for the benefit of that numerous class to whom they are known only as "anomalies and irregularities" of no great importance, and which it would be a pity to disturb for the sake of a theoretic symmetry, it is well that attention should from time to time be drawn to them. A majority, then, of the House of Commons, consisting of 328 members, all of whom (except 11) represent borough constituencies of the smaller class in England (including Wales) and Scotland, is returned by 250,291 electors, or about one-fifth of the whole electoral body; while about the same number of electors (244,459) in the larger boroughs return only 36 members, or about one-eighteenth of the whole House. The last-mentioned number of electors have therefore each on the average little more than one-fourth of the political power which they would possess if the distribution were equal, and only one-ninth of that which

is possessed by the former. Thus, too, the voters in the smaller English and Scotch boroughs, besides overwhelming beyond all possibility of competition the same number of voters in the larger, can (if they please) with the assistance of only 11 constituencies from the rest of the country (making altogether only about one-fifth of the electoral body), completely control the whole legislation and policy of the country. Again, of these smaller boroughs no less than 113 members (or more than one-sixth of the House) are returned by 82, containing only 49,000 electors, or about one-twenty-fourth of the whole electoral community. Each of the 49,000 electors, therefore, has no less than four times his proportionate share of political power. But, further, of these 49,000 voters, 11,000, or  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of the whole number in the country (being those of 30 of the smallest boroughs) return no less than 58 members, or about one-fourth of the whole House. On the other hand (to take, out of many instances of contrast, one or two of the most striking), a constituency containing about the same number of voters (11,330), being no other than the important city of Birmingham, returns only two members. An elector, therefore, in any of these 30 boroughs has more than twenty-nine times as much political power as an elector of Birmingham, who, moreover, has only about one-third of the share which he would have in the representation if the division were equal. As compared with the not less important constituency of Manchester, the case of these 30 boroughs is still worse. That constituency numbers 20,458 voters, and returns only two members to Parliament; so that a voter in any one of the 30 boroughs has about *fifty-three* times the political power of an elector for Manchester, who has only about one-fifth of his proportionate share. Again, 467,000 voters, being those of the borough constituencies in England and Wales, return 338 members, or more than half the House of Commons; while a somewhat larger number of voters (519,000) being those

for the counties of England and Wales, return only 160 members. An elector, therefore, of an English or Welsh borough has more than twice the amount of political power possessed by an elector for an English or Welsh county. Lancashire, with 37,000 electors, returns five members; Durham, with 1,800, returns two, Yorkshire, with 40,345 electors, returns only two members; while about the same number (41,426) in eleven other counties return *twenty-three*; so that the political power of an elector in any of these eleven counties is nearly *twelve times* that of an elector for Yorkshire. Other very decided though less startling inequalities pervade the whole list of county and borough constituencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Those who assert that this distribution of political privilege is the result of deliberation and intention, assert that which (to say the least) is not very creditable to its supposed authors, however disinterested may have been their motives. For the only intention of any kind of which it can by any possibility be said to bear evidence is an intention to deceive; an intention to impose upon the country an oligarchy under the disguise of a representative government with a high electoral qualification. But, in truth, no such account can reasonably be given of it. So far from being the result of design, it is the result of the failure of design for want of due regard to the future. Short views of national life, and political action looking only to the present, are its real causes. The original idea of the House of Commons—an idea which gained force and distinctness with the advance of civilization—was that of an assembly really representing the nation; and, on the whole, it may be said that in the early periods of its existence this idea was roughly and approximately realized. And it might probably have been so to this day, but that the royal power of designating constituencies and the number of their members fell into disuse; and, no substitute having been provided for it, the mechanism of representative



government was brought to a full stop. Among places which, when first enfranchised, were about equal, or not very greatly different, in point of numerical importance, some (as was to be expected) increased, and others fell off in population, while others became almost entirely depopulated. The intention was that the nation should be represented; the fact came to be that what used to be the nation was represented. Thus, while the capacity for political freedom increased, political freedom itself diminished; and the evil advanced with rapid strides until it received in the Reform Act a check which from the nature of the case could only be temporary, and the inadequacy of which as a remedy is seen in the figures above cited. To maintain, then, the present apportionment of representatives to electors is not conservatism, but retrogression. It is an attempt, not to oppose the further advance of self-government, but to drive it from ground which it has already won. And the contending parties would more properly be termed, not the progressive and the stationary, but the conservative and the retrograde.

The only defence requiring consideration which has ever been set up for the maintenance of this singular arrangement is to the following effect:—That on the whole it “works well;” that with an assembly so elected the three branches of the Legislature have acted harmoniously together; that good laws have been made and well-administered, and the affairs of the nation prosperously and satisfactorily conducted; that the very “anomalies and irregularities” which the system involves are important and even essential to the safe, effectual, and beneficial operation of parliamentary government as established in this country; and that to make any material change in constitutional arrangements which have proved in practice so successful would be dangerous and unwise. Expressed in a more logical form the argument is, that whatever may be the imperfection of the present system as a means of conferring representation

and consequent political liberty upon those who possess the franchise, it fulfils the object of representation and of political liberty, which is “good government,” better than an arrangement nearer in that respect to perfection could fulfil it, or at least that there is no such probability to the contrary as renders it expedient to incur the risk of change.

The answer to this argument is easy. It is not even necessary to inquire into the truth of the principles upon which it proceeds—whether there is really any probability that the change would in a material degree derange the machinery of parliamentary government, or place the affairs of the nation in hands whose administration of them would be such that the nation would be a loser by the transfer; whether, for instance, any real injury to the tone and character of the representative assembly might be expected to result from an increase in the number of members for large constituencies which cannot be bribed as compared with that of members for small constituencies which can; or what is the precise importance of the supposed diminution of stability which Cabinets would undergo on account of the substitution of independent for dependent electoral communities. The case for revision and readjustment is complete, irrespectively of the answer to be given to these questions. Representative institutions, as distinct from other political systems, have two objects in view, one of which is the prevention of misgovernment (it being both probable from the nature of the case, and proved by experience, that government will be better in which the governed have some voice than in which they have none); but the other, and by far the most important object, is the prevention of government, whether good or bad, without the consent of the governed. Political subjection—the submission of the individual to one or more political rulers in whose choice he has no share, or only a share which can be nullified by the superior share of another person—is an evil the same in kind, though never, in

modern times and among civilized nations, the same in degree, as personal subjection, or slavery;<sup>1</sup> and it is obviously no answer to the slave to tell him that he is better off than the free man. The subject may by possibility be "better governed" (in the ordinary sense of the term) under despotism than under free institutions, just as the slave may by possibility be "better off" (in the ordinary sense of the term) than the free man. But slavery is not therefore better than freedom, nor despotism than liberty. There is a conceivable degree of comparative misgovernment, as there is a conceivable degree of comparative personal suffering, which, if it could be shown to be attendant on political or on personal freedom respectively, would justify the substitution for it of political subjection or of slavery. For, as we have seen, one of the objects, though by far the least important, of representative institutions is good government, just as one of the objects of laws against slavery is to prevent the ill-treatment of the slave; and if it can be shown in any case that this object will be better attained by other institutions, those institutions are, *pro tanto*, to be preferred. But, as in the case of laws against slavery, so in that of representative institutions, the superiority in point of importance of

that other object—the possession by the individual of a voice in the regulation of his own affairs—is such that the degree of comparative misgovernment which those institutions would involve must be extremely great to be conclusive as an argument against them. It is true that this consideration is of more force with respect to personal than to political subjection, because the denial to the individual of any voice in the management of his own affairs is in practice more direct and complete in the former than in the latter, and therefore the superiority in point of importance of the object which consists in preventing that denial as an evil in itself, is greater when the question is one of personal than when it is one of political subjection. But even when the question is of political subjection, the superiority is great and the argument valid. The value of institutions which secure the individual against an assumption on the part of persons unauthorised by himself to make laws affecting his person and property, and which preserve for him the vast benefits, moral and intellectual, of self-dependence, is such that even a very important gain as regards the mode in which the nation was governed might well be insufficient to compensate for their loss.

It is therefore of no avail, as against any proposal for an extension or development of the representative principle, to contend that good government is sufficiently provided for at present, and that there is no saying but that government might be worse if the principle received a further application. Before present good government can be admitted as a conclusive reason against such a proposal, it must be shown, not that the government which would follow upon its adoption would be no better, and might be worse, but that it would be signally and ruinously worse; that a degree of suffering on the part of the majority of the community would ensue which would overbalance the immense intrinsic advantages of self-government. But this certainly cannot be shown to be the case so far as regards the class which is now nominally repre-

<sup>1</sup> Earl Grey, in his able and interesting Essay on Parliamentary Government and Reform, states, without hesitation, that "the possession of political power is valuable to the people, not for its own sake, but as the means of ensuring good government." It follows that the absence of political power, and therefore of political liberty, is an evil, not in itself, but as the cause of misgovernment. But it is not to be supposed that, on the one hand, Earl Grey considers that slavery is no evil in itself, or that, on the other, he considers that there is any distinction in kind between subjection to one or more self-chosen political rulers, which is despotism or oligarchy, and subjection to a self-chosen proprietor, which is slavery; and if there is no distinction in kind between them, and if one is evil, so must be the other. It is possible that Earl Grey may believe that the absence of political liberty, though in itself an evil, is in itself an evil in degree so small as to be inappreciable. But no one who reflects upon the immense power which governments exercise, not only in theory but in practice, over the governed will be inclined to endorse such an opinion.



sented. To say that the gift of real representation to this class would be attended with such a degree of misgovernment as would not be compensated by its advantages is to say that one million out of seven millions of adult Englishmen cannot safely be entrusted with political liberty. Nor is it probable that the assertion would be made by any thoughtful politician, but for another defect (to be presently noticed) in the constitution of the House of Commons as intended to represent existing voters, and which is a real, though certainly not an insuperable, objection to the more equal distribution of electoral power. For this, if for no other reason, a simple correction of the evil now under consideration would not satisfactorily meet the necessities of the case. Moreover, a mere temporary redress of the balance, such as might be afforded by transferring seats and by "grouping" or disfranchising boroughs, would be only an imitation of that wisdom of our ancestors of which we now see the result. What is to be desired is an arrangement which, by some self-acting process, will be capable of adaptation to the constantly-changing numerical relations of local divisions; under which it will be no longer possible that a constituency which now returns an equal number of members with a constituency of equal dimensions will continue to do so when outnumbering it tenfold, and that the nation should consequently be liable about one in every ten years to violent constitutional changes; and which will not, while correcting one evil, fail to correct another of which it may have counterbalanced and neutralised the mischievous operation. It is, therefore, eminently desirable that in any proposed measure of reform the subject should be viewed as a whole. Enough of mischief has already been done by isolated and independent attacks upon the constitution—by random and disjointed legislation. It is advisable once for all to inquire whether some comprehensive and satisfactory system of national representation cannot be discovered, instead of endeavouring from time to time to patch up, when they

become too flagrant to be any longer tolerated, the grievances which are caused by the absence of all system whatever. A scheme of this kind—the result of the highest ability applied to a careful and impartial study of the subject—has been proposed by Mr. Hare, and has had the singular fortune of being unanimously approved both by philosophers and statesmen, and unanimously condemned as impracticable by the latter on account of its novelty and supposed complication; as if nothing which is novel, however excellent, had any chance of being adopted in this country, and as if any amount of complexity the result of regulation were not preferable to the existing inconsistency, confusion, and injury to the best interests of the nation resulting from the total absence of it. The fact, however, is that the complication, so far as the voter is concerned, has absolutely no existence, the duty devolving upon him being merely that of writing down upon a voting paper the names of as many of the candidates who appear on the general published list as he pleases; while, as regards the returning officers and the registrar-general, the complication is certainly not such as to render their duties either unintelligible or difficult of performance to any person qualified in other respects to discharge them.

The ground-work of Mr. Hare's scheme is the provision that any candidate who could obtain the votes of a number of electors (wheresoever resident) which, supposing that there were as many constituencies as members, and that the constituencies were numerically equal, would be the number of electors in each constituency, should be entitled to be returned. It is obvious that in this manner the evil which is here in question—the unequal apportionment of representatives to electors—would cease, not only for the present but beyond the possibility of recurrence. At the same time (as will presently be seen), the other great defect, which is next in due order of consideration, in the electoral apparatus of this country would be completely removed; while a reality and vitality

would be imparted to the national representation of which it is impossible to overestimate the advantages. Nor would the local character of the elections be abandoned. The votes would be taken, as now, locally. The candidate would be a candidate for some specified constituency; and the electors, if sufficiently numerous to make up the required number of votes, would have the power they now possess of returning a member interested in the locality in which they reside. It is only by a scheme such as this, or at least by some measure which shall at once lay the foundation and prepare men's minds for the completion by easy and natural transitions of such a scheme, that any satisfactory improvement can be effected in the political condition of this country.

The failure of the House of Commons in the manner which has just been considered to represent even those who are legally qualified to vote is peculiar to itself. Its failure in another respect to represent them is shared by other existing representative assemblies. Like all legislative bodies which are elected by the system of local majorities, the House of Commons does not represent the electors, but only that portion of them which consists of the aggregate majorities. It is contended, indeed, that the electors whose candidate is defeated, or who do not vote because they know that they are in a minority, have no reason to complain, because their opinions are represented by the members for other constituencies in which those opinions prevail. But, in the first place, supposing this to be the case, they are not represented by members whom they themselves, but whom other persons, have chosen. In the next, the statement is only so far true as that, in the existing division of the nation into two great political parties, an elector who wishes to return a particular candidate, and is unable to do so in his own electorate, may console himself with the reflection that some person belonging to that party has been returned in another. But there are, or may be, in every constituency electors who, if they had the power, would elect their representative

on a totally different ground than that he belonged to the Conservative or to the Liberal party,—as for instance, because he was an advocate of peace, or of economy, or for reasons entirely independent of his political opinions, and simply because he was a person in whom they could confide, and whose political guidance they would be content to follow. To these electors it is obvious that the argument is wholly inapplicable. It applies only, so far as it has any force at all, to those whose preference of a candidate is grounded on his adhesion to one of the two principal parties which happen for the time to be struggling for ascendancy. And even to these it would not apply in the event of any considerable reduction of the franchise. The majority in every constituency would in that event consist of manual labourers, whose opinions would therefore prevail, if the present mode of election were to remain unchanged, to the almost total exclusion of the better educated minority.

If, indeed, it had been made for the express purpose of providing that democracy in this country should be entirely “unbalanced,” no arrangement could possibly have been better contrived. Under the present restricted suffrage and inequality of representation, its injurious operation in this respect is comparatively little felt; and it is this consideration which has been before referred to as constituting a real objection, so far as it goes, to any measure for the removal of that inequality, and as rendering it desirable that such a measure (of which, however, the advantages would in any case greatly exceed the disadvantages) should include a remedy for the evil here in question. But, whenever any large increase shall have taken place in the number of those entitled to the franchise, the mischief will be of a far more serious kind. A suffrage either universal or widely-extended is a very different thing under an electoral system which permits the class best qualified for the exercise of political functions to return members whose number is proportionate to its own numerical importance, and under one



which permits it to return no members at all. It is not too much to say, that unless this flaw in the electoral machine is first corrected any proposal for a very large reduction of the franchise will be far less easy to defend. There can be no doubt that the fact which more than any other has brought discredit upon free government as established in the United States, and made that great experiment a partial and questionable instead of a triumphant and universally acknowledged success—the absence of the first intellects in the country from the helm of public affairs—is due to that misapprehension on the part of its founders which prevented them from perceiving that perfect liberty was to be attained, not by the method of local majorities, but by that of personal representation. It is hard upon democracy that the examples of it with which men are familiar should be mere counterfeits, failing, in a manner so injurious to its reputation, to satisfy political needs.

In order that each elector may receive the full benefit of the representation to which he is nominally entitled, it is necessary that he should have a share equal to that of any other in the election of the representative assembly, in such a sense as that some member of it should owe his return to the vote of such elector. If there is no member of the assembly for whom the elector has voted, he is not, strictly speaking, represented in it. Hitherto, it appears to have been thought that this, the true ideal of representation, was not in practice attainable; and that the only feasible mode of applying the principle was to divide the electoral community into sections, or to take existing local divisions, and assign to each its due number of representatives. Thus, supposing (for the sake of simplicity) the electoral body to consist of 500 persons, and the representative assembly of 10—according to the ideas hitherto prevalent the nearest approach to a just arrangement would be to divide the whole number of electors into sections of 50, each returning one member. In this manner it is evident that perfect

representation is very far from being attained; for where (as will usually be the case) there is more than one candidate for each section, the choice of the section is the choice of the majority in it; and the minority, however considerable, have no part in the election of any member of the assembly. It was not generally perceived that, by an arrangement perfectly simple in principle but involving some complication of detail, providing that every candidate should be returned who could obtain the votes of any 50 electors (each elector being required to furnish a list of the candidates whom he preferred, in the order of his preference, so that, on the one hand, no vote would be superfluous, and, on the other, any voter would be able to co-operate with any one of the rest for the purpose of making up the necessary quota of 50), the object which is essential to real representation—the actual possession by each elector of an equal share in the nomination of the ruling body—would be either completely or approximately attained. This is, in effect, the scheme of Mr. Hare; and it supplies a complete and satisfactory solution of the problem to be solved. That which it ensures is not so much the “representation of minorities” (which Mr. Hare very properly declines to accept as a correct designation for the purpose which he has in view) as the wider and more important object of giving to every enfranchised person his due weight in the political scale—of imparting throughout the country a real and practical value to the possession of a vote, a sense of responsibility and a healthy and elevating motive of action to the voter, and a consequent character to the representative assembly far above that which it has hitherto borne. Being no longer restricted to the two or three candidates, perhaps wholly unknown to them, whom party organization or the local attorney has provided, the electors would have before them the wide field of choice which the general published list would afford, and which would be enriched by the names of men of distinction and ability in every branch of

knowledge, who would offer themselves with a fair prospect of obtaining the "quota" necessary for election. Numbers of electors, who now, for want of a better motive, are induced to use the franchise as a means of obtaining some personal advantage for themselves, would employ it, as it ought to be employed, in giving expression to their political views, or in returning to parliament some person on whose judgment and wisdom they could rely; while every constituency would be represented by a member whom it had unanimously chosen, and no longer as now by a member of whom it knows nothing, and of whose opinions a considerable number of the individuals composing it heartily disapprove. It has been already remarked, that the local character of the representation would still in a great measure be preserved; nor is it possible to conceive that any loss would be sustained by the principle of localization (the value of which, whatever it may hitherto have been, is rapidly receding before facility of intercourse, diffusion of knowledge, and increased political sympathy) sufficient to counterbalance the immense advantage of the scheme. It will be seen from what has been said how utterly inadequate to satisfy the exigencies of the case, and of how little remedial value compared with the plan of Mr. Hare, are the proposals for the "representation of minorities" by such methods as that which, by assigning three members to each constituency and allowing each elector to vote only for two or only for one of them, or retaining his three votes to give them all to one candidate, would enable a minority not less than one-third of the constituency to return one member. An expedient of this kind, though an improvement so far as it went, would be no more than a very partial remedy for one form of the evil, and would be valuable chiefly as an admission of the true principle and a step to its adoption.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Some admirable observations upon this branch of the subject will be found in the 7th chapter of Mr. J. S. Mill's work, "Considerations on Representative Government."

Thus far we have been considering in what respects the House of Commons fails to represent those by whom it professes to be elected, and what is the true nature of the remedy required. We have now to consider the charge which is most frequently and urgently brought against it—that it does not even profess to represent more than a section of the community numbering about one-seventh of the whole adult male population; and to inquire whether this limitation is one which it is desirable, wholly or partially, to remove.

It may be stated, confidently and at once, that there is one portion of the community whose exclusion from the franchise, except in so far as it may be a matter of practical necessity, is unjustifiable, and which consists of all who are equal in point of social position to existing voters; since it must be considered as an established proposition that the enfranchisement of every person who comes up to that particular standard of property and intelligence is possible without any such detriment to the general welfare as to throw doubt upon its expediency. Two classes of persons are now excluded in contravention of this rule. First, those who are excluded by a condition of enfranchisement which neither is nor pretends to be any test of social position—that of residence in one locality rather than in another. Of whatever importance, as a criterion of social position, and therefore as a qualification for the exercise of political functions, may be the possession or occupation of a house of a certain value, the mere place of residence can certainly be of none. There may be some foundation in reason for refusing electoral power to any person because his rent is 6*l.* rather than 10*l.*;—there can be none for refusing it to him because he resides in Hartlepool rather than in Sunderland,—in Chelsea rather than in Lambeth. There might be some apparent, though there would be no real, justification for this favouritism if the privileged places were of greater numerical importance than the unprivileged; but the fact is notoriously the reverse,—there being many towns with



small populations in which an inhabitant otherwise qualified has a vote, while there are many others with large populations in which he has none. The second of the two classes consists of those who are excluded, not simply because they reside in one part of the country rather than in another, but because there is a higher electoral qualification for the place in which they reside than for other places ;—of those (for instance) who are debarred from the suffrage by the regulation, and by that only, which gives the franchise in boroughs to householders paying a rent of not less than 10*l.*, and in counties to householders paying a rent of not less than 50*l.* In respect to both these classes of unenfranchised persons the case for an extension of the suffrage is complete and unanswerable.

There remains the important question—whether (assuming that the existing conditions as to age and sex, to which might properly be added the payment in some shape or other of taxes, are expedient, and setting aside exceptional disqualifications) there is any good reason for the denial of political liberty to the rest of the community. The alleged ground of that denial is the danger of misgovernment consequent on their admission,—the argument being that, since the political liberty which is conferred by representation is valuable only as conducive to good government any extension of that liberty the probable result of which would be a loss on the score of good government would be destructive of its own object. But we have already seen that, while one of the objects of representative institutions is political liberty as a means of good government, the other, and far more important, object is political liberty in itself ;—that as regards any proposal for an extension of the suffrage the question is, not whether it would lead to misgovernment, but whether it would do so in such a degree as to outweigh the intrinsic advantages of the political freedom which it would confer ;—and that to produce this effect, the amount of misgovernment apprehended must (looking to the relative importance of

the two objects of representation) not only be considerable, but extremely and disastrously great. It has not been thought necessary in this paper to advance arguments to prove what has been said as to the comparative value of those objects. It is sufficient to observe (as has been observed already) that political subjection is an evil of precisely the same kind as slavery, and in degree by no means so far removed from it, even in modern times, as to prevent the two evils from being justly regarded with the same kind of aversion ; and that the sacrifice of material well-being at which it is worth while to purchase emancipation from slavery may assist in forming an estimate as to the cost in point of misgovernment at which it is worth while to purchase political freedom.

In order, then, to arrive at a sound decision upon this question, it is necessary that we should inquire in what degree misgovernment might reasonably be apprehended as a consequence of any considerable extension of the franchise. The only ground for anticipating any such consequence at all is, that if the change were made the less numerous of the two great classes into which society is divided would, on any disputed question, be outvoted by the other. Two distinct evils are expected to follow from this predominance of the more numerous class. The first is, that this class would, in cases where their respective interests appeared to be opposed, legislate with a view to its own supposed advantage, to the immediate detriment of the other class, and to the detriment, immediate or ultimate, of all—in other words, that which is known as “class legislation.” Now it cannot of course be meant that democratic government must necessarily and in all cases be objectionable on the ground of “class legislation.” Other things equal, class legislation when the class which legislates consists of six million persons is a less evil than when it consists of one million. Other things equal, class legislation by the small minority which now predominates in this country would be a greater evil than class legislation by the majority which would predominate

under a largely reduced franchise. But it is said that, in this country, other things are not equal. The condition of the more numerous class is (it is contended) such as, in estimating the comparative evil of class legislation in the two cases, to overbalance the consideration of its numerical importance. The measures which for their own supposed advantage they would adopt, if invested with supreme authority, injurious immediately to the other class and injurious ultimately to all, would be greater both in number and in the degree of the injury which they caused, than the measures of the same character adopted by the minority now in power. Being less instructed, they would be more frequently blind to the evils which a course of action apparently beneficial to themselves would sooner or later inflict upon them; being poor, they would be more disposed to disregard, even if they saw it, the ultimate injury for the sake of the immediate gain. Thus, though the welfare of the majority is more important than that of the minority, and though, if the interests of either are to be sacrificed to those of the other, it is better (supposing the sacrifice to be in both cases equally great) that they should be those of the minority, yet the evil of class legislation by the former would be greater than those of similar legislation by the latter, because the mischief which it would cause would be more frequent and more severe. The substitution of class legislation by the numerical majority for that which exists under the present system would, in one respect, be a gain to the community. It would be a gain in so far as this—that any immediate benefit which such legislation implies to the dominant class would be received by a greater number of persons than at present. But, on the other hand, the injury which it would inflict upon all would be greater and more often repeated; and the loss in this respect would be greater than the gain in the other. Such appears to be the only sense in which “class legislation” can with any reason be adduced as an argument against the proposed change.

The second of the two evils appre-

hended from such a readjustment of political power is, that many of the measures adopted by the Government with a view to the interests of both classes equally would be of a seriously objectionable character; first, because the dominant class, being poor, would regard the immediate and pecuniary interest of the two classes rather than their ultimate and higher interest; and, secondly, because, being ignorant, it would, where there was any room for question, frequently form wrong conclusions as to the course which would be most conducive to the general welfare.

There can be no doubt that, as against a general admission of the now unenfranchised classes to the suffrage, these considerations are entitled to much weight; but there are others, not obvious at first sight, which tend to diminish their cogency. In the first place, the immediate cause of the evils apprehended—the superior power which would be possessed in the legislative assembly by the numerical majority—would exist in a much less degree, if (as it is here assumed would be the case) a more rational and equitable system were substituted for that of election by local majorities. If, by the adoption of such a scheme as that proposed by Mr. Hare, the vote of every elector were brought into action and had its due share in the composition of the governing body, the wealthier and more instructed part of the nation would be represented in proportion to its numbers, instead of being, as it would be if the existing electoral machinery were retained, wholly unrepresented because it was in a minority. Moreover, the members returned by this class, though forming a minority of the House, would derive from their intellectual and moral superiority an influence which would go far to compensate for their inferior numbers. The source, therefore, of the two kinds of misgovernment which are anticipated from the change—class legislation and ill-considered or injudicious political action—would be far less operative than the argument supposes. In the next place, the class legislation which under the



new order of things would be substituted for the class legislation now existing would be in one respect the less objectionable, because the less complete and exclusive, of the two, since it would be modified and held in check by the representatives of the least numerous class; whereas the class which is now the least numerous is absolutely unrepresented. Nor must it be forgotten that the popular assembly would represent those whom it is proposed to enfranchise not as they now are, but as they would be if a voice had been conceded to them in the government of the country; and that the mental improvement which they would derive from the exercise of the privilege might possibly be immense, and would certainly be considerable. It is reasonable also to suppose that in ordinary times the members whom they returned would not be mere delegates representing their extreme opinions, but rather leaders in whom they could trust, and to whose better judgment they were willing to submit. Nor can it be said that, with regard to questions which concerned the common interest, the more numerous class, though comparatively poor and ignorant, would invariably be on the wrong side. Before this can be asserted, it must be proved beyond possibility of doubt that such questions as those which relate to the privileges of the national Church, to the foreign policy of the country, and to other subjects of extreme importance, have been rightly decided by the class which has hitherto held sway. In one respect, indeed, the poverty of the majority would be in favour of good government, since it would incline them to insist on a moderate scale of public expenditure, and on the economical conduct of public business, the substitution of which for the wasteful administration shown, especially of late years, to be incidental to a restricted suffrage would be a great and important improvement.

Notwithstanding these qualifying circumstances, it would be unreasonable to deny that, in the absence of experience in a similar case, the concession of manhood suffrage in this country would,

looking to the actual condition, material and mental, of a large number of the operative class, be attended with serious risk. There can be no doubt that many of those who are now unenfranchised are poor and uneducated in a lamentable degree, and that the fear that their poverty and ignorance would, through their representatives, very injuriously affect the legislation and policy of the country is far from being without foundation. For although, as already observed, the superior qualifications of the members returned by the minority would be of powerful countervailing influence; yet, where the passions or physical necessities of the majority of the electors were concerned, they would probably use the power which they would undoubtedly possess to give effect to their own views, and would in such exceptional cases send to parliament members who were pledged to support those views. Communistic laws, and laws more or less directly and unduly affecting the rights of property, and, under the head of general legislation and policy, a less strict observance of the obligations contracted by the government towards its own subjects and towards foreign nations, wherever those obligations pressed hardly upon the indigence of the majority, might not unreasonably be apprehended. It is indeed far from improbable that such apprehensions might prove unfounded. Some of the reasons which tend to modify them have already been stated; and we have seen that, in several important respects, measures which would be considered as improvements by many thoughtful and disinterested men would be the probable result of the change. But, on the whole, and prior to any satisfactory experience to the contrary, it may be admitted that the indiscriminate gift of political power would be likely to bring with it a degree of misgovernment more than sufficient to counteract even the great intrinsic value of the political emancipation which it would imply.

But, though this may be admitted when the proposal is to give a share in the representation to every person of full age and sex and not exceptionally

disqualified, the case is very different when what is proposed is only a large but limited extension of the franchise. There is undoubtedly a very considerable number of those now unpossessed of votes of whom it may safely be said, that the benefit which would be derived not only by themselves but by the community at large from their admission to political power as an advantage in itself, would by no means be counterbalanced by any loss which on the score of good government it might entail. There are considerations, as has already been shown, which make it possible, though not probable, that no such equivalent injury would follow the concession even of universal suffrage; and the possibility becomes a certainty when the same reasoning is applied to the better educated and better paid portion of the operative class. It is unquestionable that a very large section of that class is at least as well off, whether as regards their material or mental condition, as were those to whom the franchise was given by the Reform Act. And if this be conceded, the concession amounts to an acknowledgment of the claim of that section to the franchise. For, admitting that there is a certain standard of intelligence and property below which it is dangerous to invest with political power, no one in these days will be disposed to deny (though the imperfection of existing electoral arrangements has prevented the proposition from being thoroughly tested), that the electors under the Reform Act come up to that standard. What are the real limits of that section, and what is the criterion by which the claim of any individual to belong to it may be most satisfactorily ascertained, are questions on which statistical information is as yet extremely imperfect, and a reply to which would be one of the most important preliminaries to the preparation of a Reform Bill. The proposal of a 6*l.* suffrage (though it might probably be adopted with perfect safety) appears to have been made very much at random, and to be based on no knowledge even approaching to ac-

curacy in regard to the number or the character of those whom it would enfranchise. The problem is to discover what is the best test which will provide for the admission to the franchise of that number of persons, certainly very large, between whose qualifications for it and those of a still more numerous class below them there is a broad line of distinction. That some such line can be drawn there is sufficient reason to assume: but the duty of drawing it, and of deciding as to the best mode of ascertaining for electoral purposes to which side of it any member of the community belongs, has never yet been properly performed.

It has been suggested by Mr. Mill, while admitting the serious dangers which would attend upon universal suffrage, that the case should be met by an arrangement which, while enfranchising all who possessed the simplest rudiments of education, would give a plurality of votes to the more instructed minority, on the ground that, though every person of full age and not exceptionally disqualified ought to have a voice in the management of affairs which concern himself and the rest of the community, he ought not to have an equal voice in them with another person intellectually his superior. Upon this it is to be observed, that such an arrangement would not confer political liberty upon any one to whom it gave only a single vote. We have seen that no one can properly be said to be politically free whose share in the election of the ruling power can be rendered nugatory by the superior share in it given to another. If therefore this suggestion were acted upon, real political liberty would still be denied, not only to those whose admission to the suffrage could not, as we have found reason to fear, be effected without undue risk, but also to those for whose continued exclusion there is (as has been shown) no sufficient ground. It seems obviously better to give the substance of the privilege to those upon whom it may be safely conferred, than to give, in the manner proposed by Mr. Mill, the shadow under the name of the



substance to the entire number. As against a graduation of the suffrage with the same object according to the amount of property possessed by the voter, as tested by the value of his house or by the payment of rates or in any other manner, precisely similar reasoning applies, but with this addition, that in this country political privilege conferred solely on account of superior wealth is looked upon with peculiar aversion. By the proposed arrangement this cause of offence would be given in a manner direct and undisguised beyond all precedent, and which would ensure for it an unpopularity such as might alone be sufficient to prevent its adoption.

In the foregoing observations an attempt has been made to indicate the principles and method of proceeding upon which any plan of reform ought to be framed such as would meet the real exigences of the case otherwise than by a mere temporary concession to unreflecting clamour. What is required is some general, consistent, and comprehensive measure with a threefold object: first, to make representation once for all that which it professes to be, by providing, under arrangements which would adapt themselves to the changes necessarily incidental to the progress of time, for a more equitable apportionment of members to constituencies, and for the enfranchisement of that class of so-called electors who, finding themselves in local minorities, are in reality without the benefits of representation; secondly, to enfranchise, so far as is possible in the absence of a perfect test, all, without exception and wheresoever they may reside, whose condition in life is not below a certain fixed level; and, thirdly, so to fix that level as to admit to the suffrage that large number of persons now unenfranchised whose admission would (as we have seen) be attended by no such probable detriment to the general welfare as to outweigh its advantages. For the attainment of the first of these objects, which is by far the

most important, since it is no less than the construction of a sound basis of national representation, but with respect to which there is much of what may be termed mechanical difficulty, a machinery has been provided by Mr. Hare so admirably adapted, that it may be said to be the natural and proper instrument for the purpose. Public writers and speakers, who create in some sort the very evil which they assume, are in the habit of affirming that such a scheme will never be listened to by the people of this country. It is difficult to believe that the people of this country will really require that the question shall always be dealt with by those who govern them without any regard to the rules of political science (which is only another name for common sense applied to politics), contemptuously rejecting every well-considered measure, and giving heed only to those which have thoughtlessness to recommend them. But, if this is indeed the case, and there is really no hope of anything like a systematic and rational reform, any attempt to throw light upon the real nature of the problem will not have been without its use. Something will have been done if, while condemned to work in the worn-out grooves which tradition has laid down, reforming legislators have before their eyes, and avail themselves, whenever they can, of the true conditions of the question; if they remember, and act upon the recollection, that it is not by any mere "redistribution of seats," as commonly understood, or concession of the franchise to lodgers, or random depression of the electoral standard, nor by a combination of such expedients, that any statesmanlike improvement will have been effected, unless some attempt is at the same time made to substitute reality for fiction, a living and energizing presence for little more than the lifeless image of political freedom, and order for the chaos which now bears the inappropriate name of a representative system.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## DR. PUSEY'S EIRENICON.

THE name of this book is Peace. If its practical tendency were, as its name imports, simply to restore peace and communion even between two or three Churches, it would deserve our unmixed sympathy, though the principles on which it was based might be narrow, and the end proposed might be very far short of the reconciliation of Christendom for which all true Christians look. Not only all true Christians, but every friend of humanity. For Christianity, instead of a bond of union and goodwill, has been made, through the division of the Churches, a source of disunion, hatred, war: it has been a more baneful source of these evils than the territorial and commercial antagonism of kings and nations. It opens a deeper character both for good and evil in nations as well as in men; and the malignity of Christendom has been worse than that of the heathen world.

But there is something visible even in these pages different from peace. There is a desire to prevent Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Greeks from any longer "wasting their strength against each other," and teach them to "concentrate" it against "a common foe," whose presence, it seems, "has already done more to remove misconceptions and prejudices than twenty years of effort of our own," has "given a watchword whereby the friends of Jesus may recognise one another," and

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has even awakened the heads of the Romanizing party to the merits of the Evangelicals, and to a sense of their eligibility as temporary allies. What the common foe is may be learnt from certain passages in this work, less marked perhaps by urbanity than by zeal for the faith. It is not heathenism nor the Enemy of mankind.

A union of the three great sacerdotal and political Churches—the Papacy, the Greek Church (or, as it may be more truly called, the Russian Caliphate), and the Anglican Establishment—might make a peace indeed; a peace such as the Church has scarcely had a prospect of enjoying since the marriage of Mary with Philip II.

In part explanation of the aversion apparently felt by Englishmen to the Papal authority, Dr. Pusey says, "Probably there is an hereditary dread of 'the renewal of the fires of Smithfield, 'the sinfulness of which has never been disowned.' Not only has it never been disowned, but the fundamental principle of persecution has been distinctly repromulgated in the Pope's recent Encyclical, which denounces freedom of opinion and liberty of worship as immoral, and is lauded by the Archbishop of Westminster as setting forth 'the great constructive principles of morality and jurisprudence on which the Christian world is founded.' But in upbraiding the Church of Rome



with not having disowned the fires of Smithfield, Dr. Pusey forgets the persecutions which his own Church carried on under the ascendancy of his own party, and which, so far as we are aware, have never been formally disowned, though they have no doubt been effectually arrested by the growing strength of Liberal principles, which High Churchmen are apt almost to identify with the triumph of Satan. He forgets the evidence which such organs of High Churchmanship as the *Church and State Review* are continually affording, that intolerance is crippled, not extinct. He underrates, we fear, the length to which the coarser members of a priesthood invested with political power might be carried by the spirit which has animated some of his own proceedings, and which gleams forth even in these pages, if the restraints of modern society were removed.

As to the Russian Church, it is needless to say that it is as political and almost as intolerant as Islam, and that it would bring an intensely persecuting spirit into any confederacy of which it might form a part.

Charity, therefore, itself—not any un-Christian feeling towards Anglican, Greek, or Roman, or any un-Christian exultation in the mutual differences of those with whom we do not ourselves agree—forbids us to desire that this “concentration of the forces” of the three great political Churches should take place. Such an alliance would, if it were possible, crush liberty and truth out of the world; it would blast the rising hope of a better and broader reconciliation; and, as the reason and conscience of men would revolt against it at last, it would probably end in a deluge of scepticism such as the world has never seen.

This is not the first attempt to bring about a reconciliation with a view to a “concentration of forces” between the Church, or rather the clergy, of England, and the Church of Rome. Laud and his party persecuted English Protestants with one hand and held out the other to the Roman priesthood.

That was indeed a perilous hour for the Protestant cause. Richelieu had crushed the Huguenots in France. The generals of the Catholic League were carrying all before them in Germany. If the Roman Catholic powers could have been brought, by a religious reconciliation of England to Rome, to make common cause with the reactionary party here, and to lend the aid of their arms to Charles I. the doom of English Protestantism would, to all appearances, have been sealed: and there was then no great community in the New World to afford liberty a safe asylum against the combinations of its European enemies. *Afflavit Deus et dissipati sunt.* Laud wished to make the English nation bow its neck again to the yoke of Roman superstition, but, as the self-constituted Pope of the Anglican Church, he by no means wished to bow his own neck to the jurisdiction of the Roman Pope. The Papacy was unpromising, as the instinct of self-preservation, rather than any superhuman wisdom, has led it and will always lead it to be. A certain number of individual conversions to Rome took place among ecclesiastics and persons of quality. But the two Churches remained divided; and the Catholic Powers, instead of lending their aid to Charles I. in his attempt to crush English liberty, lent it to the Parliamentarians, and contributed, with a truly judicial blindness, to the destruction of the heretic king.

Again, in the early part of the last century, overtures were made by certain doctors of the Sorbonne, headed by Dupin, to the Primate of the English Church. But these theologians represented not the Church of Rome, but the Gallican party in the French Church; and the attempt may be regarded in effect as an incident in the semi-rebellion of the Gallicans against the despotism of the Pope, even if it was not connected with a phase of opinion more liberal than Gallicanism, and alien not only to Rome, but to Dr. Pusey's own views.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “The Abbé Dupin,” says M. Martin in his *History of France*, “a remarkable and con-

The negotiation for ecclesiastical union was evidently fostered by the close political alliance then subsisting between the two governments. It appears to have been favoured by the Regent Orleans, a singular arbiter, it must be owned, of religious arrangements, but a great friend, and almost a diplomatic dependent, of this country. It broke down when a change took place in our diplomatic relations; nor does it seem ever to have extended beyond a very limited circle, mainly clerical, in either country, or to have arrived within view of practical success. Perhaps, if it had come to the point, the English nation might have been found more exacting than its clergy in adjusting terms of communion with the Church which did not repent of the St. Bartholomew, and gloried in the Dragonnades. Dupin's protocol of reconciliation has been preserved, in substance at least, and Dr. Pusey apparently regards it as a basis upon which renewed negotiations may be hopefully founded. But, at the present day, the Ultramontanes can boast, apparently with perfect truth, that Gallicanism has ceased to exist. Among the mass of Roman Catholics, the memory of a Gallican doctor of the Sorbonne is as odious, we apprehend, as that of a declared heretic.

The reaction, ecclesiastical and political, which has been for some time prevailing in England, and of which we are just beginning to see, or rather to feel, the approaching termination, pre-

scientious writer, after having come before the world, while still young, with a treatise *On the Ancient Discipline of the Church*, in which he reduces the authority of the Pope almost to a simple primacy, had undertaken, under the title of the *New Library of Ecclesiastical Authors*, a general history of Christian Theology. In this, he criticized the Fathers, and exposed their opinions as unsparingly as though he had been dealing with profane writers, and asserted that St. Cyprian was the first of the Fathers who had spoken quite clearly on Original Sin; that St. Justin and St. Irenæus had understood by eternal punishment only punishment of long duration, &c. Bossuet solemnly interposed (*intervient avec éclat*) to force the author to retract, and the Archbishop of Paris, Harlai, condemned the work.—Vol. xiv. p. 293.

sents many points of analogy, both in its causes and in its manifestations, to that which prevailed in the time of Charles I. And, once more, the leaders of the priest-party in the Anglican Church stretch out their hands in hopes of an alliance to the Church of Rome.

They stretch out their hands to the place where the Church of Rome was in the time of Charles I. But the Church of Rome is there no longer. As fast as they have been moving towards her former belief and system, she has been moving towards Ultramontaniam and the extreme of sacerdotal and feminine superstition. The "shores of Italy," to borrow an image from Dr. Pusey, are "still receding," and nothing short of a leap, at which all who have not religiously closed their eyes must stand aghast, will now carry the Romanizing Anglican into the bosom of Rome.

Masculine intellect having been estranged from the Roman Church at once by its outrages upon reason, and by its opposition to the progress of civilization, the intellectual checks upon fanaticism and enthusiasm have been almost entirely removed; and, in the recent developments of Roman Catholicism, the tendencies of priests and female devotees have exclusively prevailed. Of the effects produced when free course is given to the tendencies of priests all the world is aware. We have just read, in Mr. Merivale's "Lectures on the Conversion of the Northern Nations," a passage very meet for these times, on the corruptions introduced into Christianity by the unregulated tendencies of women. Woman thus takes, and has in all ages taken, a deadly revenge for the offence of society, in neglecting female education. A spiritual director would not have found it easy to weave his web round the understanding of such a Christian woman as Lady Jane Grey.

The result of these influences, acting without a curb in the Church of Rome, is the development of the Ultramontane doctrine of papal infallibility to the verge (to use an expression endorsed by Dr. Pusey himself) of "Llaimism," and the development of Mariolatry to



such a pitch, if his account may be trusted, that we should literally shrink from using the only language by which it could be adequately described. And each superstition, so far from having reached its utmost limit, seems to be still in full career. Ultramontane theologians are, apparently, about to produce a theory of the "quasi-hypostatic union" of the Holy Ghost with each successive Pope; while the leaders of popular devotion, such as the late Father Faber, are calling for "an immense—nothing short of an *immense*—increase" of devotion to the Virgin.

For such a plunge as this, even the most Romanizing among our clergy are not prepared. Accordingly, Dr. Pusey's address to the Roman Catholics assumes a double aspect: it is partly an overture of reconciliation, partly a controversial attack on the doctrines and practices which at present stand fatally in the way of that result. With one hand he holds out the olive-branch to Rome, while, to make her take it, he lashes her soundly with the other. But this is a method of negotiation which seldom proves successful, especially when the other party is obstinate and irascible in temper, and has, moreover, been habituated, and even partly encouraged, by your own language to regard you as decidedly an inferior. It is attempted under circumstances of peculiar difficulty by a religious leader, so many of whose party, including the very flower of its intellect, have already betrayed the untenable character of his position by going over without reserve to the Church of Rome. The Ultramontane commanders must have much less patience than the Greek besiegers of Troy, if with deserters, and not only rank and file, but officers and generals, coming over to them in such numbers, they cannot keep up the siege a few years more. The attitude of Dr. Manning towards the Anglican Establishment is that of a St. Michael treading, in the calm dignity of overwhelmingly superior power, on an odious but impotent foe. And Dr. Manning, while this answer to him was in progress, was ap-

pointed Archbishop of Westminster, so that his words became at once the freshest and most authentic exposition of the mind of the Holy See.

Some good English clergymen of the High Church school have just put out a Latin version of the English Prayer-book, to show the Roman Catholics how much we have in common. But at the same moment the old French Office-book, though supported by its intrinsic merits, and endeared to large bodies of the French people, is thrust out of the French churches by the Ultramontanes on the pretence of its being tainted with Jansenism, and the Roman Office-book, said by good judges to be much inferior as a composition, is triumphantly installed in its room.

Dr. Pusey is under the necessity, in effect, of calling upon the Roman Catholics to revise their creed, with a view to the rejection of developments posterior to the Council of Trent, in the canons of which he is ready, on his part, to acquiesce. The revision of a creed, on whatever grounds and by whatever rule, whether rational, scriptural, or historical, is an intellectual operation, and implies a previous emancipation of the mind from the authority by which the creed was imposed. The Church of Rome, as we have said, practically consists, as far as the educated classes are concerned, of the priests and the women, as any one, by entering a church in a French town, may perceive. The men are ready to revise their creed with a vengeance. It is to the priests and the women, therefore, that Dr. Pusey proposes this task of criticizing their religion, and eliminating priestly and feminine superstitions. Priests and women are invited to clear Papal infallibility out of the way, and to retrench the excessive worship of the Virgin, in order to smooth the path for an alliance between the Eternal Church of Peter and, not a Church, but a party, of the birth of which they heard but yesterday, and the members of which have been, and still are, coming over there as converts one by one. And this on the morrow of the declaration of the Immaculate Conception!

A Roman Catholic authority cited by Dr. Pusey speaks of those as the "free-thinkers" of the time who did not believe that the Holy Trinity had made Mary the dispensatrix of all that was to be bestowed on man. Another writes of the belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin as an article of faith among his people, "to doubt of which would be to doubt of all." The view of the matter suggested by these expressions ought not to move surprise. It is not only natural, but reasonable, if the name of reason can be properly used in such connexion. The follower of reason and conscience can of course afford, and upon good cause shown feels himself bound, to revise even his most cherished convictions: but the follower of authority and tradition is lost if he can be compelled to acknowledge the most trivial error. His infallible oracle, once proved to be fallible, is worthless for evermore. Prove that the Pope has erred in the matter of the Immaculate Conception: the Papal authority is at an end, and chaos will come to those whose faith is built upon that foundation.

Dr. Pusey seems inclined to insist on the distinction between the formal creed of the Roman Church and its practical system; and to represent the offensive matter as belonging to the system, not to the creed. The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin is now as much an article of the Roman Catholic creed as the Trinity. But, were it otherwise, the difference would not be of much practical importance for the purpose which Dr. Pusey has in hand; or rather he would perhaps find it harder to get priests and women to alter their devotional system than to revise their theological creed. If we were in the place of the Catholic priests we should apprehend much less of a shock in Spain from the transposition of a few affirmatives and negatives in the Canons of the Council of Trent than from an edict commanding a retrenchment of the popular devotion to the Virgin.

And who is to take the initiative on the part of the Church of Rome? Who is to call the General Council by which

the superstition of Papal infallibility is to be rooted out of the Church? Who can do it but the Pope? And this, let us once more remark, immediately after what all his priests laud in rapturous strains as the most signal and glorious exhibition of his divine power.

Dr. Pusey is sanguine enough to hope that the recent innovations in Roman doctrine having been avowedly intended to obtain divine succour under difficulties: if that succour fails to arrive, the Romans will reconsider the developments. But to be thus guided by the test of experience seems somewhat rationalistic for devotees. The Romans are surely quite as likely to conclude that they have not yet gone far enough as that they have gone too far. Father Faber has already warned them that the increase of devotion to the Virgin, to produce the desired effect, must be nothing short of immense.

If any one desires to sup full of the enormities of Mariolatry, the feast is spread for him in Dr. Pusey's learned page. We could scarcely transcribe all that is set forth here without offending the religious taste of our readers, and appearing to gloat over the degradation of a Church which, amidst all its aberrations and after all its crimes, is a part of Christendom. We may reasonably hope also that there is something to be said upon the other side. For, without casting any suspicion on Dr. Pusey's honesty, we must remember that he is personally under a strong temptation to scare the wavering members of his party from defection to the Church of Rome.

Further developments appear to Dr. Pusey to be still looming in the future. To us it appears that the practice and sentiment being what, if we accept his statements, they already are, any further development of formal doctrine would be comparatively of little importance. And this is the pervading character, this the spirit, of the Church into the arms of which truth-loving England is at once to be flung.

In the case of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, the Bishops were consulted as to the tradition of the



Church, and the Pope's decision purports to be in accordance with their "common vote." Dr. Pusey, however, shows by analysis that this statement is rather infallible than true. The Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Irish Bishops were, as might have been expected, nearly unanimous in favour of the doctrine. But of the French and Germans some were on the other side; less, however, as it appears, from love of truth and dislike of superstition than from policy, and from fear of the more enlightened people with whom they had to deal. The Bishop of Versailles hesitated "lest it should be an additional hindrance to the return of the Protestants, whom it was difficult to make believe what was already of faith in regard to the Virgin." The Bishop of Perigueux, "much as he wished it, yet, in these most difficult times, left the matter to the Pope." The Metropolitan of Gorizia and Gradisca said:—

"If the present state of all Germany, and the condition of the Austrian provinces in particular, be considered attentively, as it ought, the proposition about deciding the scholastic question as to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in such wise, that a pious belief should be transformed into an article of Faith and a Catholic dogma,—in face of, or rather over against, the Protestants, but especially over against that sect which presumes to be called German Catholic, and which strains day by day with incredible effort to extend itself more and more, and in sight of such numbers of languid Catholics, who, both in Germany and Italy, call themselves Catholic Christians, but who have, in fact, either cast off all faith in God, or have abandoned themselves to absolute religious indifferentism, in the actual state of political liberty,—seems to me a matter full of peril.—

"Under these circumstances (as far as I can see) you must direct your mind, and strive, with all the effort you can by the help of God, together with the fathers of the Society of Jesus, that the Catholic faith should by the gift of God be more and more established in that sense in which it was excellently declared and established in the Council of Trent, and that it should take deeper root in men's hearts, that, according to the Apostle, we may have "faith working by love" to life eternal; but you must abstain, at least for the present, from forming new articles of faith, and so leave the question of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin in that state, in which the Catholic Church has hitherto kept it. There

is still found in Europe a sufficient number of Catholics; but, alas! perhaps the greater part of them does not from the heart believe even the articles of faith necessary, *necessitate medi*, to salvation. What avails it to establish that the most Blessed Virgin Mary was conceived without spot, when it is not believed that Jesus is the Son of God!"

If "the actual state of political liberty" could be suppressed by a paternal government ruling by the sabre and taking the Church into political partnership, the view of the Metropolitan as to the expediency of adding the Immaculate Conception to the creed would apparently be changed. So that political liberty and, as it seems, religious criticism play a useful part in restraining infallibility, and preventing it from too far outrunning the truth. We shall expect a treatise on the function of the Powers of Evil in preserving Religious Truth.

The American Bishops were mute. And this again may furnish to Dr. Pusey food for reflection in regard to a country which his party regard as an anarchy, redeemed only by the presence of a branch of the Anglican Church, and of which he speaks as "desolated by universalism," and engaged in "fratricidal war." Perhaps the land of Free Churches, where Christians are not divided from each other by political as well as doctrinal barriers, may, after all, be the destined scene of the great reconciliation.

Dr. Pusey's exposure of Mariolatry, and his analysis of the process by which the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was added to the creed, lead us to make, in passing, two remarks.

In the first place, there are three Churches by which, or for which, an authority is claimed superior to reason and conscience—the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican; and no impartial judge will say that on whatever grounds—moral, historical, or æsthetic—submission can be asked, the claim of the Roman Church is the least plausible of the three. She, in fact, alone even pretends to be universal. It is to her that men who have distinctly made up their minds that submission to authority can alone give

them peace, invariably and naturally resort. Yet this Church, by the organ of her authority (for as to this it is idle to raise any cavil), has promulgated this portentous falsehood; and the reward of submission to Church authority, so far as the devout Roman Catholics are concerned, is that they are led into deadly error, with the prospect of being led into error more deadly still. What warning can be more decisive against self-prostration at the feet of any priesthood in the world? Suppose a Roman Catholic, having read Dr. Pusey's book, and being convinced by it that the authority to which he had been bowing had been convicted of teaching falsehood and therefore was no authority at all, were to forswear its dominion, and, braving excommunication and all other consequences of revolt, determine that, however outcast, however perplexed, he would at least die in the allegiance of the God of Truth—what would Dr. Pusey say was this man's spiritual position and what his spiritual doom? It is easy to suggest that had the opinion of the Bishops been taken in a more satisfactory manner, and had a better opportunity been given to the minority of expressing its convictions, the wiser counsel might have prevailed. If the decisions of General Councils themselves were to be subjected to this sort of revision by the light of history and individual reason, how much of those decisions would remain? As a matter of fact, the authority has pronounced; and Roman Catholics, even those who struggled against that decision to the last, and whose reason, we may be sure, rebels against it still, are bound, under penalty of excommunication, to accept the falsehood; and, if they are ecclesiastics, to teach it as truth.

In the second place, we have here seen with our own eyes the creation of a new dogma, which now stands on an equal footing with the whole mass of ancient dogma in the belief of by far the larger portion of sacerdotal Christendom. We are enabled to trace the whole process of generation, up to the final ratification of the figment as divine truth,

and we can say with certainty that the agencies at work were not those of reason or of the honest interpretation of Scripture, or any by the operation of which truth, in the natural sense of the term, could be produced, but the scholastic fancies of priests educated in a perverse system conspiring with the morbid emotions of uneducated women: the consummation being moreover manifestly expedited by a political crisis which made it expedient for the Papacy to animate, by some striking effort, the enthusiasm of its partisans. We have witnessed, among other things, the overwhelming advantages which, when reason has once been thrust aside, and the light of the individual conscience has once been quenched, thoroughgoing fanatics, like the Spanish and Portuguese Bishops, possess over the wavering opponents who remain half true to good sense, and who, by persisting in their opposition, open themselves to a charge of impiety, while on their part they can only whisper suggestions of prudence, which, in a matter of religious principle, are almost an impiety in themselves. And this is done in the meridian light of modern criticism, and under the keen gaze of a sceptical world. What are the chances that the same thing did not take place in ages wholly uncritical, and when there were no sceptical bystanders, such as those of whom the Metropolitan of Gradisca stands in wholesome awe, to scrutinize the process by which dogmas were created? What are the chances that, in denouncing eternal condemnation against all who do not accept every statement in the Athanasian Creed, we are not obeying influences as little entitled to spiritual deference as those which carried the dogma of the Immaculate Conception?

Dr. Pusey's treatment of Papal infallibility is as unsparing and effective as his treatment of Mariolatry. If his Holiness should read the dissertation, he will certainly pray against the precious balm of the peacemaker which breaks his head. From being the Primate of Christendom and the unerring depository of tradition, the Pope has become the



living organ of new revelations, as though St. Peter or St. John were living on the earth. The sphere of his infallibility has been extended from religious questions, in the proper sense of the term, to such matters as the moral tendency of liberty of opinion and worship, and the necessity of the temporal dominions to the spiritual functions of the Holy See. As we said before, Dr. Pusey endorses the expression, "Llamanism," as applied to the Roman theologians, who are meditating a "quasi-hypostatic union" of the Holy Ghost with each successive Pope. A quasi-hypostatic union of the Holy Ghost with Alexander Borgia and Julius II.!

Dr. Pusey's argument both against Mariolatry and Papal Infallibility appeals to principles essentially Rationalistic, which are capable, as we conceive, of being turned with fatal effect against himself.

On the part of the Church of England Dr. Pusey offers, in effect, so to explain our formularies, that, with the help of a certain amount of explanation on the other side, they shall be consistent with the whole doctrinal system of Rome, as defined by the Council of Trent, including Transubstantiation, the Mass, the Seven Sacraments, Purgatory, Indulgences, Invocation of Saints, and, as a matter of course, the absolute submission of conscience to the authority of the priesthood assuming the name of the Church. On the last point, indeed, he states his principles with a breadth which would leave the strongest Ultramontanist nothing to desire.

It is needless to go through the details of this process of diplomatic interpretation, into the morality of which, to say nothing of its reasonableness, no one can enter who has not attained the writer's exact frame of mind, and arrived at his exact point of view. We will only venture to remind Dr. Pusey, in reference to Transubstantiation, that the Church of England, in the note at the end of the Communion Service, formally explains the kneeling posture, and warns the people that no adoration is thereby intended to the Sacramental Bread and

Wine or any corporal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood, declaring that such adoration would be "*Idolatry*, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians." If there is a way of reconciling this with Transubstantiation, it must be such a way as we should think none but a Jesuit could take. It is enough, however, to say that we are landed historically in the conclusion that no change took place in the religion of England at the Reformation; that Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley suffered martyrdom for nothing; that Pole was entirely mistaken in supposing that a counter-revolution had taken place at the accession of Mary; and that the Armada sailed to extirpate a faith which, in all material points, was identical with that of Philip II. "The English Catholics' view," says a Romanizing periodical, in an enthusiastic review of Dr. Pusey's book, "is that no vital change, no important change even, passed over the Church of England at the time of the Reformation, except the misunderstanding with the Court of Rome." This view may, in theology, be "Catholic;" what it would be in history we need not say. We shall be guilty of a platitude, we know, yet we cannot help asking those who make such statements, being evidently half-conscious, at least, of their real character, whether they think that untruth is likely to lead the world into truth?

The practical question is, whether the Romanizing party are powerful enough, whether they have hold enough on the body of the people and the ruling intellect of the country, to undo the Reformation. And our readers are just as well qualified as we are to say whether such is the case, or whether the idea is an ecclesiastical dream of the diocese of Oxford:

Even in his own section of the Church Dr. Pusey would perhaps have more difficulty than he imagines in adjusting the terms of re-annexation to Rome.

He glides smoothly over the question of Papal jurisdiction; but, judging from historical experience, he would find the English Bishops tenacious of their local

autocracy, which they call the freedom of the Church, though the people, if they are to put their necks again under the sacerdotal yoke at all, would do well to re-invest the Papacy with dictatorial powers, and take refuge from the petty, active, ever-present despotism of the Bishop in the ample, distant, and, when not alarmed or irritated, indolent tyranny of Rome. And, again, he scarcely touches on the celibacy of the clergy. We are quite aware that the celibacy of the Roman clergy is nominally a matter of discipline, not an article of faith. Really, however, it places a great gulf between them and a married clergy, as we presume the Anglicans, in spite of their austerities of dress and demeanour, intend still to be. A devout Roman Catholic, if he were asked to receive the Sacrament from the hands of a married priest, would feel a thrill of aversion, which, when the pretensions of the priestly character are considered, it is not difficult to understand.

It is a necessity of Dr. Pusey's case to assume that his party is, and always has been, the Church of England. But he does this at great disadvantage in face of such an antagonist as Dr. Manning. *Othoni nuper Anglicano et eadem facienti*. Dr. Manning knows the inside of Dr. Pusey's position. He knows that in the Church of England there have twice been Romanizing movements, the movement on each occasion having been manifestly produced by Roman influences, and marked by numerous conversions to Rome; but that otherwise her history has been that of a Protestant Church, the headship of which is expressly confined by law to a Protestant, and which sent representatives to the Protestant Synod of Dort. When he is told that the section opposed to Dr. Pusey are mere "exotics," which excite curiosity only by their strangeness, he can personally recall the time when Dr. Pusey's party were "exotics," at least as strange to the eyes of English Churchmen as those which have just been duly acclimatised by the Privy Council. Living in the midst of us, and watching our ecclesiastical concerns,

he can scarcely fail to be aware that, even now, copes and chasubles, Roman Hours, genuflexions, and "celebrations," are not perfectly familiar to English eyes, and that the spiritual director has not yet become perfectly naturalized in the English home. If he has read what most of the world has read, he will be able to say that Monasticism too is an "exotic," which, being unregulated by the rules which check individual caprice in its native country, grows as yet rather grotesquely in the alien soil. He will pay little respect to the pretence that Dr. Pusey's party are the only lawful possessors of the Church of England, knowing well, as he does, that the people whom they affect to regard as "portents" have been pronounced by the supreme legal authority to have as good a standing-ground in the Church as they.

He will scarcely succumb to the proofs of the divine character of Anglicanism, derived by Dr. Pusey from its "marvellous" existence through three centuries, without pointing out that during the whole period it has been supported, not only by spiritual vitality, but by political power. He will remind Dr. Pusey of Bancroft and his colleagues, prostrate at the feet of James I., of Laud in the antechamber of Buckingham; of the Bishops of the Restoration hunting down their opponents in England, and dragooning the Scotch Covenanters under the religious ægis of Charles II.; of the High Church clergy in the reign of Anne, headed in their policy of persecution by Bolingbroke; perhaps even of a more recent scene, when a politician, not supposed to be the most austere of the day, was brought down to Oxford by the leader of the High Church party to figure as the chosen champion of orthodoxy, and, in the course of a slashing invective against heretics, lapsed into a profane allusion to the most cherished of all the doctrines which he had been engaged to defend,—a doctrine which Dr. Pusey seems to have bound himself by a vow to preach in season and out of season, till he fills the minds of all men with disgust, and on which he drags in, in these very



pages, a piece of religious philosophy, among the strangest we have ever seen. "And all this with no human aid, with 'no power except the presence of God the Holy Ghost—'" Dr. Manning will suggest that such a description as this of the means by which his opponent's opinions have been supported requires qualification, if, in religious inquiry, any measure is to be kept with historical fact.

As to the existence of the Anglican Church without the protection of the State in America, Dr. Manning may say in the first place that she has found it necessary to drop the Athanasian Creed, and to admit into her government a lay element, which is, in fact, fatal to the ascendancy of a priesthood, and keeps High Church doctrine and ritualism down to a very low point, compared with that which they have reached here : and in the second place, that, though not protected by the State, she is greatly protected, as the most genteel form of worship, by the rich and fashionable classes, to whose tendencies she accommodated herself in the matter of slavery, with almost as much fidelity as European Churches protected by political power have accommodated themselves to the tendencies of the power by which they are protected. That witnesses have been found to attest "how 'before this fratricidal war, the Church of England was regarded by many 'as the one principle of stability in 'the United States,' we can easily believe ; but as to the 'independence' of the witnesses, we should beg leave to reserve our judgment till we know who they were. Among the body of the American people Anglicanism has, we believe we may say with confidence, very little root.

The Church of England both in England and America has produced many good Christians and given many proofs of religious life. She has doubtless, in the great disruption, preserved, against the day of reconciliation, her portion of the truth. And it is evident that she has in her something, which, quite independently of her poli-

tical position, attracts a certain class of religious minds. The time will come when, not through ecclesiastical diplomacy, but by a different process, she will merge again into Christendom. Meantime she is good enough, to say the least, for any ordinary Christian. She possesses, indeed, one special attraction in both countries, of which Dr. Pusey would speedily deprive her, as the Church which practically allows most liberty of belief and action to conforming members. But to pretend that she ought to satisfy the reason and conscience of a religious inquirer because she has existed, as a political Church, for three centuries, would be the sort of reasoning which people allow themselves in theology, and in no other subject. The Mahometan Church has existed by the aid of political power not for three centuries but for twelve.

But a class of evidences still remains, the most tremendous and conclusive of all, if the facts are true. Dr. Pusey shall state them in his own way.

"You remember how our dear friend J. H. Newman was impressed by God's visible and very awful judgment upon a sacrilegious Communion. It was no insulated instance. Our Lord bore witness to His own Presence, by judging the sacrilegious communicant, and leaving him in the power of Satan, who drove him to self-murder in the precincts of the Church, where he had profaned the Body and Blood of Christ. Prejudiced as juries are, the jury, awed by the case, pronounced 'felo-de-se.' On the other hand, the effects of devout communion have passed over to the body too. I have known too the evil fruit of sacrilegious confessions, very different from those of an ordinary lie."

We, too, can boast of our La Salette. But the adversary will be able to remark, that of all this cloud of miracles there is only one which emerges from the entirely nebulous state, and presents itself for examination as a tangible fact. And to this one the sole attesting witness is Dr. J. H. Newman, who has overturned his own testimony by leaving the Church of England for the Church of Rome.

It would not be surprising if Dr. Manning were to treat with great disregard Dr. Pusey's whole theory of the

present state of the ecclesiastical world. Dr. Pusey assumes that the authority of the infallible Church still metaphysically exists, but that its actual existence is suspended by the division of its organ the Episcopate into three segments, each of which refuses connexion with the other two, and taxes them with religious error. Dr. Manning would, we presume, reply that an authority thus divided, and thus self-contradicting, would not be suspended but extinct; that, to souls anxious for guidance, it would be no authority at all. "The authority," he will say, "which all the faithful need for their guidance is, happily for mankind, not only in a state of metaphysical but of actual and visible existence: it resides in the undivided and universal Church of which I am an Archbishop, and its undoubted organ is the Pope." If the Anglican Church is not heretical, the other Churches which refuse communion with her are in a state of schism; the authority remains undivided in her, and she may call a Council, by the decrees of which all consciences will be bound. This may seem staggering to reason, but we are dealing with questions of which reason is not the rule.

We had almost forgotten the case of the Greek Church. It must be a tremendous bursting of most antiquated ceremonies that would enable that Church to stretch out its arms to any other community whatever. The attempt to re-

store communion with it was made some years ago by an Anglican clergyman, who of all men was, by character and genius, most fitted to succeed in the task, and who was led by his idiosyncracies to represent the Church of England, with perfect honesty, as much nearer to the Greek Church in her doctrine and system than, as a whole, she really was. He failed, and is now a member of the Church of Rome.

In concluding, we must emphatically repeat that it is not a proposed reconciliation between three Christian Churches that we view with suspicion, and which we rejoice to regard as for the present out of the question. It is a league between three great political establishments, all of them infected and the two largest intensely animated by the spirit of persecution. At a distant day, perhaps, but one which is not hopelessly distant, freedom, charity, and the revival of a genuine faith will bring to pass a real and universal reconciliation. Those repeated attempts at reunion, of the perpetual renewal of which by the sympathies of Christianity hidden under the divided Churches, Mr. Ffoulkes speaks in the touching conclusion of his "Divisions of Christendom," will take effect at last. But the reunion will not be based upon the principles of the Encyclical, nor will it be for the purpose of concentrating forces against a Christian foe.

## CRADOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE following day was Saturday, and the young fellow spent great part of it in learning the rules, the tables, and statistics of the coal trade, so far as they could be ascertained from a sixpenny work which he bought. Not satisfied with this, he went to the Geological

Museum, in Jermyn Street, and pored over the specimens, and laid in a stock of carbonic knowledge that would have astonished Clinkers and Jenny. When the building was closed at four o'clock he hurried back to Mortimer Street, paid Mrs. Ducksacre for his week's lodgings, and ran off to a pawnbroker's to raise a little money. Without doing



this, he would not be able to deposit the twenty guineas. Mr. Gill's shopman knew Craddock well, from his having been there frequently to redeem some trifling articles for the poor people of the court, and felt some goodwill towards him for his kindness to the little customers. It increased the activity of his trade, for most of the pledges were repledged or ever the week was out. And of course he got the money for issuing another duplicate.

"Hope there's nothing amiss, Mr. Newman," said the pawnbroker's assistant; "sorry to see you come here, sir, on your own account."

"Oh, you ought to congratulate me," returned Craddock, with a knowing smile: "I am going to pay a premium, and enter into a good position upon advantageous terms; very advantageous, I may say, seeing how little I know of the coal-trade."

"Take care, sir, take care, I beg of you. People run down our line of business, and call it coining tears, &c.; but you may take my word for it, there is a deal more roguery in the coal-trade, or rather in the pretence of it, than ever there is in the broking way."

"There can be none in the present case, for the simple reason that I am not in any way committed to a partnership, neither am I to be at all dependent upon the profits." And Craddock looked thankful for advice, but a deal too wise to want it.

"Well, sir, I hope it may be all right; for I am sure you deserve it. But there is a man, not far from here, I think you took some things out for him, by the name of Zakey Jupp; a shrewdish sort of fellow, though a deal too fond of fighting. He'll be up to some of the coal-tricks, I expect, he's about in the yards so much; and the whippers and heavers are good uns to talk. Don't you think it beneath you, sir, to consult with Zakey Jupp, if you have the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"I am proud to say that I have at last," replied Craddock, smiling grimly; "but he went on board the *Industrious Maiden*, at Nine Elms, yesterday morn-

ing, and may not be back for a month. He wanted me to go with him; but I did not see how to be useful, and had not given my landlady notice. Now, if you please, I have not a moment to spare."

The shopman saw that he could not, without being really impertinent, press his advice any further; and, although Craddock was so communicative, as young men are apt to be, especially about their successes, he never afforded much temptation to any one for impertinence. "And how much upon them little articles?" was the next question put to Craddock; and he did not ask any very high figure, for fear of not getting them out again.

As he set off full speed for Aurea Themis Buildings, without inviting Wena, it struck him that it would be but common prudence just to look at the place of business; so he dashed aside out of Oxford Street, at the rate of ten miles an hour—for he was very light of foot—and made his way to Howard Crescent, whose position he had learned from the map. Sure enough there it was, when he got to the number indicated. And what a noble plate! So large indeed that it was absolutely necessary to have it in two parts. What refulgent brass! What fine engraving, especially on the lower part! You might call it chalcograph, chromography, chromometallurgy; I do not know any word half grand enough to describe it. And the legend itself so simple, how could they have made so much of it? The upper plate, though beautifully bright, was comparatively plain, and only carried the words, "Wibraham, Fookes, & Co.;" the lower and far more elaborate part enabled the public to congratulate itself upon having the above as "Coal-merchants and Colliery Agents to Her Most Gracious Majesty, and the Duchy of Lancaster. Hours of business from ten till four." Craddock just took time to read this, by the light of the gas-lamp close to it; then glanced at the house (which looked clean and smart, though smaller than what he expected), and, feeling ashamed of his mean suspiciousness, darted away

towards Notting Hill. When he arrived at Aurea Themis Buildings, he was kept waiting at the door so long that it made him quite uneasy, lest Hearty Wibraham should have forgotten all about his little deposit. At last the smart girl opened the door, and a short young man, whose dress more than whispered that he was not given to compromise his æsthetic views, came out with a bounce, and clapped a shilling in the hand of the smiling damsel. "There, Polly, get a peach-coloured cap-ribbon, and wear it in a true knot for my sake. I fancy I've done your governor. He's a trifle green; isn't he?" But, in spite of his conversational powers, the handmaid dismissed him summarily, when she saw Cradock waiting there.

The gas in the drawing-room was lit this time, and a good fire burning; and Mr. Wibraham, in spirits absolutely jocular, sprang forward to meet Cradock, and cried, "Hail, oh future partner!" Then he offered him a glass of "rare old Madeira;" and, producing a blank receipt form, exclaimed, "Whatever you do, my young friend, never let it be known in the counting-house that I accepted you with so ridiculous a deposit as the sum of thirty guineas."

"Twenty, sir, twenty was what you agreed to accept." Poor Cradock trembled from head to foot, lest even now at the last moment he should be rejected. But, to his delight, his new principal replied,

"Then, sir, twenty be it: if in a weak moment I agreed. Hearty Wibraham would rather throw up all his connexion than allow any man to say of him, sir, that he had departed from his word." His voice trembled slightly, and there was a twinkle as of tears in his eyes. Crad began to apologise, though he could not quite see what harm he had done.

"Dash it, my boy, not another word. We understand each other. There is your receipt."

In his confidence, Hearty Wibraham passed the receipt form, now filled up, to the aspiring coal-merchant, without having seen so much as the colour of

his money. Then Cradock pulled out Amy's purse, in which he had put the cash, for good luck, and paid his footing bravely.

"Sir, I will not thank you," said Mr. Wibraham, as he took the money, "because the act would not be genuine. And I am proudly able to declare that I have never yet done anything, even for the sake of the common courtesies of life, which has not been thoroughly genuine. My boy, this paltry twenty guineas is the opening of your mercantile life. May that life be prosperous; as I am sure you deserve."

Cradock took another glass of Madeira, as genuine as its owner, and, after a hearty farewell, felt so rapidly on the rise, so touched, for the first time of many weeks, by the dexter wand of fortune, that he bought a quarter of an ounce of birds'eye with an infusion of "Latakia" (grown in the footpath field at Mitcham), and actually warmed his dear brother's pipe, which had not once been incremented ever since the sacred fire of the Prytaneum had languished. Wena was overjoyed to see him, and she loved the smell of tobacco, and had often come sniffing about on the hearth-rug (or the bit of baize that did for it) to know whether it was true that a big man—a mastiff of a man, they told her—had succeeded in abolishing it; now, seeing the blue curls quivering nicely, she jumped upon his lap; and, although she was rather heavy, he thought it would be practice towards the nursing of Amy, and possibly Amy's children. Then, when he thought of that, he grew more happy than fifty emperors. Fortune may jump on a young fellow's heart, with both heels set together; but, the moment she takes one off, up it comes, like a bladder too big to go into the foot-ball.

On Monday morning at ten o'clock, our Crad, in a state of large excitement, appeared before the gorgeous plate, and rang the bell thereover. It was answered by an office-boy, with a grin so intensely humorous that it was worth all the guineas that could have been thrust into the great mouth he exhibited.



"Mr. Newman?" asked the boy, with a patronising air, which a little mind would have found offensive.

"To be sure," replied Craddock; "I suppose I am expected."

"That you are," said the cheeky boy, grinning harder than ever; "the other three gents is waiting, sir. Get you a penny paper for three half-pence."

"Thank you," answered Craddock, hoping to depress that boy, "I am not come here, young man, I trust, to waste time in reading the papers."

"Oh no! oh lor no," cried the boy as he led the way in; "tip-top business this is, and all of us wears out our marrow-bones. His Ro-oyal Highness will be here bumbye. 'Spect they'll appoint you to receive him, 'cos you would look such a swell with our governor's best boots on. Don't you refoose now, mind me, don't refoose, mate, if you loves me."

"You want a little whipeord," said Craddock; "and you shall have it too, my boy, if you come much into my neighbourhood."

"There now; there now!" sighed the boy—who would have been worth something on the stage—"I have never been appreciated, and suppose I never shall. What's the odds to a jinker? Cockalocks, there go in, and let me mind your beaver."

Craddock was shown into a room furnished as philosophically as the wash-house of Cincinnati; still, it looked like business. There was no temptation to sit down, even though one had rowing-trousers on. There were four tall desks of deal uncovered; each had four legs, and resembled a naked Punch-and-Judy box. Hales, the Norfolk giant, could not have written at either of them, while sitting on any of the stools there. Three of these desks were appropriated by three very nice young gentlemen, all burning to begin their labours. Two of the men were unknown to Craddock; but the third, the very short one, who had taken a stool to stand upon, and was mending a pen most earnestly—him Craddock recognised at once as the disburser of the shilling, the sanguine

youth, of broad views in apparel, who had cheated Mr. Wibraham so.

"Mr. Fookes, I presume," he exclaimed, with a leap from the stool, and a little run towards Craddock; "you see we are all ready, sir, to receive the junior partner. Hardly know what to be up to."

"I am sure I cannot tell you," answered Crad, with a smile; "I do not belong to the firm as yet, although I am promised a partnership at a date not very distant."

"So am I," said the little man, staring; "indeed, I came up from Cambridge principally upon the strength of it."

"The deevil you did!" cried a tall, strapping fellow, crossing suddenly from his desk; "if ye'll hearken me, my time comes first. The agramment was signed for Candlemas, when the gloot of business allows it. And a Durham man knows what coals are."

"Agramment, thin, is it?" exclaimed the fourth, a flourishing, red-haired Irishman; "do you think I'd a left me Ooniversity, Thrinity College, Dooblin, wi'out having it down all black and white? By the same token, it's meself as is foremost. Christmas is the time, me boys; and the farst dividend on St. Patrick's day, wakely sthipend in the intherim. Divil take me sowl, but none o' ye shall git before Manus O'Toole."

"Gentlemen," said Craddock, "don't let us be in a hurry. No doubt Mr. Fookes will be here presently, and then we can settle precedence. I see there is work set out for us; and I suppose we are not all strangers here."

"Can't answer for the other gentlemen," returned the little Cambridge man, "but I was never here before, except to see the place on Saturday."

"And that's joost my own predeecament," cried the tall man from Hatfield Hall.

"Chop me up smar," said the Irishman, when they turned to him as their senior, "but the gentleman has the advantage o' me. I never was here at all, at all; and I hope I niver shall be."

The four young men gathered round a desk, and gazed sadly at one another. At this moment the office-boy, seeing the distance safe, for he had been watching through the keyhole, pushed his head in at the door, and shouted, "Hi! there, young coal-merchants, don't yer sell too much now! Telegram from the Exchange, gents; grimy is on the rise. But excoose me half an hour, gents; Her Majesty have commanded my presence, to put the ro-oyal harms on me. Ho-hoop! I'm after you, Molly. Don't be afraid of my splashing your legs, dear."

"Well," said Cradock, as the rising young coal-merchants seemed to look to him for counsel, and stood in silent bewilderment—"it appears to me that there is something wrong. Let us hope that it is a mistake only; at any rate, let us stop, and see the matter out. I trust that none of you gentlemen have paid a premium, as I have."

"I am sure I don't know," said the Cantab, "what the others have done; but I was allowed to enter the firm for the sum of eighty guineas, a great deal too little, considering all the advantages offered—the proper sum being a hundred; but an abatement was made in my favour."

"Ah!ty guineas!" cried the Durham man; "why I was admeeted for saxty, because I had no more."

"It's me blessed self, then, as bates you all," shouted the son of Dublin; "shure and I've made a clear sixty by it, for I hadn't no more than forty."

"And I," replied Cradock, with a melancholy air, "was received for the trifling sum of twenty, on account of my being an Oxford man."

"Why, gentlemen," said the little Cantab, "let us shake hands all round. We represent the four chief universities, only Scotland being omitted."

"Catch a Scotchman with salt, me frinds!" cried the red Hibernian, as they went through the ceremony. "By Jasers, but that infarnal old Jew would have had to pay the porridge-man, for the plasure of his company."

"Now let us fall to our work, gentle-

men" (Crad tried to look hopeful as he said it); "the books before us may throw some light upon this strange, and apparently most mysterious matter. I was told to act for our principal, during the absence of the sleeping partner; to keep you all in your places, and make you stick to your work; and especially to remember that one ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept."

"I should be most happy, sir, to obey orders," said the little Cambridge man, bowing; "only I hold the identical commission, ounce of practice and all, for your benefit, my good sir, and that of all the other juniors."

"Now that shows a want of vareaty," cried the tall Dunelmian, "for the sole charge of all of ye is commeeted to *me*."

"It's me blissed self that got it last, and that manes to kape it. What time wur you there, gentlemen, at Ory Thamis Buildings?"

It was settled that the Irishman had received his commission last, for, some whisky having been produced, he and Hearty Wibraham had kept it up until twelve o'clock on the Saturday night. So, to his intense delight, he was now appointed captain.

"An' if I don't drag him from his hole, to pay him the sixty guineas I owe him, out of your money, gentlemen, say my name isn't Manus O'Toole. Now the fust arder I give, is to have in the bhoy, and wallop him."

Easier said than done, Mr. Toole. There was no boy to be found anywhere; and the only result of a strong demonstration in the passage was a curt note from the landlord.

"GENTLEMEN,—I understood as I had lett my rooms to a respectable party, rent payable weakly, and weak is up this day. Will take it a favuor to re-seeve two pound ten per bearer. JOHN CODGER."

The four university men looked wondrously blank at this—"gelidusque per ima cucurrit ossa tremor."

"Well, I *am* blowed!" cried the little Cantab, getting smaller, and with



the sky-blue stripes on his trousers quivering.

"There's a cousin of mine, a solecitor," said the young north countryman, "would take up this case for us, if we made a joint deposeet."

"Have down the landlord and fight him," proposed the Emerald Islander.

"I don't care a fig for the landlord," said Craddock, who now recalled some shavings of law from the Quarter Sessions spokeshave; "he can do nothing at all to us, until twelve o'clock, and then he can send us about our business, and no more harm done. We were not parties to the original contract, and have nothing to do with the rent. Now, gentlemen, there is only one thing I would ask you, in return for my lucid legal opinion."

"What is that?" cried all the rest; "whatever it is you shall have it."

"That you make over to me, *viva voce*, your three-fourths of the brass-plate. I have taken a strange fancy to it; the engraving is so fine."

"You are perfectly welcome to it," exclaimed the other three; "but won't it belong to the landlord?"

"Not if it is merely screwed on, as probably is the case. And I have a screw-driver in my knife, which very few screws can resist."

"Then go and take it, by all means, before twelve o'clock, for afterwards we shall only be trespassers."

Crad put his hat on and went out, but returned with the wonderful screw-driver snapped up into his knife-handle, and the first flush of real British anger yet seen upon his countenance. What wonderful beings we are! He had lost nearly all his substance, and he was vexed most about the brass-plate.

"Done at every point," he said; "that glorious under-plate is gone, and only the narrow bar left with the name of the thief upon it, which of course would not suit him again."

"Oysters all round!" cried the Cambridge man, "as the landlord cannot distrain us. An oyster is a legal esculent; I see they teach law at Oxford; let us at least die jolly. And I claim

the privilege of standing oysters, because I have paid the highest premium, and am the most promising partner—at any rate, the softest fellow. Gentlemen, if you refuse me, I claim our captain's decision. Captain O'Toole, how is it?"

"Arrah, thin, and I order eysters at this gentleman's expinse, London stout for the waker stomiks, and a drop o' poteen for digestion, to them as are wakest of all."

"Done," said the little Cantab, "if only to rile the landlord, and he may distrain the shells. Call four university men, by implication, unrespectable parties! We must have our action against him. Gentlemen, I am off for the grub, and see that I get in again."

"Faix, then, my honey," cried the Irishman, forgetting all university language, "and, if ye don't, 'twill be a quare job for the warts on the knuckles of Manus O'Toole."

While all four were enjoying their oysters—for Craddock, being a good-natured fellow, did not withhold his assistance—a sharp rap-rap announced the postman, and Mr. O'Toole returned from the door with a large square letter, sealed with the coat of arms of the company. "Ship-letther, and eightpence to pay, begorra. Gentlemen, will we take it?"

"How is it addressed?" asked two or three.

"Most gintaal. 'To the sanior clerk or junior partner of the firm of Wibraham, Fookes, & Co., Coal-merchants,' and that's meself, if it's nobody."

"Then it's you to pay the eightpence," cried the Durham man.

"Do yer think, then, it's me who can't do it?" answered Mr. O'Toole, angrily. And then he broke open the letter and read—

"P. & O. steamer *Will o' the Wisp*, off the Start Point.—*Sunday*.

"RESPECTED AND BELOVED PARTNERS: His Royal Highness the Pasha of Egypt, having resolved to light with gas the interior of the Pyramids, also to provide hot-water bottles for the comfort of his household-brigade, principally female,

and to erect extensive gas-cooking premises, where hot crocodile may always be had, has entrusted me with the whole arrangements, and the entire supply of coal, with no restriction except that the Nile shall not be set on fire. Interested as you are in the success of our noble firm, you will thank, instead of blaming me, for an apparently unceremonious departure. By an extraordinary coincidence, Mr. Fookes has also been summoned peremptorily to Constantinople, to contract with the Sultan for warming the sacks of the ladies who are, from time to time, deposited in the Bosphorus. Therefore, gentlemen, the entire interest of the London branch is left in your experienced hands. Be steady, I entreat you; be diligent, be methodical. Above all things, remember that rigid probity, and the strictest punctuality in meeting payments, are the *very soul of business*, and that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept. But I have the purest confidence in you. I need not appeal to the honour of four university-men. From my childhood upward, I have admired those admirable institutions, and the knowledge of life imparted by them. ‘*Quid leges sine moribus?*’ Excuse me; it is all the Latin I know. There is a raw Irishman among you, rather of the physical order; if he is violent, expel him. Every gentleman will be entitled to his own deal desk, upon discharge of the bill, which he will find made out in his name, in the drawer thereof. And now farewell. I have been prolix, in the endeavour to be precise. There are no funds in hand for the London branch, but our credit is unbounded. Push our united interests, for I trust you to the last farthing. I hope to find you with coffers full, and commercial honour untainted, on the 31st of February prox.

“Believe me, Gentlemen, ever your affectionate partner,

“HEARTY WIBRAHAM, D.C.L.

“P.S.—If none of my partners know the way to enter an order, the office-boy will instruct the manager of the firm.  
—H. W.”

No. 76.—VOL. XIII.

“Consummate scoundrel!” exclaimed the little Cantab, with the beard of an oyster in his throat.

“Detestable heepocrite!” cried the representative of Durham.

“Raw Irishman! Oh then the powers! And the punch of the head I never giv’ him, a week will be next Saturday.” Mr. O’Toole danced round the room, caught up the desks like dolls, and dashed all their noses together. Then he summoned the landlord, and pelted him out of the room and up the stairs with oyster-shells, the books, and the whisky-bottle, and two pewter pots after his legs, as he luckily got round the landing-place. The terrified man, and his wife worse frightened, locked themselves in, and then threw up a window and bawled out for the police.

Craddock, feeling ashamed of the uproar, seized O’Toole by the collar; and the Durham man, being sedate and steady, grasped him on the other side. So they lifted him off the ground, and bore him even into Hyde Park, and there they left him upon a bench, and each went his several way. The police, according to precedent, were in time to be too late.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CRADDOCK NOWELL shivered hard, partly from his cold, and partly at the thought of the bitter life before him. He had Amy’s five and sixpence left, an immutable peculium. In currency his means were limited to exactly four and ninepence. With the accuracy of an upright man (even in the smallest matters), he had forced upon Mr. O’Toole his twopence, the quaternary of that letter. Also he had insisted upon standing stout, when thirst increased with oysters. Now he took the shillings four, having lost all faith in his destiny, and put one in each of his waistcoat pockets; for he had little horse-shoes upwards, as well as the straight chinks below. This being done, he disposed of his ninepence with as tight a view to security.

All that day, he wandered about,



and regretted Issachar Jupp. Towards nightfall, he passed a railway terminus, miserably lighted, a disgrace to any style of architecture, teeming with insolent clerks almost too grand to take money. Let us call it the "Grand Junction Wasting and Screwing Line;" because among railway companies the name is generally applicable.

In a window, never cleaned since the prorogation of Parliament, the following "Notice" tried to appear; and, if you rubbed the glass, you might read it.

"Wanted immediately a smart active young man, of good education. His duties will not be onerous. Wages one pound per week. Uniform allowed. Apply to Mr. Killquick, next door to 'the booking-office.'"

Craddock read this three times over, for his wits were dull now, and then he turned round, and felt whether all his money was safe. Yes, every blessed halfpenny, for he had eaten nothing since the oysters.

"Surely I am an active young man, of good education," said Crad to himself, "although not very smart, perhaps, especially as to my boots; but a suit, all uniform, allowed, will cure my only deficiency. I could live and keep Wena comfortably upon a pound a week. I hope, however, that they cash up. Railway companies have no honour, I know; but I suppose they pay when they can't help it."

Having meditated with himself thus much, he went, growing excited on the way—for now he was no philosopher—to the indicated whereabouts of that line's factotum, Mr. Killquick. Here he had to wait very nearly an hour, Mr. Killquick being engaged, as usual, in the company's most active department, arranging very effectually for a collision down the line. "Successfully," I would have said; but, though the accident came off quite according to the most sanguine, or sanguinary expectation, the result was a slur on that company's fame; only three people being killed, and five-and-twenty wounded.

"Now, young man," asked Mr. Killquick, when all his instructions were on

the wires, "what is your business with me?"

Craddock having stated his purpose, name, and qualifications, the traffic-manager looked at him with interest and reflection. Then he said impressively, "You can jump well, I should think?"

"I have never yet been beaten," Crad answered, "but of course there are many who *can* beat me."

"And run, no doubt? And your sight is accurate, and your nerves very good?"

"My nerves are not what they were, sir; but I can run fast, and see well."

"Why do you shiver so? That will never do. And the muscles of his calf are too prominent. We lost No. 6 through that."

"It is only a little cold I have caught. It will go off in a moment with regular work."

"You have no relation, I suppose, in any way connected with the law? No friends, I mean, of litigious tendencies?"

"Oh no. I have no friends whatever; none I mean in London, only one family, far in the country, to care at all about me."

"No father or mother to make a fuss, eh? No wife to prevent your attending to business?"

"No, sir, nothing of the sort. I am quite alone in the world; and my life is of no importance."

"Wonderful luck," muttered Mr. Killquick; "exactly the very thing for us! And I have been so put out about that place, it has got such a reputation. Poor Morshead cannot get through the work any longer by himself. And the coroner made such nasty remarks. If we kill another man there before Easter, the *Times* will be sure to get hold of it. Young man," he continued in a louder tone, "you are in luck this time, I believe. It is a very snug situation; only you must look sharp after your legs, and be sure you never touch spirits. Not given to blue ruin, I hope?"

"Oh, no. I never touch it."

"That's right. I was afraid you did, you look so down in the mouth. You can give us a reference, I suppose?"

"Yes, to my landlady, Mrs. Ducks-acre, a most respectable person, in trade in Mortimer Street."

"Good," replied Mr. Killquick; "you mustn't be alarmed, by the way, by any foolish rumours you may hear as to dangers purely imaginary. Your predecessor lost his life through the very grossest carelessness. You are as safe there as in your bed, unless your nerves happen to fail you. And, when that is the case, I should like to know," asked the traffic-manager indignantly, "which of us is not in danger, even in coming down stairs?"

"What will my duties be, then?" asked Cradock, with some surprise.

"Why, you are not afraid, are you?" Mr. Killquick looked at him contemptuously.

"No, I should rather hope not," replied Cradock, meeting him eye to eye, so that the wholesale smasher quailed at him; "there is no duty, even in a powder-mill, which I would shrink from now."

"Ah, terrible things, those powder-mills! A perfect disgrace to this age and country, their wanton waste of human life. How the Legislature lets them go on so, is more than I can conceive. Why, they think no more of murdering and maiming a dozen people——"

"Please, sir," cried one of the clerks, coming down from the telegraph office, "no end of a collision on the Slayham and Bury Branch. Three passengers killed, and twenty-five wounded, some of them exceedingly fatally."

"Bless my heart if I didn't expect it. Told Sykes it would be so. How's the engine, Jemmy?"

"She's all right, sir; jumped over three carriages, and went a header into a sand-hill. Driver cased in glass from vitrification of the sand. Stoker took the hot water—a thing he ain't much accustomed to."

"No! What a capital joke. Hell-fire-Jack (I can swear it was him) preserved in a glass case from the results of his own imprudence! I shall be up with you in five minutes, James. Be quite ready to begin."

"Now," said Mr. Killquick, drawing out his cigar-case, "I have little more to say to you, young man, except that you can begin at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. We will dispense with the references, for I have the utmost confidence in you, and you will be searched very carefully every time you come out of the gate—which you never will be allowed to do, except when your spell is over, and your mate is in. You will go at once to our outfitters, and, upon presenting this ticket, they will fit you up, as tightly as possible, with your regimentals. And see that you don't take boots, but the very best shoes for jumping in. What they call 'Oxford shoes' are best, when tied tight over the instep, and not too thick in the sole. No nails, mind, for fear of slipping upon the flange. Good-bye, my boy; be very careful. By the bye, you say you don't value your life?"

"Very little indeed," said Cradock, "except just for one reason."

"Then now you must add another reason; you must value it for our sake. The Company can't have another inquest for at least six months. I mean, of course, *by the same coroner*. Confound that fellow; he will not take a right view of things. At eight o'clock to-morrow morning you will be at the gate of the Cramjam goods station. The clerk there will have his orders about you. He will supply you with a book, and map out for you your duties. Also Morshead, your mate, an invaluable man, will show you the practical part of it. Now good-bye, my lad. Remember you never wear any except your official dress. We allow you two suits in the twelvemonth. Your duties will be of a refined character, and the exercise exhilarating. I trust to receive a good report of you; and I hope, my boy, that you are at peace, both with God and man."

Even Mr. Killquick had been touched a little by Cradock's air of uncomplaining sorrow, and the stamp of high mind and good breeding.

"Very foolish of me," he muttered, as he lit his cigar, and went up to



telegraph to the Slayham station-master. "Commit yourself to nothing; observe the strictest economy; and no bonfires of the splinter-wood, as they had last week.—Very foolish of me," he said on the stairs, "but it goes to my heart to kill that young fellow. How I should like to know his history! That face does not mean nothing."

Craddock, caring very little what his duties might be, and feeling the night-wind go through his heart, hastened to the outfitters', and there he was received with a grin by an experienced shopman, on the production of his note.

"Capital customers, sir," he said; "famous customers of ours, that Grand Junction Wasting and Screwing Line, and the best of all for the gentlemen in your way of business, sir. Must have new clothes every new hand, and they changes pretty often, sir. Provides all the comforts of a home for you, and a gentlemanly competence, before you've been half a year with them."

The man grinned still more at his own grim wit, while Craddock stared at him in wonderment.

"Don't you see, sir, they can't pass the clothes on, after the man has been killed, even if there's a bit of them left; for they must fit you like your skin, sir. The leastest little wrinkle, sir, or the ruffle of a hinch, or so much as the fray of a hem, and there you are, sir; and they have to look for another hactive young man, sir. And hactive young men are getting shy, sir, uncommon shy of it now, except they come from the country. Hope you insured your life, sir, before taking the situation. There's no company will accept your life now, sir. What a nice young man the last were,—what a nice young man, to be sure! outrageous fond of filberts, till they cracked him, and found a shell for him."

"Well," said Craddock, whom the busy tailor had been measuring all this while, "from all that you tell me, there would be less imprudence in ordering my coffin than to-morrow's dinner. What is there so very dangerous in it?"

"Well, you'll see, sir, you'll see. I

would not frighten you for the world, because it's all up in a moment if you lose your presence of mind. Thank you, sir; all right now except the legs of the tights, and that's the most particular part of it all. May I trouble you to turn your trousers up? It will never do to measure over them. We shall put six hands on at once at the job. The whole will be ready at eleven this evening. You must kindly call and try everything. We are ordered to insist upon that."

The next morning Crad, in a suit of peculiar, tough, and yet most elastic cord, which fitted him as if he had been dipped in it, walked in at the open gates of the front yard leading to the Cramjam general goods terminus. This was the only way in or out (except along "the metals"), and, as it was got up with heaps of stucco, all the porters were very proud of it, and called it a "slap-up harchway."

"Stop, stop," cried a sharp little fellow, gurgling up, like a fountain, from among the sham pilasters; "what's your business here, my man, on the premises of the Grand Junction Wasting and Screwing Company? Ah, I see by your togs. Just come this way, if you please, then."

Here let me call a little halt, for time enough to explain that the more fashionable of the railway companies have lately agreed that a station-yard is a sort of royal park, which cannot be kept too private, which no doors may rashly open upon, a pleasant rural solitude and weed-nursery for the neighbourhood, and wherein the senior porter has his private mushroom bed. They are wise in this seclusion, and wholesome is their privacy, so long as they discard all principle, so long as they are allowed to garotte us, while they jabber about "public interests." Perhaps, ere very long, we shall have a modern Dædalus; and then the boards of directors, so ready to do collectively things which, done individually, no gentleman would own to, may abate a few jots of their arrogance, and have faint recollections of honour.

Craddock, not very deeply impressed

by the "compo" arch (about half the size of the stone one at Nowellhurst Hall's chief entrance) presented himself to the sharp little fellow, and told him what he was come for.

"Glad to hear it," said the gateman, "uncommonly glad to hear it. Morshead is a wonderful fellow; there is not another man in England could have stuck to that work as he has done. He ought to have five pounds a week, that he ought, instead of a single sovereign. Screwing Co." (this was their common name) "will be sorry when they have lost him. Now your duty is to enter, in this here book, the number of every truck, jerry, trod, or blinkem, tarpaulin, or covering of any sort; also the destination chalked on it, and the nature of the goods in the truck, so far as you can ascertain them; coals, iron, chalk, packing-cases, boxes, crates, what not, so fast as they comes into the higher end, or so fast as they goes out of it. You return this book to the check office every time you come off duty. You begin work at eight in the morning, and you leave at eight in the evening. You don't pass here meanwhile, and you can't pass up the line. Hope you have brought some grub. You'll have five minutes in the afternoon, long enough to get a snack in, after the up goods for Millstone is off. Oh, you ought to have brought some grub; if you faint, you will never come to again. But perhaps Morshead can spare you a bit. He'll be glad to see you, that's certain, for he ain't slept a wink for a week. And such a considerate chap. I enter you in and out. 'Number-taker 26.' That's all right from your cap, my lad. No room for it on your sleeve. Might stick out, you know, and you must pack tighter than any of the goods is. 'Under-takers,' we call you always. Good-bye, sir; Morshead will tell you the rest, and I hope to see you all right at eight P.M. The first day is always the worst. Go in at that door by the Pickford, and ask the first porter you see for Morshead, and take care how you get at him."

Morshead was resting for a moment upon a narrow piece of planking, amid a

regular Seven Dials of sidings, points, and turn-tables. Craddock could scarcely see him, for trucks and vans and boxes on wheels were gliding past in every direction, thick as the carts on London Bridge, creaking, groaning, ricketing, lurching; thumping up against one another, and then recoiling with a heavy kick, straining upon coupling-chains, butting against bulk-heads, staggering and jerking into grooves and out of them, crushing flints into a shower of sparks, doing anything and everything except standing still for a moment. And among them rushed about, like dragons, —ramping, and routing, and swearing fearfully, gargling their throats with a boiling riot, and then goring the ground with tusks of steam, whisking and flicking their tails, and themselves, in and out at the countless cross-webs, screaming, and leaping, and rattling, and booming,—the great ponderous giant goods-engines. Every man was outswearing his neighbour, every truck brow-beating its fellow, every engine outyelling its rival. There is nothing on earth to compare with this scene, unless it be the jostling and churning of ice-packs in Davis's Straits, when the tide runs hard, and a gale of wind is blowing, and the floes have broken up suddenly. And even that comparison fails, because, though the monsters grind and crash, and labour and leap with agony, they do not roar, and vomit steam, and swear at one another.

At the risk of his life, for as yet he knew nothing of the laws that governed their movements—a very imperfect code, by-the-bye—Craddock made his way to the narrow staging, where Morshead was taking a breathing-time. His fellow "number-taker" of course descried him coming; for he had acquired the art of seeing all round, as a spider is falsely supposed to do. He knew, in a moment, by Craddock's dress, what business he was meant for; and he said to himself, "Thank God!" in one breath, for the sake of his wife and family; and "Oh, poor fellow!" in the next, as he saw how green our Craddock was. Then he held up his hands for Craddock to stop



and waved them for him to run; and so piloted him to the narrow knife-board, "where a man's life was his own a'most."

The highest and noblest of physical courage is that which, fully perceiving the danger, looking into the black pit of death, and seeing the night of horrors there (undivested of horrors by true religion), encounters them all, treads the narrow cord daily, not for the sake of honour or fortune; not because of the dash in it, and the excitement to a brave soul; not even to win the heart's maiden, that pearl of romance and mystery: but simply to supply the home, to keep in flow the springs of love—whence the geyser heat is gone—to sustain and comfort (without being comforted by them) the wife, whose beauty is passed away, and who may have taken to scold, and the children, whose chief idea of daddy is that he has got a halfpenny.

This glorious inglorious courage, grander than any that ever won medal or cross for murdering, had a little home—though he knew it not, and never thought about it—in the broad, well-rounded bosom of simple Stephen Morshead. None but himself knew his narrow escapes; an inch the wrong way and he was a dead man, fifty times a day. And worst of all in the night—oh, in the horrible night, and yet more in the first gleam of morning, when the body was worn out, and dreams came over the eyes, but were death if they passed to the brain, and the trucks went by like nightmares—that very morning he had felt, after taking duty night and day for more than a week, since they killed his partner, he had felt that his Sally must be a widow, and his seven children orphans, if another night went over him without some relief of sleep. That every word of this is true, many a poor man would avouch (if he only had time and the money to read it, and were not afraid); but few rich men will care to swallow facts so indigestible.

Stephen Morshead was astonished at seeing that his mate was come. None of the men in the goods station would

have anything to do with it. It was very well to be up in the trucks, or upon the engines, or even to act as switchman, for you had a corner inviolable, and could only do mischief to others. But to run in and out, and through and through, in that perpetual motion, to be bound to jot down every truck, the cover, and contents of it, entering or departing from that crammed and crowded terminus, to have nobody to help you therein, and nobody to cry "dead man" if you died, and the certainty that if you stood a hair's-breadth out of the perpendicular, or a single wheel had a bunion, you with the note-book in your hand must flood the narrow 'tween-ways, and find your way out underneath to heaven; all this, and the risk of the fearful jumps from one sliding train to another, sliding oppositely, and jerking, perhaps, as you jumped; and yet if you funk'd the jump you must be crushed, like a frog beneath a turf-beater: these considerations, after many pipes were smoked over them, had induced all the porters and stokers to dwell on the virtues of the many men killed, and to yield to their wives' entreaties, acquiesce in their sixteen shillings, nor aspire to the four shillings Charon-fare.

"Now," said Morshead, "shake hands with me," as Craddock, breathless with running wonder, leaped upon the nine-inch gangway, "I see you belongs to a different horder of society; obliged to keep my eyes open, mate; but, as long as you and I works together, I ask it as a favour of you, to shake hands night and morning."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Craddock, "if you think there's room for our funny-bones."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Morshead, "you are the right sort for it. Not a bit afeard, I see. Now I musn't stop to talk; just follow me, and do as I do. I can put you up to it in six hours; and then if you can spare me for the other six, 'twill be the saving of the little ones. But tell the truth if you're tired. I should scorn myself if harm came to you."

"You are the bravest man I ever met," said Craddock, with his heart rising; "you cannot expect me to be like you. But you shall not find me a coward."

"I can see it by your eyes, lad. No sparkle, but a glowing like. I can always tell by the eyes of a man how long he will last at this work. Now come along o' me, and I'll show you the nine worst crushing places."

Craddock followed him through the threads—threads of Clotho and Atropos—feeling the way with his legs, like a gnat who "overs the posts" of a spider's web. In and out, with a jump here and there, when two side-boards threatened to shear them, they got to the gorge at the entrance, where the main turmoil of all was. The Symplegades were a joke to it. And all because the Screwing Company would not buy land enough to get elbow room. There are several lines of railway which do a much larger business; there is no other which attempts to do so much upon less than four times the acreage.

"I've tottled all them as are going out," Mr. Morshead informed Craddock; "now you'll see how we enters them as they enters."

Laughing at his own very miserable joke, he leaped on the chains of the passing waggons, and held up his hand for Craddock not to attempt to do the same.

"Takes a deal of practice that," he cried after he had crossed the train, "and you must larn when they are standing. I need not to have done it now, but sometimes I be forced. Bide where you are; no danger unless they comes with the flaps down."

Then he jotted down, with surprising quickness, all the necessary particulars of the train that was coming in. It happened to be an easy one; for there were no tarpaulins at all, and it was not travelling faster than about four miles an hour.

"Some drivers there is," said Morshead, as he rejoined Craddock round the tail of the train, "who really seem to want to kill a fellow, they come by at

such a pace, without having any call for it. I believe they think, the low fools, that we are put as spies upon them, and they would rather kill us than not.—Hold your tongue," to a man in a truck, who was interrupting his lecture; "don't you know better than to offer *me* that stuff? Never touch what they offers you, sir. They means no harm, but you had safer take poison when you be on duty. There is not much real danger *just here* if a fellow is careful, because the rails run parallo; there is nothing round the curve now, I see, and only two coming out, and both of they be scored; it's a rare chance to show you the figures of eight, and slide-points where the chief danger is. Show you where poor Charley was killed last week, and how he did it."

"Poor fellow! Did he leave any family?"

"Twelve in all. No man comes here, unless he be tired of his life, or be druv to it by the little ones."

"And what did the Company do for them?"

"Oh, behaved most'andsome *for them*. Allowed'em two bob a week for a twelve-month to come—twopence a piece all round. But they only did it to encourage me, for fear I should funk off. I have seen out three mates now. Please God, I shan't see you out too, my lad."

"If you do, it shan't be from funk, Morshead. I rather like the danger."

"That's the worst thing of all," replied Stephen; "I beg of you not to say that, sir."

A thoroughly brave man almost always has respect for order. The bold man—which means a coward with jumps in him—generally has none. It was strange to see how Stephen Morshead, in all that crush, and crash, and rattle, that swinging and creaking as of the Hellespontic boat-bridge, mixed deference with his pity for Craddock. He saw, from his face, and air, and manner, that he was bred a gentleman. Shall we ever come—or rather the twentieth generation come—to the time when every man of England (but for his own



fault) shall be bred and trained a gentleman, in the true and glorious sense of it?

Cradock saw the fatal places, where the sleepers still were purple, where danger ran in converging lines, where a man must stand sideways, like a duellist, and with his arms in like a drill-sergeant's, and not shrink an inch from the driving-wheels; where his size was measured as for his coffin, and if he stirred he would want nothing more. Then, if a single truck-flap were down, if an engine rollicked upon the rail, if a broad north-country truck, over-reaching, happened to be in either train, when you were caught between the two, your only chance was to cry, "Good God!" and lie upon your side, and straighten all your toes out.

And yet these were the very places where, most of all, the "number-taker" was bound to have his stand,—where alone he could contrive to check two trains at once. "Could they help starting two trains at once?" poor Crad asked himself—for he had found no time to ask it before—when, weary to the last fibre with the work of the day, he fell upon his little bed, and could hardly notice Wena. Perhaps they could not; it was more than he knew; only he knew that, if they could, they were but wanton man-slaughterers.

After a deep sleep, all in his clothes, he awoke the next morning quite up for his work, and Morshead, who had been on duty all night, and whose eyes seemed cut out of card-board, only stayed for an hour with him, and then, feeling that Crad was quite up to the day-work, ran home and snored for ten hours, as loud as Phlegethon or Enceladus.

The most fearful thing, for a new hand, was, of course, the night-work; and Stephen Morshead, delighted to have such a mate at last, had begged to leave Cradock the day-spell, at least for the first three weeks; for to Stephen the moon was as good as the sun, and sweet sleep fell like wool when plucked at, and hushed the tramping steeds of the day-god. Only, for the sake of Stephen's eyes, on whose accuracy hung

the life-poise, it was absolutely necessary not to dilate the pupils incessantly.

But Cradock never took nightwork there; and the change came about on this wise. Wena felt that she was wronged by his going away from her every day so early in the morning, and not coming home to her again till ever so late at night, and then too tired to say a word, or perhaps he didn't care to do it. Like all females of any value—unless they are really grand ones, and, if such there be, please to keep them away—Wena grew jealous desperately. She might as well be anybody else's dog; and the baker's dog was with his master all day; and the butcher's lady dog, a nasty ill-bred thing—the idea of calling her a lady!—why, even she was allowed, though the selfish thing didn't care for it, unless there was suet on his apron, to jump up at him and taste him, all the time he was going for orders. And then look even at the Ducksacre dog, a despicable creature—his father might have been a bull-terrier, or he might have been a Pomeranian, or a quarter-bred Skye, or the Lord knows who, very likely a turn-spit, and his mother, oh! the less we say of her the better;—why, that wretched, lop-eared, split-tailed thing, without an eye fit to look out of, had airs of his own; and what did it mean, she would like to know, and she who had formed some nice acquaintances, dogs that had been presented at Court, and got Eau de Cologne every morning, and not a blessed [run-away] upon them? Why, it meant simply this: that Spot, filthy plague-spot, was allowed to go out with the baskets, and made a deal of by his owners, and might cock his tail with the best of them, while she, black Wena, who had been brought up so differently—

Here her feelings were too much for her, and she put down her soft flossy ear upon the druggel-scrap, and looked at the door despairingly, and howled until Mrs. Ducksacre was obliged to come up and comfort her. Even then she wouldn't eat the dripping.

From that day she made her mind up. She would watch her opportunity. What

was the good of being endowed with such a nose as she had, unless she could smell her master out, even through the streets of London? What did he wear such outlandish clothes for? Very likely on purpose to cheat her. Very likely he was even keeping some other dog. At any rate she would know that, if it cost her her life to do it. What good was her life now to her, or anybody else? Heigho!

On the following Saturday, when Craddock was gone to his fifth day's work, what does Wena do, when Mrs. Ducksacre came up on purpose to coax and make much of her, but most ungratefully give her the slip, with a skill worthy of a better purpose, then scuttle down the stairs, all four legs at once, in that sort of a bone-slide which domestic dogs acquire. Miss Ducksacre ran out of the shop at the noise—for this process is not a silent one; but she could only cry, "Oh, Lord!" as Wena, with the full impact of her weight multiplied into her velocity, or, if that is wrong, with the cube of her impetus multiplied into the forty-two stairs—bang she came anyhow, back-foremost, against the young lady's—nay, you there, I said, "lower limbs"—and deposited her in a bushel of carrots just come from Covent Garden.

"Stop her, Joe, for God's sake, stop her!" Miss Ducksacre cried to the shop-boy, as well as she could for the tail of a carrot which had gotten between her teeth.

"Blowed if I can, miss," the boy responded, as Wena nipped his fingers for him; the next moment she was free as the wind, and round the corner in no time.

"Oh dear, oh dear," cried Polly Ducksacre, a buxom young lady with fine black eyes, "whatever will Mr. Newman think of us? It will seem so unkind and careless; and he does love that dog so!"

Polly was beginning to entertain a tender regard for Craddock; especially since he had shown his proportions in "them beautiful buff pantaloons." What a greengrocer he would make, to be

sure, so hupright and so lordly like; and she'd like to see the man in the "Garden" who would tell her she had eaten sparrow-pie, with Mr. Newman to hold the basket for her.

By this time, Mrs. Ducksacre was come down the stairs, screaming "Wena!" at the top of her voice the whole way; and out they ran, boy and all, to search for her, while three or four urchins came in, without medium of exchange, and filled cap, mouth, and pocket. One brat was caught upon their return, and tied up for the day in an empty potato-sack, and exposed, behind the counter, to universal execration; in which position he took such note of manner and custom, time and place, that it was never safe for the Ducksacre firm to dine together afterwards.

Meanwhile that little black Wena, responsive and responsible to none except her master, pursued the even tenor of her way, nosing the ground, and asking many a question of the lamp-posts, as far as the Cramjam Terminus, at least three miles from Mortimer Street. The sharp little gate-clerk, animated with railway love of privacy, ran out, and clapped his hands, and shouted "hoo" at Wena; but she only buttoned her tail down, and cut across the compound. As for the stone he threw at her, she caught it up in her mouth as it rolled, and carried it on to her master.

There was Craddock, in the thick of it, standing on a narrow pile of pig iron, one of his chief fortalices; his book was in his hand, and he was entering, as fast as he could, all the needful particulars of a goods train sliding past him.

Creak, and squeak, and puff, and shriek,—Oh what a scene, thought Wena,—and the rattle of the ghostly chains, and the rushing about, and the roaring. She lost her presence of mind in a moment,—she always had been such a nervous dog—she tightened her tail convulsively, and dropped her ears, while her eyes came forth; and, glancing at the horrors on every side, she fled for dear life from the evil to come.

The faster she fled, the more they



closed round her. She had not espied her master yet; she could not find the way back again; she was terrified out of all memory; and a host of frightful genii, more sooty than Coeytus, and riding hideous monsters, were yelling at her on every side, clapping black hands, and hooting. The dog on the Derby course, when the race rushes round the corner, was in a position of glory and safety compared to poor Wena's now. Already the tip of her tail was crushed, already one pretty paw was broken; for she had bolted in and out through the trains, truck bottoms, wheels, and driving-wheels. Oh you cowards to yell at her! with black death grating and grinding upon her soft silky back!

At last she gave in altogether. They had hunted her to her grave. Who may contend with destiny? She lay down under a moving coal-train, and resigned herself to die. But first she must ask for sympathy, although so unlikely to get it. She looked once more at her wounded foot, and shivered and sobbed with the agony; and then gave vent to one long low cry, to ask if no one loved a poor dog there.

Cradock heard it, and started so that it was 'nearly all up with him too. Thoroughly he knew the cry, wherein she had wailed for Clayton. He flung down his book, and dashed to the place, and there he saw Wena, and she saw him. She began to try to limp to him, but he held up his hand to stop her; disabled as she was, she was sure to be caught by the wheel. Could she stay there and let the train pass her? No. At its tail was an empty horse-box, almost scraping the ground, perfectly certain to crush her. Crying, "Down, down, my poor darling!" he ran down the train, which was travelling seven or eight miles an hour, seized the side of a truck, and leaped, at the risk of his life, upon the fender in front of the horse-box. Then he got astride of the coupling chain, and kept his right hand low to the ground to snatch her up ere the crusher came. Knowing where she was, he caught her by the

neck the instant the truck disclosed her, and, with a strong swing, heaved her up into it. But he lost his balance in doing it, and fell sideways, with his head on the other coupling chain. Stunned by the blow, he lay there, only clinging by his right calf to the chain he had sat astride upon. The first jerk of either chain, the first swing of either carriage, and he must be ground to powder.

Luckily for him and for Amy, Morshead was not gone home yet, seeing more to do than usual. Missing his mate from the proper place, he had run up in terror to look for him, when a man in a truck, who had vainly been shouting to stop the coal-train's engine, pointed and screamed to him where and what was doing. Morshead jumped on the heap of pig iron, and sideways thence on the board of the truck just passing, as dangerous a leap as well could be, but luckily that truck was empty. He jumped into the truck, a shallow one, where poor Wena lay quite paralysed, and, stooping over the back with both arms, he got hold of Cradock's collar. Then with a mighty effort he jerked him upon the tail-board, and lugged him in, and bent over him.

Wounded Wena crawled up, and begged to have her poor foot looked at; then, obtaining no notice at all, she felt that Cradock must be killed and dead, just as Clayton had been. Upon this conclusion she fetched such a howl, though it shook her sore tail to do it, that the engine-driver actually looked round, and the train was stopped.

Hereupon let me offer a suggestion—everybody now is allowed to do so, though nobody ever takes it. My suggestion is, that no man should be allowed to drive an engine without having served a twelvemonth's apprenticeship as an omnibus conductor. I don't mean to say it would improve his morals—probably rather otherwise; but it would teach him the habit of looking round; it would let him know that there really is more than one quarter of the heavens. At present all engine-drivers seem afraid of being turned into pillars of salt. So

they fix themselves like pillars of stone, and stare, ἀχρῖαις ὀμμάτων, through their square glass spectacles.

When one of the railway bajuli—who are, on the whole, very good sort of fellows, and deserve their Christmas-boxes—came home in the cab with Craddock and Wena at the expense of the Company (which was boasted of next board-day)—when one of them came home with Crad—for Morshead had double work again—Polly Ducksacre went into strong hysterics, and it required two married men and a boy to get her out of the potato-bin.

It was all up with our Crad that night. The overwork of brain and muscle, the presence of mind required all the time when his mind was especially absent, the impossibility of thinking out any of his trains of ideas when a train of trucks was upon him, the native indignation of a man at knowing that his blood is meant to ebb down a railway sewer, and a new broom will sweep him clean—all these worries and wraths together, cogging into the mill-wheel of cares already grinding, had made such a mill-clack in his head near the left temple, where the thump was, that he could only roll on his narrow bed at imminent risk of a floor-bump. Then the cold, long harbouring, struck into his heart and reins; and he knew not that Dr. Tink came, and was learned and diagnostic upon him; nor even that Polly Ducksacre took his feet out of bed, and rubbed them until her wrists gave way; and then, half ashamed of her womanhood, sneaked away, and cried over Wena. Wena's foot was put into splinters, Wena's tail was stypticised; but no skill could save her master from a furious brain-fever.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

LEAVING the son on his narrow hard pallet, to toss and toss, and turn and turn, and probably get bed-sores, let us see how the father was speeding.

Sir Craddock Nowell sat all alone in his little breakfast-room, soon after the

funeral of his brother, and before Eoa came to him. For the simple, hot-hearted girl fell so ill after she heard of her loss, and recovered from the narcotic, that Biddy O'Gaghan, who got on famously with the people at the Crown, would not hear of her being moved yet, and drove Dr. Hutton all down the stairs, "with a word of sinse on the top of him," when he claimed his right of attending upon the girl he had known in India.

That little breakfast-room adjoined Sir Craddock's favourite study, and was as pretty a little room as he could have wished to sit in. He had made pretence of breakfasting, but perhaps he looked forward to lunch-time, for not more than an ounce of food had he swallowed altogether. There he sat nervously, trying vainly, to bring his mind to bear on the newspaper. Fine gush of irony, serried antithesis, placid assumption of the point at issue, then logic as terse and tight as the turns of a three-inch screw-jack, withering indignation at those who won't think exactly as we do, the sunrise glow of metaphor, the moonlight gleam of simile, the sparkling stars of wit, and the playful Aurora of humour—alas, all these are like water on a duck's back when the heart won't let the brain go. If we cannot appreciate their beauty, because our opinions are different; how can we hope to do so when we don't want to think about the thing? It is all very well, very easy, to talk about objectivity; but a really objective man the Creator has never shown us, save once; and even He rebuked the fig-tree, to show sympathy with our impatience.

And I doubt but it is lest we deify the grand incarnations of intellect—the Platos and the Aristotles, the Bacons and the Shakespeares—that it has pleased the Maker of great and small to leave us small tales of the great ones, mean anecdotes, low traditions; lest at any time we should be dazzled, and forget that they were but sparkles from the dross which heaven hammers on. Oh vast and soaring intellects, was it



that your minds flew higher because they had shaken the soul off; or was it that your souls grew sullen at the mind's preponderance?

Fash we not ourselves about it, though we pay the consequences. If we have not those great minds in the lump, we have a deal more, taking the average, and we make it go a deal further, having learned the art of economy and the division of labour. Nevertheless, Sir Craddock Nowell, being not at all an objective man, lay deep in the pot of despondency; and, even worse than that, hung, jerked thereout every now and then, by the flesh-hook of terror and nervousness. How could he go kindly with his writer when his breakfast would not so with him?

He was expecting Bull Garnet. Let alone all his other wearing troubles, he never could be comfortable when he expected Bull Garnet. At every step in the passage, every bang of a door, the proud old gentleman trembled and flushed, and was wroth with himself for doing so. Then Hogstaff came in, and fussed about, and Sir Craddock was fain to find fault with him.

"How careless you are getting about the letters, Hogstaff. Later and later every morning! What is the reason that you never now bring me the bag at the proper time?"

It was very strange, no doubt, of Job Hogstaff, but he could not bear to be found fault with; and now he saw his way to a little triumph, and resolved to make the most of it.

"Yes, Sir Craddock; to be sure, Sir Craddock; how my old head is failing me! Very neglectful of me never to have brought the bag to-day." Then he turned round suddenly at the door, to which he had been hobbling, "Perhaps you'd look at the date, Sir Craddock, of the paper in your hand, sir."

"Yesterday's paper, of course, Hogstaff. What has that to do with it?"

"Oh nothing, sir, nothing, of course. Only I thought it might have come in the letter-bag. Perhaps it never does, Sir Craddock; you knows best as you takes it out." Here old Job gave a

quiet chuckle, and added, as if to himself, "No, of course, it couldn't have come in the letter-bag this morning, or master would never have blowed me up for not bringing him the bag, as nobody else got a key to it!"

"How stupid of me, to be sure, how excessively stupid!" exclaimed Sir Craddock with a sigh; "of course I had the bag, a full hour ago; and there was nothing in it but this paper. Job, I beg your pardon."

"And I hope it's good news you've got there, Sir Craddock, and no cases of starvation; no one found dead in the streets, I hopes, or drowned in the Serpentine. Anyhow, there's a many births, I see, and a deal too many. Children be now such a plenty nobody care about them."

"Job, you quite forget yourself," said his master, very grandly; but there came a long sigh after it, and Job was not daunted easily.

"And, if I do, Sir Craddock Nowell, I'd sooner forget myself than my children."

Sir Craddock was very angry, or was trying to feel that he ought to be so, when a heavy tread, quite unmistakeable, and yet not so firm as it used to be, shook the Minton tiles of the passage. That step used to cry to the echoes, "Make way; a man of vigour and force is coming." Now all it said was, "Here I go, and am not in a mood to be meddled with."

"Come in," said Sir Craddock, fidgeting, and pretending to be up for an egg, as Mr. Garnet gave two great thumps on the panel of the door. Small as the room was, Job Hogstaff managed to be too late to let him in. Bull Garnet first flung his great eyes on the butler; he had no idea of fellows skulking their duty. Old Hogstaff, who looked upon Garnet as no more than an upper servant, gazed back with especial obtuseness, and waved his napkin cleverly.

"Please to put that mat straight again, Mr. Garnet. You kicked it askew, as you came in. And our master can't abide things set crooked."

To Job's disappointment and wonder, Bull Garnet stepped back very quietly, stooped down, and replaced the sheep-skin.

"Hogstaff, leave the room this moment," shouted Sir Craddock wrathfully; and Job hobbled away to brag how he had pulled Muster Garnet down a peg.

"Now, Garnet, take my easy chair. Will you have a cup of coffee after your early walk?"

"No, thank you. I have breakfasted three hours and a half ago. In our position of life, we must be up early, Sir Craddock Nowell."

There was something in the tone of that last remark, commonplace as it was, without the key to it, which the hearer disliked particularly.

"I have requested the favour of your attendance here, Mr. Garnet, that I might have the benefit of your opinion upon a subject which causes me the very deepest anxiety,—at least, I mean, which interests me deeply.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Garnet: he could say "ah!" in such a manner that it held three volumes uncut.

"Yes. I wish to ask your opinion about my poor son, Craddock."

Bull Garnet said not a word, but conveyed to the ceiling his astonishment that the housemaid had left such cobwebs there.

"I fear, Garnet, you cannot sympathize with me. You are so especially fortunate in your own domestic circumstances."

"Oh," said Mr. Garnet, still contemplating the cornice. "*Oh exclamantis est*," beautifully observes the Eton grammar.

"Yes, your son is a perfect pattern. So gentle and gentlemanly; so amiable and poetical. I had no idea he was so brave. Shall I ever see him to thank him for saving the life of my niece?"

"He is a fine fellow, a noble fellow, Sir Craddock. The dearest and the best boy in the whole wide world."

The old man long had known that the flaw in Bull Garnet's armour was the thought of his dear boy, Bob.

"And can you not fancy, Garnet, that

my son, whatever he is, may also be dear to me?"

"I should have said so, I must have thought so, but for the way you have treated him."

Bull Garnet knew well enough that he was a hot and hasty man; but he seldom had felt that truth more sharply than now, when he saw the result of his words. Nevertheless, he faltered not. He had made up his mind to deliver its thoughts, and he was not the man to care for faces.

"Sir Craddock Nowell, I am a violent, hot, and passionate man. I have done many things in my fury which I would give my life to undo; but I would rather have them all on my soul than such cold-blooded, calm, unnatural cruelty as you have shown to your only—I mean to your own—son. I suppose you never cared for him; *suppose!* I mean of course you did not."

He looked at Sir Craddock Nowell, with thunder and hail in his eyes. The old man could not glance it back; neither did he seem to be greatly indignant at it.

"Then—then—I suppose you don't think—you don't believe, I mean, Garnet—that he did it *on purpose?*"

Mr. Garnet turned pale as a winding-sheet, and could not speak for a moment. Then he looked away from Sir Craddock's eyes, and asked, "Is it possible that *you* have ever thought so?"

"I have tried not," answered Sir Craddock, with his wasted bosom heaving. "God knows that I have struggled against it. Garnet, have pity upon me. If you have any of our blood in you, tell me the truth, what you think."

"I not only think, but know, that the devil only could have suggested such an idea to you. Man, for the sake of the God that made you, and made me as well your brother, and every one of us brethren, rather put a pistol to your heart than that damned idea. In cold blood! in cold blood! And for the sake of gain! A brother to—do away with—a brother so! Oh, what things have come upon me! Where is my God, and where is yours?"



"I am sure I don't know," replied the old man, gazing round in wonderment, as if he expected to see Him—for the scene had quite unnerved him—"I suppose He is—is somewhere in the usual place, Mr. Garnet."

"Then that's not in this neighbourhood," replied Bull Garnet, heavily: "He is gone from me, from all of us. And His curse is on my children. Poor innocents, poor helpless lambs! the curse of God is on them."

He went away to the window; and, through his tears, and among the trees, tried to find his cottage-roof.

Sir Craddock Nowell was lost to thought, and heard nothing of those woeful words, although from the depth of that labouring chest they came like the distant sea-roar. Bull Garnet returned with his fierce eyes softened to a woman's fondness, and saw, with pity as well as joy, that his last words had not been heeded. "Ever hot and ever hasty, until it comes to my own death," he muttered, still in recklessness; "perhaps then I shall be tardy. For my son's sake, for my Bob and Pearl, I must not make such a child of myself. Nevertheless, I cannot stay here."

"Garnet," said Sir Craddock Nowell, slowly recovering from his stupor, a slight cerebral paralysis, "say nothing of what has passed between us—nothing, I entreat you; and not another word to me now. I only understand that you assert emphatically my son Craddock's innocence."

"With every fibre of my heart. With every tissue of my brain."

"Then I love you very much for it; although you have done it so rudely."

"Don't say that. Never say it again. I can't bear it now, Sir Craddock."

"Very well, then, I won't, Garnet. Though I think you might be proud of my gratitude; for I never bestow it rashly."

"I am very thankful to you. Gratitude is an admirable and exceedingly scarce thing. I am come to give you notice—as well as to answer your summons—notice of my intention to quit your service shortly."

"Nonsense!" replied Sir Craddock,

gasping; "nonsense, Garnet! You never mean that—that even you would desert me?"

Bull Garnet was touched by the old man's tone,—the helplessness, the misery. "Well," he answered, "I'll try to bear with it for a little longer, in spite of the daily agony. I owe you everything; all I can do. I'll get things all into first-rate order, and then I hope, most truly, your son will be back again, sir."

"It isn't only the stewardship, Garnet; it isn't only that. You are now as one of the family, and there are so few of us left. Your daughter Pearl; I begin to love her as of my own flesh and blood. Who knows but what, if my Craddock comes back, he may take a liking to her? Amy Rosedew has not behaved well lately, any more than her father has."

"Do you mean to say that you, Sir Craddock, with all your prejudices of birth, legitimacy, and station, would ever sanction—supposing it possible—any affection of a child of yours for a child of mine?"

"To be sure—if it were a true one. A short time ago I thought very differently. But oh! what does it matter? I am not what I was, Garnet."

"Neither am I," thought Mr. Garnet; "but I might have been, if only, I could ever have dreamed this. God has left me, for ever left me."

"Why don't you answer me, Garnet? Why do you shut your Pearl up so? Let her come to me soon; she would do me good; and I, as you know, have a young lady coming, who knows little of English society. Pearl would do her a great deal of good. Pearl is a thorough specimen of a well-bred English maiden. I think I like her better than Amy—since Amy has been so cold to me."

To Sir Craddock's intense astonishment, Bull Garnet, instead of replying, rushed straight away out of the room, and, not content with that, he rushed out of the house as well, and strode fiercely away to the nearest trees, and was lost to sight among them.

"Well," said the old man, "he always

was the oddest fellow I ever did know ; and I suppose he always will be. And yet what a man for business !”

That same forenoon, Mrs. Brown's boy and donkey came with a very long message from a lady who had tucked him on the head because he could not make out her meaning. He believed her name was Mrs. Jogging, and he was to say that Miss Oh Ah was fit to come home to-day, please, if they'd please to send the shay for her. And they must please to get ready Satan's room, where the daffodil curtains was, because the young woman loved to look at the yeast, and to have a good fire burning. And please they must send the eel-skin cloak, and the foot-tub in the shay, because the young woman was silly.

“Chilly, you stupid,” replied Mrs. Toaster. “She shall have the foot-warmer and the seal-skin cloak ; but what Satan's room with the daffodil curtains is, only the Lord in heaven knows ; and how she is to see any yeast there ! Are you certain that was the message ?”

“Sartin, ma'am. I said it to myself ever so many times ; more often than I stuck the Neddy.”

Sir Cradock Nowell, upon appeal, speedily decided that the satin room was meant—the room with the rose-coloured curtains, and the windows facing the east : but the boy stuck out for the daffodil ; leastways he was certain it was *some* flower.

It was nearly dark when the carriage returned ; and Sir Cradock came down to the great entrance-hall to meet his brother's child. He was trembling with anxiety ; for his nerves were rapidly failing him ; and, from Dr. Hutton's account, he feared to see in his probable heiress—for now he had no heir—something very outlandish and savage. Therefore he was surprised and delighted when a graceful and beautiful girl, with high birth and elegance in every movement, flung off her cloak, and skipped up to him with the lightness of a gazelle, and threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

“Oh, uncle, I shall love you so ! You are so like my darling—you have his

nose exactly, and just the same shaped legs. Oh, to think he should ever have left me !” And she burst into tears then and there before half-a-dozen servants. “Oh, Uncle Cradock, you have got a fine house ; but I never shall get over it.”

“Hush, my dear ; come with me, my child !” Sir Cradock was always wide awake upon the subject of the proprieties.

“I am not your child ; and I won't be your child, if you try to stop me like that. I must cry when I want to cry, and it is so stupid to stop me.”

“What a pretty dear you are !” said Sir Cradock, scarcely knowing what to say, but having trust in feminine vanity.

“Am I indeed ? I don't think so at all. I was very pretty, I know, until I began to cry so. But now my cheeks are come out, and my eyes gone in ; but, oh dear ! what does it matter, and my father never, never to take me on his lap again ? Hya ! Hya ! Hya !”

“Faix, thin, me darlin',” cried Mrs. O'Gaghan, stroking her down in a shampoo manner, “it's meself as knows how to dale with you. Lave her to me, Sir Crayduck ; she's pure and parfiet, every bit on her. I knows how to bring her out, and she'll come to your room like a lamb, now jist.—Git out of the way, the lot on you”—to several officious maidens—“me honey, put your hand in my neck, your blissed leetle dove of a hand, and fale how me heart goes pat for you. Sir Crayduck, me duty to you, but you might 'ave knowed how to git out of the way, and lave the ladies to the ladies.”

Sir Cradock Nowell marched away, thinking what a blessing it was that he had not had much to do with women. Then he reproached himself for the thought, as he remembered his darling Violet, the mother of his children. But, before he had brooded very long in the only room he liked to use now, his study just off from the library, a gentle knock came to the door—as Biddy always expressed it—and Eoa, dressed in deepest mourning (made at Lymington, from her own frock, while she lay ill at the Crown), came up to him steadily, and



kissed him, and sat on a stool at his feet.

"Oh, uncle, I am so sorry," she said, with her glorious hair falling over his knees, and her deep eyes looking up at him, "I am so sorry, Uncle Craddock, that I vexed you so, just now."

"You did not vex me, my pretty. I was only vexed for you. Now, remember one thing, my darling—for I shall love you as my own daughter—I have been very harsh and stern where, perhaps, I had no right to be so: if I am ever unkind to you, my dear, if I ever say anything hard, only say, 'Clayton Nowell' to me, and I will forgive you directly."

"You mean I must forgive *you*, uncle. I suppose that's what you mean. If you are unkind to me, what will you want to forgive me for? But I couldn't do it. I couldn't say it, even if I had done any harm. Please to remember that I either love or I hate people. I know that I shall love you. But you must not contradict me. I never could endure it, and I never will."

"Well," said Sir Craddock, laughing; "I will try to remember that, my dear. Though, in that respect, you differ but little from our English young ladies."

"If you please, Uncle Craddock, I must go to-night to see where you have put my father. There, I won't cry any more, because he told me never to vex you, and I see that my crying vexes you. Did you cry, yourself, Uncle Craddock, when you heard of it first?"

She looked at him, as she asked this question, with such wild intensity, as if her entire opinion of him would hang upon his reply, that the old man felt himself almost compelled to tell "a corker."

"Well, my dear, I am not ashamed to confess——"

"Ashamed to confess, indeed! I should rather hope not. But you ought to be ashamed, I know, if you hadn't cried, Uncle Crad. But now I shall love you very much, now I know you did cry. And how much have you got a year, Uncle Crad?"

"How much what, my dear? What

beautiful eyes you have, Eoa; finer than any of the Nowells!"

"Yes, I know. But that won't do, Uncle Crad; you don't want to answer my question. What I want to know is a very simple thing. How much money have you got a-year? You must have got a good deal, I know, because everybody says so, and because this is such a great place, as big as the palaces in Calcutta."

"Really, Eoa, it is not usual for young people, especially young ladies, to ask such very point-blank questions."

"Oh, I did not know that, and I can't see any harm in it. I know the English girls at Calcutta used to think of nothing else. But I am not a bit like them; it isn't that I care for the money a quarter so much as tamarinds; but I have a particular reason; and I'll find out in spite of you. Just you see if I don't, now."

"A very particular reason, Eoa, for inquiring into my income! Why, what reason can you have?"

"Is it usual for old people, especially old gentlemen, to ask such very point-blank questions?"

Sir Craddock would have been very angry with any other person in the world for such a piece of impertinence; but Eoa gave such a smile of triumph at having caught him in his own net (as she thought), and looked so exquisite in her beauty, as she rose, and the firelight flashed on her; then she tossed her black hair over her shoulders, and gave him such a kiss (with all the spices of India in it) that the old man was at her mercy quite, and she could do exactly what she liked with him.

Oh, Mrs. Nowell Corklemore—so proud of having obtained at last an invitation to Nowelhurst, so confident that, once let in, you can wedge out all before you, like Alexander's phalanx—call a halt, and shape your wiles, and look to belt and buckler, have every lance fresh set and burnished, every sword like a razor; for verily the fight is hard, when art does battle with nature.

*To be continued.*

## BOLSOVER CASTLE: A FRAGMENT.

BY PRINCE FREDERICK OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

WHILST on a journey of recreation through the Midland Counties, I happened one day to be standing on the top of the highest of the four Norman towers that yet frown in right feudal style from the venerable battlements of Bolsover Castle. It happened to be one of those most lovely October mornings which possess such exquisite charms, because they are so rarely seen to perfection in this country. The previous days had been cold, wet, and stormy; but now the sun had risen in all his splendour, and was sending down his warming beams from an unclouded sky through a perfectly undisturbed atmosphere, the tranquil calm of which was so complete that an unsheltered candle could have burned on the top of the tower without being extinguished by any kind of draught. Yet, with all this light shining down from heaven, nearly the whole of the surrounding landscape was for a while entirely hidden from view by one of those peculiar autumnal mists which, I believe, the Scotch mountaineers designate, not inappropriately, as "the pride of the morning." The old castle seemed to be standing quite alone in mid-air, or rather as if floating upon the surface of a magic ocean, after the fashion of one of those enchanted islands of which we are told in the ancient fables. If not really enchanted, it was at least one of those enchanting scenes that are not easily forgotten; and there was ample matter of suggestion in the hazy and almost ghostly vagueness of its character, that might even have made the most prosy matter-of-fact mind start off upon an excursion into the now but seldom visited regions of Dreamland. But this, like all other visions of the kind, did not last very long; for, as the hour advanced, the mist, which had been hanging like a veil over the face of the country, began

gradually to sink. First it uncovered the northernmost and highest hills of Derbyshire; thereupon it revealed step by step other eminences to the west and south—among them the ridge of high ground upon which Hardwick Hall stands in its stately grandeur, surrounded by a number of venerable and majestic oak-trees—until the last traces of it had vanished also in the lower valleys, so that every object in this variegated prospect now presented itself in clear and distinct outlines. Our thoughts and feelings depend so much upon the influence of outward circumstances that, but for the recollections of that beautiful October morning, I should probably never have felt such an interest in the manifold and stirring vicissitudes which marked the spot where I then happened to be standing.

Although the earliest accounts of Bolsover are of a purely traditional character, there is no reason to doubt that it was already an important stronghold during the period of the Saxon rule; for Leuric, the great Saxon thane, who assembled his vassals to oppose the Normans, is mentioned as among the earliest of its possessors. After the Conquest it was bestowed upon William Peverel, one of the chief leaders of the successful invaders, who raised a strong castle on the same site, probably, where the present building is standing. During those remote times it figured alternately under the various appellations of Balesoure and Bolsofres, till it was ultimately called by the name it bears at present. According to Mr. Hamilton Gray,<sup>1</sup>

"From 1068 to 1086, the time when the Domesday Survey was made, the lordship of Bolsover was in the possession of William Peverel, and it is therein stated to have been

<sup>1</sup> Bolsover Castle. A paper read before the Lincoln Diocesan Archaeological Society.



previously the property of the Saxon Leuric. We have no notice concerning *his* fate. It is probable that, like many other noble Saxons, his family descended from being lords to become tillers of the soil; and his posterity may have earned a hard subsistence by labour on those broad lands which once owned him as Thane. The family of Peverel possessed two noted strongholds in Derbyshire—the castles of Bolsover and of the Peak. The former was not yet built at the time of the Domesday Survey in 1086, whereas the latter is there mentioned as already existing. Yet there can be no doubt that Bolsover was built during the reign of one of the Norman kings. It was erected by a Peverel. That race was extinguished in its main line in the first years of the reign of King Henry II. The reign of Stephen was too troubled and stormy to admit of much castle-building by his partisans, and thus we are limited for its erection to the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. The original ancestor was Ranulph de Peverel, father of William de Peverel, of Bolsover and the Peak; of another William, who was governor of Dover, and father of William de Peverel of Essex; and of Payn de Peverel, an eminent soldier, who was standard-bearer of Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, in the Holy Land. He obtained from Henry I. the barony of Bruane in Cambridgeshire, and was father of William de Peverel of London, in the days of King Edward I. and a John Peverel of Bradford-Peverel, in the county of Dorset, whose family ended in an heiress, who died so recently as 1576. The two Williams, father and son, who possessed Bolsover, must have been very long-lived, as their sway over the extensive possessions which were granted them by the Conqueror began in 1068, and did not terminate until 1153, when it ceased with a violence equal to that of its commencement. William Peverel, the son of King William's favourite, appears to have been a zealous supporter of King Stephen, and thus made himself obnoxious to Henry Plantagenet. He was accused of administering poison to Ranulph, the third Earl of Chester, in 1153, in the eighteenth year of Stephen. This Ranulph was a strenuous supporter of the Empress Matilda against that prince, whom he took prisoner in the battle of Lincoln, when the victory was mainly won through the gallantry of this earl. As he and William de Peverel were among the most powerful chiefs of the opposite political parties of their time, we must receive the odious accusation of poisoning, brought against the latter, with considerable suspicion. It was, however, a convenient pretext afforded to Henry Plantagenet, for at once ridding himself of a formidable enemy, and acquiring vast possessions; so he did not fail to turn it to good account for his own interest."

After Bolsover had thus reverted to the Crown by means of confiscation, there occurs frequent mention of it, and

the sums laid out upon it at different periods, in the Great Roll of the Pipe.

Besides the castellated fortress, it is evident that the town of Bolsover was anciently prepared for defence, from the extensive fortifications which protect it on those sides where it has not the natural defence of a steep bank or precipice, and where it is not under the more immediate shelter of the castle. When the castle was a fortress, the adjoining town was probably fortified, as is evident from the still visible traces of an outer wall which surrounds the present village on those sides where the approaches are on a level with the height upon which it is situated. The remnants of this ancient town wall are of considerable extent, and stretch in a manner all across the high ground towards the east and south, terminating at each end at the steep declivity, which, from a considerable height, suddenly abuts upon the Vale of Scarsdale. It is most likely that the old market town of Bolsover has never greatly varied in size, as there is no trace of the houses having covered a larger extent of ground than they now do. There must, consequently, always have been, as there is at present, a considerable uninhabited space within the circuit of the old fortification, which probably served as an encamping ground for bodies of troops which used to be sent to assist the castle and town during the frequent sieges to which they were subject.

Bolsover was one of the most important of the military structures raised in the eleventh<sup>th</sup> and twelfth centuries in different parts of England, and possessed, therefore, also the chief characteristics of those grim fortalices which the Norman tyrants built, in order to compress the conquered Saxons, and to resist the sieges which family feuds, civil wars, and rebellions caused to be of such perpetual occurrence. The Norman castle—to distinguish the more ancient part from the later structure raised shortly before the first revolution, during the reign of King Charles I. upon the terrace—was lofty and not large, but very strong, and surrounded by a *Pallium*, or Bailey-court.

This court was defended by a solid and lofty perpendicular wall, strengthened at intervals with towers, and, instead of being, as usual, surrounded by a ditch, or moat, was here protected in addition by the precipitous declivity, on the brink of which it partly stood. We will quote the description given, in his verbose style, by old Mr. Pegge.<sup>1</sup>

"The Castle, my Lord, at present, may be said in one sense, to be a ruin; in another, not. For explanation of this I beg to observe, that, though the house at the north end, towering aloft with a great degree of magnificence, be in good order, and at this time an habitable, though not a very commodious dwelling; yet the other part, or main body of the edifice, as appears from the plate, is in a very ruinous condition, being, as we suppose, never completely finished at first, and many of the materials since then, both stone and timber, carried away, inasmuch that it is now, though the place was originally superb, in a very dilapidated state. In regard to the second particular, *its not being a ruin in any other sense*, I wish to note that of the first castellated fabric at this place, erected not long after the Norman conquest, as we shall show, not a single vestige now openly remains, but, as Lucan says of Troy, in Julius Caesar's time, '*. . . etiam periere ruinae.*'"

Good Mr. Pegge was, however, mistaken upon several points, as will be seen from the following extract from Mr. Hamilton Gray:—

"If now an actual Norman castle, Bolsover—although very curious—cannot be regarded as an existing specimen, because it has been subjected to so many repairs and alterations that but little of the original structure remains. The present building may be called the Elizabethan restoration of a Norman castle, of which the ancient character has been preserved. The castellated portion of Bolsover, which is still inhabited, and in perfect repair, is reared exactly on the early Norman foundations, is of the precise extent and size of the Norman castle, and is built in part with the ancient Norman materials. Besides the foundations also the lowest portion of the castle are original, as may be surmised from the great thickness of the walls, and their general proportions."

According to Mr. Pegge's exaggerated account of the utter devastation of Bolsover, the present "keep" would be but a sorry sham, and as such entirely

divested of all antiquarian importance. But, happily, this is not the case—as shown by the latter statement, which ought to carry the more weight in this matter as coming from no less an authority than the present occupant of the place itself. Long before this restoration—or, rather, reconstruction—Bolsover had, however, ceased to be a fortress. From the end of the fifteenth century it assumed a more peaceful, though not less interesting character, by becoming, like many similar places, which had previously been devoted chiefly to warlike purposes, one of those noblemen's residences which were destined henceforth to adorn instead of threatening the rural districts of the provinces of the now peaceful and secure kingdom. In the year 1465, Henry VII. is mentioned as being Lord of Bolsover—which title he held, either as King of England, or as heir to his father, Edmund Tudor; the castle having upon a previous occasion been granted to the Tudor family as the Earls of Richmond. It now continued to be for upwards of a century either held by the Crown directly, or in the hands of some private individual as a royal grant, until it was disposed of by Henry VIII. who, in 1514, bestowed it upon Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. It reverted, however, once more by attainder to the Crown, when, after a short time, it was in 1552 granted in fee-favour by Edward VI. to George, Lord Talbot, who afterwards became sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. From this time Bolsover Castle has, during the last three centuries, always continued in possession of a subject; but in at least a portion of that period it has been the theatre of events not less remarkable than those which distinguished it when a royal stronghold or a baronial fortress. Sir Charles Cavendish, the third son of the famous Countess of Shrewsbury, perhaps better known under the familiar appellation of "Bess of Hardwicke," became the possessor of Bolsover, in the year 1613, by a family arrangement; and it was he who rebuilt the castellated portion as it exists at present. Huntingdon Smithson is re-

<sup>1</sup> Letter to the Duke of Portland, by Mr. Pegge, dated from Whittington, 26th Sept. 1785. Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica, vol. iv. Nichols.



ported as the architect, and he must have finished his work within the next three years—1616 being inscribed as the date of its restoration, over the lofty chimney-piece in the hall. Having accomplished this part of his work, Sir Charles began to build—or, rather, Huntingdon Smithson, the architect—that portion of the castle, the extensive and magnificent ruins of which still crown the terrace towards the south-west, and to which Mr. Pegge refers in the above-quoted pathetic passage. But, as he died in the following year, this work was only finished during the time of his son, Sir William Cavendish, who afterwards became so famous on account of his loyalty, first as Earl of, and subsequently as Duke of, Newcastle.

This extensive range of buildings, besides being erected separately from what may be termed the original part of Bolsover Castle, was also distinguished from it by an entirely different character. For, while the old Norman keep, or rather its modern imitation, was left standing, isolated, by itself, towards the north-east, occupying, with its Bailey-court and wall, a comparatively limited space only, these were erected in vast proportions and with stately grandeur, according to the style prevalent at the time, covering a considerable part of the level ground over the terrace towards the west. Besides a series of state-rooms, of lofty height and great dimensions—to which was added a magnificent gallery, 220 feet long by 28 feet wide—they contained all the accommodation necessary for a large establishment, as well as a studhouse and a fine riding-house, the massive oak beams and rafters of which are, to this day, in a state of nearly perfect preservation. The whole of this splendid pile formed a large kind of square, surrounding a spacious court, which was of sufficient dimensions to serve as a tiltyard during the brilliant feasts which were given by the loyal owner, when he entertained King Charles I. in 1633, on his journey to Scotland. Such was the splendour of those memorable and extravagant entertainments, that the grand banquet alone is said, upon good authority, to

have cost four thousand pounds—which sum represented in those days perhaps three times as much as it does now. But the Earl of Newcastle could well afford to spend that amount upon duly honouring his royal guests, for he was a rich man, having an income of no less than twenty-two thousand pounds a year. Lord Clarendon speaks of this famous dinner as “such an excess of feasting as had scarce ever been known in England before, and would be still thought very prodigious, if the same noble persons had not, within a year or two afterwards, made the King and Queen a more stupendous entertainment, which excess (God be thanked) no man ever after in those days imitated.” The Earl employed Ben Jonson in preparing the masques for the occasion; sent for all the gentry of the country to come and wait upon the King and Queen; and was so anxious to do all he could to render the reception worthy of royalty that he went to even greater expense than during former entertainments, so that this second royal visit is said to have cost him altogether not less than between fourteen thousand and fifteen thousand pounds.

All went well with the noble owner of Bolsover—he having, amongst other things, been created a Marquis—until the year 1644, when, the Great Rebellion having begun, he took the field, as a general, to defend his sovereign's cause.

Whilst the Marquis took the field, the castle was attacked by part of the Parliamentary army under General Crawford. But, as Bolsover had long ago ceased to be a regular fortress, the attempt to defend it could not be of a serious nature. The garrison it contained had been hastily made up of some few soldiers, assisted by a number of faithful tenants and servants, who were armed as best they could. When, therefore, General Crawford, on his arrival, had given an additional emphasis to his demand of surrender by a cannon-shot, fired at the western gate—and of which the mark can still be seen on the upper part of the right hand corner-stone—the place was given up without any further resistance being attempted. The whole

of the warlike spoils captured upon the occasion consisted of only one hundred and twenty old and rusty muskets. In other respects, *the plunder* was considerable.

The loyal Marquis's fortunes in war were not equal to his zeal in the royal service. When the king's affairs had grown desperate, and he himself had been defeated in Yorkshire, he went abroad, from Scarborough, first to Hamburg, and afterwards to Paris, where he married his second wife, Margaret, the sister of Lord Lucas, who proved herself a devoted wife and exemplary companion during the ensuing troubled times. For some years after this, the Marquis and Marchioness of Newcastle resided, in obscure retirement and great poverty, at Antwerp, where they lived by teaching and their literary labours. Notwithstanding all their prudence and management, their distress sometimes became so great that they were obliged to pawn some of their clothes. Neither of them, however, seems to have lost heart or to have felt unhappy. When the great storm had passed away, and they returned to England, the Marquis was raised to the rank of a Duke; and, recovering his estates and private fortune, he continued, for a number of years, to reside in peace, affluence, and happiness with his Duchess at Bolsover, where both died, and were buried in the neighbouring parish church.

In the course of time Bolsover became, after the extinction of the direct male line of this branch of the Cavendish family, the property, through marriage, of the Duke of Portland, who still possesses it, though for nearly a century none of the Bentincks have occupied it as a residence. The palatial portion, having been dismantled and partially unroofed about the same time, has ever since remained in the same state of picturesque ruin in which the visitor beholds it now. The old Norman keep, on the contrary, has always been preserved in good repair, and rears its venerable battlements as proudly far above all surrounding objects as in the days of the Lady Bess of Hardwicke. It is a castellated mansion, nearly

square, four storeys in height, and with turrets at each corner, except the north-east, where there is a higher tower. On the site of the ancient fortified Bailey-wall there is a broad wall, enclosing a curious garden, ornamented with a carved fountain and numerous stone alcoves and summer-houses. The drawing-room or pillar-room, says Mr. Hamilton Gray in the already quoted paper, has a beautifully-carved and arched roof, and the walls are covered with gilded wainscot, the upper compartments of which are ornamented with paintings allegorical of the five senses. To this a historical interest is added by the fact that, when the great Marquis of Newcastle entertained King Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria at Bolsover, Ben Jonson, in his masque of "Love's Welcome," composed for that occasion, introduces the five senses as waiting to welcome their majesties—the idea being obviously taken from the decorations of the room in which they were then received. The hall, kitchen, larder, and servants' hall, are in like manner arched and supported on pillars. Nearly every room is adorned with an elaborately-carved chimney-piece, reaching to the ceiling, coming out in the form of a canopy, and supported on marble pillars, which, with the other peculiar ornaments, gives a curiously antiquated appearance to the apartments. The windows are rather irregular—some being very large, after the Elizabethan fashion, with a great number of small panes framed in lead; others, on the contrary, being hardly of the size of dormer windows. The interior of the building is very irregular. The different storeys are each out of level; and there are not two rooms of the same size and shape, but all of them differing materially from one another. In consequence of this, there are a number of intricate passages communicating in the strangest manner with the different staircases and rooms—the whole forming a kind of most puzzling labyrinth, in which a stranger almost invariably manages to lose his way. Over one of the doors, opening into a particularly sombre passage, there used until lately to hang a very remarkable picture, under



which one could not well pass, especially of an evening, without a certain feeling of awe, which was anything but diminished if, as sometimes would happen, the numerous small glass panes of an adjoining window were made to rattle lustily in their loosened leaden frames by a strong gust of wind striking against them. The picture is a full-length portrait of the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart, by the Italian painter Federigo Zuccharo, taken in 1590, at the time of one of her first visits to Court, when she was between twelve and thirteen years of age, and still living for the greater part of the year in rural peace and retirement with her grandmother, the famous Countess of Shrewsbury, either at Sheffield or at Hardwicke Hall. It is a very good picture, and represents her, in the fulness of childlike beauty and simplicity, in a standing attitude, dressed in a long white gown, after the fashion of the times, and with ample light hair, of almost flaxen colour, flowing loosely down over her neck and shoulders. The expressions of winning beauty and of a superior intelligence, as depicted by the skilful artist, tally exactly with the information which can be gleaned here and there from history about her person and disposition.

Besides this picture, which is unquestionably both the most authentic and also the best, there are several others of Lady Arabella Stuart. There is one at Hardwicke Hall, which, however, seems to be nothing more than an indifferent copy of Zuccharo's original, excepting that the dress is somewhat different in shape and of a dark colour. There are also two miniatures by Nicholas Hilliard, which have been exhibited at the Kensington Museum. Notwithstanding that this artist enjoyed high favour during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and established a considerable reputation as a painter of miniatures, the two portraits by him of Lady Arabella Stuart do not seem to be among the best specimens of his art. The countenance of Lady Arabella does not appear so beautiful in them as in the portrait taken by the Italian, and she looks considerably older. Still, there is in all the pictures of her a sufficiently striking

resemblance to prove that they refer to the same original. From the fact of the date of Zuccharo's picture being known, it is evident that the two miniatures by Hilliard were probably executed some five or six years later, most probably at the time when Lady Arabella was in London, at the Court of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth.

That the Lady Arabella Stuart was beautiful is shown by the three above-mentioned portraits; and that she was also intelligent, amiable, and accomplished in mind, is proved by the testimonies of several of her contemporaries, as well as by the almost undivided interest and sympathy she excited during her time. Queen Elizabeth, by no means a bad judge in those matters, said of her, though evidently not looking upon her royal niece with an over friendly eye:—"She is a girl of much talent, and speaks Latin, Italian, and French very well." This happened during her first appearance at Court, when she was only twelve years of age. Before September, 1588, Sir Charles Cavendish, her maternal uncle, wrote from Hampton Court to his mother, the Countess of Shrewsbury—

"My Lady Arbell (Arabella) hath been once to Court. Her Majesty spoke twice to her, but not long, and examined her nothing touching her book. (Here he was evidently mistaken). She dined in the presence; but my Lord Treasurer (Burghley) had her to supper; and at dinner, and dining with her and sitting over against him, he asked me whether I came with my niece. I said I came with her; then he spoke openly, and directed his speech to Sir Walter Raleigh, greatly in her commendation, as that she had the French, the Italian; played of instruments, danced and writ very fair; wished she were fifteen years old, and with that rounded Mr. (J) Raleigh in the ear, who answered it would be a happy thing. At supper he made exceeding much of her; so did he in the afternoon in his great chamber publicly. . . . He has asked when she shall come again to Court."<sup>1</sup>

That no small political importance was attached to her person, and the possible chances she might eventually have owing to her royal descent, is shown by the following extract from a letter of Lord Pembroke, written in October, 1604,

<sup>1</sup> Craik's *Romance of the Peerage*, vol. ii. p. 359.

from Hampton Court to the Earl of Shrewsbury:—"So may your princess "of the blood grow a great queen, and "then we shall be safe from the danger "of mis-superscribing letters," thereby alluding to what he had previously said, that "a great ambassador is coming from "the King of Poland, whose chiefferrand "is to demand my Lady Arabella in "marriage for his master." And probably she would have escaped all the misery that was in store for her, if this marriage with the King of Poland had been brought about; for she would then, at all events, not have been placed at the mercy of her cruel cousin, James I. But instead of becoming a foreign queen, she married, on the 13th of February, 1610, two years after her grandmother's death, Lord William Seymour, the Earl of Beauchamp's second son, at Greenwich, she being then thirty-three, he twenty-three years old. Notwithstanding this disproportion in their ages, it must unquestionably have been a true love-marriage; otherwise the two lovers would never have ventured to run so much risk in bringing about their union, nor would they have continued so faithfully attached to each other during their subsequent severe trials. "The great match," writes Sir Dudley Carleton to Sir R. Winwood, July 25, 1610, "which was "lately stolen betwixt the Lady "Arabella and young Beauchamp, provides both of safe lodging; the lady "close prisoner at Sir Thomas Parry's "house at Lambeth, and her husband "in the Tower." Melville, the Presbyterian divine, who was already an inmate of that dreaded prison on account of an attack he had made on the ceremonial of the service in the Chapel Royal, welcomed him thither with this distich:—

*"Communis tecum mihi causa est carceris; Ara  
Bella tibi causa est, Araque Sacra mihi."*

The subsequent escape, flight, and recapture, together with the final sufferings and the untimely death of the poor Lady Arabella Stuart, must be too well known to require repetition here. But, though there is nothing now to be said upon the subject of the Lady Arabella Stuart as a being of this world,

it is necessary, in order to complete our narrative, that we should state some particulars which have come into our possession about—well, reader, about—her ghost.

Tradition could hardly have assigned a more appropriate place than the Castle of Bolsover as the dwelling-place of the famous lady's spirit, excepting, perhaps, the neighbouring hall at Hardwicke; for this place as well as the latter belonged to her family, and she may very likely have visited its charming site more than once during the earlier years of her life, when she used to live in Derbyshire, if she did not actually reside there for any length of time. It is, at all events, whispered about among the people of the neighbourhood that the mansion and ruins of Bolsover enjoy the privilege of being haunted by her ghost; and there are all sorts of strange stories afloat, which one has no right to disbelieve or to deny, as long as they cannot be positively disproved. Here, at all events, is one perfectly true story of an incident which happened some thirty years ago. At that time, the master and mistress of Bolsover were, on a fine summer evening, walking upon the terrace in front of the Norman keep, waiting the arrival of some friends, who had written to say that they would pay them a short visit on their way to Scotland, when three carriages full of visitors drove up to the gate in rapid and unexpected succession, besides those who had previously made known their intention of coming. This sudden accession to the number of guests—all of whom, excepting the party which had arrived first, expressed a wish to stay for several days—necessitated, of course, all sorts of additional domestic arrangements—such as preparing more bedrooms, enlarging the dinner-table, &c.—so that for once again the old Norman fortalice resounded with the various noises of joyous hospitality. Its antiquated chambers were again occupied, from the ground-floor and servants' hall to the loopholed garrets, in such a manner as probably had never been known since the memorable occasion when the loyal Marquis of Newcastle feasted King



Charles I. within its walls. The evening was spent in a very pleasant manner; everybody was of good cheer, and the conversation was of the liveliest kind, turning chiefly upon the past glories of Bolsover, and the vicissitudes of its venerable battlements, as well as the eventful and romantic lives of many of its former occupants—amongst whom, as a matter of course, the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart was especially mentioned. Sundry stories of her ghost were probably alluded to; and, after having duly discussed her sad fate, and inspected her full-length portrait by Zuccharo, then hanging, as already mentioned, over the door of one of the numerous and intricate passages, the company retired to rest for the night to their various chambers. With the exception of two of the guests, the other inmates of Bolsover Castle seem during that night to have enjoyed their usual amount of undisturbed slumber. Whether these two had been more excited than the others by the subjects of their conversation, or whether the strangeness of the building, which must strike every new-comer, had affected their imagination more forcibly than that of the remainder of the visitors, cannot now be ascertained; at all events, they did not retire to bed at once. Mrs. S., an elderly Scotch lady, after having extinguished her bedroom candle in order to enjoy the view more fully, took up a position in her bedroom close to a small window, from which she continued to look out upon the beautifully moonlighted landscape. This dormer-window is upon the second-floor, under the high tower, but at no great elevation, and just above the broad walk, which now replaces the old breast-work upon the top of the Bailey-wall. It looks towards the north, so that Mrs. S. no doubt enjoyed the full view of this walk during her midnight meditation, as well as the more distant prospect over the picturesque valley of Scarsdale which extends below. Miss M.,—a young lady who seems to have felt equally disinclined to rest, but who was evidently more enterprising than the calm and contemplative-minded Mrs. S.,—

after having changed her evening dress for a more comfortable sort of attire, determined to sally forth upon a reconnoitring expedition, to which she was tempted by the delightful weather and the bright moonlight. After some little trouble she managed to get out of the house through a little door which leads out upon the broad walk upon the Bailey-wall from the first floor, but at the opposite end to that where Mrs. S.'s room was situated, towards which she was consequently walking after having left the keep. At first the whole of her attention was absorbed by the adjoining ruins of the palatial part of Bolsover, as well as by the strange summer-house cut in stone and the old fountain which still serve to ornament the garden within the semicircle of the wall. But, having gradually approached the northern end, and being now about fifty yards distant from the northern tower, she was very much startled, on looking up, to perceive, right in front of her, what she could not deem to be anything else than a spectral apparition. She saw the alarmingly distorted features of a woman, festooned by an ample and old-fashioned nightcap, glaring at her as she fancied with a pair of fierce eyes from close behind the aforesaid dormer window. Her emotion in consequence of this utterly unexpected surprise was so strong, that, though of a stout heart, she could not help standing still, at the same time throwing back her head and extending her arms. In consequence of this movement, her light-coloured hair, the long tresses of which she had allowed to fall loosely over her neck and shoulders, as well as her long white mantle spread out to both sides, gave her an attitude and look strongly resembling those of Lady Arabella Stuart, as represented upon the picture which hung in the passage. Although the hideous vision which so much disturbed her had vanished even more suddenly than she had perceived it, Miss M. did not tarry long upon the Bailey-wall after this adventure, but turned back as best she could to her chamber, there to await the return of daylight, and the solution of this mysterious incident.

When the company reassembled the following morning at breakfast, every body perceived that Miss M. could not have slept very well, and what seemed stranger was that Mrs. S.'s manner, who looked still more fatigued, had undergone totally an incomprehensible change. She who had been so agreeable by her cheerful cordiality, and had said only the evening before that it was her intention to stay for some days longer in this charming and interesting place, was now so cold and reserved that it almost annoyed the host and hostess, who were among her oldest and her best friends. From this it became evident to everyone that something strange must have taken place during night, but of what nature nobody could as yet discover.

As, among the arrivals of the previous day, there was only one party of guests who intended proceeding on their journey in the afternoon, all the post-horses (for it was before the existence of railways in Derbyshire), excepting one pair, had been dismissed either to Sheffield or to Chesterfield. These

horses Mrs. S. sent for from the village, and, without giving any previous intimation, ordered them to be put to her carriage; whereupon she took an abrupt leave, without giving or asking for any explanation, and hastened on her departure, never again to revisit the dreaded regions of Bolsover. The poor lady died about ten years after this, without ever, as far as is known, having received a clue to the curious, and in itself harmless incident, which must have tasked her nerves and temper in such a severe manner. When the sensation caused by such, at the time, strangely unaccountable, and, to the rest of the party, sadly puzzling, behaviour, had subsided, and the confusion arising out of the misappropriation of post-horses had been obviated, the real truth began to transpire little by little from what Miss M. chose to mention; but it took years before the whole matter came out, and could be thoroughly sifted. It need hardly be said, that the two ladies had mutually mistaken each other for the wandering spirit of Lady Arabella Stuart.

#### GRANDAD'S BURIAL.

THEY laid him where he could not rise,  
Deep in yon graveyard's dreariest part,  
And there and then, before mine eyes,  
They hapt cold sods upon his heart.  
And that was how they served him, child,  
Down by yon little church below,  
My poor old Tim, my husband styled,  
And your old grandad, as you know.  
The mourners turned and soon withdrew;  
They knew not aught, but only guess'd;  
And I myself but little knew  
Of him whom yet I knew the best.  
'Tis little truly we can learn,  
Small knowledge ev'n the wisest hath  
Of those that slip our hold and turn  
Aside adown the shadowy path.  
And yet I knew the most of Tim:  
His grave's dread coldness I could tell,  
For every sod they heaped on him  
Was heaped on my own heart as well.

JAMES DAWSON, JUN.



## OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

## CHAPTER V.

## FEMININE CHARACTER.

SIR DOUGLAS ROSS was considerably startled when, on the drawing-room door being opened, in lieu of receiving the usual commonplace and easy welcome accorded to morning visitors, he beheld Lady Charlotte sobbing bitterly in the depths of a very comfortable French *causeuse*, in which she was rather lying than sitting when the two gentlemen arrived. She lifted her embroidered handkerchief from her eyes for an instant, as if disturbed by their entrance, and then recommenced her weeping. The soft-eyed girl, who had sung the German "Good-night" the previous evening, was standing by her chair, with an expression of mingled perplexity and sympathy: she murmured, "Dear mamma, here are friends," in an expostulating tone, put out one hand shyly to greet Kenneth, leaning with the other on the back of her mother's chair, and repeated the words, "Here are friends."

"Zizine! Zizine! Zizine!" sobbed Lady Charlotte.

"Mamma, Zizine will do very well; you will see she will do very well; I will attend to her myself."

"How can you talk such nonsense, my dear Gertrude? I am sure she will die! Zizine! my poor little Zizine!"

Puzzled beyond measure, and wondering whether a little sister, grandchild, or favourite niece was the subject of lamenting, Sir Douglas made rather a stiff bow, and said hurriedly, "We have come at a most unfortunate moment; I hope there is no serious cause of anxiety; we will call again later in the day."

"Oh no, no; oh no, no; don't go

away; don't leave me; I am sure Mr Ross would not think of leaving me at such a time! He is always so friendly. Pray don't go—pray don't; it makes me worse, the idea of your going! It makes me worse!"

"Mamma will be better presently," added the daughter, in a low, vexed voice; and she glanced from Kenneth, who was biting his lip to repress the dawn of one of his insolent smiles, and looked appealingly in the graver face of his uncle.

"Can we do anything?" asked the latter, kindly.

"Oh, no! pray sit down. I will endeavour to be more composed—pray don't go—no one *can* do anything; it is most afflicting; but don't go. The fact is, Antonio has been so tormented by my English servants (and I am sure I would send every one of them away sooner than Zizine should suffer),—that he utterly refuses to stay with me. I offered him double what he engaged for as courier, but he won't! He said (it was so cruel of him!) he said"—and here a renewed burst of sobbing interrupted the explanation—"that—that it was ridiculous to expect him to stay for the sake of a '*piccola bestia*' (that was what he called Zizine), when he was made quite *triste*, day and night, by the enmity of my servants. Now, you know, they have no enmity at all to him; only they don't like him; and if he had any generosity he wouldn't consider his own feelings in the matter, but mine: think what a goose he must be to go and fret in that way about nothing! And Zizine will die; I know she will die!"

"Who is Zizine?" exclaimed Sir Douglas at last, with a little impatience in his voice.

He was answered by the soft-eyed

girl, grave, embarrassed, hesitating, with downcast lids. "Zizine—Zizine—is a little Brazilian monkey, of which mamma is very fond."

There was a moment's pause; and then she added, "We are all fond of mamma's pet. Mr. Ross knows Zizine."

And with the last words, trifling as they seemed, the melodious voice seemed to grow severe, and the eyes that had been so timid turned so full and pained a look of reproach at Kenneth, that Sir Douglas was positively startled.

Not so Kenneth, whose repressed smile broke into a little mocking laugh. "Yes, I do know Zizine; and I will introduce her to my uncle, or, to speak more respectfully, I will introduce my uncle to her; and if she does not snap his fingers off, he shall feed and caress her, and console her for Antonio's obduracy."

"Oh, Mr. Ross," whimpered Lady Charlotte, "how *can* you make a jest of anything so distressing. I am sure if your good uncle knew all! You are not aware, Sir Douglas, that this little creature—this precious little creature—will not eat unless fed by Antonio! It will not take food from any other hand; and what is to be done, if Antonio persists in leaving me, I am sure I don't know! I have been wretched about it all the morning!"

The shower of easy tears, after this last burst, seemed to clear off a little; and the possessor of Zizine listened with a ray (or a rainbow) of hope to Sir Douglas's assurances that a hungry monkey would take food from the most alien hand, sooner than go without it; and even ventured to hint that the valued Antonio himself must originally have been a stranger to Zizine, since she was brought from the Brazils; a remark which seemed to make a profound impression on Lady Charlotte, who pronounced it to be "*so true; so very true—and—and so very comforting;*" and she was quite surprised it had never occurred to her before. "But you know, Sir Douglas—Columbus's egg—you know!" And on seeing rather a puzzled acquiescence in her new friend's face,

she further explained herself by adding, "what nobody thought of till they saw it done, you know!" and with a tearful smile she gave a final flourish of the embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and settled herself for more cheerful discourse. Then she listened with rapt attention to a number of little anecdotes told by Sir Douglas, of instinct and wisdom in animals, such as would be narrated to an intelligent child; and when he wound up with the tragic incident of the suicide from grief, of a male marmoset whose little mate dying on shipboard, was thrown overboard; and told how, the very first day his cage was left accidentally open, the melancholy little survivor leaped over the ship's side at that identical spot, into the waves; and described the regret of all the sailors, who were of opinion that the ship should have been put about, though in wild weather, rather than that Jocko should have been allowed to perish,—Lady Charlotte vehemently exclaimed, "Oh! I think so too—I think so too!—How very cruel of the captain!" And as she and her guests stepped forth into the garden, and paced along the terrace, and through the Pergola shaded with vines, she remarked to Kenneth that she had never seen a more pleasant or gentlemanly man than his uncle—"and so *travelled*, too"—which phrase she explained, like Columbus's egg, and said she meant that he knew so many things, which, of course, he had picked up going so much about the world as she understood he had done.

And Gertrude too praised Sir Douglas, even to himself! She was leaning against one of the square stone supports of the loggia, the vine leaves with their tendrils dropping and curling round her uncovered head, pausing to let her companion admire the distant view of land and sea. "It was very kind of you," she said, "to amuse mamma; it took away all her nervousness."

Sir Douglas flushed a little. It was very pleasant being spoken to in such a friendly tone by this pretty girl; and he was rather shy, though his shyness



was not awkward like his friend Lorimer Boyd's.

"I was glad to amuse her. But you must not be angry with Kenneth for laughing a little: I had no idea it was a monkey that Lady Charlotte was so anxious about when I first saw her distress."

Gertrude shrank a little farther from her companion, and spoke in a low voice.

"I know; I was not exactly angry; but it vexed me. Mamma is not—that is, I mean, she is not one of those clever women with strong nerves, who do nothing that any one can smile at. I know mamma is not clever; but she is good and tender; she is tender to all she loves; and she is tender to all creatures—birds, and pets of all kinds. My poor father used to give them to her; he died of consumption, and he used to have them in his room; it is true he did not give her Zizine, but mamma has the habit of loving these things extremely—and—and I cannot bear that any one should seem almost to jest at her vexation!"

She trembled a little as she spoke; but that trembling—like the *tremolo* in her clear rich singing—gave no impression of weakness; and the touch of sternness was in her voice again at the final phrase, as it had been when she said that Kenneth "knew Zizine." Sir Douglas liked her for it. He liked the protection given by her own child to this sacred silly woman: sacred as a parent, even where weakness could not but be perceptible; sacred for the sake of duty and for the sake of scenes replete with sadness and reverent associations:—not to be laughed at by mocking lips; to be pitied, to be tenderly dealt with, even as she dealt, or was supposed to deal, with others. He felt that had he been the son of a silly mother he also would have dealt so by her; and his own mother's half-remembered, half-forgotten face, vaguely rose again to memory in presence of this girl, as it had done the evening before—leaving the impression, as it did then, that Gertrude Skifton "had a look of

her about the eyes." Dear eyes, that bent over his cradle, and were lifted to Heaven when he first learned to pray, and shone for a little way on in his childhood, and then vanished, leaving in those childish years such a comfortless blank of love.

When he left the Villa Mandórlo with Kenneth, they walked a little way in silence; then Kenneth said, laughing, "Well, we had a fine scene there! That woman is an incarnation of folly, but the girl is very nice."

"Yes, the girl is very nice," assented Sir Douglas.

"I'm glad you like her," said Kenneth, carelessly; "for they are the only people (of your sort) I care to see here; and your friend, Lorimer Boyd, is in and out of their house like a tame dog. When he ain't in the Chancellerie you may look for him in the Villa Mandórlo. I believe he means to take Lady Charlotte in hand, according to the advertisements, 'To ladies of neglected education.' He comes in like a tutor, with plans of Herculeum, and drawings of Pompeian pottery, and tickets to see this, that, and the other, with most desperate industry."

"And does Lady Charlotte respond?"

"Well, not unless some magnates are to accompany her. Her whole soul (if she has a soul) seems to be occupied with the ambition of being always in a certain 'set,' wherever she goes. She is always triumphing in being invited, or lamenting that she and her daughter are 'left out,' or setting some little wheel in motion to 'get asked' somewhere. I believe she tolerates Lorimer Boyd (to whom she always listens with a stifled yawn), only as the well-spring and fountain of introductions she would not otherwise obtain in this place. She dines constantly at the English Legation, and goes to balls at the Neapolitan Court, and knows all the Principessas, Duchesses, Contessas, and Contessinas that rattle their carriages up and down the Chiaja; and if the whole government were subverted (as it certainly will be one of these days), it is my belief that she would transfer her allegiance

and her visiting cards to whatever potentates floated on the surface, and to whatever dynasty happened to reign."

"Well, it is an odd mania in a woman holding a certain and established rank herself in her own country; but when you know more of the world, Kenneth, you won't think it so very uncommon. Are they rich?"

"Yes, I think they are. I believe" (and here Kenneth hesitated a little)—"I believe the daughter has an independent fortune; and her mother is bent on marrying her to some foreign grandee. She very nearly managed it with one of the Roman Colonnas, or some such great family, before they came here; but his family wouldn't hear of it, the young lady being a Protestant."

"I wonder Lady Charlotte would think of such a marriage!"

"Think of it! I assure you she clung to it as if she were drowning; and as to the religious part of the difficulty, she said she really had hoped better things from the confessor of the family, who seemed such a *suave*, well-mannered, sociable man, than to oppose himself to her daughter; and she was sure, Gertrude would not object to listen 'occasionally' to his exhortations, or even to go, 'now and then, with her husband the prince,' to the great Church festivals, 'but not as a customary thing; of course they could not expect that.' I really do think there never was such a goose born as that woman!"

If Sir Douglas thought his conceited nephew severe, he did not find his rational friend, Lorimer Boyd, a whit more indulgent with respect to his new associates. All the craving after fine acquaintance and frivolous gaieties, and all the insane planning about her daughter, was confirmed in his report. "And the worst of it is," concluded Lorimer, gloomily, "that she was once a great beauty."

Sir Douglas laughed. "How does that add to her offence?"

"By adding to her folly. She has all the *minauderies* and airs of a silly beautiful girl, being now but a silly elderly woman. I could box her ears

when I see her drooping her faded pendulous cheek to her skeleton shoulder, with a long ringlet of heaven-knows-who's hair in the fashion of a lovelock trailing over her scragginess. She always reminds me of some figure in Holbein's 'Dance of Death.' A most *peposterosus* woman."

"Her daughter seems very different, and very fond of her, Lorimer. There must be some good in her, depend upon it."

"I suppose there is *some* good in every one. Her daughter—well! we see what bright freshness of vegetation springs up in tropic dust; what flowers burst through the crevices of those hot, barren walls! Poor child! half her time is spent in endeavouring not to seem ashamed of her mother!"

"No; she loves her mother," exclaimed Sir Douglas, eagerly.

"She must have a great deal of love to spare," said Lorimer Boyd, with something between a sigh and a sneer; "and, if it be so, it says much for the daughter, but nothing for the mother. Gertrude Skifton is like her father. I knew him: he died here. A man to love and to remember."

"Well, you must not dispute with my wise uncle," laughed Kenneth, "for he sets up to know more of these people in two days than those who have sat, as we have, for two months, within hail of Lady Charlotte's one ringlet almost every evening."

## CHAPTER VI.

### HOW ACQUAINTANCE RIPENS.

ALMOST every evening. It is astonishing how rapidly intimacy progresses in country houses, sea-side gatherings, and the small society of compatriots in a foreign town. If you know each other at all, it is almost impossible not to be what is called "intimate;" even though that degree of familiarity may lessen, or cease altogether, when the circumstances which produced it are altered, and when persons who were "great friends" at Rome, Naples, or Florence, choose to drop into being civil acquaintances, after



they once more carelessly congregate with the herding swarms of London. Lady Charlotte and her daughter Gertrude were the chief stars at Naples of many a pic-nic party and ball. Not that Gertrude was a great beauty, or her mother a wise woman, as we have seen; but because they were among the few well-connected English then in Naples, and "the set," as Lady Charlotte called it, with the addition of what was best of the "foreign set," mingled and met nearly every day in pursuit of the same aim—pleasure. The English are said to hold aloof from each other abroad; and there is a humorous passage at the opening of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," where he represents himself as meeting with a gentleman-like and conversible person, of whose chance companionship he was about to avail himself, but, *finding he was a compatriot*, he retired to his own room. Whatever may have been the case in Sterne's time, it is certain that the disposition now is rather the reverse; and though we hear of ladies in India, and officers' wives in regiments on foreign service, "flouting" each other in their own small circle; and in colonial society of ladies whom "nobody in the colony visits;" and everywhere of the various little monkey-copyings of exclusiveness performed by the Zizines who give themselves airs abroad—"captains' ladies," and "majors' ladies," "colonels' ladies," and "governors' ladies;" and "white ladies" who won't associate with "brown ladies;" and Creoles, and Mestas, and all sorts of other distinctions unknown to the great European family—yet, in a general way, the English are a sociable nation; and, beyond a certain cautious shyness as to the "respectability" of new acquaintance, there is no reluctance to come together.

But Lady Charlotte was of Scotch extraction, and the Scotch are yet more willing to "foregather," as it is called, provided it be with their "own folk." They are a scantier population than the English, with a scantier aristocracy and gentry. The tide of commercial success has not yet so flooded in among them (though it is fast advancing) as it has

amongst the English, sweeping away old feudal memories and landmarks. They know all about each other's families and "forbears," down to the twentieth degree of cousinhood; and both rich and poor, high and low, genteel and ungentle, set a value on rank and connection far beyond the value set upon it in England, and set a value on their own nationality, which is a feeling distinct and apart. "Come of gude Scotch bluid" is a far greater recommendation among them than "come of a good old county family" is among the Southrons; and when that "gude stock" is also noble, the respect is unbounded. That

"Caledonia, stern and wild,"

which made so rough a nurse to poetic Burns, admits, *as a theory*, his noble line—

"A man's a man for a' that ;"

but, as a matter of practice, it is certain that if her wayward guager had been a lord—if he had been a duke—if he had even been a laird—"Burns of Burndyke"—she would not have delayed the opportunity to *fêter* his genius till it became a centenary festival.

Lady Charlotte was a Scotchwoman; and she was glad to meet Lorimer Boyd and friends "from the North." She had even sought to establish a cousinhood between herself and Lorimer on the strength of some intermarriage between the Clochnabens and her own family in very remote times. And, at all events, she held him bound and responsible for her destiny in Naples, for fit introductions, and pleasant days. He had been very kind, she said, when Mr. Skifton was dying; "read to him, and that sort of thing," and very sorry for her and her daughter. That was more than two years ago now; and the grief for Mr. Skifton had begun to be wiped off the china slate of his widow's memory. She had not been a bad wife to him. Always very gentle; always very attentive when he was particularly ill; very sorry when he died. She wept very much the first time she saw her daughter in mourning, and when she was trying on her own weeds.

Indeed, "for a long time afterwards," as she impressed upon Gertrude, "she could not bear the sight of black crape," it always "brought the tears into her eyes, let her meet it where she would." But she was now beginning to be very cheerful and comfortable again; and had none of that depth of nature which, she observed, caused "a mere nothing" suddenly to "overcome that dear girl by reminding her of her poor father."

She was anxious, too, about Gertrude. She wished her to marry early, and marry well; and she was all the more uneasy about invitations and opportunities on account of various past circumstances connected with the long weary illness and climate-seeking days that had removed her from general society and "seasons" in London, where she had once been so much admired. And then, after she was left a widow, Gertrude had a bad cough, and was supposed to be threatened with the same complaint as her father, and she was advised to pass a "couple more winters in Italy" to recruit her strength; and, beyond and besides all this, there was the patent fact that her marriage with Mr. Skifton had rather put her out of that "set" to which it was her great aim to belong. It had been a love-match; a love-match not repented of by either party, and extremely advantageous in point of fortune to Lady Charlotte who had none. But, then, who was Mr. Skifton? He had every merit a man could have; but he did not come of a "good old stock," or of any known family. He was handsome, rich, elegant in manner, and singularly accomplished; but the careless question elicited by the news of his decease and Lady Charlotte's consequent widowhood, of "By the by, who the deuce was Skifton?" produced only the vague reply, "Well, I really don't know; I believe he was a very good sort of fellow. His father was a merchant, or a broker, or something; and his daughter will have money."

A little soreness consequent on this position, and a wavering puzzled notion that such circumstances had weighed

more with her recalcitrant foreign grandees than Gertrude's religion, troubled Lady Charlotte's mind; she had been rather humbled and annoyed at the escape from her very simple web of the young Colonna; and previous to Sir Douglas's arrival she had already been occupying herself with little fooleries and flatteries to Kenneth, who, *faute de mieux*, would, she thought, make a good husband for Gertie (in her view of a good husband), being well off himself and heir to old Sir Douglas. Her efforts however, being confined to what chaperons call "bringing the young people together," and the encouragement of much singing of Scotch ballads in alternation with more cultivated music, she did neither good nor harm; and that is more than can be said of the majority of match-making or match-hoping mothers.

Neither was she, in fact, very anxious about it; for, after all, either here or elsewhere, some great duke, prince, or count might suddenly fall in love with her daughter; and she *might* wish that instead of Mr. Ross; and it would be very embarrassing to have to "throw over" Kenneth, and not very ladylike.

So things were suffered to take pretty much their own course; and a very pleasant course it was for all parties. Lorimer Boyd was as friendly as possible, and Kenneth exceedingly attentive, though now and then he teased Lady Charlotte by little mockeries and *persiflage* which she only half understood and feebly rebutted; and Sir Douglas, "in his way" was charming too. Lady Charlotte took great pains to please him; and never felt uneasy with him as she did occasionally with his nephew. She had just prudence enough "in case it ever came to anything between Kenneth, Ross and Gertie," to avoid all allusion to her knowledge that the nephew was thought very wild. It would be very foolish to set his rich uncle against him, and all young men ran a little wild at his age and abroad. And she used to try a little feeble flattery with Sir Douglas—her head very much to one side, and



her slender fingers twirling that long young ringlet which she had made sole inheritor of her own departed love-locks, and which kept Lorimer Boyd in a chronic state of dissatisfaction. Modulating her voice to a sort of singing whisper, like a canary-bird at sunset, she ventured little hints of admiration as to his looks; and how he must "have been" much handsomer than Kenneth; and she bantered him about his "dreadful bravery" and his probable relationship to the "Parliament Captain," the Ross of 1650, and talked of the taking of Montrose, and made Gertrude repeat a stanza that she "saw in an old book, but what book it was had gone out of her poor head,"—

"Leslie for the kirk,  
And Middleton for the king;  
But deil a man can gie a knock  
But Ross and Augustine!"

But it was when Brazilian Zizine fell ill ("like a fellow-creature," as Lady Charlotte expressed it) that Sir Douglas's favour rose to its climax! He actually gravely inspected Zizine; he brought remedies, and seemed to pity the little dumb beast; and he talked with Gertrude of its "plaintive captive eyes," while he fed it. And Lady Charlotte was overheard saying of him, in most unintelligible Italian to the Contessa Rufo, that "*Avendo potuto essere uno generale, nondimeno aveva guarito Zizine!*" on which the pretty Contessa, with a warm Southern smile, pronounced Sir Douglas to be "*tanto amabile!*" though she had not the remotest idea what meaning her friend wished to convey, or what the possibility of his becoming a general had to do with his feeding a monkey.

His tenderness, however, to Zizine was not all. He amused Lady Charlotte, who declared that talking to him was "like sitting with the Arabian Nights." "No, Mr. Kenneth need not laugh; for of course she did not mean that she could sit with the Arabian Nights,—or with any other stories; but he knew well enough that what she really meant was, that his uncle told them so many pleasant things." She

had daily driven up and down the Chiaja till she was weary, and daily inspected what Gertrude called the "playthings" at their pretty villa: playthings of which all Italians are very fond. Strange slender bridges over artificial streamlets; garden traps that when trodden on send a sprinkling shower over the head of the startled visitor; grottoes, and gilt gazebos, and Chinese summer-houses, and thatched rustic lodges. But she had not seen the graver sights of Naples, as a dowager who had more acquaintance with history or even with Murray's guide-books might have done: so that much novelty cropped and budded out of the old places, in consequence of being with the new companionable friend.

People see things under such different aspects! When Stendahl published his "*Rome, Naples, and Florence, in 1817,*" all that he chose to describe in his opening pages—whether the better to mask subsequent expressions of political opinions, or from any other motive—was the eagerness with which he flew to the theatres, and what operas were performed at the various cities he visited during his tour. His account of his first entrance into Milan is, that the immediately went to La Scala; and his description of Naples is confined to the fact, that San Carlo being shut, he rushed to the Fiorentini. He mentions that "two playhouses have been discovered at Pompeii, and a third at Herculaneum;" and as to the beauties of Nature, he disposes of them in his diary thus:—"25 Fevrier. Je reviens de Pæstum. *Route pittoresque.*"

An English lady who had arrived by sea at Lisbon sent her coachman and lady's-maid to amuse themselves with the sights of the new foreign city. The coachman returned filled with melancholy contempt for the inferior "turn-out" of the Portuguese nobility as to carriages and harness: the lady's-maid said she (like Stendahl) had been to the opera, and thought the ladies' necks were in general far too short (though they wore some fine necklaces), and that their inclination to *embonpoint* was very

remarkable ; figures, indeed, that she "would have no pleasure in dressing."

Sir Douglas's mode of seeing Naples might be no better than that of his neighbours, but it had the merit of entertaining Lady Charlotte Skifton. He was full of "historical gossip;" to which she used to listen most attentively, pulling the young ringlet nearly straight, and looking round as if she vaguely expected to see the people and events he conjured up. She "could not eat her dinner" for thinking of young Conradin—titular king of Sicily from the time he was two years old till he was sixteen,—and then, (at that boyish age!) led out to execution in the marketplace with his uncle Frederic of Austria; Pope Urban having aided Charles of Anjou to defeat and take him prisoner. She implicitly believed the doubtful story of his mother sailing into the Bay of Naples with black sails to her ships, and untold treasure as ransom, too late to rescue her murdered and courageous boy. She was "afraid she was almost glad" at the increased hatred of the French which that execution inspired, till in the rolling course of years, at a certain Easter, 1282, every Frenchman in Sicily, except one, was murdered.

She thought Queen Joanna's conduct "really now so *very* abominable," twisting a silk cord of variegated colours, and answering her inquisitive husband that it was "to strangle him with," so playfully that he believed she was joking till the horrible threat came true. She was delighted to hear that Queen Joanna was herself smothered afterwards, after many more years of crime, and she looked at the dark, gaping windows of her ruined palace in the Bay, with awe and satisfaction.

As to Masaniello, and his rebellion and brief triumph—she said she "knew all about *him*"—except that the people had sewed his head again to his body, and obliged the Government to give him a state burial after his downfall and massacre,—"because she had seen the opera of Masaniello several times: only in the opera there was nothing about what happened after he was killed."

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Newer to her was the hanging of Admiral Caraccioli (that blot upon the fame of Nelson!), and the well-attested story of the body of the Italian admiral floating upright, to the consternation of the sailors, in the wake of Nelson's ship, from the imperfect weighting down of the corpse when flung into the sea.

Her interest as to the disputed fact whether Pozzuoli was the place where St. Paul landed, was weak to the absorbed attention with which she devoured the details of the murder of Agrippina by order of her own son, the Emperor Nero. The picture of this proud, profligate, energetic old woman, betrayed into a galley contrived like those in the time of the French *Noyades*, to give way and sink under her,—her escape, after being hit on the head by a slave with an oar, her floating, swimming, and struggling to the shore at Baie, and being taken to her own Lucrine villa only to be afterwards assassinated in her bed there,—had a fascination, not unmixed with a sensation of terror for Lady Charlotte, moving her to observe that it was impossible for her to hear such a story, in the very place where it had happened, without being thankful no one could put *her* "on board a boat that was all to crack and come to pieces," or come and kill her at the Villa Mandorlo "only because somebody else had ordered it."

## CHAPTER VII.

### FAST YOUNG MEN.

SWIFTLY the days passed on; and it became almost a usual ceremony in the little circle to end each day with "What shall we do to-morrow?" When Sir Douglas first arrived, indeed, there had been grave talk of instant departure; of breaking up bad habits by removing Kenneth from scenes of idle temptation; and of all sorts of reforming and repressive measures. But it is not so easy to move a full-fledged young gentleman of Kenneth's disposition, from a place that happens to hit his fancy. His uncle's



arrival, if not followed by any very real reform of conduct, had certainly secured greater decency; and he bore with patience (or comparative patience) the brief anxious lectures which followed the examination of very complicated and uncertain calculations as to general debts; and debts of "honour," loans made (half from careless generosity, half from vanity) to idle young foreigners, who had no earthly claim upon his assistance; jewellery squandered on their female associates; and all the embarrassments from which,—had he probed his own heart for the truth,—he expected to be relieved by the very simple expedient of getting his uncle to "pay them off."

Nothing is more curious, in these cases of extravagance, than the puppy-blindness which does not see,—in that first stage of manhood,—that if such debts are "paid off" by some relative or friend, the items of which they were composed were acts of meanness, and not acts of generosity. If the phrases usual on such occasions were put into the language of the pleasant old story of the "Palais de la Verité,"—where people said, not what they intended to say, but spoke the "naked truth,"—how very extraordinary those sentences would sound! Conceive a man addressing his friend thus: "My dear fellow, certainly I will lend you a couple of hundreds. I'll give you all my three sisters' music-lessons, new dresses, and jaunts to the sea-side for this year: and there's pale little Fanny, who costs my mother a good deal in physician's advice. I'll give you all her doctor's fees for six months or so, and she shall go without. I would not be so stingy as to refuse a friend such a paltry sum as you've asked of me,—no, not for the world."

Or thus:—

"I made little Justerini the dancer such a splendid present last Christmas! I gave her three years of my fat old father's plodding work as head-clerk with Tighenall and Co.! He's getting old, you know: drowsy of an evening: tired out in fact: had rather a hard life of it: a good many of us to provide for. But I was determined I'd give her

the earrings. I'd have given double, ay, six years of his hard-earned salary, sooner than not have behaved handsomely to her about them!"

Or thus:

"I can't stand a fellow refusing his chum such a paltry favour as belonging to a club, or sharing a yacht, or taking half an opera-box with him. I know I didn't hesitate a minute when Tom Osprey asked me. I gave him my mother's carriage-horses, and little Sam's favourite pony, and my father's hunters, and that little box at Twickenham where they used to go for change of air in summer,—before Tom had half done explaining about it. I'm not one of your backward fellows. I always come forward like a man, when a friend wants anything."

Or thus—liberal only to Self, instead of Self and Co.:—

"I always say there are certain things a fellow can't do without. *Must* make a certain figure, and have certain comforts. I like to enjoy life, and see other fellows enjoy it. Life is not worth having if you don't put some pleasure into it! I was obliged to have all my old grandmother's sables and shawls last winter,—(you know she brought me up, my mother was too poor to do it);—and the portion she had put by for my Cousin Bessie: couldn't do without, I assure you; not, at least, so as to live like a gentleman. Can't see why Cousin Bessie should be in any hurry about marrying, or why the' confounded prig she's engaged to makes such a point of what he calls 'mutual means of support.' All I know is, I couldn't do without her portion, and grandmother's Indian shawls and Russian sables; that's fact."

Or even thus:—among a set where shawls and sables and marriage portions are alike unknown:—

"You say you wonder, because I'm a poor curate's son, how I can get on at college? That's all you know about it: of course it's difficult; and I'm put to it to give wine-parties, and so forth, like other fellows—but it's to be done with proper management. If I take six days

in the week butcher's meat that my brothers and sisters would eat ; and all the coals and blankets the old women in the village used to get,—and my father's two glasses of port wine which my mother fancied kept his throat from relaxing for Sunday duty,—and a year or two of Dick's schooling, (who scarcely needs it, for my father gives him all his spare time, and he's a sharp fellow by nature), it comes to a good lump of money in the end ; and, if there's still some debt left, I've no doubt I can grind it out of them sooner than seem shabby to these fellows at Oxford."

Ah ! how many a true tragedy lies under this apparent farce of words ! How many a "fine, spirited young gentleman, very free with his money," steps out of his hotel in the sight of admiring waiters, drawing on a pair of straw-coloured gloves in preparation for a day's pleasure—tossing double his real fare to the cabman to be driven rapidly to the place of rendezvous : and then talking to the boon-companions he joins, it may be, of poachers on his father's estate ; of some servant of his own turned away, as an idle vagabond and a thief, for taking his master's cigars and silk-handkerchiefs ; of "being regularly swindled out of his money" by some jeweller who, according to custom, has sold him a set of studs and a gold ring for treble their real value,—to whom it never once occurs that the *tu quoque* of these various accusations would be but his own just due !—that he, also, is an idle vagabond, living on what he never earned ; a "poacher" on the better means of better men ;—a "swindler" in the acquirement of things unpaid for, or the profitable interest on which is lost in the uncertainty and delay of payment ;—yea, it may be a most daring robber, whose "stand and deliver" threatens more than the lives of those whose substance has to be surrendered to him, since it threatens disgrace and ruin to himself (and through him to all connected with him) if they do not suffer themselves to be stripped of their goods, and consent to the extremity of sacrifice !

And fathers may toil, and mothers may darn, and many a Bessie pine, and many a Fanny sicken for sea-air, and many a little Dick lose his schooling ; and so long as the cause of all these troubles does not actually pick pockets in the streets, or garotte unwary passengers on the highways and byeways where business or pleasure calls him, he contentedly believes himself to be living the life of a gentleman and an honest man, and would knock the offender down who dared to dispute that position.

Kenneth Ross doubted as little of his title to be thought "a thorough gentleman," as others of his creed. And yet it is certain that he expected his friends, his tradesmen, his gambling-debts, and his follies, to be paid for out of his uncle's money ; was perfectly content that all his vicarious acts of generosity should (like his debts), be set down to his own credit, but, in truth, be provided for by this other man ; and had never even given a single thought to what his situation, or the situation of his motley crowd of creditors would be, should his own means fall short, and his uncle, wearied out at last, refuse to supply the deficit.

But why should he give it a thought ? Was he not his uncle's heir ? He knew he was to be his heir. At least he had always expected it, ever since he was a child, and he believed Sir Douglas had always intended it.

Yes, Sir Douglas certainly had intended it. Up to a certain evening—the evening of a day of glory and beauty and sunshine, spent in an expedition to Sorrento—he *had* intended it, though he did not know that Kenneth built upon it ; and even that first night which saw him waver in such intentions, saw him also wakeful, weary, and tender, full of yearnings to his nephew, and occupied till early dawn with anxious repetitions in his own mind of wise counsel and explanation, though both counsel and explanation were to make it clear to Ross of Torrieburn that Ross of Glenrossie was assisting him for the last time !

But Torrieburn's past experience was



very much against any very settled belief in such a declaration as to Glenrossie's future proceedings.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A DAY AT SORRENTO.

As the lovely Italian spring advanced, the question, "What shall we do to-morrow?" was answered more and more boldly; and the little intimate circle that had mingled with Royal balls, and musical routs, during more wintry weather (for even Naples has its winter), and whose members had availed themselves of Italian hospitalities, began to draw more and more together, seeking, as strangers naturally would, their chief pleasure in excursions among scenes, the beauty of which will for ever be described in vain in guide-books, itineraries, and travels, since not all the glowing words that were ever strung together can convey a hundredth part of the impression made on the senses by actual experience. It is a favourite phrase with poets, that we should "conjure up a vision" of such and such objects; but no magic can conjure up, to one who has never yet beheld Southern Italy, the sudden irradiation of our common world that takes place. It is the nature we always knew—but it is nature illuminated! Colour is deeper and brighter, seas are more dazzling, sunrise and sunset are inconceivably richer, mountains have gradations of purple which no pencil can translate. The wasteful wealth of fruit and flowers sets us dreaming of Eden instead of our digging and delving climes; and the very people who dwell in these favoured regions seem endowed with a quicker life. Eyes have a depth of shining, and teeth a glitter in smiling, and cheeks a warmth of glowing, that the north can never show. Like Wilson's cloud, of which he says—

"E'en in its very motion there was rest,"

even in their very indolence there is passion; and that *dolce far niente*, of which we hear so much and understand so little, is more like the tranquillity of

their own slumbering volcanoes, than the settled calm which alone among us would produce it. Or, to take the less grandiose simile of Lorimer Boyd in discussing the subject with Sir Douglas, it is the difference between the contented grazing of the bovine race, and the sleek and sleepy yawning of the hunting leopard. There is real quiet in the one, there is only temporary inaction in the other.

And though the simile might not be over-complimentary, Lorimer Boyd loved the Italians. He praised their simplicity, the absence of affectation, the loving nature of their women. He denied the inferiority of their men. He held that all of best and brightest in Europe came originally from Italy. He counted over the roll of the old heroic names, and came down, with an excuse for every blotted entry in history, to those later times when even her artists had fought as soldiers, and her priests governed as statesmen. He would not admit, without opposition, even Sir Douglas's censure of the Neapolitan nobility. What could be expected of men who were only too well aware that Government had no feeling towards such as might be marked for distinction, but that of jealousy? Take away the occupation of literature and politics, freedom of action, and great landed interests, from the youthful nobility of Great Britain; take away their natural stake in the prosperity of their country; and what would remain even for them but the pursuit of pleasure and the driving on of aimless days? Besides, Naples was not Italy. In that often taken and retaken town there was scarcely a nation whose blood did not mingle with the original race. French and Spanish, German and English, Greek and even Turkish, currents are in those idle veins. And because Kenneth had found a set of profligates and gamblers there—as he could have found a set of idlers and gamblers in Paris or in London—was Sir Douglas to pass a sweeping judgment over the land, or attribute to the aristocracy of Naples any increase in his anxieties respecting his wayward

nephew? As well might he consider it the fault of the fishermen in the islands of Ischia or Procida.

Those anxieties were perpetually haunting Sir Douglas, so much so that once or twice he let fall a word respecting his hope that Kenneth "would make creditable friendships" even to Gertrude,—recurring eagerly to his own love in youth and boyhood for Lorimer.

And Gertrude looked grave, and said, "I know what you feel. I had once a brother."

Sir Douglas asked Lorimer about this brother. He had known them all. Did he resemble Gertrude?

No. He was exactly like his most ridiculous mother, clothed in a tail-coat instead of female habiliments—if possible even more silly, more vain, and certainly less well-tempered; and it was anything but a subject of regret that he had pre-deceased his father, for he would have been a plague instead of a protection to his mother and sister.

"How old do you suppose Miss Skifton may be? She is very grave and staid for a girl."

"She is two-and-twenty. I know her age. And she has seen much of life and its cares even for those years." And Lorimer Boyd sighed.

Sir Douglas mused on her tone and look when she said, "I had once a brother;" and on a hundred other instances which impressed his memory though they seemed mere nothings. There are persons who talk much and readily of their feelings, and who yet leave you in uncertainty both as to the sincerity and the motive of their confession; and there are others whose rare allusions to themselves and their private joys or sorrows seem to come like gleams of light, showing their whole inner nature. Sir Douglas would have been at a loss to explain why the little he had ever gleaned from Gertrude Skifton respecting herself had filled him with such intense sympathy and approval; such a conviction that her character was one of mingled gentleness and strength; fondness and girlish dignity; reserve

and a subdued eagerness—which pleased him better than all the open enthusiasm in the world! He loved in her the cherishing of her foolish mother; the adoration for her dead father's memory; her easy courtesy to strangers; her sweet frank friendliness with those whom she acknowledged as intimates: with Kenneth, and Lorimer Boyd, and —himself. This last admission Sir Douglas made with a little hesitation. Her welcome of him was shyer than her welcome to them. Well, he would not have had it otherwise—she had not known him as long; and he remembered with pleasure the beautiful blush which overspread her face once when she said, "I do not feel that you are so much of a stranger as I should; because Mr. Lorimer Boyd used to read your letters aloud sometimes, when you were in India, to my poor father; indeed very often he used to read us one; my father enjoyed them so." The expression of her countenance was always lovely: lovely when her eyes were downcast (as indeed was habitual with her), and lovely when she slowly raised them, as she did on this occasion, with a sort of innocent appeal in them, as though they said, "I know I am blushing, but it is not for anything of which I need feel ashamed."

He thought of her perpetually; and settled in his own mind that there was not in her one iota that he could wish to see altered, or that could be changed for the better.

And Lady Charlotte was quite pleased with his evident approval, for she felt "if ever it came to anything between Kenneth Ross and Gertie," here would be one great step gained for all subsequent arrangements.

And now they were to have one of their customary holidays, and spend the whole bright day at Sorrento: the little smiling Contessa Rufo, and a German couple, to whom she was "doing the honours" of the sights of Naples, being the only strangers of the party.

Lady Charlotte got but one scanty story from Sir Douglas; (the death of Pliny, which she declared she had never



heard before,) and then she chatted with the Contessa, her companions being absorbed in the beauty of the moving panorama before them. They had left Naples at an hour unknown to indolent Londoners, and the early glory of morning yet fell on the tideless sea as they wound through the narrow roads surmounting the Bay of Castellamare; dotted with pointed white sails like wings, and showing on its rippled surface those strange dappled patches of green and purple which vary the blue of the ocean whenever it nears the shore.

Lovelier and lovelier grew the scene as they proceeded onwards. In odd nooks of the lofty cliffs nestled houses as white as those distant sails; fruit-trees and vines surrounded them; gay foliage mantled the rocky ledges; and here and there the eye could rest on the glistening tops of thickly-planted orchards of orange and lemon trees, looking like rounded domes of emerald, clustering far down in the hollows.

Fig trees, with their broad dark leaves, and vines in tender transparent green, mocked the grey volcanic ruggedness of the lofty rocks, as they came in sight of Sorrento. Little rude staircase-like paths straggled downwards to the caverns and coves of the beach, inviting the feet to explore them. Groups of fishermen, with women and children, loitered and basked here and there, clothed in those bright vestments in which all southern people delight. Now and then echoes of laughter, or the fragment of a simple song, came floating up on the air with that wonderful distinctness with which sounds are heard along a rocky shore,—airs which Gordigiani's exquisite setting have since made famous, and which, perhaps, it required that composer's fine and sensitive taste to strip from their ruggedness as we strip off the shell of the almond, denuding the veiled melodies from nasal and husky tones, and sending them forth to the world full only of such gentle passion as breathes in the "Bianco visin," and the "Tempo Passato;" familiar to us now from many a sweet and tutored voice even in our own land.

Lorimer Boyd had known Gordigiani's daughter. He described that sweet ethereal creature to Gertrude: her large spiritual eyes, like the eyes we imagine those of a guardian angel; her smile, faint and tender as the serenest twilight; her pretty bashful pride in being able to compose words to her father's music. But she was gone—passed away like the echo of her own songs—taken in the early prime of her sweetness, scarcely living even to the time indicated by the poetic French epitaph written on one almost as lovely:—

"Rose, elle a vecu ce que vivent les Roses,  
L'espace d'un jour!"

They were still talking of this young Italian and her genius; and Sir Douglas was murmuring to himself the Scriptural words, "When the ear heard her, it blessed her,"—less with any thought of Gordigiani's angel-daughter, or a yet fitter reference to "works of necessity, piety, and charity," than in remembrance of the tremulous contralto of the English girl at his side,—when a wild shriek, followed by that wonderful amount of exclamatory appeals to Madonnas and Saints of different altars, common among the Italians, startled them into attention.

The carriages were to meet them at a given point, and they had been traversing part of their road upon mules; Gertrude riding by her mother, till they had paused to gaze at the town and beach, and then falling a little into the rear with Lorimer and Sir Douglas while speaking of Gordigiani's music; the Rufos with their friends coming next; and Kenneth and Lady Charlotte a little in advance. Lady Charlotte was in high spirits, replying to Kenneth's constant *persiflage* with more *aplomb* than usual; pricking her mule from time to time with the coral points of her white silk parasol, and laughing foolishly like a school-girl at any little difficulties in the route. Presently the mule suddenly stopped. "Oh, you obstinacy, won't you take me on 'cause I'm such a giddy thing?" giggled the

rider, giving a final prod at the mule's ear with the ornamented parasol. The steel of the light parasol snapped; the sharp end entered the ear of the animal, which swerved, put its head down, and set off at a pace anything but safe or pleasant in poor Lady Charlotte's opinion. All the other mules, accustomed to act in concert with parties of sight-seers, set off at a like pace. Lady Charlotte screamed, the guides shouted, and a perfect Babel of voices sent up prayers to heaven for protection, mingled with curses of the poor beast on earth. Kenneth at first leaned back in his saddle in a fit of inextinguishable laughter at the ridicule of the whole scene. Fat Count Rufo, pulling in vain at the hard mouth of his *monture*, and bounding in his saddle like an India-rubber ball; his pretty countess laughing also, as she careered along, flying past Kenneth with her ankles much more exposed than at the decent commencement of her ride; the German couple, also at full speed, looking helplessly at each other as they fled together like the hapless pair in Bürger's *Leonora*; and Lady Charlotte, the primary cause of all this erratic disturbance, making involuntary *soubresauts* on and off her frightened mule, such as are performed by light and nimble professionals for the entertainment of the audience at Astley's.

But all laughter was merged in fear, when the mule made a false step on a path close to the precipice, that crumbled beneath its tread; then scrambled to recover its footing, unseating Lady Charlotte in the operation, and dragging her a few yards, pinned by many folds of careful shawling, and so utterly unable to extricate herself. Before the sharp, bitter shriek from Gertrude had died thrillingly on the air, the gentlemen of the party had reached the poor frightened woman, and rescued her from further danger. Sir Douglas had been first; leaping from his mule, which he suffered to roam at large, and not attempting the dangerous experiment of riding after her. They were close to Sorrento, close to the

Hotel di Tasso, where already rooms and refreshments had been ordered in anticipation of their arrival. Lady Charlotte was easily carried there, and laid, half-fainting from fright and shock—but not otherwise the worse of her Mazeppa-like career—on a *chaise longue* in one of the bedrooms.

Kenneth helped to carry her in, and, with a returning smile, congratulated Gertrude on her mother's safety. Gertrude smiled too, vaguely, with a confused, tearful look at Kenneth, in acknowledgment of being spoken to, rather than as hearing the exact words; and then Kenneth Ross retreated to compliment and re-assure pretty Countess Rufo, and Gertrude knelt down by her mother. Sir Douglas was still arranging pillows and shawls. If he had been waiting upon the venerable and unfortunate Queen Amelie of France, he could not have attended to her with more tender respect. He paused, and looked down on her as she lay. Gertrude's mother! That useless — inestimable life! As he paused, the kneeling girl looked up at him; she voluntarily extended her hand to clasp his. "Oh! I thank you so!" was all she said.

The warmth of the sun, when it glitters through rain in those warm southern climes, when the rapid storms are over, and the red geranium and pale violet take glory from its rays—what was it to the warmth of Gertrude's eyes, shining through their haze of agitated tears! Her gaze thrilled the heart of him she addressed; his hand trembled as it pressed hers. Hers, that white hand with its modelled fingers—

"Lovely tapering less and less,—"

whose graceful and nimble passage over the notes of the piano he had so often watched in the accompaniments to her welcome songs. He blessed her mentally for the eager movement which had so given it, warm and gloveless, into his cordial grasp; and whether after that sudden clasping it was dropped by him, or withdrawn by her, he was made too giddy by such contact to remember.

It must have been withdrawn; for



one spectator whom both had forgotten—Lorimer Boyd—passed *his* hand over his brow with a sense of pain, and muttered—“She is in love with Douglas!”

In love? No girl “in love” would leave her hand to be clasped as friendship only, with its firm light satisfied hold should clasp it, if that electric thrill which flashes love’s messages from heart to heart told her she either loved or was beloved. Let us then believe, for Sir Douglas’s sake, that the white hand was withdrawn, and that the trembling downcast look with which Gertrude listened to his further reassurances (made in rather a different voice from usual), as to Lady Charlotte’s condition, resulted rather from tender embarrassment than from any lingering misgiving as to her mother’s danger.

Lady Charlotte had indeed sustained no hurt. Her extreme fragility and slenderness had caused her to fall so lightly, that not a bruise was discoverable beyond a little abrasion on one of her wrists; and the quantity of soft shawls of very rich texture, slipping with her as she fell, made a sort of cradle for her head and shoulders during the brief interval of risk, when she was dragged along the path by the rocks.

“But it *might* have been very serious; I *might* even have been killed, mightn’t I?” she repeated over and over again, not without a little feeling of pleasure at having been the heroine of so dangerous an adventure. And as often as Gertrude assented, and pressed her lips on the faded face, with—“It might, indeed, my poor little mother!” so often did Lady Charlotte, with a sort of cooing murmur of pity for herself, assiduously smoothe and twine round her finger *the* ringlet, which had been made terribly dusty and unsightly during the *culbute* of its possessor, and had required more than ordinary care to restore it to form and brightness. The Hotel di Tasso overhangs the sea, and on that side at least there is comparative silence. Lady Charlotte, therefore, wearied by her inauspicious ride, and lulled by the sound of gently-lapping waves far beneath the windows, and by

the heat of the afternoon sun, carefully as it was shut and shaded from her, soon fell fast asleep. For a short interval Sir Douglas and Gertrude remained motionless, listening to her measured, slumberous breathings. Then he proposed to her daughter to come out, to join the rest of the party, who had already braved both heat and fatigue, and clambered to the Capo di Sorrento: and they sallied forth, not unwilling to enjoy their walk according to the implication conveyed in that sweet Irishism, “alone together,” the “*presque seule*” of the pretty French widow, who was asked if she was going alone into the country.

And now all again was gladness, and all again was bloom and beauty; wild flowers sparkled along the shore, even to the very verge of Neptune’s domain. On the lovely headland grew tufted patches of myrtle, and the tall pointed white heather which gleams like the ghost of some unknown harvest of another world. Down in the dreamland, under the far away sea, lay shifting shadows of broken white fragments, which are held to be (and why should they churlishly doubt it?) remnants of palaces and temples, over which the waters have closed, as over O’Donoghue and his white horse and valiant retainers in our own island of fairy traditions. Fatigue was unfelt; that air of which the elder Tasso spoke—

“Si vitale, che gl’uomini che senza provar,  
Altro cielo ci vivono, sono quasi immortali,”

fanned their faces, and made the very act of breathing a pleasure.

“Up the heather mountain and down the  
craggy brae,”

undesiring of further rest than frequent pauses to take their fill of gazing, or to listen laughingly to some pretty peasant, some distaff spinning matron, some bouquet-giving child, all vainly endeavouring to explain in their curious patois, requests to the sight-seers which resolved themselves most distinctly into an unromantic act of mendicancy,—the gay party reunited on their homeward

course; and arrived at the hotel to find Lady Charlotte alert, and recovered; only too willing to hear from Sir Douglas the mournful romance of the poet Tasso's mad love for the high-born princess, whose ducal brother had him imprisoned in darkness and solitude for years to expiate his presumption; and his miserable return, after insane and wretched years, to his sister and the old half-forgotten home.

And when that romance in prose was ended, Countess Rufo's German friend repeated Schiller's wonderful ballad of "The Diver," and his wife sang one of the sweet wild songs, whose harmonies are indeed "songs without words." And after that, on low pleading from Sir Douglas, and urging from all the rest, Gertrude sang.

Some irresistible fancy of the moment urged Sir Douglas to inquire if she had ever heard the ballad of which he recollected the one verse of farewell, as sung by his mother. Yes, she knew it; but even she could not recollect all the words. She did not think it was a complete ballad, but an old fragment of a song of exile; not, she said, from a "foreign" shore, as Sir Douglas had it, but the "Irish shore," and without further preface she began it, in the clear, rich voice he loved so to hear.

And while they listened, the day departed, and the moon fell on the unruffled sea; where the fisherman's tiny barks flashed, gleaming for a moment, and turned their sails again to shadow. The mountains rose beyond, dark and majestic, and the huge form of Vesuvius slept, unlit by its fiery torch, in the white light of the moon. The oars ceased to sound; the voices from the shore became less frequent; the very waves seemed to come more and more softly to the sands, till at length there seemed but one sound left on earth—her voice!

The broken fragment of a song is in many an old collection:—

"A lightsome heart, a soldier's mien,  
And a feather of the blue;  
Were all of me you knew, dear love,  
Were all of me you knew!

"Now all is done that man can do,  
And all is done in vain;  
My love, my native land, adieu,  
For we ne'er can meet again.

"He turned him round and right about  
All on the Irish shore;  
He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
With Adieu for evermore, my love,  
Adieu for evermore!"

The tender tremulousness of the last line, and the beauty of her face looking dreamily out over the sea as she sang, melted the heart of more than one of her listeners. But no one spoke to her of her song except Sir Douglas, and he said to her, in a choked, passionate voice, "If I thought it were 'adieu for evermore' between us—in lieu of a sweet, sorrowful dream—I should go mad!"

It was a declaration of love, like any other; or unlike any other, for no two declarations of love are alike, any more than any two leaves on a tree, or human faces, or voices, or even the handwriting of different persons, can be alike.

And though Kenneth and Lorimer Boyd and Count Rufo and the ladies of that happy party all spoke to Gertrude afterwards, she could not have told what any of them had said, except that at last she heard her mother say, in her softest canary-bird voice, "Well, and what shall we do to-morrow?" And Sir Douglas said, "I have business in the morning, but late in the day we might go to Amalfi, and stay a day or two there."

## CHAPTER IX.

### A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

BUSINESS in the morning. That special morning had long been dedicated to the final examination and arrangement of Kenneth's difficulties, at least so far as his continental tour was concerned. And now there was yet something else which his uncle desired to talk over with him, beyond and above the unpalatable fact that he must confine his expenses to his own means, and expect no more of this system of what he carelessly termed "clearing" him, henceforth and for ever. Sir Douglas arrived at Kenneth's



apartment on the Chiaja very early, very anxious, rather weary, and thoroughly resolved. He had begun to think there was some truth in the severe opinion expressed by his friend Lorimer Boyd, that the great misfortune of Kenneth's life was his uncle's indulgence.

"Of course," that friend had said, "as long as you put a feather-bed for him to fall upon, he will pitch headforemost like a harlequin, into every scrape and trap on the stage of existence. Leave him to suffer consequences. Either he is capable or incapable of self-conduct. In the one case all your love and pains won't save him, and in the other he will at last find his real level. If I had had an idea you were so in your dotage about this lad, Douglas, I declare I never would have written to you. I expected you to come down upon him in a stern, dignified, offended-guardian sort of way, and here you are for all the world like a nursing mother, whose precious babe has had a tumble! Do, for God's sake, let this be the last time that you actually help him to escape from the only lesson his careless mind can profit by—namely, bitter experience."

There was truth in these words; and they beat hotly in Sir Douglas's ears, as he turned restlessly on his pillow the night they returned from Sorrento. The hours of that night passed on from silvery moonlight to the blue dawn and the crimson glory of sunrise, without bringing him needful rest. There was too much in the day that was coming, and the day that had passed, for night to be anything but a bar or a gap to divide those intervals.

When the morning stir of life began once more,—early as such life begins in the streets of Naples,—Sir Douglas bathed, dressed, and went out. Even if Kenneth was not yet up, he would wait. His nephew's manner, the previous evening, had rather wounded him. It was saucy, sullen, and dissatisfied. It was easy to see that he thought himself maltreated, and his uncle officious in the matter of Lady Charlotte. Kenneth knew that Gertrude disliked and re-

sented any overt disrespect to her mother, yet he could not for the life of him abstain. He thought Lady Charlotte ridiculous, and he showed that he thought her so. He thought Gertrude neglectful of him, and almost, in her calm way, repellant to him the evening before. He was accustomed to be flattered and caressed. He had bid them all good night very curtly, getting out of the carriage in the Chiaja, instead of seeing them to the Villa Mandóro, and had walked away with a cigar in his mouth,—looking so like his handsome wilful father, that instead of feeling angry, foolish Sir Douglas looked after him with aching tenderness and intense good-will!

On arriving at his lodgings on this particular morning, not only Sir Douglas did not find Kenneth up (that perhaps with his habits was scarcely to be expected), but it was doubtful, from the hesitating manner of the servant, whether he had been in at all, since the previous day. Sir Douglas said little to the man, and passed into the room which had been the scene of his first interview and useless lecture. Breakfast was laid, as then; but not yet touched. All was in the same sort of order, or disorder. The very sunshine appeared to be lying in stereotyped lines on the parquet floor. Sir Douglas threw himself into a lounge chair by the window, and once more thought over all he meant to say to his nephew; putting it into the most patient loving words he could frame.

Gradually the silence and [warmth, after the rapid morning walk and long wakeful night, had their effect in spite of anxiety; and Kenneth's uncle slept as soundly as Lady Charlotte had done after her adventure with the recalcitrant mule at Sorrento.

It is Lord Brougham's theory (and it is also the theory of other thinkers on the same subject) that dreams occupy only a few moments before our waking, and that during their brief passage through the brain, they blend and connect themselves with outward objects of sense and sound. In proof of which, he

says, you have only to go and run a pin sharply into a slumbering friend, and he will inform you, as he starts into consciousness, that he had dreamed for a considerable time; that he has, in fact, had a very long dream of being attacked by robbers in a wood, or otherwise wounded,—with all graphic and interesting details; all depending on that cruel little poke with a pin which you privately know you had experimentally inflicted upon him!

Sir Douglas dreamed a very pleasant dream, of wandering in Paradise with Gertrude (and without Lady Charlotte) through interminable groves of orange-trees, white with blossom and golden with fruit, while,—beyond a sort of rainbow-caused by the spray of innumerable fountains, for ever rising and falling and lapping against basins of white marble carved with wreaths of immense lilies,—forms of angelic grace, in shimmering vestments of the faintest and most delicate colours, sung to their golden harps in a most ravishing manner; ending always with the burthen “Here, there is peace!”

Just as he was straining his dreaming ear for words he could not catch—owing apparently to the very indistinct pronunciation of these agreeable angels—something struck him, lightly but sharply, on the temple; and again immediately afterwards on the cheek.

He started and woke; but so strange was the scene acting round him, that for a minute he fancied that also must be a dream.

A woman shabbily dressed, with resplendent black eyes, and a thin black silk shawl carelessly adjusted over shoulders very obviously deformed, was picking out from manuscript notation a melody of Blumenthal’s for the guitar. A young girl (scarcely in courtesy to be called a young lady), rather pretty, very pale, and dirty and neglected in her dress, sat at the breakfast-table, picking the bones of a chicken; not ungracefully, though she picked them in her fingers and seemed exceedingly hungry. Another “young lady,” still prettier, still paler, and (if possible) in a still

more neglected toilette, sat perched on the scrollwork end of the stiff satin sofa opposite Sir Douglas’s chair. It is to be presumed she was less hungry than her companion, since her occupation was biting off with her very even white teeth the budding oranges and orange-flowers from a large branch she held in her hand, and aiming at the sleeper with these fragrant pellets.

When this young nymph beheld his amazed eyes open and fix themselves upon her, she leaped from her perch with a lithe activity which even Zizine could not have surpassed, and shrieking out, “*si sveglia! si sveglia!*”—with a peal of laughter re-echoed by the other occupants of the apartment, she flitted to the furthest end, where a heavy *portière* of yellow silk divided the outer from the inner chamber; and folding the massive brocade round her, so as only to leave her laughing head visible, seemed to expect that the victim she had so unceremoniously attacked would start from his trance and follow her. Perceiving after a little breathless pause that this was not to be, she flung the curtains behind her, and returned, making first a few slow steps on the very tips of her toes, then the light and rapid run performed by ballet-dancers, then three or four pirouettes in succession, and a profound curtsy as a finale. During the bewildered moment that followed, while Sir Douglas, feeling his situation already sufficiently absurd, looked angrily round for his hat, she skipped, cat-like, into one of the great armchairs, and stood up in it as in a rostrum, leaning her arms over the cushioned back, with a roll of music which she had snatched up on the way, and with mock gravity of recitation commenced an oration.

“*Stimatissimo Signore*,” said she in a most nasal Neapolitan patois, “we rejoice and felicitate you on having slumbered so well, and we hope——”

What further foolery they might have performed cannot be known, since just as Sir Douglas attempted to leave the room, with the courtesy—even to them—of a bow which should include the



trio, and amid renewed peals of mocking laughter, the door opened and Kenneth came in.

Kenneth!

His aspect in that bright Italian morning could scarcely be surpassed in degradation. Staggering drunk; his eyes bloodshot and stupified; his hair dishevelled; his dress neglected and disordered; his face almost as pale as those of the wild intruders already present, he stood, swaying to and fro, with the handle of the door in his hand, apparently attempting to comprehend what was going on in his rooms. The door, like many in the old palaces of Naples, was overlaid with tarnished but richly-patterned gilding; and beyond it was another of the heavy yellow satin brocade *portières*. He stood there like a picture set in a wondrous frame. His youth, his exceeding beauty, the grace and strength of his form, only made his present state of untidy helplessness the more saddening. It was a horrible vision! There was a moment of suspense during which all stood still. Then his countenance, which had worn a sort of puzzled, embarrassed, idiotic smile of greeting, suddenly assumed an expression of savage anger as he turned slowly from looking at Sir Douglas, and fixed his dull red eyes on the group of women, now huddled together, the elder adjusting her shawl and rolling up her manuscript music, as if in the act of departure.

"How dare you come here? how many hundred times have I forbid your coming here in the morning?" muttered the half-conscious drunkard in broken Italian.

"You told me on the contrary last night to come to breakfast, and that you would give me a good breakfast," whimpered the girl, who had been seated at the table picking chicken-bones.

"You told me you would like to practise that barcarole, and besides, Signore, to-night is my benefit!" rapidly protested the elder of the three; "and I wanted, therefore, to see your Excellency." Then they both spoke together, with loud, shrill, vehement chattering; till the nimble dancer who had awakened

Sir Douglas by flinging orange blossoms, and who had hitherto sat dangling her feet from the arm of the great chair, as a mere looker-on, interfered, and struck up the hand Kenneth had extended towards them in angry gesticulation, with the words, "*Va! tu sei ubriaco come un porco*"—"You're as drunk as a hog." Kenneth seized her by the arm.

"Who says I am drunk? Who dares to say I'm drunk?" shouted he; "you shall be punished—you shall be imprisoned."

"*Lascia!*" exclaimed the girl, releasing her arm from his grasp, and looking him contemptuously in the face—"e dormi!"

"Bestia!" added she in a tone of disgust, as she shook her arm free, and attempted to pass him.

There was a moment when Sir Douglas actually expected Kenneth would return her insult with a blow. He made a step forwards—Kenneth's arm dropped heavily by his side, but he continued to look at the girl with a dull glare of anger.

"Go!" said he. "Get out, all of you!"

"What a polite Signore!" said the dancer, with a forced laugh; "ah! there is no one like an Englishman for fine manners."

"Go!" shouted the drunkard, with an infuriated stamp of his foot; still leaning on the lock of the door with his left hand.

"At your pleasure!" bowed the girl, mockingly; and she followed her frightened companions out on the staircase. As she passed she turned her pale pretty head, as the head of the Cenci is turned in the famous picture, and snapped her fingers at him with a gesture of derision and defiance common among the lower orders of the Neapolitans, and which those who study books of chiromancy can find and practise if they please.

There are occasions in life in which what we think beauty seems to wear the devil's stamp on it, and becomes repulsive instead of attractive.

Such an occasion was the present! Impossible to be more regularly and

perfectly beautiful than Kenneth Ross : he might have been painted as an ideal Apollo. Impossible to have thrown more intense grace of attitude into any action than was shown in that pallid girl's vulgar and unseemly farewell. But the effect of all this grace and beauty,—under the circumstances,—on the sole spectator was as if he had been struck down by some demoniac spell.

As the door closed on that departing group Sir Douglas sank back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. Kenneth also seated himself with a staggering gait, and, leaning both arms across the breakfast-table, addressed Sir Douglas ; clipping his husky words, and alternately attempting to stand, and dropping back into his seat.

"You think, I suppose, that these people ain't—ain't r'spectable? They are r'spectable! Wife of leader of orchestra,—great friend of mine, and leader of orchestra. *You* couldn't lead orchestra, for all you give yourself such connoisseur airs about music. Quite r'spectable. *Could* you lead orchestra, now? Come, I say, could you, uncle?" and he laughed an idiotic laugh.

"O Kenneth, go to bed, and end this scene."

"No, I won't go to bed. You think I'm drunk. I'm not drunk. D—— it, do you think you're to come the schoolmaster for ever over me, as if I were ten years old? I ain't drunk. I know all about it. I know that—that to-day's Tuesday; and we're—we're going to settle accounts. There! is that drunk? And we're going—going to Amalfi—going to pick up old ladies who can't—can't ride, eh? Going to—Amalfi. All right; let's go to—to Amalfi; only don't say I'm drunk; and don't set old mother Skifton saying I'm drunk; nor Ger—Ger—"

Sir Douglas sprang to his feet. "Wretched boy!" exclaimed he, "don't dare to utter her name."

Then recovering himself, he repeated sadly, "O Kenneth, go to your room; go to bed; I'll not irritate you by any observations; if you're not drunk, at

least you are not well. We can't talk business while you are in this state. We will put off business till to-morrow. I will return for you later. It is very early still; you will get some hours of sleep. Give me your hand. There, go to your room. Good-bye for the present. Go and rest."

The cigar-smoking valet bowed Sir Douglas out, muttering, with obsequious smiles, that he would give "remedies;" that his young excellency had unfortunately "met some friends" late last night, and that the "friends" often persuaded his young excellency to excesses he would not otherwise think of; winding up (in the inevitable style of Italian flattery) that he was sure the young excellency, *in reality*, would have greatly preferred being with his beloved and illustrious uncle to all other society, in Naples, or elsewhere.

The story of Kenneth's evening would indeed have amazed that sober uncle! Going towards his lodgings in a very discontented frame of mind, he had met with and joined a group of those so-called "friends," returning from the theatre of San Carlo. The rest of the night was spent by all in gambling, drinking, and dissipation. When day-dawn was near, he had again lost sums that for him were enormous. The two men who were the largest winners were all for departing with their gains. Kenneth objected: he claimed his *revanche*, and appealed to the others. A hot dispute ensued, some of those present being for dispersing, and some thinking Kenneth's proposal no more than reasonable. A young Portuguese nobleman, whose reputation for riches had made him the centre of a certain circle of wild young men, then took the side of the loser. He insisted on remaining and sharing the fate of the *revanche* with Kenneth. They staked and lost, staked and won, staked and lost again. At length one of their boon companions addressed the Portuguese in a bantering tone, "Come, Marquis, you are out of luck; try once more,—any stake you please,—and that shall end it." The young man looked round, set his teeth with a strange



smile, and said, "Well! I'll win it all back with a yard or two of cambric. Mr. Ross, will you go halves in my luck? Two throws of the dice; that won't greatly delay us."

Yes; Kenneth would go halves in the stake. What was it to be?

The young Marquis rapidly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, drew over his head one of those wonderfully embroidered Parisian shirts, which he coolly informed the company had cost him seven hundred francs;<sup>1</sup> observed with a scoffing laugh, as he took his stand by the gaming-table, that his present costume closely resembled that of an English gentleman about to engage in a boxing-match (a sport in which foreigners believe we continually indulge), and then threw the dice. In a few minutes his adversaries, who had thought the scene infinitely diverting, looked rather grave: they had had their throws, and lost.

He had won back the greater portion of the sums they had hoped to divide amongst them.

He lifted the embroidered dandy garment from the table, tossed it over his arm, made a salute full of gay irony to the company, retired to re-invest himself with the usual amount of clothing,

<sup>1</sup> This anecdote is a fact.

and was heard, a few minutes later, humming an air from the opera of the evening, as he passed down the Tolédo on his way to his hotel.

Kenneth had departed with him; having drunk almost too deeply to stand or walk, and with a dim sense, even then, of shame and annoyance, increased, as we have seen, to more intense irritation by the scene which awaited him in his apartments.

Shrouded now in luxurious curtains, his head feeling as though blistered with fire, and with just enough sense remaining for sullen consciousness of pain, —cursing his folly, his valet, and the remedies by which the latter proposed to put him in a condition to re-appear creditably in the course of the afternoon, —Kenneth remained for blank hours "resting" in his disordered apartment; while Sir Douglas, once more stepping out into the morning light, directed his steps to the quarter of Sta. Lucia, and to the verandas of the Villa Mandórlo.

"There," thought he, as he looked at the pleasant sunshine falling on the white walls, "there, at least, dwells such an image of peace, purity, and quiet affection, as might mend any man's broken trust in the goodness of human nature."

*To be continued.*

## CHILE—WITH A FEW NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY A TWELVE YEARS' RESIDENT.

WHEN good Baillie A—— began to ship Glasgow wares to Australia early in the present century, his adventurous spirit made him the object of some good-natured banter from his less speculative neighbours. "Dinna ye ken, man," said they, "there's naebody but kangaroos in Australia?" "Weel, weel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as gude as anither man's?" was the rejoinder of the sanguine trader. Chile, we fear, is now as much a *terra incognita* as Australia was to the Glasgow merchant half a century

ago. Let not gentle readers wax indignant at the insinuation. Is it not a fact that they believe Chile to be chiefly celebrated for "Chile peppers," and that the capsicum of botanists is the staple export from that flourishing little republic? Never was there greater delusion. Notwithstanding the very positive assertions of modern geographers in support of the popular error, the capsicum does not grow in Chile at all, but is a product of the torrid zone:

In these days of easy locomotion,

when Southern Europe is “fused, up” to so many travellers, it is surprising that some of them do not try the west coast of South America. The best route is by the West India mail, and *viâ* Panama. On the way travellers visit St. Thomas, and Kingston (Jamaica) or Havannah. Thence they proceed to Colon, crossing the Isthmus of Panama by railway, and joining the West Coast line of steamers at Taboga, a small island in the beautiful Bay of Panama. The three hours of railway travelling across the forty-five miles which separate the Carribean Sea from the Pacific Ocean, will, of themselves, fully repay the traveller for all inconveniences incident to a journey through the tropics. The gorgeous magnificence of the mass of tangled forest-flowers and creepers, through which the railway is cut, is indescribable. The variety and luxuriance of the foliage are wonderful. Flowers of exquisite beauty line the road; and, before the journey is over, one longs for a mountain-top, or placid lake, or grassy plain on which to rest the colour-satiated eye. At the end of the journey one feels as if emerging from a vast steaming conservatory, from which he is glad to escape into the cool outer air—yet ever after finding the vivid impression of such rare and exotic beauty, indelibly painted on the tablets of the memory. Unfortunately, on reaching Panama, the cool outer air is [not to be found; nor can it be enjoyed for a few days longer,—not until, on board of one of the Pacific Company’s superb and most comfortable steamers, we are carried several hundred miles away southwards. At Panama the heat can only be mitigated by temporary applications in the form of oysters, or the deliciously iced “claret cobbles,” made with surprising skill and dexterity by mine host of the Aspinwall House. To West Coast travellers the memory of these “drinks” is fragrant. Even now I recollect the ecstasy of a young lady-passenger whose thirst I endeavoured to assuage in the way described. During the process of imbibition, daintily performed as it was, she could not refrain from whispering

to me confidentially, “This is the happiest moment of my life!”

Leaving Panama, with its sweltering heat and its memorable refrigerents, and omitting all that might be said about the remains of Spanish power and opulence in the ruinous churches, crumbling walls, and public buildings of that ancient city, we arrive, after eight days, at Callao, the seaport of Lima, the Peruvian capital. On the way the traveller will have touched at Payta, and probably also at Guayaquil. Payta is now rising into note as the principal shipping-port for Peruvian cotton, the production of which has largely increased since the breaking out of the American war. Guayaquil is noted as the port from which is exported the cocoa of Ecuador, from which the finest chocolate is made. It goes chiefly to Spain, where the article is more largely consumed than in any other European country. The scenery on the river of Guayaquil is very beautiful; but musquitos are there most abundant and vicious: they are said to bite through coverlet, sheets, and night-dress; and doubtless, were it possible to use blankets, their delicate yet searching probosces would penetrate through these as well, especially if underneath there were any hope of arriving at full-blooded, untanned Englishmen.

Lima is connected with Callao, from which it is distant about seven miles, by a railway, which, although very badly managed, yet leaves about 16 or 18 per cent. of annual profit. The traveller who wishes to proceed to Chile in the steamer which brought him from Panama has two clear days to spend in Lima—a very great advantage to him. During that time he will be able to see the principal objects of interest in the City of the Viceroy—its famous churches, its exquisite Alameda (or public promenade), and its bull-ring. Perhaps, also, he may have time to see the neighbouring watering-place of Chorillos, also connected by railway with Lima. If the bearer of any letters of introduction, he may have the opportunity of meeting some of the beautiful Limeñas. A knowledge of the Spanish



language will then be desirable. Indeed, for the sake of comfort, and to enjoy the journey thoroughly, we should recommend no one to travel in the South American Republics without at least some slight knowledge of the Spanish tongue—there universally spoken.

Should the traveller have time and money at his command, their expenditure would be amply repaid by a much longer residence in Peru than we have hinted at. The land of the Incas, their tombs and temples, and the other remains of ancient Peruvian civilization, are worthy of a more skilful and more mature investigation than they have hitherto received. There are also the wonderful nitrate-of-soda fields near Iquique to be seen, from which 100,000 tons of that valuable commodity are now annually exported to Europe.

But it is time to approach the Republic of "Chile," a country in which the present writer resided for about twelve years, and with which are connected many of his most affectionate recollections.

The stock of the present Chilean nation, as most of our readers may know, has been formed by an engrafting of the Spanish element on the native Indian races—the original occupants of the country. In some districts the Indian element appears yet to be the predominating one in the admixture; in other places it is less marked. There are now no pure Indian inhabitants, except the Araucanians, who remain entrenched in their own territory, but tributary to Chile, and forming an integral part of the nation. Amongst the leading families in the country, the Spanish element predominates. Some can trace a pure Iberian descent, although few can boast of what they so much envy—namely, an unmixed current in their veins of the real Castilian "*sangre azul*." We presume that at the present juncture of affairs, and during the continuance of the quixotic Spanish aggression, fewer references of a flattering character will be made by the Chileans to their Iberian origin.

Education is making progress in Chile

under the fostering care of an enlightened government. The population of the country is about 1,500,000, and the attendance at all schools, public and private, is about 50,000. A much larger number of persons can read, however, than one would imagine from these figures. We presume the average period of attendance at school is very short which makes the quantum of education, such as it is, suffice for a much larger number of inhabitants than it ought to do. It is noteworthy that the Roman Catholic clergy do almost nothing in the way of promoting educational efforts. Indeed, where there is the faintest odour of heresy about the educational exertions of foreigners, a note of warning is instantly and loudly sounded by the Church; but as, in the English and German academies in the larger towns, a better education is provided than can be obtained elsewhere, these warnings are not greatly heeded by intelligent parents.

The better classes in Chile are tolerably well educated. In Santiago there is a respectable University, an Institute, or High School, and a Theological Seminary—the last being in the hands of the Jesuits, or Ultramontanes, and designed to prepare a priesthood for the service of the national Church. It is but poorly attended, and throughout the country the altar is in a great measure served by Spanish, French, Italian, and Irish priests. The University is chiefly devoted to the study of law and medicine. A high classical or mathematical curriculum is not insisted on, nor, we apprehend, is it obtainable. The rector of the University, Don Andres Bello, is a fine old man, now nearly ninety years of age, a scholar of some eminence, a poet, and once an able diplomatist. Venezuelan by birth, he followed his celebrated countryman Bolivar, and, during the wars of the Independence, was resident in Europe as secretary to the representatives of some of the rebellious provinces, then embryo republics. He has lived to see the honourable labours of his ardent youth largely repaid in the advancing civilization of the majority of

the South American States. "Bello's Commentary on Public Law" is known and appreciated wherever the Spanish language is spoken. His Latin Grammar is also an admirable text-book.

Amongst the women of Chile, education is not so well attended to, nor so widely disseminated, as amongst the men. In the art of writing, the fair sex is particularly deficient, the epistles of a Chilean lady, as compared with the notes of an accomplished Englishwoman, being like the productions of a country servant girl. There is, however, no lack of polish and refinement of manners amongst the better families in the Chilean capital. Music is very generally studied, and many of the young ladies render the operas of Verdi and Bellini with a power and skill rarely found in non-professional circles.

The Chileans are frank, accessible, courteous, and hospitable. The unaffected kindness which one meets with, especially at their estates or *haciendas*, makes a lasting and most favourable impression. In the cities there is, perhaps, less outward expression of hospitality. A foreigner is very rarely invited to dine, and is seldom asked to stay at his friend's house in the city—but in the country it is entirely different. Everything is there placed at the guest's disposal, and his comfort is studied in every possible way—all with the most hearty and sincere goodwill. In the cities the evening is devoted to visiting. Unless one is on terms of very great intimacy, a visit during the day is as unacceptable as it would be unlooked for. The evening *tertulia*, with its pleasant gossip, is an agreeable recreation. The round tea-table is an institution in Chile, and English folks on visiting terms at native houses are not reduced to syrups or *eau sucrée*.

Santiago, the capital of Chile, is a most pleasant city in which to reside. It is beautifully situated about nine or ten miles from the base of the Andes, which there raise their snow-capped summits to an altitude of about 20,000 feet. It lies in the fertile and well-watered plain which stretches north and

south like a lake at the base of the great mountain chain. According to a late census, Santiago contains about 150,000 inhabitants. Hardly any Chilean who rises in the world is satisfied till he can have a house in the charming capital, where he can live in opulence or comfort. Thus there is great wealth in Santiago, and on the national holidays strangers are struck with the number of splendid equipages which then, if at no other period in the year, are brought into requisition. We are told that more than a thousand private carriages, belonging to the wealthier Santiago families, roll along the sides of their beautiful Alameda on the anniversary of the national independence. Santiago has an interesting National Museum. The theatre, which was built at great cost by the municipality, is said to rival in its form and size some of the best theatres in Europe. The houses of the richer classes are very spacious and elegant. Some are of very fanciful and rather *outré* styles of architecture, but the diversity of design throughout the city is rather a pleasing feature than otherwise. In one of the principal streets a rich banker lately built a mansion after the style of the Alhambra, and on its forefront is faithfully copied an ornamentation in Arabic characters, which, we believe, sets forth that "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet!"

Valparaiso, the commercial centre of the republic, and the most important seaport on the west coast of South America, is about ninety miles distant from the capital. It has not the same natural advantages as Santiago; on the contrary, its situation is cramped and confined. It is, however, built on the margin of a beautiful bay; and on bright and peaceful evenings the view across this bay towards the distant mountains, when they are lighted up by the varying hues of a gorgeous sunset, is not to be surpassed—if indeed it can be equalled—anywhere. In the background the extinct volcano of Aconcagua, the highest peak of the Andes, towers aloft to the height of



25,000 feet. Broken and irregular hills rise abruptly from the edge of the bay, and the city is chiefly built on the flat ground or beach which, in the course of past centuries, has been formed from the *detritus* washed down by winter rains. Some of these hills are covered with mean houses, inhabited by the native labouring population. One picturesque ridge, called the *Cerro Alegre*, or "the happy hill," is occupied almost exclusively by the foreign merchants, chiefly English. It is by far the most healthy quarter of the town, and no climate can be more pleasant and enjoyable than that of the *Cerro Alegre*. The native families of the better classes prefer to live below. They allege that it is "*mal por el pecho*"—bad for the chest—to climb hills, and consider the *Ingleses* to be *locos*, or half mad, for preferring the *Cerro* to the abominations of "loud smells" and incessant noise in the busy streets below. Valparaiso contains about 80,000 inhabitants. It is a bustling town, and the seat of an extensive business. It is the emporium to which traders from the coast and the provinces betake themselves for merchandise of all sorts. The finance of the coast is chiefly done in Valparaiso, and accordingly nearly all transactions in exports, as well as imports, take origin there. Besides the large general business of the city, much English capital is invested in undertakings having for their object the further development of the great resources of the country, such as railways, banks, insurance companies, gasworks, foundries, and so forth. The principal streets of the city are traversed through their whole extent by a street railway, which, although constructed at great cost, has been a most successful enterprise. Valparaiso is connected with Santiago by a railway, constructed by the Government at a cost of nearly 10,000,000 of dollars. The engineering difficulties, in the way of crossing the coast range of mountains, were very great; and the Government deserves credit for having accomplished a work so costly, yet so important, when private enterprise was

unequal to the task. Another line in continuation, partly owned by the State and partly by private individuals, runs South from the capital through the fertile valley of the Andes. Already nearly 120 miles have been opened, and the line is now being carried through to Talca, the intention being to carry it eventually to Chillan, which will be connected in the course of time by a railway with the Bay of Concepcion. These lines will, ere long, pour down to the sea-board enormous quantities of agricultural produce, and will be the arteries of commercial life to provinces, the products of which, when prices are low, are nearly valueless on account of the present costly and tedious means of conveyance. There are two Protestant churches in Valparaiso, and there are several flourishing schools, both English and German, supported by foreigners, but which are used to a considerable extent by the leading native families for the education of their children. We must not omit, in our enumeration of the *notabilia*, the existence of a pack of fox-hounds at Valparaiso, maintained by the young Englishmen of the place. Foxes are somewhat abundant, and, as the country is rough, sporting travellers visiting Chile in the winter months, from May to September, might anticipate the enjoyment of some hard runs. Valparaiso is lighted with gas supplied by two public companies; and the streets, which are generally narrow and not scrupulously clean, are lined at some places with elegant shops, in which fashionable wares are displayed from plate-glass windows.

The physical characteristics of Chile are marked and striking. In order to portray its aspect and leading features with more precision, we may divide the country into three zones or belts.

The northern zone, according to our division, extends from the northern boundary-line of the republic at lat. 23° S. to about lat. 29°, a distance of 400 miles. In this division rain never falls. With the exception of the two small valleys of Copiapo and Huasco, watered by rivers from the Cordillera,

it is an arid, yet most productive, desert. The great copper-mines, which supply England with three-fifths of all the copper she uses or re-exports, are scattered up and down throughout this desert, the northern portion of which is called the desert of Atacama. Commencing, in order, at the north, and proceeding southwards, we have the following ports, the natural outlets of mineral districts adjacent to them:—Taltal, Paposo, Chañeral, Flamenco, Caldera, Carrizal, Huasco, Sarco, and Totoralillo, all in this arid division of the country. Some of these places have not a drop of fresh water, and the inhabitants are dependent on water distilled from the ocean. Caldera, the principal port of those enumerated, is the natural outlet of Copiapo, celebrated for its silver-mines, as well as for the production of copper. The two places are connected by a railway nearly sixty miles in length, now in process of extension, and which yields annual dividends of 12 to 16 per cent. Another railway connects Carrizal with the mining district of Carrizal-alto, about twenty-four miles inland; and an extension of forty-five miles further, to Cerro Blanco, a rich mineral district on a spur of the Andes, is now being proceeded with. These lines inevitably tend to further discoveries, and to a much larger and more profitable development of the business of copper-mining wherever they are planted.

Compared with the verdure and beauty of the south this northern zone has a most forbidding aspect—hard, rocky, and scorched. Yet it provides the life-blood of Chilian commerce and wealth, and gives three-fourths of the total value of all her exports to foreign countries. Not a blade of grass is to be seen over this arid waste; yet how munificent the bountiful Lord and Maker of all, even amidst seeming forgetfulness! The very absence of nature's green mantle here discloses the abounding wealth, and prompts man to industry and forethought. Amidst the myrtle-groves, and wooded hills, and smiling valleys of the south, there is abundant provision for man of

a different kind. Yet there earth's verdant covering prevents the display of her rich though hidden arteries, and man is, therefore, called to the performance of other duties.

Near the southern limit of this arid section of the country is another mineral line of railway, viz. that connecting Coquimbo with the mineral districts of Panulcillo, Tamaya, and Andacollo. Still further south another railway has been begun, to connect Tamaya with a small port called Tongoy, about thirty miles south from Coquimbo. Panulcillo is known in England as the property of the "Panulcillo Copper Company, Limited," an enterprise which has been, and promises to be, most successful under the able administration of our friend, Mr. Hamilton. We lately had an opportunity of visiting the mine of Panulcillo, and were greatly astonished at its wonderful extent and productiveness. It can scarcely be called a mine, but is rather a cavern of vast proportions, which is entered by a level cutting or tunnel from the side of a steep hill. Inside it has the appearance of a gloomy cathedral, and the lamps of the miners working on the sloping face of this great copper quarry cause what looks like its altar to be set in gems of sparkling light. Panulcillo is noted for its abundant supply of ores (sulphurets, ranging from 5 to 15 per cent.) rather than for their quality. Indeed, Panulcillo would be a much less valuable undertaking than it is but for the proximity of the Coquimbo railway. The means of transit and cheapness of carriage are essential elements in the working of these and many other mines in Chile: hence the value and utility of her railway enterprises.

We now come, according to our arbitrary division of the country, to the middle zone or section, which extends from Coquimbo to the Bay of Arauco, in lat. 37°, a distance of nearly 500 miles. In this district rain falls, but in varying quantities, increasing as we get southwards. About Coquimbo the rainfall may be ten or twelve inches per annum; about Valparaiso, in lat. 33°, it is, on an average, about twenty-four



inches per annum; while in the Concepcion district, about lat.  $36^{\circ}$ , it is at least fifty inches per annum. At Valparaiso and Santiago, and all to the north, rain falls only with the north-wind, which rarely comes, and that only during the four winter months of May, June, July, and August. Thus agricultural operations in these districts depend on proper irrigation during the summer months. The country round Santiago is intersected with large and deep canals, constructed for the purpose of irrigation; and it is interesting to know that the rich deposit of fresh soil which the melted snows bring down from the mountain-sides, refreshes the valley, and renders unnecessary the application of manure. In the Chillan and Concepcion district irrigation is not needed, seeing that a sufficiency of rain falls in the summer as well as in the winter months. This middle section of Chile is remarkable for its beauty, as well as fertility. Wheat is the staple agricultural product, especially in the provinces of Santiago, Maule, and Concepcion. The hilly country, which cannot be irrigated, is devoted to the rearing of cattle, with here and there patches of barley. Vines are extensively planted, and yield well. With a little care, Chile might become an important vine-producing country, but at present she only supplies her own wants. On some estates, near Santiago, wines not inferior to some of the best Rhine descriptions are made; and in the Concepcion province an excellent wine, called *Mosto*, somewhat like what is known by English wine-merchants as "Burgundy port," is produced in large quantities. Besides the vine, oranges, peaches, apricots, plums, apples, pears, cherries, and strawberries are largely grown. The result of recent experiments has shown that silk of the very finest description can be most easily produced in the valley of Santiago, and this has encouraged several large proprietors to plant the mulberry-tree extensively for the propagation of the silkworm. The proximity of the Andes, and the almost constant trade-wind from the south and east, make

the climate of this division temperate and genial. Even the evenings of the hottest days, especially at the sea-coast, are delightfully cool, a luxury not always enjoyed in warm latitudes. From the coast to the distance of forty or fifty miles inland, the country is hilly, rugged, and broken, although in many places it is extremely picturesque. These coast ranges of hills, called the *Cordillera de la Costa*, rise to the height of 5,000 or 6,000 feet; and, viewed from the margin of the sea, appear as the lower ranges or spurs of the snow-capped Andes. The two ranges are, however, entirely separated by a wide and fertile valley, extending north and south at the base of the Andes for many hundreds of miles, well watered, most fertile, and seemingly as level as a vast inland lake, which probably it once was. Although apparently level, the altitude of this magnificent plain varies somewhat. Santiago, which is not far from its northern extremity, is about 1,800 feet above the level of the sea. Rancagua, about sixty miles from Santiago on the Southern Railway, is about 1,500 feet above the sea, while a hundred miles farther south the surface of the plain is not more than 500 feet above the waters of the Pacific. It is in this magnificent valley at the base of the Andes that the splendid wheat so abundantly produced by Chile is principally grown. Peru is generally the chief customer for the surplus agricultural produce of Chile; but last year (1865) upwards of ninety cargoes of wheat and flour—about 50,000 tons—were sent from Chile to Australia and New Zealand, mitigating to a considerable extent the injury resulting from a deficient harvest in these our distant colonies.

At Lota and Coronel, on the southern confines of this middle section, there are extensive collieries. The coal of Chile is most excellent for domestic purposes, being like the best Newcastle kinds. It also answers well for smelting works, and for the preparation of nitrate of soda at Iquique, where indeed it is preferred to English coal; but for steam purposes it is inferior to the best Welsh

coal. At Lota, smelting furnaces for copper have been erected on a large scale, the ores being brought from the northern copper ports, thus affording the best means of using up the small coal and screenings, which otherwise would be of no value. Fire-bricks are also largely made at Lota, fire-clay of excellent quality being found in some of the coal-mines.

The last and most southerly division of the country (at least so far as civilization extends), stretches from the Bay of Arauco to Valdivia, and the Archipelago of Chiloe—about lat. 42° or 43° S. Farther south the country is uninhabited, at least by civilized people, if we except the penal colony which Chile maintains in the Straits of Magellan. That desolate region is cold, wet, stormy, and inhospitable. Even about Valdivia and Chiloe a great deal of rain falls, and these provinces are chiefly useful now in providing all the rough timber for building and mining purposes that is used in the north and in Peru. For all finishing, panelling, and fine work, pine from the United States and New Brunswick is used, the wood of the country, which is not very valuable, not being found suitable. Near to Valdivia are the German colonies of Port Mont and Lanquihue. The industrious settlers are struggling in the midst of forest, with an indifferent climate, bad roads, and poor markets for their agricultural produce. We fear the results of this experiment in colonization have not been very satisfactory. Unfortunately, the finest agricultural district of Chile, situated near the very centre of the country—betwixt the Bay of Arauco and Valdivia—is in the possession of the unconquered Araucanians, of whose prowess Byron sung. They resent intrusion, are suspicious, and sometimes troublesome. It is to be regretted that so fine a country as they possess should remain profitless and undeveloped. Theirs is the only instance, so far as we know, of successful resistance by an Indian race to the encroachments of the white man. There are not over 100,000 of these Araucanians altogether, and we believe their

numbers rather diminish than increase. Their national and civil position is an anomaly. They are tributary, and acknowledge allegiance to the Government of Chile, and their territory forms an integral part of the republic. Yet, so far as their local affairs and the summary administration of justice are concerned, they manage their own business. They speak their own Araucanian language, and keep themselves entirely aloof from the Chilians and their concerns.

The form of government in Chile is republican,—under a President, Senate, and Congress. The President is aided by a Council of State, and the administrative department is under the direction of four Cabinet Ministers. The suffrage is limited to such as can read and write, and possess a small amount of property, or follow some employment yielding about 30*l.* per annum. Nearly all the labouring population can earn more than this in the form of wages, and so, if they possess the higher qualifications, can be enrolled as electors. Notwithstanding the encouragement thus given, the constituencies are not nearly so numerous in proportion to the population as in our towns with the 10*l.* franchise, —want of education being the great barrier.

Chile exports annually to foreign countries more or less to the following extent :—

Copper, 45,000 tons, pure, at £80	
per ton . . . . .	£3,600,000
Silver . . . . .	800,000
Agricultural produce, &c. about . . .	1,100,000
Total . . . . .	<u>£5,500,000</u>

These exports fully meet the value of her imports. There is some faultiness in the department of her financial economics. The present Minister of Finance, Señor Reyes, is a young lawyer, clever yet self-willed, conservative in his system of taxation, adopting and defending the most exploded ways of extracting money for the wants of the Treasury. His defence of the export duty on copper, the backbone of the country's wealth, argues little for his



education in the principles of political economy. Señor Covarrubias, the Foreign Secretary, is an able man; and, in his correspondence with Admiral Pareja and the Foreign Ministers on the subject of the Spanish aggression on his country, he has shown himself to be fully equal to the emergency. The President, Don José Joaquín Pérez, is not understood to be of more than ordinary capacity, but is fulfilling his now most responsible duties to the satisfaction of men of all parties.

It is barely half a century yet since Chile threw off the yoke of Spain, and achieved her national independence. With Lord Cochrane as her High Admiral, and with San Martín and others as her generals, not only did she accomplish her own deliverance, but she carried the war to the enemy's strongholds beyond her own borders. The cutting out of the Spanish frigate, *Esmeralda*, by Lord Dundonald, from under the guns of the Castle of Callao, was a deed of daring unparalleled in modern times. Happily and with steady progress has Chile ever since pursued the path of improvement. She emerged from a servitude galling as Egyptian bondage. The people, with few exceptions, were ignorant and uneducated; the resources of the country entirely undeveloped. Inheriting as she did many of the vices of her former masters, and too much of their fanaticism, it is not to be wondered at that her progress, compared with that of several other new countries, has been slow. But we have said enough to prove that steady progress has been made, and that on all hands abound the evidences of material wealth, and of a large measure of prosperity. We may add that, in the last session of Congress, a declaratory act interpreted the Constitution of the country as guaranteeing the rights of conscience, and the sacred principle of religious liberty, which it had been supposed to contravene. In Chile the liberty of the press and the right of association for lawful purposes are secured under the Constitution.

At this moment Chile is enduring a

cruel wrong from the hands of her former masters. Spain has thought fit, on the most paltry grounds, to trample on the gallant little republic, no doubt having anticipated ere this time a very different result than she has so far experienced. Chile has been for some time past a thorn in the side of Spain. She is ready to throw herself into the gap between Spain and her almost undisguised designs upon the neighbouring State. Our own impression is that Spain has been cherishing, and still cherishes, designs against the treasury, if not against the sovereignty, of Peru. She has been acting the part of an unprincipled buccaneer. Conduct like hers ought to be reprobated by the family of nations. To occupy herself abroad with visionary schemes of plunder or of conquest, while her own house is on fire, appears to us like the procedure of a maniac, or of a self-deceiver. The master spirit in these unlawful enterprises is undoubtedly O'Donnell, who, to support a tottering cause at home, seeks to build up and re-establish his popularity by deeds of war abroad. His policy is described by a master-hand in the *North British Review* of March, 1865; and, had the almost prophetic warnings given in that article been taken by Spain, she might not have stood to-day in the deplorable condition which she occupies.

During the progress of the struggle thus far Chile has conducted herself nobly. Since the preceding pages were written, we have heard that the Chilean corvette *Esmeralda* has captured the Spanish war steamer *Cavadonga*, after a brief but brilliant action, almost within hearing of the Spanish admiral. It is reported that Admiral Pareja soon after receiving the intelligence committed suicide. We trust these events, added to many other powerful reasons, may induce Spain to desist from her quixotic attempt to coerce Chile. Once quit of present trouble, we have no doubt the little republic will, with renewed energy and a loftier spirit of independence, pursue afresh the paths of peace and of prosperity.

W.

## THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

On the day of publication of this Number of this Magazine a new Parliament will meet at Westminster. The beginning of a new Parliament is an epoch of English history. This is the nineteenth Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the seventh of the reign of Queen Victoria.

The last Parliament was of unusually long duration. It sat seven sessions. Having assembled in May, 1859, it was dissolved in July, 1865, and had thus, unusually, entered into its seventh year. Many signs indicate a short life for the Parliament which now begins. The durability of a House of Commons much depends on the stability of the Government, and the long duration of the late Parliament was principally owing to a Prime Minister who inspired a general confidence which much tempered party feeling, and who was singularly skilful in retaining friends and conciliating the respect and good-will of adversaries. Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone are compelled to take up the question of Parliamentary reform, which will inevitably divide Parliament into clearly defined and eagerly combative parties. If a new Reform Bill, with new and altered constituencies, and a considerable extension of the franchise, is carried, a dissolution must quickly follow, in order to let the new electors elect. Even if the Bill should be confined, as Mr. Bright has urged, to increase of the existing constituencies, it will be difficult to continue, after the first registration under the new Act, as Mr. Bright has advised, with a House of Commons elected by bodies essentially different from those of the new registers, though within the same boundaries. If the Ministerial Bill should not be carried, then there may be change of Government with dissolution, or dissolution preceding or averting change of Government. All such speculations, however, may be illusory; and, as a rickety bant-

ling often becomes robust and long-lived, this Parliament, at whose prospects of life political doctors are shaking their heads, may weather storms and outlive expectations.

What a change has been wrought in this Parliament by the death of one member since the general election of July! Lord Palmerston's Parliament assembles to-day, and Lord Palmerston is not there. The spirit which governed the great election-battles of last summer, which animated friends and softened opponents in every county and every borough of the land, has fled. The name, which was then a great talisman, has passed from life into history. Palmerston, after sixty years of public life and service, has gone to take his place in English annals with the Pitts and Fox and Canning and Peel and Wellington. He has had his public funeral—fit solemn representative of national respect and sorrow, than which greater were never called forth by the death of any English civilian. His fame was of slow growth, and had struggled into strength and greatness. It will not wane after death.

But a Minister who was a public man sixty years ago, whom Spencer Perceval invited to his Cabinet, who was the friend and colleague of Canning, and who was a foremost statesman when Lord Grey formed his Reform Government more than thirty years since, had necessarily sympathies and opinions connected with much that time and inevitable change have gradually relegated to the past. He was a statesman of a system of official conventionalities and party arrangements and government by aristocratic coteries—of a system described by Lord Jeffrey, in one of his pleasant letters, as one which virtually placed the direction of English politics in the hands of some two hundred individuals,—a system which, already shaken, must soon give way before growing commercial and manufacturing wealth, and spreading intelligence and



political zeal, before the spirit of popular constituencies, and the voices of independent members.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new."

Lord Palmerston's eclectic mind and sympathising character enabled him to profit to a great extent by signs of the times, and blend, with a graceful adroitness peculiarly his own, new tendencies with old traditions. His death is probably the beginning of a great change. Whatever may have been temporarily arranged, English government cannot long continue administered by aged hierarchs of an outworn creed. Lord Palmerston has gone, and the hopes of all friends of progress are now fixed on the eloquent younger statesman who has leapt into his place as leader of the House of Commons, whose political character has been made by steady continuous development, who has shown singular freedom from servility to prejudice and singular courage in emancipating himself from error, who has with deliberate reflection inscribed "Forward" on his banner, and whose academic associations, large and deep culture, and political experience must ever save him from sacrificing any precious element or essential foundation of English polity to an unlettered, or turbulent, or unprincipled democracy.

It is noticeable that the late elections have restored to the House of Commons every leading member of every section. The chief loss of the Government was a subordinate official—the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Frederick Peel, who has since retired from office on account of ill-health. Its other small losses were a Lord of the Treasury, Colonel White, and two members of the Royal household, Lord Bury and Lord Alfred Paget. Mr. Gladstone's defeat by a very small majority at Oxford was happily the cause of a great triumph in his return for South Lancashire. All the leaders of the front Opposition bench are also again in their places; the only loss among ex-official Conservatives being Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, who is of the second rank. Mr. Bright, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Horsman,

and Mr. Lowe—the prominent individualities—are all again in the House of Commons.

The political subject which was uppermost in the general election was Parliamentary reform, and this gives a special interest to the returns for the metropolitan boroughs. These large constituencies, whatever else may be said of them, cannot now be described as mere refuges of moneyed mediocrity or political imposture. With Mr. Göschen for the City, Mr. Mill for Westminster, Mr. Thomas Chambers for Marylebone, Mr. Hughes for Lambeth, Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens for Finsbury, Mr. Salomons for Greenwich, and Mr. Layard for Southwark, it would not be possible to match this array of seven names out of any other eighteen representatives of constituencies, and it would be difficult to do so even from all the English boroughs separately, or from all the English counties.

A weekly newspaper of great ability has employed much diligence in calculating the number of members of the new House of Commons who are sons of peers, or otherwise connected with families of the titled aristocracy.<sup>1</sup> Including four Irish peers, there are no less than 134 members of noble families, chiefly sons of noblemen, elected, and eighty-three more members connected by marriage or close relationship with noble families. Here then are 217 out of 658 members, or a third of the House of Commons, belonging to the Peerage, which has the House of Lords for itself. This is an interesting inquiry in a constitutional point of view. These numbers must affect speculations on Parliamentary reform. Noble families are entitled to a share in the general representation, and property must be duly represented; but it is impossible not to see, in the large proportion of members of the House of Commons taken from noble families, proof of undue preponderance of the Upper House in the Lower. The lapse of eighty years, and the name of William Pitt, raise above party, and elevate into a political axiom, a sentence in which the great Conserva-

<sup>1</sup> *Spectator*, August 5, 1865.

tive idol propounded; in 1782, his fundamental principle of Parliamentary reform. "The representation had been "designed to be equal, easy, practicable, "and complete: when it ceased to be "so—when the representative ceased to "have connexion with the constituent, "and was either dependent on the "Crown or the aristocracy—there was a "defect in the frame of representation, "and it was not innovation, but recovery "of the constitution, to repair it."

The returns of new lawyers of eminence are specially interesting, as their class is intellectual, and the portion of it which crops up in the House of Commons influences largely the government of the country. At this moment, the Chancery bar supplies, both to the Government and the Opposition benches, the second Parliamentary orator of either side. To be pronounced second as Parliamentary orator to Mr. Gladstone can be no disparagement of Sir Roundell Palmer; but many will doubt the inferiority, in attributes of Parliamentary speaking, of Sir Hugh Cairns to Mr. Disraeli. The Conservative side, weaker in statesmen, has been for some time past stronger in lawyers than the side of the Government. There was no dispute as to the propriety of the selection made by Lord Westbury, in the last session of Parliament, in honourable departure from the usual practice of party, of Mr. Montague Smith, a Conservative member of the House of Commons, for a judgeship. Mr. Russell Gurney, Mr. Huddleston, Mr. Baggallay, and Mr. Forsyth, now enter the House of Commons to strengthen the Conservative legal phalanx, which has lost Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Malins. Mr. Thomas Chambers (the Common Serjeant), Mr. Edward James, and Mr. Coleridge, are the prominent legal gains of the Liberal party.

And what of literature in the House of Commons? Political life is not favourable to literature, and when men—like Sir Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone—of the highest literary eminence are also statesmen, their literary character and reputation become obscured. How Lord Macaulay, in office and in Parliament, and with gifts

of eloquence which enabled him ever to enthrall his audience, sighed for freedom to live with his books! The return of John Stuart Mill for Westminster is the most remarkable event of the general election; and a public, far outstretching the limits of the United Kingdom, hopefully wait to see a Parliamentary career and a Parliamentary reputation, the gain of which shall outweigh any loss from interruption of philosophic studies. Sir Henry Rawlinson is again a member of the House of Commons, though probably not likely to be one of its orators. Members of all parties will be pleased to see Mr. Beresford Hope again in Parliament. Some names, which we have already mentioned in other connexions, again claim mention in connexion with literature, whose roll among the new members includes Mr. Hughes, Professor Fawcett, Mr. Forsyth, Mr. Oliphant, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Lamont (member for Buteshire), and Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens.

It is not our purpose to enter into calculations of numerical party gains or losses, or to encroach on the province of Messrs. Dod and Walford by personal details about members. The majority achieved by the elections for the Government, so long as it was Lord Palmerston's Government, was generally estimated, without dispute, at about eighty. The death of Lord Palmerston will probably have some effect on this calculation. The lively sketches of members of Parliament, which appear weekly, whether in session or out of session, in a great pictorial newspaper of immense circulation, are probably known to most of our readers, and occur to us at this moment in connexion with some descriptions of the late elections and new Parliament by the same hand which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* immediately after the general election. The vivacity of these sketches certainly depends in some degree on personality in mode of treatment; and a gentleman who describes members, knowing them only from the gallery or by hearsay, must, if he is often personal, be sometimes



unjust. There is no doubt that those dashing sketches, in a newspaper of which all Englishmen may be proud, are in some degree open to criticism on this ground. A few mistakes in the first of the series of articles on the new Parliament may be noticed here. Two gentlemen, who have not been re-elected, are singled out as specimens of doubtful politicians, "occupying between the two "parties a position akin to that attributed to the bats between the birds "and the beasts;" and these two are Mr. Kenneth Macaulay and Lord Alfred Hervey, the late members for Cambridge and Bury St. Edmund's. If ever there was a decided partisan, on whose vote the Conservative whipper-in could always rely in an emergency, it was the late genial and accomplished member for Cambridge; and Lord Alfred Hervey, having united his fortunes with the Peelites, and held subordinate office in Lord Aberdeen's coalition administration, was latterly, as a member of the Prince of Wales's household, to be regarded as a Government member. "Nobody," it is said, "can know why "Lord Athlumney, better known as Sir "William Somerville, should have represented Canterbury for ten years or "so." It would not be necessary to go to the painstaking compiler of the Parliamentary ramifications of the great governing families to ascertain that Lord Athlumney married a daughter of the house of Conyngham, which is not unknown in Canterbury. High-mindedness and want of self-assertion are probably the only reasons why Sir William Somerville, who was for some time Chief-Secretary for Ireland, and whose high character and abilities are indisputable, has disappeared from official life, letting inferior men pass him on the political ladder. Then there is a refutation of a supposed story that Lord Ashley was defeated at Cricklade, whereas it is asserted on the contrary that there was no contest, and that the seat was taken quietly over to Conservatism. The fact is that another young nobleman was the Liberal candidate *vice* Lord Ashley, and was defeated by the Conservative, Mr. Gooch.

Parliament meets with the Cabinet shorn of Lord Palmerston's strength, and recruited by the single accession of Mr. Göschen. The transfer to the Foreign Office of Lord Clarendon, who is a laborious worker, firm in principle, and skilful to conciliate, is so far an increase of strength for the Administration. The office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which Lord Clarendon vacated, it took a long time to fill up. Mr. Bright, who would appear from recent speeches to be nothing loth to accept office, would probably not have been acceptable to some members of the Cabinet; it is certain that his becoming a member of the Government would shorten its days. Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe are both separated from the Government by an impassable barrier, through their speeches of last session against extension of suffrage. Might not the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, whether with or without the Cabinet, have been offered to Mr. Roebuck, who has been a political worker of mark, and even eminence, for many long years, who is indeed an English celebrity, who is not rich, it is true, and is without title or aristocratic alliances, but who in other respects will not unfavourably compare with Sir Robert Peel, by whom the office has been refused? It has become known that the new Prime Minister, immediately after Lord Palmerston's funeral, offered Sir Robert Peel a peerage, with the rank of Viscount, and that Sir Robert declined the honour, declaring his wish to remain in the House of Commons. Shortly after, he was requested to resign his office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, that of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster being at the same time proposed to him. He immediately resigned the one, and refused the other, unless a seat in the Cabinet were also given him. The proposal was not renewed with this addition, and since then Sir Robert Peel has been gazetted a Grand Cross of the Bath; a somewhat singular and even suspicious grant of an honour which has been usually reserved for veteran commanders and civilians of eminent service. So again, the departure of Mr. Hutt

from the Vice-Presidentship of the Board of Trade was attended by the offer of a baronetcy, which he refused, and was then followed by his nomination to an *extra* Knight Commander of the Bath. The value of an order of merit must be impaired, if it is pressed by a Minister into his service to facilitate political transactions or appease troublesome discontent. It must be a new reading of the highest grade in the Order of the Bath, that it is to be given to an official pronounced unsuited for elevation to the Cabinet. Mr. Forster, the new Under-Secretary for the Colonies, is generally judged worthy of a post of greater rank and responsibility than that which has been assigned to him; and, should Mr. Stansfeld remain out of office, the omission will be specially noted, and will receive a special interpretation. If Sir Charles Wood's health should necessitate his retirement from the Indian Secretaryship of State, rumour indicates the Duke of Argyll—who has paid special attention to Indian subjects—as his probable successor. But there will be as much difficulty in finding a successor for the Duke of Argyll in the honorary office of Lord Privy Seal, as there has been in discovering a Chancellor for the Duchy of Lancaster: and is it possible that the Government may so far trample on traditions and established conventionalities, and so far honour public opinion, as to propose to confide the government of India to the man who, of all the members of the new Parliament, knows most about India—the greater part of whose life, as also the greater part of whose father's life, was passed in the India House,—the new member for Westminster, who, on the formation of the present Indian Council refused a seat in it, which would have indeed incapacitated him from entering the House of Commons?

The question of Parliamentary reform, which will be prominent in this session, we regard without reference to party, and with reference only to the ends of fair and efficient representation of all classes and interests, uncorrupt and intelligent elections, and honest, pure, and economical government. Administrative

reform in our public departments is urgently needed. This topic excited much enthusiasm for a short time after the close of the Crimean War, but it has since lain dormant. Can there be a greater proof of the need than Mr. Gladstone's confession of last year, of the obstructions which had thwarted his endeavours to secure effective audits of the receipts of public departments? The chief cause of administrative shortcomings and abuses is the system of government by party. A Government must job to gratify and strengthen its own party. It must do all it can to conceal its faults from the Opposition. The time is past when the vigilance of a party in opposition is needed to protect the public interest against the Crown, acting through the party in government. There is now more danger of collusion and conspiracy between the two parties—those who hold office and those who expect to hold it—against the interests of the public. Mr. Mill, in one of his admirable addresses to the electors of Westminster, declared that he had little hope of improvement “until the increased influence of the smaller taxpayers on the Government, through a larger extension of the suffrage, shall have produced a stricter control over the details of the public expenditure.” This is a strong practical argument for Parliamentary Reform. An assembly truly representative of the people should provide the check against bad government, which the advocates of party propose to seek by pitting one political party against another. Burke's and Macaulay's eulogies on party as it has been, are well known. But the times are changed, and the old bottles will not serve for new wine. We are tempted to quote some sentences of a powerful argument against party by Lord Brougham:

“The system is proved to be bad; hurtful to the interests of the country, corrupting to the people, injurious to honest principle, and at the very best a clumsy contrivance for carrying on the affairs of the State. The great families in their struggles with each other and against the Crown have recourse to party leagues, and the people are from time to time drawn into the conflict. The evils which flow



from this manner of conducting public affairs are manifest. The two greatest unquestionably are, first, the loss of so many able men to the service of the country, as well as the devotion of almost the whole powers of all leading men to party contests, and the devotion of a portion of those men to obstructing the public service instead of helping it; and next, the sport which, in playing the party game, is made of the most sacred principles, the despising of the people, and the assumption of their aristocratic leaders to dictate their opinions to them. It is a sorry account of any political machine that it is so constructed as only to be kept in order by the loss of power and the conflict of forces which the first of these faults implies. It is a clumsy and unwieldy movement which can only be effected by the combined operation of jarring principles, which the panegyrists or rather apologists of these anomalies have commended.”<sup>1</sup>

Public opinion seems to expect, and Ministerial announcements to indicate, a bill of Parliamentary reform; but a proposal, of which notice has been given by Lord Elcho, for a Commission which shall lay a foundation for legislation by extensive inquiry, might meet the views of many both moderate and bold reformers, and provide a fair basis of conciliatory settlement of this question. The same numerical franchise may be essentially different in different boroughs. The evidence taken before Lord Grey's Committee of the House of Lords of 1860 was just enough to show the importance and the necessity of further minute inquiry. That Committee was appointed to inquire “what would be “the probable increase of the number of “electors in the counties and boroughs “of England and Wales from a reduction of the franchise, and whether any “or what change is likely to be made “in the character of the constituencies “by such increase; also what difference “there is between large and small constituencies in respect of the proportion “of the registered electors who usually “vote in contested elections, and into “the causes of any such difference which “may be found to exist; likewise into “the means by which elections in very “large constituencies are practically determined, and into the expenses incurred in conducting them.” These

<sup>1</sup> Effects of Party, in *Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the time of George III.*

are very important matters of inquiry. The Committee expressed no further opinion, in presenting the evidence which they collected, than that the subjects into which they had inquired “will “require very careful consideration “whenever Parliament may be called “to enter upon any measure of Parliamentary reform.” Every borough constituency has its specialities, and these should be known. Desirable extension of boundaries may be practicable in some cases. What is the effect on the conduct and expense of elections of grouping of distinct towns into Parliamentary boroughs? Among the many boroughs in which corruption still exists, each has its special ways of corruption and traditions of expenditure, and the diseased part is always well known in the borough itself. An effective way of dealing with this evil will be to attack it, according to the circumstances, in each separate constituency, ascertain the exact nature and extent of the evil (as can be best, if not only, done by Commissioners), and then proceed either to swamp the venal element, or cut out the peccant parts. There are several boroughs in which, the opposite parties being nearly balanced, a certain number of venal voters, whose price is generally higher as the number is smaller, turn the scale and determine the election. The Election Committees, which will follow the meeting of Parliament, will probably bring new disclosures of corruption; and it is certain that there is much more to be told than will be disclosed through election-petitions. An inquiry by a Commission into all these matters cannot be regarded as a stratagem for delay, while it would probably fall in with the wishes of those whom Mr. Bright, in his late thinking aloud on the tactics of Parliamentary Reformers, has described as trembling at a too short tenure of their seats. The absence of great excitement is no argument, as some would idly represent, against the introduction of a measure of reform; but it renders hurry unnecessary, as hurry is always undesirable, and makes a full and careful inquiry practicable. The first proposal of an inquiry

by a Commission to precede any new measure of Parliamentary reform came from the indefatigable Mr. Chadwick, at a meeting of the Law Amendment Society, in 1859, presided over by the late Sir James Stephen, who, in a remarkably brilliant speech which has been printed, gave the sanction of his authority to the proposal.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Chief Methods of Preparation for Legislation, especially as applicable to the Reform of Parliament, by E. Chadwick, Esq. C.B.; also, a Speech thereon by the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B. Charles Knight and Co. 1859.

Within a few days the new Parliament is opened at Westminster by the Queen herself, coming forth from a long sorrow to take part, for the first time since she has been a widow, in the great constitutional ceremonial. The members of the new House of Commons throng to meet her. It is on that new House, of which some two hundred members have never before sat in Parliament, that the interest, the hopes, and the expectations of the nation are chiefly fixed. May to-day's beginning be a good new start in the course of political amelioration!

## DEATH ON THE SEAS.

THIS New Year, which lately opened upon us, mild and sweet as spring, may, before its close, show us many sad and strange things, but it can show nothing sadder or stranger, nothing more utterly mysterious and incomprehensible—to our human eyes—than that vision of Death on the Seas, which startled all England into pity and terror; and then, as the facts of the story came out, made the nation's heart thrill with admiration of the heroic fortitude which exalts the merely terrible into the sublime, when, a few days ago, there landed at Plymouth the nineteen forlorn survivors of the Australian steam-ship *London*.

Every one now knows the history of that wreck; a catastrophe so sudden, so unexpected; in its causes taken (apparently) so completely out of the range of human prevision or prevention: and in its result creating so frightful a waste of human lives, destroyed in a manner which—dare we put into words the cry that must have gone up from many a desolated home?—seems so pitilessly cruel. In most calamities we have the comfort of finding some one to blame, for carelessness or neglect, frantic folly or deliberate wickedness; but here (so far as we can see) is nothing of the kind. The elements, and they alone, seem to have banded themselves together against the doomed vessel; it

fell helplessly, not into the hands of man, but of Him of whom we say—and herein is the only lightening of the dark horror of the tale—"And He made the seas also."—As He made death, and sickness, and physical and mental pain, and all else that came into our world with or through sin—how? and why? We must wait, if through all eternity, until He Himself sees fit to answer that question.

Even as we must wait till the sea shall give up these dead, to whom death came in such a terrible shape; and yet, after all, they may have died more easily than we shall die upon household pillows, and they sleep as safely and sweetly at the bottom of the Atlantic as we shall sleep under churchyard daisies. Oh, if we could only think so! if we could forget *how* they died, and cease to ask of Providence desperately and blindly, *why* they died—those two hundred and twenty souls, who went down in the full flush of strength, with their eyes wide open to the coming death; when—on that Thursday afternoon—(just about two o'clock, while half England was sitting down cheerily to its family dinner-tables), in the wild Bay of Biscay the good ship *London*, "settling down stern foremost, turned up her bows into the air, and sank beneath the waves."



They cannot be separately recorded—that mass of human beings—men, women, and children, every one of whom will be missed and mourned by some other one, perhaps by many, both in England and Australia. Most of them, probably, lived obscurely in quiet homes, outside of which they would never have had their names mentioned, but for those brief *Times* sentences which chronicled the manner of their dying. Otherwise, who would ever have heard of “Miss Marks, of Old Kent Road,” who “was at first almost frantic, yet “when the boat left she stood calmly on “deck bare-headed, and waved an adieu “to Mr. Wilson;” of “Miss Brooker, from Pimlico,” who “was heard to say, “as she wrung her hands, ‘Well, I have “done as much as I could, and can do “no more,’ and then became outwardly “calm;” and of “Mrs. Price, Mrs. “Wood (who had with her her husband “and five children), Miss Brooker, and “Miss Marks, who read the Bible by “turns in the second cabin.”

But here is what the *Western News* says of them—these hapless two hundred, just taken from warm English fire-sides, Christmas dinners, and New Year’s gatherings, to be taught, as only the Divine Spirit teaches, and in a manner none can understand until they learn it—how to die.

“It was at 10 o’clock on the morning “of that fatal Thursday that Captain “Martin had the terrible task of making “known to the 200 passengers that the “ship was sinking, and that they must “prepare for the worst. She was then “as low in the water as the main chains. “The whole of the passengers and crew “gathered, as with one consent, in the “chief saloon, and having been calmly “told by Captain Martin that there was “no hope left, a remarkable and unani- “mous spirit of resignation came over “them at once. There was no scream- “ing or shrieking by women or men, no “rushing on deck, or frantic cries. All “calmly resorted to the saloon, where “the Rev. Mr. Draper, one of the pas- “sengers, prayed aloud, and exhorted “the unhappy creatures by whom he “was surrounded. Dismay was present

“to every heart, but disorder to none. “Mothers were weeping sadly over the “little ones about with them to be en- “gulfed, and the children, ignorant of “their coming death, were pitifully in- “quiring the cause of so much woe. “Friends were taking leave of friends, “as if preparing for a long journey; “others were crouched down with Bibles “in their hands, endeavouring to snatch “consolation from passages long known “or long neglected. Incredible, we are “told, was the composure which, under “such circumstances, reigned around. “Captain Martin stationed himself in “the poop, going occasionally forward, “or into the saloon; but to none could “he offer a word of comfort by telling “them that their safety was even pro- “bable. He joined now and then for a “few moments in the public devotions, “but his place to the last was on the “deck. About 2 o’clock in the after- “noon, the water gaining fast on the “ship and no signs of the storm subsid- “ing being apparent, a small band of “men determined to trust themselves “to the mercy of the waves in a boat “rather than go down without a struggle. “Leaving the saloon, therefore, they got “out and lowered away the port cutter, “into which sixteen of the crew and “three of the passengers succeeded in “getting and in launching her clear of “the ship. These nineteen men shouted “for the captain to come with them, “but with that heroic courage which “was his chief characteristic, he declined “to go with them, saying, ‘No, I will “go down with the passengers; but I “wish you God speed and safe to land.’ “The boat then pulled away, tossing “about helplessly on the crests of the “gigantic waves. Scarcely had they “gone eighty yards, or been five minutes “off the deck, when the fine steamer “went down stern foremost with her “crowd of human beings, from whom “one confused cry of helpless terror “arose, and all was silent for ever.”

In other versions of the story, so heroic that its horror melts into beauty—some three or four names stand out clearer than the rest. And though now far away from praise or blame, if they

ever thought of either—they, living there four days in full front of death—still it is some comfort to record all we can learn of what they did and said, during the hours when they waited for that end, concerning which the only thing they knew was its inevitable certainty.

And first, the Captain—J. Bohnn Martin. The brave race of British commanders will never furnish a finer specimen than this man, striving with fate to the utmost; and all hope being over, “calmly walking up and down the poop” of his slowly sinking ship. Nay, when the one boat put off—leaning over the bulwarks to give the crew their course—“E.N.E. by Brest,”—which they found to be correct; adding those last words to Mr. Greenhill the engineer, which, when told among the histories of “Shipwrecks and Disasters at sea,” will yet make many a boy’s heart thrill. “There is not much chance for the boat, there is none for the ship. Your duty is done—mine is to remain here. Get in and take command of the few that it will hold.” Five minutes afterwards, he went down to the bottom with his ship and all his passengers. But surely, surely—

“Although his body’s under hatches,  
His soul has gone aloft”—

this brave, good man, this true British sailor!

Of the Rev. Daniel Draper, we learn only that he was a Wesleyan Minister, “well known, and highly respected,” in Australia, where he had resided thirty years, and whither he was returning with his wife, the daughter of one of the first missionaries to Tahiti. His devotedness must have been great. One thinks of him, the old man, for he must have been rather beyond middle age, exhorting and praying to the last. “He was heard to say repeatedly, O God, ‘may those who are not converted, be converted now—hundreds of them!’” And whoever may or may not agree with the special creed of the Wesleyan Minister, his faith, proved in face of a death as solemn as that of the primitive martyrs, must have been as strong and as sublime almost as theirs.

Side by side with the Christian missionary stands—in this awful picture—another figure, strangely different, and yet alike in many points—the actor. Many play-goers of ten years back may remember G. V. Brooke, whose acting, unequal as it was (and made more so by failings, upon which let there be all silence now!) possessed a certain kind of absolute genius. At one time his *Othello* put the town in a *furor*; and his *Hamlet*, so uncertainly performed that one night it would be Shaksperian, and the other mere buffoonery, is still vividly recollected by the present writer. His fine presence, his exquisite voice, made him—externally at least—the very personification of the Royal Dane. Recalling this,—how touching is the “last scene of all” in the career of the poor actor, seen “in a red Crimean shirt and trousers, bare-footed, with no hat on,” working incessantly at the pumps, “more bravely than any man in the ship.” And strangely touching is our final glimpse of him “four hours before the ship went down;”—“leaning with ‘grave’ composure upon one of the ‘half-doors of the companion; his chin ‘resting upon both his hands, and his ‘arms on the top of the door, which he ‘gently swayed to and fro, as he ‘calmly watched the scene.” He, too, sleeps well! “Alas, poor Yorick!”

But last in the list—and greatest, if we may count greatness by the amount of loss; the blank left, which, even as to worldly work and usefulness no other man can fill (or we think so now), comes the name of the Rev. Dr. Woolley, Principal of Sydney College. The newspapers tell his career; how, after taking a First Class at Oxford, and a Fellowship at University College, in which honours he was united with his friend Canon Stanley, Dean of Westminster, he became successively Head Master of Rossall School, in Lincolnshire; and of King Edward’s School, at Norwich. Afterwards, being appointed a Professor of Sydney College, he sailed in 1852 for the “under world.” Whether or not colonial life was suitable or pleasant to him, he laboured there incessantly, with abundant success,



until eight or ten months ago, when he came home for rest. Many friends, with many tempting offers, urged him to stay at home, and still stronger was the temptation of his own nature. One who saw him during his latest days in England, writes of him thus :—

“His tastes were those of a refined and cultivated man. He told me that his stay here, mixing in the society of men of letters, had been a delight to him beyond what I, who was always in it, could conceive. He had met Tennyson and Browning—nothing could be more to his taste than the companionship of such men, with whom his own qualities made him a most welcome guest. He had in perfection the bright, gentle, cheery manner that characterises the best Oxford man. In stature he was small; but his face most pleasant to look at. He was very active in all sorts of societies and institutions for the benefit of working men, and men engaged in business. A volume of his Colonial Lectures was lately published here—but who could criticise them now? His age must have been about fifty, but he looked younger. He had a wife and six children waiting his return to Sydney. Whither, as I soon perceived, he was determined to go, for he felt his work lay there and his duty. He went back to fulfil his duty, and has fulfilled it—thus.”

To the same friend he wrote—what, with all its personal details excised, it can scarcely be a breach of confidence to print here, seeing how clearly it demonstrates the man—almost the last letter he ever did write—dated from Plymouth. Strange it is to look at the neat handwriting, the smoothly-folded paper, still fresh and new, and to think of where that tender, delicate, generous right hand lies now.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Will you think me very impertinent if I venture to write to you about”—a matter of business concerning a young *protégée* of his. “We are wind-bound, and I almost hope that the wind, ill to us, may prove good to her.

“My wife knew her and her family

“at——.” And here follow minute, personal details, carefully and wisely given, showing a gentlemanly reticence in asking favours, mingled with the generous anxiety of a good heart, which even at that busy moment had time to spare for those who needed kindness, and for whom he expresses the keenest sympathy, because, as he ends by saying, “they are fighting a hard fortune brightly and bravely.”

“I expect,” he continues, “to sail to-day; so if you are inclined to give my young friend a trial, might I ask you to communicate with her.” And then, after carefully giving the address and other particulars, he closes the letter so abruptly, that he omits the conclusion, date, and signature—probably summoned on board in haste. But the letter was posted and received, afterwards to be returned to the subject of it, and to become a permanent memorial of what another friend, writing to the *Times*, calls “the gentleness, almost feminine, of his nature: and the warmth and generosity of his heart.”

And so he, also, went down with those lost in the *London*. The survivors report how, with the Rev. Mr. Draper—though, doubtless, in many points widely differing from him—Dr. Woolley conducted the religious services on the last Sunday, and, during the lingering suspense of those awful days, comforted the people with exhortation and prayer. Not much is said about him: but we know in what manner he would die, and help others to die. His public career may be told in other ways; but this one word is in remembrance of the man himself—the good man—John Woolley.

Thus they perished—these two hundred and twenty: summoned—why we know not—out of useful lives, and prosperous lives, and busy and happy lives; and the mystery of their sudden ending we dare not even attempt to understand. But we know we shall one day; that great day when “the dead that are in their graves”—sea-graves as well as land-graves—“shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they that hear shall live.”

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## COMTE AND POSITIVISM.<sup>1</sup>

BY W. WHEWELL, D.D. MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY" has been frequently spoken of and discussed of late years; and the manner in which it is treated and the publications in which the discussion is carried on imply that it is supposed to be a subject of popular interest. It may, therefore, I trust, Mr. Editor, be a subject not unsuited to the pages of your Magazine; and I am ready to offer my contribution to the discussion. With regard to M. Auguste Comte and *his Philosophie Positive*, I have many years ago expressed my opinion. I then spoke of him as a person whose want of knowledge and of temperate thought caused his opinions on the philosophy and history of science to be of no value. I have seen no reason to change this opinion: but eminent writers of our own country have given to him an amount of attention and admiration which makes it very fit for me to reconsider this judgment.

We have especially the great authority of Mr. J. S. Mill calling upon us to give again our attention to M. Comte and his philosophy. No authority of our own time can be greater than this. Beside Mr. Mill's profound philosophical thought and wide sphere of knowledge, the dignity of his position naturally makes us look where he points. His love of truth and fearlessness of consequences have given him an emi-

nence which all must rejoice to see generally acknowledged. It is no small glory of our times, that one of our most popular constituencies has fully and practically adopted the great Platonic maxim, that it will never go well with the world till our rulers are philosophers, or our philosophers rulers. This popular recognition of Mr. Mill as the representative of the philosophical element in man may very fitly lead to a popular discussion of those whom he declares Worthies. To some of your readers, perhaps, it may be known that I have always regarded Mr. Mill's opinions with respect, and considered them interesting and important subjects of discussion, but that on many subjects I have held them to be erroneous, and have not scrupled to publish my reasons for thinking so. I must still keep the same attitude. I can in no degree share Mr. Mill's admiration for Auguste Comte, even though it is now limited in many points, and balanced by something very like contempt as to his more recent doctrines: and I am desirous of considering the matter a little farther than I have yet done.

Perhaps I may be allowed to notice some of the features which seem to me to be those which especially recommend Auguste Comte's doctrines to Mr. Mill's approval. Among them are, I conceive, M. Comte's rejection of all abstract conceptions, causes, theories, and the like; and his assertions that phenomena

<sup>1</sup> Auguste Comte and Positivism. By John Stuart Mill.—*Fortnightly Review*, January 1. Auguste Comte, by the Editor.



alone are the proper subject of science. All beyond he stigmatizes as "metaphysical," a term which he endeavours to make an opprobrious one:—a tendency in which we must allow that he sympathizes with the English "general reader" and general talker. Mr. Mill shares in this dislike to abstract terms, and ascribes to such terms a mischievous tendency. For example, he thinks there is much harm in the old maxim that "Nature abhors a vacuum:"—that it makes of Nature an active agent. Now this, I must profess, appears to me a kind of philosophical prudery. Why not state actual facts in familiar words, even if they be a little figurative? For is it not true that Nature, in this our terrestrial region, *does* abhor a vacuum? What would be gained to philosophy, if, instead of this simple rule, we were to be told that, "in a system of matter held together by attractive forces, there is a tendency to fill up all spaces empty of matter?" Is the abstract term Nature so very bewildering that we cannot for a moment recollect what it means? Have we such a horror of Nature's "horror," that we can be satisfied with any feeling whatever which may expel it?

As I have said, I conceive that one main feature in M. Comte's philosophy which recommends it to Mr. Mill is his horror of the word "metaphysical," and that the "Positive Philosophy" is positive mainly in *denying* all but facts—all abstractions, causes, theories, and the like. M. Comte holds (and apparently it is held to be one of his great discoveries, as it certainly is a very prominent part of his system) that in every science there is a metaphysical stage, which precedes that positive stage which is the true form of science. Now this I conceive to be a radical mistake. There is no science in which this pretended succession of a metaphysical and a positive stage can be pointed out. There is no science in which the discovery of laws of phenomena, when once begun, has been carried on independently of discussions concerning ideas, which must be called *metaphysical* if anything be so called. There is no science in which

the expression of the laws of phenomena can at this time dispense with ideas which have acquired their place in science in virtue of metaphysical considerations. There is no science in which the most active disquisitions concerning ideas did not come *after*, not *before*, the first discovery of laws of phenomena. This may be exemplified in all sciences which have made any progress. Kepler's discoveries would never have been made but for his metaphysical notions. And again: those discoveries of the laws of phenomena did not lead immediately to Newton's theory, *because* a century of metaphysical discussion was requisite as a preparation. And, at this moment, those sciences which are most progressive, and which have the fullest promise of progress, are in want of metaphysical clearness of ideas, no less than of additional facts. Who will help us to a true view, or even to a view tenable for a year, of the atomic constitution of bodies; explaining why it is that, with every scheme of atomic constitution, we are perpetually driven to the contradiction of *half-atoms*, and how this is to be avoided? Who will guide us over the geometrical contradictions which beset us when we would imagine the structure of crystals? Who can give us a notion, metaphysically tenable, of chemical composition? Are all chemical compounds binary? M. Comte thinks they are: a metaphysical doctrine surely, for he gives no physical reason for it. Nor indeed is it reconcilable with the simplest facts of the newer chemistry. Who will define for us vital power and forces, avoiding metaphysical notions? And of what use could his definition be if he did so? But we might go on through the whole range of science asking the like questions, and every science in turn would reveal to us how baseless is the notion that there is a good positive stage of science which succeeds a bad metaphysical stage.

M. Comte's theoretical view of the progress of science includes a further assertion, which I mention because it has been much noticed, though to me it

appears to be worthless, and, indeed, absolutely puerile. According to him, sciences go through three stages;—they are, first, theological; secondly, metaphysical; thirdly, positive. Now, that in early times men believed the sun and the moon to be gods, or to be governed and guided by gods, is true; but this is not science, not even the beginning of science: it is a state of thought which precedes science. But be it so. Let astronomy be first theological. But what other science has gone through this stage? Physics has not. As Adam Smith says, there was never a god of weight. Has chemistry? Curiously enough chemistry has had a mythological stage, but it was not its first stage. It was the stage through which it went in the ages of alchemy. When chemists described the substances and operations with which they dealt by the most curious and lively personifications, gold was the *king* of metals, silver, the *queen*: an object much aimed at was to obtain the *regulus*, the metallic young one, of the more imperfect metals. For this purpose, there were *magisteries*, preparations which possessed power to change bodies, with many fancies of the same kind. In the same way, astronomy had its mythological period in the age of astrology. But then—alas for the Comtian order of development of sciences!—this was long after there existed a positive science of Astronomy among the Greeks, whose results are still part of our astronomical treasury. So that the history of science refuses altogether to lend itself to the attempt to find a profound and general meaning in the fact that men began to talk about the sun and moon by calling them Apollo and Diana.

Another feature of the *positive* philosophy is, that it denies (all its characteristics are negative, as I have said) modern theories, such as the undulatory theory in optics, and thus reduces science to its facts. Now to this there is an unanswerable reply. The facts cannot be *expressed* without the theory. It is a challenge which has been repeatedly addressed to the opponents of the undulatory theory, and never accepted, to

express without the theory the facts of *diffraction* (the dark and bright lines which border shadows when exactly cast). There is in this case, and in many others, no possibility of stating the facts without using the language of the theory; and therefore on this subject there can be no Positive Science in M. Comte's sense.

But M. Comte was too ignorant of modern optics to know this. The language in which he speaks of modern optics (and of all modern sciences except astronomy) is that of a shallow pretender, using general phrases in the attempt to make his expressions seem to be knowledge. Thus he says that Fresnel applied the principle of interferences to the phenomena of coloured rings, "on which the ingenious labours of Newton left much "to desire;" as if Fresnel's labours on this subject had been the supplement of those of Newton!

I regard Comte as a notable example of the character generated in France by the prominence given to the study of mathematics in the last generation. He was in some degree a distinguished scholar of the Polytechnic School, though his attainments in this way have been much exaggerated; and his pretensions to discoveries are, as Sir John Herschel has shown, absurdly fallacious. But the mathematicians of that generation having, with great ingenuity and subtlety, completed the Newtonian theory of gravitation, seemed to think it intolerable presumption in any one to put forth a theory upon another subject, which should rival that of gravitation in its generality and the subtle mathematical artifices which it involved. As evidence of the prevalence of this temper amongst the greatest French mathematicians of that time, I may mention an anecdote which I had from Arago himself. He and Fresnel pursued together those experiments which established the undulatory theory. At a certain period they came to the experiment in which it appeared that two rays polarized in the same plane interfere with each other: two rays polarized in planes perpendicular to each other do not interfere. Fresnel



said to Arago, "Do you not see that this "is simply the fact, that light consists "of transverse undulations?" Arago, in relating this, said to me, "You will "wonder how I could refuse to assent to "this; for certainly the fact was so. "But, in good truth, I *dared* not assent. "I was in close relations with Laplace "and the other leaders in mathematics, "and they would not hear of undulations. So I held my tongue at that "time." This "influence" of the opponents of the undulatory theory, I conceive, operated upon M. Comte also, and prevented him from learning the plainest facts in its history.

I am not going to trace M. Comte's views of the other sciences. He is, I conceive, very superficial in all, and in some grossly erroneous. But, as an example, I may quote what Mr. Mill himself says of M. Comte's way of dealing with one of the most conspicuous of modern sciences: one, too, of which he was especially bound to acquaint himself with the history, inasmuch as to it, under the name of *Sociology*, he professes to have made great and improbable additions: I mean Political Economy. "Any one," says Mr. Mill (p. 80), "any "one acquainted with the writings of "political economists need only read his "few pages of animadversions on these "to learn how extremely superficial "M. Comte can sometimes be. He affirms "that they have added nothing really "new to the original *aperçus* of Adam "Smith; when every one who has used "them know that they have added so "much as to have changed the whole "aspect of the science." I should rather say, instead of reading a few pages of M. Comte to learn how extremely superficial he *can* be, the reader may read any page of his speculations to see how extremely superficial he is.

But I will say a few words on another aspect of the Positive Philosophy, which may have won it some favour from speculators who, like Mr. Mill, are very suspicious of ideas; it confines itself to the inquiry into phenomena, and rejects the inquiry into *causes*. Now that men need to be warned against making the

inquiry into cause the first or the principal aim of scientific research is true. But this is a truth which M. Comte was neither the first to propound, nor has propounded in a useful and intelligent manner. Those who have taught the opposite doctrine bear names so eminent, that men may well be warned against being swayed by them—names no less than Aristotle and Bacon: Aristotle, who says that to know truly is to know through the causes; Bacon, who seeks to discover the "natures" of things. In opposition to this, the study of really progressive science teaches us that the first step in a science is to discover the laws of phenomena; and that from these laws alone, ascending from one step of generality to another, we can hope to discover those very general laws which we call *causes*. But, when such general laws offer themselves, why should we not call them *causes*, when all the world calls them so? Take one of the most striking and progressive sciences of modern times—geology. It begins with observing and classifying the strata of the earth; but it aspires to discover the causes by which they came to be what they are, and where they are; whether in each case, water or fire was the chief agent; whether the causes acted continuously or in paroxysms. These are inquiries which to this day engage the attention and animate the labours of the eminent men all over the world who cultivate geology. Are they to desist from these labours because M. Comte assures them that the inquiry into causes is hopeless and unphilosophical? Or is M. Comte to legislate for the sciences, according to whom there can be no such science as geology?

As I have said, the main character of the Positive Philosophy consists in its negations; and there appears to prevail in some quarters a disposition to regard those as the most "advanced" philosophers who deny the largest portion of the truths which have been commonly accepted and established. As an example of this: besides the denial of causes, in the more general sense, as a fit object of scientific inquiry, there

has been of late extensively prevalent a disposition to deny *final causes*, or the evidence of the adaptation of means to an end in the structure of animals. This evidence, which the sagacity of Socrates first distinctly fastened upon, and which has had a charm ever since, alike for the most popular and for the most philosophical thinkers, has of late been spoken disparagingly of, because structures which had been regarded as evidences of design have been by recent physiologists referred to a principle of morphology, according to which all animal structures are merely modifications of a general plan. And Bacon's maxim has been often quoted, that final causes are like Vestal Virgins, dedicated to God, and necessarily barren. That in Bacon's time the reasoning from final causes had been pushed too far may easily be shown. But it is certain that, with regard to the structure of animals, the most eminent physiologists in all ages have declared that at every step they did discover evidences of design, and that, by holding to that principle, they made their discoveries. To take eminent instances: we know that this was the case with Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. We know that this was the case with Cuvier's restoration of extinct animals from the evidence of their osseous remains. These authors tell us that it was so. Were they mistaken? Was it a false, an unreal principle that thus led them to some of the most important scientific truths which we possess? Are the vestal virgins barren by nature, or only to place their divine authority above suspicion? They *have* had offspring; great and glorious offspring. Still, it is in the highest degree important that no one should rashly ascribe to them children. No one should claim their parentage for the children of his own brain. Let the wise man's voice be obeyed. Let them not lightly venture from their temple; but while they continue their praises in the language which they have learnt through all ages, from Socrates to Owen, let it not be supposed that their words are unmeaning because a few nonsensical phrases

have been interpolated by men more pious than wise.<sup>1</sup>

I have said that the structures formerly ascribed to design, have been recently supposed to be accounted for by morphology. I confess I have been astonished at the extent to which this elevation of morphology above teleology has been carried. The wing of a sparrow and the arm of a man consist of like bones, corresponding bone by bone: *that* is morphology. The wing is made for flying, the arm for holding and striking: *that* is teleology. How does the one principle exclude the other?

It is said that the structure most useful to the animal is elaborated by minute changes in countless generations: and so, all organs were not made for a purpose, but *grew* and made themselves. The eye was not made for seeing, the ear for hearing. Such an announcement, it is no exaggeration to say, takes away the breath of Philosophy; at least for a moment. But let it be for a moment only. Let Philosophy try to recover her self-possession. She then asks, What is the alternative supposition? The eye was not made for seeing. So be it, if it must be so. But how did it grow then?

Our teacher replies: "Several facts "make me suspect that any sensitive "nerve may be rendered sensitive to "light. Numerous gradations from "a perfect and complex eye to one "very imperfect and simple, each grade "useful to its possessor, can be shown "to exist: further, the eye does vary, "if only slightly, and its variations "are unlimited; and if any variation or "modification in the organ be ever "useful to an animal under changing "conditions of life, then the difficulty of "believing that a perfect and complex

<sup>1</sup> I refer the reader with much pleasure to Dr. Aeland's recently published *Harveian Oration*. He there discusses the question of Final Causes, illustrating his reasons by the example of Harvey, and the remarks of many philosophers. He has even the patience to argue with those who deny that the eye was made for seeing, by pointing out the manner in which its optical adjustments reject the doctrine of its being self-formed.



"eye could be formed by natural selection can hardly be considered real."

I confess I think that our Philosophy cannot do less than lift up her hands and eyes in astonishment at this gigantic fabric of hypotheses, of which the basis is a *suspicion* that any nerve may become sensitive to light. There may be gradations from an imperfect and simple eye, —from a scrap of nerve sensitive to light, to a perfect and complex eye; and each grade is useful to its possessor, and hence the difficulty of supposing this to be the true history of the matter is not real! The inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, for the correction of spherical and chromatic aberration, are all on the imaginary road from a bit of nerve to a complex eye; and therefore Nature *has* travelled on this road to the complex eye. This, it is confessed, *seems* absurd, but yet this is the doctrine insinuated. But the difficulties are not yet half stated. For, besides all this, and running parallel with these gradations of the *optical* adjustments, we have a no less complex system of *muscles* for directing the eye: some of them, as the pulley-muscle, dwelt on by Paley, such as resist the tendencies of their neighbours; and the numerical expression of these correspondencies of the gradations of the optical and the muscular adjustment of the eye is to be multiplied into itself for every organ of the animal, in order to give the number of chances of failure to success in *this* mode of animal-making. Verily the Philosophy must have a large swallow that can gulp down these numbers!

And this, it seems, is the best physiological philosophy which we can get, if we reject final causes! And those are "advanced" physiologists who hold such doctrines. I confess I see no reason to believe that advance of science consists in denying truths formerly established. I believe, on the contrary, that truths once obtained are true for ever; and I deem that "Positive Philosophy" to be a false and worthless lore which consists in perpetual negations of what has been

established by thoughtful men in careful examination of facts.

I have written so much of M. Comte and his Positive Philosophy with great reluctance; for I cannot conceal my opinion that he is quite unworthy to be made the serious subject of discussion among philosophers. But the respect in which I hold some of the persons who have praised him—Mr. Mill and Mr. G. H. Lewes for example—has made me revise my opinion concerning him, long ago delivered; and I have thought it might be worth while to point out what seem to be the most attractive features of his philosophy, which I have tried to do. The praise which Mr. Mill bestows upon some parts of his writings is to me quite marvellous. But my wonder is somewhat lessened when I come to perceive, in reading these praises, that they refer to performances in which I conceive the object to be of small philosophical value, such as the classification of the sciences, and the arrangement of sciences one above another in a certain order. These attempts, even if successful, seem to me to be of small value. No science is yet complete; and yet when we classify and derive them, we suppose it to be so. I think M. Comte's performances in this way worse than those of other persons—than M. Ampère's, for instance; but I see no interest in weighing them against one another.

When I say that M. Comte's speculations on the history of science seem to me to be worthless, I shall not be supposed, I presume, to hold that *this subject* is of no value. I condemn M. Comte's speculations on this subject, because I find in them so little of the history of science, and in that little many errors in the most important points, as when he ascribes Newton's discoveries about central force to Kepler, who never had the idea of central force. And his discourse concerning the theological stage of science seems to me to have no more to do with the history of science than the stories about Thor and Woden have to do with the history of England. But if any one will write the history of any science, marking the

Epochs of the cardinal discoveries which have made it to be a science, and their Preludes and Sequels (for of such periods the history of each science really consists), I shall gladly follow his teaching; and, if he has rightly interpreted the facts of history (for which purpose he must carefully read the original authors of guesses, discoveries, and developments), I shall be grateful to him as a fellow-labourer, or as a master.

I have confined myself hitherto to M. Comte's supposed achievements in the domain of the material sciences, because there we have a definite collection of established truths, and know what we are talking about. It was in that domain, I think, that M. Comte's reputation was acquired. He has since changed or extended the main business of his philosophy to the formation of a wonderful social system. And as I have not made it my business to study this, I shall, in the remainder of what I have to say, leave him in the hands of his admirers and critics, Mr. Mill and Mr. G. H. Lewes.

Mr. Lewes, in a very amusing article (in the *Fortnightly Review*) has given a biographical sketch of M. Comte, which is not without its meaning, even as illustrative of M. Comte's "sociological" speculations and proposals. Mr. Lewes says:—"At the age of seventeen he was admitted to the *École Polytechnique*, and there he found republican sentiments and scientific tendencies eminently suited to his rebellious and inquiring disposition. . . . His comrades respected and admired him. His professors recognised his eminent capacity. A brilliant career seemed certain, when it was arrested by a characteristic action of his own. One of the masters had insulted the younger students by his manners: the elder students took up the case, and after mature deliberation, decided that the master was unworthy of continuing in his office. They drew up the following notification:—'*Monsieur, quoiqu'il nous soit pénible de prendre une telle mesure envers un ancien élève de l'École, nous vous enjoignons de n'y plus re-*

*'mettre les pieds.'*" This notification, "drawn up by Comte, had his signature at the head of the list. The result was his expulsion. His official career was at an end. He was forced to return home, and remained there some time under the surveillance of the police."

After this he went to seek his fortune in Paris. He found an opening there which a less rebellious spirit might have profited by. "He became private secretary to Casimir Perier, but quickly found that the paid servant was expected to be a blind admirer. Called upon to make some comments upon the public labours of his master, '*elles ne furent pas goûtées*;' and, after a trial of three years, the connexion ceased."

He then passed over to the celebrated Saint-Simon, and became his secretary, pupil, and, for a time, friend. This connexion had undoubtedly a large share in stimulating and shaping Comte's speculations on the structure of society. The Saint-Simonians formed a very striking epoch in French speculation. I think M. Comte's admirers have not done them justice. There are, perhaps, not many Englishmen who now recollect to have read their writings when they were published (about 1820 and after); but those who do must regard them as very striking works. Most readers at that time were deeply impressed by the largeness, subtlety, and ingenuity of their views of society. Their doctrine of the alternation of *critical periods* and *organic periods* was really a startling theory, bringing together into a general view many historical facts. And the boldness and imperiousness with which they legislated concerning a new state of society which was to be, was suitable to M. Comte's temper in his subsequent career; and accordingly he has it, and, as I should say, borrowed it of them; whether or no it was worth borrowing is another question.

In 1824 Comte came to an open rupture with Saint-Simon. Soon after he published an essay in which his admirers find the germ of his subsequent



speculations. In this essay he maintains his doctrine of the three stages of science—*theological, metaphysical, and positive*; also that human activity in society has three corresponding agencies,—the conquering military, the defensive military, and the pacific industrial; and “that philosophy (or general beliefs) “in passing from the theological to the “positive stage must bring about the “substitution of the industrial for the “military regime; and, finally, that the “spiritual reorganization, which is the “necessary condition of all social re- “organization, must repose upon the “authority of demonstration: it must “be based upon science, with a priest- “hood properly constituted out of the “regenerated scientific classes.”

Soon after this M. Comte married Caroline Massin, bookseller. He took to pupils as his support. “At the time “of his marriage, Comte had but one “pupil; this pupil was ‘the Bayard of “our day,’ as his admirers style General “Lamoricière. With the small sum of “money brought by his wife, a modest “lodging was furnished in the Rue “de l’Oratoire. Here M. de Narbonne “proposed to place his son as boarder “and pupil. Other aristocratic families “would, it was hoped, follow the “example. To receive these pupils, a “more dignified apartment was taken “in the Rue de l’Arcade, at the corner “of the Rue St. Lazare, and fresh “furniture had to be bought. But “when the small stock of ready money “was thus invested, the pupils never “came, and the apartment was a burden. “In a few months the solitary boarder “was sent back, and the young couple “had to migrate into more modest “lodgings in the Rue Montmartre.”

In 1826, he commenced a course of lectures in exposition of his system; and many of the most distinguished men in Paris,—Humboldt, Poinsot, De Blainville, Carnot, &c.—with the good-nature in manifesting an interest in a brother-professor’s lectures, which is happily and properly common among men of science,—attended his lectures; but, after three or four had been delivered,

an attack of insanity abruptly closed the course. Mr. Lewes has given very curious details of this season of insanity. He has added to them a very curious speculation;—a list of “illustrious madmen.” To Lucretius and Cowper, he adds Mahomet, Loyola, Peter the Great, Haller, Newton, Tasso, Swift, Donizetti, as showing that, in such cases, “the mind is lucid in its lucid intervals.” This will, I think, strike an ordinary reader as a curious way of proving the lucidity of M. Comte’s mind.

In 1830, he published the first volume of his *Course*, the sixth and last in 1842. And the admiring Mr. Lewes says:—

“With the publication of the *Philosophie Positive*, he assumed his place “among the great thinkers of all ages, but “drew upon himself the bitter hatred of “rivals and humiliated professors, which, “being supported by the indignation of “theologians, metaphysicians, and jour- “nalists, who were irritated at his dan- “gerous elevation and sweeping scorn, “ended in driving him from his official “position.”

I must refer to Mr. Lewes for the tale how certain eminent and generous Englishmen offered to replace the official salary for one year, understanding that, at the end of the year, Comte would be either reinstated, or would have resolved on some other career. But M. Comte had other notions. From this time he regarded these and the like contributions as his right; and spoke in the tone of a man defrauded and betrayed when they were withheld. This tone of self-conceited ingratitude is so revolting to our ordinary feelings that I do not choose to dwell upon it.

But I will not omit a happier and more interesting passage in his later days, of which Mr. Lewes speaks from personal knowledge. He was separated from his wife in 1842. “In 1845, he “first met Madame Clotilde de Vaux. “There was a strange similarity in their “widowed conditions. She was irrevocably separated from her husband by “a crime which had condemned him to “the galleys for life; yet, though morally

"free, she was legally bound to the man whose disgrace overshadowed her. Comte also was irrevocably separated from his wife by her voluntary departure, and, though morally free, was legally bound. Marriage being thus unhappily impossible, they had only the imperfect yet inestimable consolation of a pure and passionate friendship."

Mr. Lewes adds, he was fond of applying to her the lines of his favourite Dante—

"Quella che imparadisa la mia mente  
Ogni basso pensier dal cor m'avulse."

"Every one who knew him during his brief period of happiness will recall the mystic enthusiasm with which he spoke of her, and the inexpressible overflowing of his emotion, which led him to speak of her at all times, and to all listeners. It was in the early days of his attachment that I first saw him; he spoke of her with an expansiveness which greatly interested me." We cannot read without emotion what follows:—"When I next saw him he was as expansive in his grief at her irreparable loss; and the tears ran down his cheeks as he detailed her many perfections. This happiness had lasted but one year."

His devotion to her memory, and the curious form that it took, must also be read with great interest; but I am perhaps borrowing from Mr. Lewes more than one writer in a magazine should do from a contemporary. I can only excuse myself by saying that the great interest with which I have read his account makes it difficult for me not to quote largely from it in speaking of M. Comte. But in speaking of M. Comte's later work, the "*Politique Positive*," I will rather quote Mr. Mill, who has given an account of this portion of M. Comte's speculations which is full of interest; and which is, as seems to me, written as favourably to M. Comte as any rational person can write. One judicious remark of Mr. Mill will show the spirit and temper in which his criticism of M. Comte's "sociological" speculations is written:—

"We cannot but remark a singular anomaly in a thinker of M. Comte's calibre," [it is curious to me how often Mr. Mill is led to the assumption of "anomalies" by his steadfast belief in M. Comte's "calibre,"] "after the ample evidence he has brought forward of the slow growth of sciences, all of which, except the mathematical-astronomical couple are, as he justly thinks, in a very early stage, it yet appears as if, to his mind, the mere institution of a positive science of sociology were tantamount with completion." This remark Mr. Mill applies in detail to Comte's "sociology." I will borrow from him the outline of the Comtian polity (Mill, p. 122):—

"A corporation of philosophers receiving a moderate support from the state, surrounded by reverence, but peremptorily excluded not only from all political power or employment, but from all riches and all occupations except their own, are to have the entire direction of education; together with not only the right and duty of advising and reproving all persons respecting both their public and their private life, but also a control (whether authoritative or moral is not defined) over the speculative class itself; to prevent their wasting time and ingenuity on inquiries or speculations of no value to mankind (among which he includes many now in high estimation), and to employ all their powers on the investigation which may be judged, at the time, to be more urgently important to the general welfare. The temporal government, which is to co-exist with this spiritual authority, consists of an aristocracy of capitalists whose dignity and authority are to be in the ratio of the degree of generality of their conceptions and operations—bankers at the summit, merchants next, then manufacturers, and agriculturists at the bottom of the scale." According to my recollection, this "aristocracy" was the government projected by the Saint-Simonians. Mr. Mill adds: "Liberty and spontaneity on the part of indi-



"viduals form no part of the scheme. "M. Comte looks on them with as great jealousy as any scholastic pedagogue, or ecclesiastical director of sciences. Every particular of conduct, public or private, is to be open to the public eye, and to be kept, by the power of opinion, in the course which the spiritual corporation shall judge to be most right." The deference with which Mr. Mill discusses the Comtian scheme is a most edifying example of philosophical humility; and, in spite of what seems to me the absurdity of the process, is very instructive and very entertaining. I shall not, however, attempt to follow it, but some of the details cannot fail to amuse the reader, and have obviously amused Mr. Mill no little.

M. Comte in his later labours, as Mr. Mill says, came forth transfigured as the High Priest of the Religion of Humanity. A religion implies a *cultus*, and M. Comte, surrounded by the *cultus* of the Catholic religion, and aspiring to rival or replace it and its influence upon the minds of his countrymen, was led to provide an equivalent both for the private devotions and the public ceremonies of other faiths. The reader will be surprised to hear, says Mr. Mill, that the former consists of prayer:—

"But prayer, as understood by M. Comte, does not mean asking; it is a mere outpouring of feeling, and for this view of it he claims the authority of the Christian mystics. It is not to be addressed to the Grand Etre, to collective Humanity, though he occasionally carries metaphor so far as to style this a goddess. The honours to collective Humanity are reserved for the public celebration. Private adoration is to be addressed to it, in the persons of worthy individual representatives, who may be either living or dead, but must in all cases be women; for woman being the *sexe aimant* represents the best attributes of humanity, that which ought to regulate all human life; nor can Humanity possibly be symbolized in any form but that of a woman. The objects of adoration are the mother, the wife, and the daughter, representing severally the past, the present, and the future, and calling into active exercise the three social sentiments—veneration, attachment, and kind-

ness. We are to regard them, whether dead or alive, as our guardian angels, *les vrais anges gardiens*. If the last two have never existed, or if, in the particular case, any of the three types is too faulty for the office assigned to it, their place may be supplied by some other type of womanly excellence, even by one merely historical. Be the object living or dead, the adoration (as we understand it) is to be addressed only to the idea."—(P. 150.)

M. Comte having thus provided his disciples with forms of private prayer and with guardian angels, proceeds to public worship, and other matters into which he enters with wonderful minuteness. But I will only make one more extract from Mr. Mill's extremely interesting and amusing abstract:—

"Not content with an equivalent for the Paters and Aves of Catholicism, he must have one for the sign of the cross also; and he thus delivers himself—"Cette expansion peut être perfectionnée par des *signes universels* . . . Afin de mieux développer l'aptitude nécessaire de la formule positiviste à représenter toujours la condition humaine, il convient ordinairement de l'énoncer en touchant successivement les principaux organes que la théorie cérébrale assigne à ses trois éléments."—(P. 154.)

M. Comte made a craniological system of his own, which is here referred to; but what parts of the head or face are thus to be successively touched in the mutual recognition of two Comtians, I have not studied the system sufficiently to be able to tell. But the effect must be much like that which has been thus described by a modern imitator of Homer:—

"Then the youth to the tip of his nose put  
the thumb of his left hand,  
Spread forth his two bunches of fives by  
joining his right hand."

And Mr. Mill plainly thinks so; for he says, with becoming gravity, "This may be a very appropriate mode of expressing one's devotion to the Grand Etre; but any one who had appreciated its effect on the profane reader, would have thought it judicious to keep it back till a considerably more advanced stage in the propagation of the Positive Religion."

## OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

## CHAPTER X.

## NOMINAL LOVE.

KENNETH ROSS also betook himself to the Villa Mandóro.

Tolerably early in the afternoon (considering all that had occurred), he got languidly into an open carriage, and directed the coachman to drive there, leaving a message for Sir Douglas that he would join him with the rest of the party instead of waiting his return at the palazzo.

Truth to say, Kenneth had no great wish to meet Sir Douglas again so soon: perhaps to listen to comments extremely unpalatable on his recent conduct; certainly to feel embarrassed and annoyed by the recollection of what had passed. He had other reasons for desiring to pay this visit as speedily as possible, and he dressed with more haste than was usual with him, or consistent with his many little luxurious fancies, making one long pause before a full-length mirror ere he turned to leave the apartment, he and his valet both fixedly contemplating the image reflected there.

The valet smiled: he thought the young Excellency must be quite satisfied: no one could see more than that his Excellency was "*un poco pallido*," which was rather interesting than otherwise.

But for once Kenneth was too absorbed to care for compliment. For once he was thinking seriously; though it must be admitted those profound reflections entirely centred in Self.

He was thinking—with that irritated discontent which, in ill-regulated minds, takes the place of penitence—of all the scrapes, follies, and entangled snares of his past life. He was thinking, not without a certain degree of kindness, of Sir Douglas. Not with much gratitude; for

it is a very curious fact that gratitude seldom follows over-indulgence; there is no gratitude where there is not respect, and a consciousness that the benefits conferred have not only gone beyond our deserts, but beyond our deserts even in the opinion of those who have conferred them. That fond yielding—that love without a conscience—which can "refuse nothing" to the object beloved, is trespassed upon again and again, without creating any corresponding sense of favour shown or sacrifices made. It grows to be depended on with blind confidence, but it is received with so little thankfulness, that if at any time a limit seems to be reached, and a halt made in the system of benefactions, the recipient forthwith looks upon his position as that of an ill-used martyr. "The idea of Old Sir Douglas stickling at helping me now, when he has come forward a dozen times in much worse scrapes without saying a word!" was a speech of Kenneth's over which Lorimer Boyd had frequently growled, but the sentiment of which, to the speaker, seemed perfectly just and natural.

There is a training which helps a man to see life in its true aspect, and there is a training which leads him to see all things reversed and upside down. There are also, it must be confessed, men on whom, as on certain animals, no amount of training seems to tell: minds which no warning will impress: souls to which that text has no mystery and no meaning which bids us "stand in the way and consider which were the old paths, and walk in them:" hearts which are brayed in the mortar of suffering, and yet remain hard. And this because the inner human nature is subject to as much variety as the outward human form. You may take half-a-dozen children of the same parents, and put them under the same tutor and governess, the same



spiritual pastor, the same conditions and opportunities of life; and out of all that sameness you shall have a diversity of character so startling that the utmost stretch of our intelligence can scarcely comprehend it. Yet we shut our eyes to the fact. Some rosy fearless prattler lifts its brilliant gaze, and tells us of another little one who stands aside and pouts, that her brother was "always shy from a baby;" some old nurse echoes the opinion that "Master Jackey was the troublesome one in *our* nursery; Master Willie was always easy to manage;" but not the less does "his honour the Magistrate" continue to rate the mechanic for having neglected to "look better after" the precocious little thief for whom the perplexed father says he "allays did his best;" and not the less do parents of honest well-conducted children complacently attribute to their own "bringing up" this satisfactory state of matters,—never heeding the patent fact that their dissolute neighbour, who has brought up *his* children on oaths and "skilly," is also the father of pious innocent daughters, and of laborious decent sons.

Nor can you shut your child in a crystal case, to save him from harm and pollution. You can but set good and evil before him for choice, (as much good and as little evil as may be,) and the balance of his nature does the rest: just as you can but give him the best mental teaching your means will supply, and the balance of his intelligence does the rest. It was Solomon, not Jesus, who pronounced in the self-confidence of human wisdom that if you brought up a child in the way he should go, when he was old he would not depart from it. There are those who remain sons of perdition; those who sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. It may be true that human hearts are as a general rule "deceitful and desperately wicked," but some hearts are *more* deceitful and *more* desperately wicked than others. The leaven of sin may exist in all, but most assuredly it never was so perfectly mixed as to secure to each an equal distribution. The

"weak brother," and the man who "hath said in his heart there is no God," will display their varieties in the thorny open ground which has superseded the Garden of Eden, even as it came to pass, in the earliest motherhood on earth, that Abel reverently knelt to the All-seeing and All-punishing Creator, —and Eve's other son, Cain, slew his brother!

Kenneth had had his fair average chances. The good and the evil had both been before him. If his untaught and ungovernable mother had made his holidays, both in boyhood and youth, times to try the relative proportions in his nature of better and worse; in those far longer periods which were *not* spent with her—the periods of school and college—he had the advantage of wise and excellent masters, and companions not likely to corrupt him. And even in his earlier home his tutor step-father had done his duty honestly and carefully by the boy; both before and since the mismatched marriage which Maggie's great beauty at that time bewildered him into making, even without reckoning the possession of a settled home where he expected to be, but never was, master. Over-indulgent Sir Douglas had not been there to spoil his little nephew; and his letters and theories were models of good counsel and grave affection.

Such as Kenneth was, then, he was of his own created nature; having resisted (what alone can be bestowed by the fondest guidance on the best or the worst of us) all attempts made to show him what was amiss in his inherent disposition,—all persuasion, however eloquent the persuader, to "stand in the way and consider,"—all efforts to bring him not so much under the government of others as under self-government; the only rule which is safe from rebellion.

On this especial morning he had, as has been stated, that dim discontented consciousness of the result of his errors which is quite distinct from, and independent of, any feeling of repentance. He felt that somehow or other things had gone wrong, and that they required setting to rights; and the mode in which

he resolved to set things to rights was by marrying Gertrude Skifton, and giving up, after that, at all events in a great measure, many of the habits which led to so much disaster and inconvenience.

He had always intended this, ever since he had first made her acquaintance. He was what is called "smitten" immediately with her grace of manner, with her singing, and even with her looks, though Gertrude was not a showy beauty. He heard she had money; and altogether he settled in his own mind that she should be his wife. He made no more doubt of her acceptance of him, whenever he should ask her, than he did that the sun would rise next day. He had received what he not unfairly considered encouragement from her mother; he was constantly, incessantly, asked to the house; and though Gertrude herself did not do or say much in the way of encouragement, she was evidently more pleased to see him than other friends, and she was, he considered, "one of your quiet girls," who could not under the circumstances, be expected to say more. He had intended to wait to make his uncle aware of his choice, till the scrapes and embarrassments of his position were cleared away. He could hardly go to Lady Charlotte Skifton and propose for Gertrude, till his affairs were in a little better order. But this morning he had changed his mind. He was afraid, after the scene he had witnessed, that Sir Douglas might consider some probation or purgatory necessary, which would not at all suit him. He resolved therefore to cast the die; to make the step he contemplated irrevocable, and *then* go to his uncle, and say, "You see I am engaged to marry this girl, a marriage that cannot but please you, who have been preaching something of the sort this long time. Now settle up the difficulties which press upon me and let me have a proper start, and I'll turn over a new leaf,—for in fact I'm sick of the life I'm leading."

When he entered the marble-paved sitting-room with bright carpets scattered over it, which opened into the decorated

gardens of the Villa Mandorlo, he thought, as Gertrude rose to greet him, he had never before seen her look so beautiful. Her complexion was ordinarily rather dull and colourless; but to-day a pink flush had settled in either cheek, and her manner had something in it tremulous and excited, very different from usual. So different, indeed, that Kenneth began by hoping Lady Charlotte was "none the worse for yesterday," conceiving that Gertrude might be nervous on that account.

"No; not at all, thank you. Mamma is quite well; quite; and glad to go on our expedition. We are to sail—Sir Douglas says—to Amalfi. He said he thought it would be less fatiguing, and that you were not very well. Indeed you do not look well," added she, compassionately.

Kenneth was not sorry that he looked interesting and pale; and plunged very immediately into the story of his love and his hopes; having indeed arranged the thread of his discourse as he sat with folded arms in the carriage that had brought him to that familiar portico. A little, very little of the perfect security of acceptance which he felt, pierced through his love declaration. He tried to keep it under, but it was too strong for complete repression.

As Gertrude listened, instead of becoming more nervous and abashed, she turned extremely pale; and fixed her eyes at last on Kenneth's face with an expression of amazement not altogether untinged with pain and displeasure.

There was a moment's pause when he had ended his rapid and declamatory pleading; then she spoke, in a low clear voice.

"Mr. Ross, if I had ever given you encouragement—if I had ever even perceived the attachment you say you feel for me, so as to be able to give discouragement to such a suit—I hope you believe that I would not have left you in doubt on the subject. I never expected this; I never dreamed of it. I will end a position so painful to both of us at once; and tell you that Sir Douglas —"



"If my uncle has had the cruelty to come here this morning to poison your mind against me, only because of an unlucky scene at the Palazzo——" burst in Kenneth, with excessive anger, without waiting the conclusion of the sentence.

"You are mistaken, utterly mistaken ; he never mentioned you except to say that you were unwell—that we had better sail instead of drive, for that reason."

"What then ?

"How shall I tell you ? I had intended you should hear it from him. He is gone to your home. He went half an hour ago ; he said he had appointed with you to return——"

She stopped, apparently in painful embarrassment.

"What had he to tell me ?" said Kenneth, fiercely, his mind still full of the idea that his affairs had somehow been the subject of discussion.

"What I must tell you,—now,—at once,—and I hope then we may both forget what has just passed between us. Sir Douglas has asked me to become his wife, and I have accepted him."

Kenneth stared at her doubtfully, angrily, incredulously.

"You are to be married to Old Sir Douglas ?"

"I am to be married, I hope, to Sir Douglas."

With a loud hoarse scornful laugh, Kenneth rose.

"Come, you will not cure me by ridicule, of my attachment to you," he said. "My uncle is fond of treating me as a child ; and if you and he have agreed on some way of reforming me, it is much better you should both be serious, and let me have the benefit of it."

The offended girl rose also, and with a degree of dignity and sternness of manner of which Kenneth had not thought that soft nature capable, she replied—

"It would, in my opinion, be extremely indecent to jest on such a matter. Nor is Sir Douglas likely to turn his anxieties for you into an acted

comedy. I have engaged myself to be his wife. I loved him, I may say, before I even saw him. All I heard of him, all I read of his writing to Mr. Boyd, gave me the impression of his being one of the most loveable of men. I did not know in those days that this great happiness was reserved for me—that he should choose me for his wife ; but what welcome you have had here (a welcome with which you now reproach me) was, I assure you, on account of your relationship to *him*. I saw you with interest—with curiosity—as the nephew of the friend whose letters Lorimer Boyd had so often read to us, and the bravery of whose gallant exploits he was never weary of recounting."

Kenneth did not speak. He stood, still staring angrily in her face. His head ached and swam. His hand trembled as he leaned it on the table between them.

"Mr. Ross," resumed his companion in a softer tone, "you are very young ; I think you are very little, if at all, older than myself. You will forget the pain of this day, and you will believe—for indeed you may—that I shall always feel as Sir Douglas does towards you,—and I religiously believe that you have hitherto been the main object of interest in his life."

She held out her hand as she spoke ; but Kenneth did not take it. There are men who when they are rejected by one they thought to win, enter into the despair of sorrow ; and there are others who under like circumstances enter into the despair of fury, and who say things at such times to the object of their so-called "love," which through all their burst of selfish frantic rage they themselves know to be cruel, atrocious, miserable and cowardly falsehoods.

Kenneth passed from the declaration of his so-called love into this despair of fury. He accused Sir Douglas of the basest treachery ; of having supplanted him by a thousand manœuvres ; of having been aided by Lorimer Boyd to "cut the grass under his feet" from motives of vengeance ; Lorimer having

himself desired to attain the destiny which he, Kenneth, had made his one great hope in existence. He accused Gertrude of "throwing him over," because his uncle and Boyd had conspired to betray to her his embarrassed circumstances; of preferring Sir Douglas only after she had made the discovery that Kenneth was not to be his uncle's heir; of coquetting, and flattering the former into a passion for her, because she thought it a finer thing to be Lady Ross of Glenrossie than to share his own less magnificent home. He told her he did not believe that she had been indifferent to him, or blind to his obvious attachment; that it was all humbug about his welcome having been given for his unknown uncle's sake. As to that falsehearted uncle, he bitterly affirmed that if Sir Douglas married her, he was marrying from anger, not from love; marrying because he was disappointed in his idea of governing and bullying as if Kenneth were still at school. That no one had a worse opinion of women generally. A thousand times Kenneth had heard him speak of the sex with contemptuous pity and mistrust; and a thousand times declare that he himself never intended to marry, even when urging his nephew to do so. Finally he alluded to Gertrude's "jilting, or having been jilted by," the foreign prince to whom her mother had endeavoured to marry her. He made the open taunt that "even now, perhaps, she did not know her own mind;" and he stopped raving only because his heart beat so violently that he feared another moment would bring death to end its tumult. Panting, wild, staggering backwards, he dropped into his chair.

"O Mr. Ross, *will* you hear me?" murmured the girl he had so insulted, approaching him with that mixture of pity and dread which may be seen in the countenances of those who are nursing a delirious patient.

"Do let me speak to you!" and she glided yet nearer, and rested her trembling fingers lightly on his sleeve, as his clenched hand stretched across the table.

In an instant he started to his feet again.

"Don't touch me, girl!" gasped he in a thick suffocated whisper; "don't *dare* to touch me! Your touch makes me comprehend how men are brought to commit great crimes! I tell you," and his voice rose again, "that I do not believe you; and if I find it true, and that I have been made a dupe and a sport of, between you and my uncle and Boyd, I will stab Sir Douglas in the open street,—so help me Heaven!"

With this blasphemous adjuration he reeled towards the door; it opened as he reached it, and Lady Charlotte, with a puzzled expression of fear on her face, confronted him.

"What are you both talking of, so loud and dreadfully?" she said.

"O mamma! beg Mr. Ross not to go just yet! beg him to wait till—till—"

Gertrude looked in her mother's gentle foolish bewildered face,—made an attempt to meet her, and fainted.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE WAYWARD HEART.

THEN Kenneth had an opportunity of verifying the truth of a beautiful saying, namely, that God, who makes such various degrees of weakness and strength in this world of ours, never yet made anything so weak that it will not seek to defend what it loves.

The feeble silly woman who was Gertrude's mother, said her few true words of protection and defence, as sensibly as if she had been the most strong-minded of females; reproaching Kenneth for his want of chivalrous feeling, and gentlemanlike patience under disappointment. She relapsed, indeed, into querulous foolishness at one moment, when she told the exasperated young man, that if he really loved her daughter, he "ought to be glad to see her better married than to himself;" and that "of course," for her own part, she liked better to have Sir Douglas with her,



who amused her and treated her with consideration than Kenneth, who only laughed at her. Neither could she forbear adding, with reference to the new suitor for her daughter's hand, that she felt more as if he was a papa-in-law than a son-in-law, as she herself was not very old, and Gertrude was so much younger, and there was "so much unexpectedness about the matter;" but she was sure it would make everybody very happy (Kenneth included) "by" "and by, when they all got used to" "it."

Gertrude, in a few trembling sentences, better adapted to soften the wrathful and selfish mood of her disappointed lover, obtained at last of him that he would behave outwardly as if nothing had occurred; await with what patience he could Sir Douglas's explanation, and allow all arrangements to proceed for their day together, without blighting it by a vain storm of unavailing complaint.

"It is partly for your own sake, Mr. Ross," she added, in a voice as sweet as her singing, and with a sorrowful smile; "chiefly, indeed, for your own sake; though it would be a miserable beginning to my different future, if I thought I were to be in any way the cause of alienation between you and your uncle. I could wish him never to know that you had an ungentle thought towards him—never to know——"

"Of course, I don't want him to know that I have been here on a fool's errand this morning," said Kenneth bitterly, "at all events, till I choose to tell him myself."

"There is no necessity to tell him. I wish you could look upon it all as a dream. You cannot think how unreal it all seems to me, that—that you should think you loved me!"

"It is a dream that will haunt me through life, whatever you may think of it," replied he, quickly and passionately; "but God knows what may happen. You are not his wife yet, and perhaps you never may be. Don't you think I had better begin behaving as usual by going down to see if the boat is ready? I will wait for you there."

He spoke the last sentence with a wild sort of joyless laugh. In truth, Kenneth was not even now perfectly recovered from the previous night's drunkenness; and the very first thing he did when the carriage had whirled him back to the Chiaja, was to increase still further the state of mingled depression and excitement in which he found himself, by pouring out and tossing off a full glass of Florentine "Char-treuse." His thoughts wandered from Gertrude; wandered to Lorimer Boyd; to an observation of his as to the ludicrous contrast between the supposed retirement for the service of God and devotion to thoughts of Heaven, involved in the profession of monachism and the establishment of a manufactory for the sale of spirituous liquors, perfumes, rouge, soaps, and delicate unguents, for the support of the monastery and its inmates: "selling the devil's wares to build churches with." Then, with a rush, came back all the pain and mortification of the last hours. Very reckless, very comfortless, Kenneth felt, and very lonely, alone with the monk's green bottle. Some young Italian friends came in, and rallied him on his dejected looks; told him he was no Englishman if he could not stand a merry night without being ill the next morning. Kenneth did not stand rallying well, though he was fond of practising it towards others. His friends thought him ill-tempered, and left him to lounge away an hour somewhere else. Kenneth took a cigar; smoked, considered, and drank again. Then, with an impatient sigh, he once more took his hat, and with a sort of dreamy plan yet to supplant his uncle Douglas, and overcome the difficulties in his way, and with an increasing conviction that Gertrude, "in reality," had cared, and did care for him, and that somehow he was being made the victim of a plot for his reformation, he sauntered to the shore; hailing the lazy boat, with its lazy occupants, on a lazy sea, whose wavelets beat like a slackened pulse to and fro in the sunshine on the smooth sands,—and feeling all the while as if he were walk-

ing in a dream. The scent of mignonette and violets was in the air, and more than once a flower-girl crossed his path, and smilingly tossed him a bunch of pale Neapolitan violets,—sure to be paid on some careless morrow, with ten times the value of her flowers,—and looking after the handsome young Englishman with something like a puzzled anxiety, on account of the unusual look of abstraction and anxiety visible in his countenance.

The tranquil do-nothing-ness of the people smote him as he passed. Life, and life's cares, what were they in Naples? Why should any one sigh, or dream, or be anxious in such a climate and among such a population? Why should he be less careless than the dark-bearded, dark-browed, sallow men lounging outside the *caffés*? Why not enjoy life as the laughing loud-talking crowded groups in the overloaded *calessos* did, as they rattled along? What folly to pin a man's hopes on *one* hope, and deem all life to come darkened, because one capricious girl repulsed his love for the singular, the ludicrous, caprice of preferring his elderly uncle! A little whimsical twinge of vanity wound up all, such as rounds those quaint, old-fashioned verses on baffled love :—

“Will, when looking well can't win her,  
Looking ill, prevail?  
Pythee, why so pale?”

He looked across the blue sea streaked with rippling gold, and at the sails that here and there flitted over its surface like white butterflies, and felt his great irritation die away for the hour, in a mixture of stupefaction and languor. His uncle stood by his side, and had placed one hand on his shoulder with caressing cordiality, before he was even aware of his presence. He started, and looked up into the frank soldier-like countenance with some attempt at an answering smile.

“I have been to the Palazzo,” said Sir Douglas, cheerily, “but, like the old woman in the nursery ballad, when I looked after my sick puppy, he was out, and quite recovered. No, not quite recovered,” added he with sudden gravity

—“how ill you look! Oh! Kenneth my dear boy, if you could but mend your ways! if I could but see you what I dreamed you would be!”

“For God's sake let us have none of that now,” muttered the young man as he turned away towards the boat.

“No, no, you are right: not now—not now: I had something, however, something quite different to say to you, Kenneth, but it will keep till to-morrow: there is no time for anything; here come our ladies, and Lorimer.”

Our ladies! yes; for that day of careless companionship; and then—what then? Was Kenneth indeed to be distanced and put aside in his wooing by the man whom, if he had guessed the world through, he never would have hit upon, as his rival? It seemed scarcely credible. He would try yet. He would throw for that stake again. He could not get rid of the notion, based on his excessive vanity, that there was some agreement to test and try him; to pass him through a sort of ordeal of hot ploughshares, and then all was to end in an agreeable little comedy; his uncle smilingly joining the hands of the young couple, and giving them his paternal blessing. The idea strengthened: as Gertrude and her mother advanced: the latter giving a little glad wave of her fringed parasol at Sir Douglas and calling out something about “military punctuality on the field of battle;” the former, with all the serenity of her soft eyes gone, anxiously looking, not at Sir Douglas, but to Kenneth, and taking his hand with a sigh of relief, while the flush deepened on her cheek as he had seen it deepen in the morning, when he first entered the Villa Mandório to declare his love.

It was Kenneth too, who handed her into the boat, and seated himself by her side; his uncle and Lady Charlotte being opposite, and Lorimer Boyd unslinging his sketching portfolio and putting it down with Gertrude's guitar case at their feet. For the moment, Kenneth's spirits rose.

No one could tell, not even Kenneth himself—for these things depend as



entirely, as the warning sense of danger in animals, on quick instinct rather than reason or calculation—why the conviction of his hope being founded on folly and on expectations that never would be realised, fell suddenly with a cold chill on his heart.

Something in Gertrude's manner to Sir Douglas, something in Sir Douglas's manner to her; in the intense quiet gloom of Lorimer Boyd; in the fidgety and increased attention of Lady Charlotte to his uncle;—struck his excited mind as proof positive that the little comedy he had conceived might be enacted for his benefit, was *not* being played: that all was real bitter earnest: that he had vowed in vain to quit his foolish course of life and "better his condition" in more ways than one, by uniting his destiny with Gertrude Skifton's; that he had planned in vain scenes of lover-like anger, and lover-like forgiveness, when she should at length admit that she had merely joined his guardian friend in schemes of reformation; that she had no such scheme, and no *arrière pensée*, but in all singleness and truth of heart loved Sir Douglas, and was beloved by him.

Those who have been jealous,—who have known what it is to receive that

"Confirmation strong  
As proofs of Holy Writ"—

which is brought to the inner soul by looks, words, or circumstances which to uninterested spectators seem trivial, or utterly indifferent, may comprehend the revelation. It was not brought by any increased *empressement* or happy security in Sir Douglas's manner; he had always been dignified, even from boyhood, when his inimical step-mother had sneered at him as "that very gentleman-like young gentleman, Mr. Douglas Ross;" he was the last man in the world to make a public wooing of the object of his choice. Nor was Gertrude likely to indulge in that peculiar manner sometimes not very gracefully adopted by "engaged" young ladies. To a stranger and ordinary acquaintance, the very curves and indentations of the Bay of Naples could not seem more unchanged since the previous

day, than the conduct of all parties concerned. But to Kenneth, enamoured as far as his nature was capable of diverging from self, stung and shaken in the very midst of an utter security of success—and involuntarily watchful of the least sign that should confirm or alter his wavering conjectures, the meaning of all he saw was written in fire on his brain: the "Mene mene, tekeli, upharsin," that prophesied the loss of his heart's kingdom, came between him and the shining white sail of the lightly wafted boat,—even as it stole over the marble walls of the feasting monarch in Scripture. His head, aching and dizzy from the renewed excess of stimulant taken on his return from the Villa Mandorlo, became confused alike from the crowding of comfortless thoughts and the movement of the bark over the waters. He passed his hand across his brow several times as if in pain, and began talking wildly, cynically, and in a strain anything but moral, of love and lovers. The attempt to answer, or to repress his talk, only excited him the more. He was conscious, but rather as if dreaming than waking, of the expression of shame, sorrow, and anxiety which clouded his uncle's face; of the intense and deadly fear in that of Gertrude; of the utter scorn in Lorimer Boyd's; while Lady Charlotte, really angry at the things said before her daughter, but not knowing exactly how to notice them, kept biting the end of her parasol and repeating with a foolish smile, "You naughty boy, arn't you ashamed to say such wickedness before your uncle?"

Kenneth noticed her addressing him, with a hoarse laugh. "Oh, my uncle is younger than I am," he said; "we are to be boon-companions soon. I believe he is in love. Mr. Lorimer Boyd, grave Mr. Lorimer Boyd, were *you* ever in love? were you a faithful shepherd, or do you hold, as I do, with Alfred de Musset—

Aimer est le grand point,—qu'importe la maitresse?

Qu'importe le flacon pourvu qu'on ait l'ivresse?

S'il est vrai que Schiller n'ait aimé qu'Amélie, Goethe que Marguerite, et Rousseau que Julie, Que la terre . . .

what comes next? by Jove I can't recollect in the least, what comes next. Do you recollect, uncle? you're a French scholar."

Sir Douglas was looking back towards Naples. "I think we will return," said he sadly and sternly. "Kenneth, you are quite well enough to understand me when I say that your conduct here, where those present have no option but to listen to you, is an outrage on all good taste and good feeling."

Kenneth looked towards him with fierce moodiness, apparently irresolute what reply to make. Then, his eye falling on the guitar-case, he sullenly touched it with his foot. "Perhaps you think there should be no conversation at all. Singing would be better: love-songs: chansons d' adieu: 'Partant pour la Syrie,'—which, being a soldier's love-song, the French take, very properly, for their notion of a national hymn. Shall you sing again this evening, Miss Gertrude Skifton? Shall you sing us a chanson d' adieu?"

The lovely eyes were lifted to his in mute deprecation and appeal, but in vain.

"Do sing! sing us the song of last night: Adieu for evermore!"

"Kenneth, I implore—I *command* you—to be silent!" said Sir Douglas, in a voice trembling with suppressed passion.

"Silent? quite silent? very well—yes. I am *de trop* here. I'll sing an adieu myself. I'll give you an adieu in plain prose. Don't trouble yourselves to put back to Naples by way of getting rid of me; I'll give you 'adieu for evermore' without that; for I'll bear this d—d life no longer."

With the last sentence Kenneth stood up; rocking the boat, and causing Lady Charlotte to utter a series of little sharp short shrieks of terror. As he spoke the concluding words, he touched the mast lightly with his hand to steady his leap, sprang head foremost into the waves, and sank before their eyes!

Gertrude's shriek echoed her mother's. "This is my fault," she said wildly. "Save him! save him!"

Lorimer Boyd watched the water with

a keen glance. "Can any of you swim?" he said to the boatmen, laying his hand heavily on Sir Douglas's arm, who had already thrown off his coat in preparation for rescue.

"Io, Signor!" answered one of the men.

It is a strange fact that in a seafaring population like that of Naples very few of the men are able to swim; and still fewer have either courage or presence of mind in emergencies like the one which had just occurred. Many of our English sailors cannot swim. Many gentlemen in various professions, to whom that accomplishment would be not only useful, but perhaps absolutely necessary, are equally ignorant of it. When the St. Augustine college at Canterbury was established, it was resolved that even those who were preparing for holy orders should learn to swim; more than one of the pious and energetic followers of George Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, having lost their lives from incapacity in this respect.

One man and one only, on board the Neapolitan bark of pleasure which bore Kenneth and his companions, could swim. That one had been a coral-diver, and, in the exercise of his dangerous profession, many a bold and daring feat, many a narrow and hair-breadth escape, had been his.

"Io, Signore!"

And, while he spoke, he stood half-naked, watching, as Lorimer Boyd watched, across the waters near at hand,—for the wretched, beautiful, drunken youth who ought to rise there, or somewhere thereabouts. A dreadful watch.

But Kenneth was cumbered, not only with the will to perish,—the will of a drunken languid man,—but the clothing he had almost mechanically adopted in preparation for a moonlight return to Naples, over the chilly waters of the sun-forsaken sea.

A heavy fur pelisse, strapped and fastened at the throat, in addition to the usual over-coat, made Kenneth's habiliments a dreadful chance against his safety from that self-sought grave. The merciful chance was in his favour, that



the coral-diver, Giuseppe, was one of the crew that day.

While others of the crew were exclaiming and praying to saints and Madonnas, this man stripped to the last and lightest of garments, and watched and waited; and, when the involuntary rising of the drunken suicide took place, he was there to rescue him.

There was no struggle. Kenneth was utterly insensible when Giuseppe swam towards the bark, which neared him as far as was practicable. The difficulty was to get both on board. That also was accomplished at last, and the bark was steered towards the haven it had so lately left.

## CHAPTER XII.

### BITTER PANGS.

SNATCHED from death,—but pale, insensible, and apparently dying in spite of rescue, Kenneth Ross was borne on shore, and taken to the luxurious lodging in the Palazzo on the Chiaja, which he had so lately left in the pride and strength of youthful manhood. Sir Douglas accompanied him; loth to lose sight of him even for the purpose of escorting Gertrude to the Villa Mandóro. Lorimer Boyd would see her and her mother home.

To Lorimer Boyd, her father's friend and her own, Gertrude Skifton resolved to confide the agitating events of the morning: to beseech his intervention with this hot-headed and reckless young man, and to endeavour in some way to arrange so as to spare Sir Douglas the pain of knowing what had occurred between him and Gertrude.

"I am sure," she said, "you will forgive me for appealing to you, Mr. Boyd. Your constant kindness to my father,—for many a weary day of suffering and illness,—and your tender compassion to myself and my poor mother, make me look to you almost as a second father, as a friend who will not forsake or think anything a trouble. Do not let Sir Douglas know what has passed. I owe to *you* all my first knowledge of him: of his goodness, his unselfishness,

his courage, his loveable qualities. Of course, when I saw him—(and here poor Gertrude both smiled and blushed) seeing him rather surprised me. I had imagined a much older and sterner man. He is so gentle. . . He is so good. . . I cannot understand how Mr. Kenneth Ross could venture to vex and anger him. But I rely on you: on *you*, entirely, dear Mr. Boyd, to smooth away all difficulties, and prevent Mr. Kenneth Ross from being injured, and Sir Douglas from being vexed; and I am sure you will manage this—for my sake!"

What if Lorimer Boyd winced under this appeal,—this placing him in the rank of a "second father," while it placed Douglas Ross (his schoolfellow and contemporary) as a hero of romance and adored lover! No sigh escaped him; no shadow clouded his friendly smile; no extra pressure of the eager little white hand extended to him told of a more than common and relied-on interest in all that concerned Gertrude Skifton. He undertook to reason with Kenneth; to endeavour to persuade him to travel; to do his best to spare a single pang to Sir Douglas; already in possession of a prospective happiness which might well repay, in Lorimer's opinion, any amount of previous pain or sacrifice.

He left the Villa Mandóro as the soft moonlight stole over its white walls and green verandahs, with a heart at rest, as to his willingness to serve the gentle girl who bid him farewell in happy trust. And she sent her whispered blessing far through the moonlight across the blossoming almond trees; down to the rippling sea which laved the shore where that Palazzo on the Chiaja covered in the unquiet night, passed by Sir Douglas by the couch of his nephew.

In the strength of youth and a good constitution, strong in spite of excess and fatigue, Kenneth struggled with the shock of his late rash attempt at suicide.

More fondly watched he could not be than by his uncle. Unconscious of all that had passed between Kenneth and Gertrude, attributing his state of mind merely to the pernicious habits

which had taken possession of him, his fondness more sensitively alive than ever, after the horrible danger which had been averted, Sir Douglas sate alternately watching and reading by the bedside of the reckless young man; giving remedies; speaking from time to time in a soothing tone of tenderness which seemed to lull the half-conscious mind; waiting for clearer thought, and more exact answers, as to the grief of heart which had impelled him to that folly and sin.

No clue, however remote, to the real cause had reached him. As he gazed from time to time at the pallid beautiful face, with the damp curls still clustering heavily round the brow, he pleased himself with a peaceful dream of the aid Gertrude might give hereafter to his efforts at reclaiming this prodigal; and imaged to himself the sweet irresistible voice pleading, even more successfully than he himself could plead, the cause of virtue and the value of tranquil rational days.

Towards day-dawn Kenneth became entirely himself—conscious, and miserable; conscious, and fiercely angry. To the gentle inquiries which hitherto had either received a confused response or none, he at length made fierce, sullen, but coherent replies.

“You think me drunk or wandering,” he said; “you are mistaken. I have my senses as perfectly as you have yours. I know you. I know all your treachery and cruelty: all that you have plotted and contrived: all that your coming to Naples was intended to effect, and has effected. I know that, hearing of my love and Gertrude’s beauty, you came here predetermined to outwit me: that Lorimer Boyd has assisted you in every step you took. That, while you affected to be endeavouring to reform me, you were undermining the very roots by which I held to life: and, while you spoke to me of marriage and a steady peaceful future, you were mocking me with a parcel of meaningless words.”

“Kenneth, Kenneth, my own poor lad, do try to be rational. I am here, beside you; longing to serve you; ready to make any sacrifice for you; loving

you in spite of all error, with as deep a love as ever one man felt for another. Trust me, my boy; trust me! tell me your vexations: something more than common weighs upon you: if I can lift it away, do you think I will not do it? My dear lad, try me.”

As he spoke he leaned eagerly, tenderly, over the pillow, looking into those dim wild eyes, as if to read the thoughts of the speaker.

Kenneth closed them with a groan. Then, lifting the hot weary lids, with a fierce glance at his uncle, he muttered, “You mock me even now. I tell you, you have yourself ruined my destiny. You spoke to me of marriage, of reforming my life, of purity, of peace. You, you have deprived me of all chance of them. Gertrude Skifton was my dream of peace and purity and marriage, and you have taken her from me. She loved me. I know she loved me—till you came to poison her mind against me,—you who swore to protect me.”

“Kenneth,” said Sir Douglas, in a solemn tone, “Do not mock the name of love with such blasphemy, for the sake of vexing me! Do you forget that this very morning, in this very apartment, I saw the companions of your dissipated hour, and witnessed a scene incompatible with any thought of a future of peace and purity, such as you speak of desiring to attain?”

“What of that?” passionately exclaimed his nephew. “Will you persuade me you yourself have lived the life of an anchorite, pitching your tent for ever among preachers and puritans? I tell you, whatever you witnessed this morning, that I loved Gertrude Skifton; ay, and Gertrude Skifton loved me—and, if she has accepted you, it is because that worldly idiot, her mother, has persuaded her to do so; persuaded her that it is better than marrying me,—a half-ruined man,—and nearly as good a thing as catching the Prince Colonna.

“Good God!” continued he wildly, raising himself on his elbow, and looking fiercely in his uncle’s face—“do you forget that we were together every day for two months before you ever came amongst us? Do you suppose I believe that you



came all the way to Naples for me, and not for her? You lecture me; you preach to me; you tell me of my profligacy, my extravagance, and the Lord knows what besides. I choose for my wife a good pure girl, of good family, with a fortune of her own, with everything that may give me a chance of rescue, and you come and take her from me! I tell you I curse the day you ever meddled with my affairs and me. I tell you, if you marry this girl, you are marrying the woman *I* love, and who loves *me*; loves *me*, not you, whatever she or her mother may persuade you to the contrary. Ask all Naples whom she was supposed to favour before you came between us! Ask your own conscience whether you have not sought to divide us, knowing that fact. Ask *her*, whom I reproached this morning, and whom I curse in my heart at this moment for her wanton caprice; I curse you both. I hope the pain at my heart may pour poison into yours; I hope heaven will make a blight that shall fall on your marriage, if ever it does take place, and turn all that seemed to promise happiness into gall, wormwood, and bitterness. I hope——”

“Oh God, Kenneth—cease!”

It was all Sir Douglas could say. He said it with ashy, trembling lips. His face was as pale as that of the half-drowned man who cursed him now from his pillow.

It was all false; cruelly false; that he had known of this love; that he had plotted against it, that he had “outwitted” his nephew. It was all false, he trusted (nay, knew), that Gertrude would accept him merely from ambition. Surely she might pretend to far, far greater rank and fortune than he could offer her! It was all false that he came to Naples knowing of this intimacy. Of this Lorimer Boyd had spoken never a word in his letter. But one thing remained true: and that one thing went near to break his heart. He was Kenneth’s rival. Kenneth! his petted, idolized, spoilt boy, his more than child, on whom he had poured the double love bestowed on his dead brother and on himself. The scene rose

up before him of that brother’s death-bed. Of the bruised painful groaning death; of the wild fair woman; of the little curly-headed child sitting at the pillow, smiling in his face, thinking he was the doctor come to cure all that shattered frame and restore his father; of his brother’s imploring prayer to protect little Kenneth and not to disown him!

And now, there he lay,—that curly-headed child,—a wayward angry man just escaped by God’s mercy from the crime of self-murder, and declaring his life blighted by the very man who had sworn to protect him.

Kenneth’s rival!

Sir Douglas turned that bitter thought over and over in his mind; watching through the comfortless night,—long after opiates and exhaustion had quieted that bitter tongue, and given temporary peace to that perturbed heart.

Kenneth’s rival!

How to escape from that one strange depressing thought! how to make all those reproaches seem vague and senseless, as the sound of the storm-wind sweeping over the surging sea!

In the morning he would see Gertrude; she would speak of this; they would consult together; something then might be contrived and executed to soothe and save Kenneth. Till he saw Gertrude, Sir Douglas would resolve on nothing.

But, when the morning came, and the bright early day permitted him, after the restless hours of that long, long night, to seek the home that sheltered her more peaceful slumbers—she told him nothing!

The serene loving eyes again lifted to his face seemed without a secret in their transparent depths; and yet, of all that stormy yesterday, that scene of reproach which Kenneth had vaguely alluded to, not a word was breathed.

Sir Douglas would not ask her. His heart seemed to choke in his breast as often as he thought to frame the words that might solve his doubts. Was it all delirium? Was it possible Kenneth had so much “method in his madness” as to rave of scenes that never took place, and feelings that were imaginary?

Was it a dream? or had Sir Douglas indeed passed this wretched night, cursed by the being he had loved better than all else in the world till he met with Gertrude? If it was not a dream, what could he do? How extricate himself from that position of grief?

Almost, when Gertrude said tenderly, "You look so weary, I cannot bear to think of the night you must have gone through,"—*almost* the answer burst forth—"Yes, it has been a bitter night!—is it true? Oh! tell me if it is true? Am I poor Kenneth's rival?"

But the soft eyes, in their undisturbed love, dwelling quietly on him, on her mother, on all objects round her, seemed for ever to lull the wild question away.

He would stay with Gertrude till it was likely Kenneth would be awake and stirring, after all the exhaustion and the long slumber that follows an opiate; and then he would have a quieter explanation with that young angry mind; and learn how much or how little was unremembered delirium, and how much

was truth, in the ravings of the night before.

Gertrude walked with him through the long pergola, under the trailing vines, out to the very verge of the seaward terrace, from whence by a rocky path a short cut would lead him to the Chiaja.

He looked back after they had parted, and saw her still watching him; the tender smile still lingered on her lips; her folded arms rested on the low marble wall which bounded the terrace. The morning light fell in all its freshness on her candid brow and wavy chestnut hair, and deepened into sunshine while he gazed.

It was an attitude of peace and tranquil love. He paused for a few seconds to contemplate her; returned her smile (somewhat sadly), and hastened onwards to greet Kenneth at his wakening—for it was now some hours since he had left him, and Sir Douglas felt restless till some more intelligible explanation should succeed the frenzy of the night before.

*To be continued.*

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### HELEN GREY.

BECAUSE one loves you, Helen Grey,  
Is that a reason you should pout,  
And like a March wind veer about,  
And frown, and say your shrewish say?  
Don't strain the cord until it snaps,  
Don't split the sound heart with your wedge,  
Don't cut your fingers with the edge  
Of your keen wit; you may, perhaps.

Because you're handsome, Helen Grey,  
Is that a reason to be proud?  
Your eyes are bold, your laugh is loud,  
Your steps go mincing on their way;  
But so you miss that modest charm  
Which is the surest charm of all:  
Take heed, you yet may trip and fall,  
And no man care to stretch his arm.

Stoop from your cold height, Helen Grey,  
Come down, and take a lowlier place,  
Come down, to fill it now with grace;  
Come down you must perforce some day:  
For years cannot be kept at bay,  
And fading years will make you old;  
Then in their turn will men seem cold,  
When you yourself are nipped and grey.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



## GLIMPSES OF MAGYAR LAND.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

LONDON, New York, and Paris—so we are told repeatedly in the newspapers of these monster capitals—are cosmopolite cities. I do not dispute a statement endorsed by such high authority; but, personally, I have never been able to appreciate its truth. You meet a good number of Englishmen about the Rue de Rivoli; it is not uncommon to hear French spoken in the purlieus of Leicester Square; and Germans swarm round Sixth Avenue in the Empire City. But, if any visitor to either of these capitals ever fancies, under any conceivable circumstances, that he is in other than a French, English, or American city respectively, all I can say is, that his imaginative faculties are far greater than my own. The only really cosmopolite places I have ever seen have been certain provincial towns viewed under exceptional circumstances. The “Cannebière” at Marseilles on the days when the Indian mail is about to sail; the coffee-room of the Adelphi at Liverpool when the Cunard packet is lying in the Mersey with her fires ready banked; the Trave Graben at Lubeck when the town is crowded with northward-bound passengers waiting for the breaking of the ice—all these places are, in the true meaning of the term, cosmopolitan. Within their area no single nationality appears to be the dominant one; no language sounds strange amidst the general Babel of tongues; no costume or attire strikes you as remarkable. The only people who seem out of their places are the native inhabitants. What becomes of them when the tide of travellers has rolled on? They appear to exist only for the convenience and comfort of the wayfaring public; and it is hard to realize that they do not vanish when their mission is accomplished. All readers of De Foe’s great

work must have wondered what became of Friday when Robinson Crusoe passed away from him into the unknown world. So I have often thought of what becomes of the Continental Fridays to whom we travellers are Crusoes. As *voituriers*, *valets de place*, *couriers*, and so forth, they seem to form a humbler part of ourselves, to be inferior members, who derive their existence from belonging to our superior organization. How do they manage to survive separation from the source of life?

Reflections of this sort were forced once more upon me as I stood one day, not many weeks ago, in the station of the Nord-Bahn in Vienna, waiting for the departure of the Constantinople express. There is something Oriental in the light marble pillars, the Saracenic arches, the rich inlaid roof of that Alhambra-looking court, which seems to overthrow the notion that all railway architecture must of necessity be hideous and sombre. The tessellated pavement, the recesses where the tickets are delivered, the broad marble staircases leading up to the waiting-rooms, were covered with a dense motley crowd. Austrian officers in their snow-white uniform; Hungarians in Hessians and braided surtouts, and dark woollen caps; Magyar ladies, with their quaint little pork-pie hats set rakishly on one side, so that the cock’s feather surmounting them inclines at an angle of forty-five; Polish Jews, with their long grease-stained coats hanging to their heels, and their greasy-plaited ringlets pouring down over their shoulders; Englishmen in that peculiar attire which we have invented for the occasion of travel, and that occasion only; Servian peasants covered with their heavy woolskins; sallow Greeks with red fezes, and with nothing white about

them except the cigarettes they keep smoking perpetually; puffy Turks in baggy trousers, and accompanied by ladies closely veiled; French commercial travellers; men whose air and gait and dress seem a compound of those adopted by every nation I am acquainted with, and yet altogether unlike any of them, and whom therefore I take to belong to the united Moldavo-Wallachian principalities;—formed some of the chief constituent elements of that mass of mongrel humanity. On every side you heard around you the sound of different languages, spoken in every variety of accent. The good-natured Austrian porters, civillest and most willing of any railway officials in the world, laboured heartily to reduce the chaos into something like order. But, with the exception of the clerks and porters, the German element was at a discount. In the midst of the crowd there were a few steady Viennese citizens, going to the outlying towns of Wagram or Gänzersdorf; but, even in their own city, on the threshold of their own homes, they obviously felt themselves to be in the way. What business had a man to be going a half hour's journey, when his fellow-travellers were bound for the Golden Horn, or Odessa, or Bucharest, or Tiflis, or any out-of-the-way locality in the far-off Eastern world? Anybody, who, like myself, has ever gone as far as, let us say Reigate or Tunbridge, with the train that bears the Indian mail, must sympathise, as I did, with the sense of unworthiness which obviously depressed these worthy German burghers. It was something to be eastward-bound, as I was, even to so short a distance as the capital of Hungary. From the moment you had entered the station you felt as if you had left behind you the civilization of the West: you understood how it was that the kingdom in which you stood was called, in its true name, the Empire of the East.

I had intended to go on as far as Belgrade. I mention this fact and the reason why I did not fulfil my purpose, to show how soon in these parts you

get beyond the reach of ordinary means of locomotion. To any diligent student,—as I am, by necessity,—of Reuter's telegrams, these Danubian regions seem strangely familiar. Whenever nothing else is stirring we have always a batch of interesting information, forwarded by telegram, of the relations between Prince Milosch of Serbia and the Turkish Governor of Belgrade; or else we are told that there has been another ministerial crisis in Wallachia, in consequence of which Prince Couza is either going or not going to abdicate. Thanks to this source of information, I—and I suppose most newspaper readers—know more about the internal politics of the Danubian countries than I do about those of Holland or Switzerland. Then, too, I had lately learnt that I, in common with all other members of the Established Church, had acquired the inestimable privilege of being in communion with the Church of Serbia. The stress with which this gratifying intelligence was impressed upon me by high ecclesiastical authorities led me to suppose that the process of availing myself of my privilege of admission to the fold of the Church of Serbia could not be attended with any insuperable difficulties. A right of way must, I thought, exist to the new field of religious ministration to which I was now admitted. It proved however that neither my political information nor my ecclesiastical privileges could be turned to any practical advantage. I could have discussed with Prince Milosch Obrenowitch the comparative advantages of the Servo-Austrian and Servo-Russian alliance; I could have offered my hand in the brotherhood of faith to the Metropolitan of our Servian co-religionists; but, unfortunately, I could not get to Serbia at all. Upon the map, nothing seems easier than to reach Belgrade. The railroad takes you, in some seventeen hours, from Vienna to Basiasch, a landing-place on the Danube about twenty miles below Belgrade. But between Basiasch and Belgrade there is absolutely no means of communication. I made many inquiries at



Vienna as to how I could reach the Serbian capital; but, beyond a surmise, of doubtful authority, that I might reach it by means of a steamer, which went at rare intervals from Pesth to Semlin, from which town you might possibly get permission to visit Belgrade under the supervision of a guide, I could find no clue as to how Belgrade was to be attained to. Everybody united in assuring me that when I got to Basiasch I should be as far, practically, from Belgrade as if I was in Vienna; and so, my time being limited, I reluctantly resolved to stop at Pesth.

I had, indeed, thought of going to Basiasch and coming back again simply with a view of seeing something more of Hungary than I should do otherwise. But everybody I spoke to threw such cold water on my project that I abandoned it. When you have travelled over a dozen miles in Hungary you have seen the country. Such was the assurance I received from everybody; and my subsequent experience confirmed its truth. Hungary has one singular recommendation, as a land to travel in, namely, that it contains absolutely nothing, or next to nothing, that a traveller is bound to see. Before I started on my journey eastwards I made many researches in the book-shops of the Austrian capital to find a guide for Hungary, but my researches were utterly in vain. The booksellers had never heard of such a work; and the nearest approach to it was an excellent handbook of the Austrian empire, in which, out of three hundred closely-printed pages, fourteen only are devoted to Hungary. The plain truth is, that, if you want to travel in Magyar land at all, you must either go by the Danube, or by the railroad from Vienna to Basiasch—with its two branches to Arad and Debreczin—or by the line from Vienna to Ofen. If you want to go to any place not on these main routes of travel, I presume you would have to post across country by any conveyance you could charter. High-roads there are next to none; and public conveyances for any distance there are none at all. The two

railroads that exist are constructed rather for military purposes than for commercial ends; and, in the portions of the country not traversed by these lines, a tourist traveller is well-nigh unknown. I wanted to see something of Hungary, and practically I found the only thing I could do was to go from Vienna to Pesth by railway, and return the same way. Owing to the lateness of the season and the lowness of the water in the Danube, the boats were not running above Neu Szoeny; and therefore, if I went at all, I was obliged to go by land.

I have no wish in these cursory remarks to decide upon the Austro-Magyar question. I can only give such few observations, derived from the material aspect of the country, as cannot fail to strike any traveller who has acquired by experience some power of using his eyes. And, on such a traveller, the one predominant impression, left by such a journey as I made, must be the extraordinary difference in material development between Hungary and German Austria. Of all the countries I am acquainted with, there are few in which civilization is more perfect, or the external evidences of prosperity more general, than the German provinces of the Austrian empire. Vienna itself is one of the most luxurious of European capitals; and yet, the moment you have crossed the March, you seem to have gone back a century in time. Thirty odd miles from the Kaiser-Stadt, and you are in Hungary.

It was a dull colourless day, on both occasions, when I travelled across the Hungarian land. Possibly my impressions may have been tinged with the influence of those grey shifting clouds, which kept on floating across the sky leaving between their interstices glimpses of deep banks of cloud yet more dull and lustreless. But the panorama, as I recall it to my mind's vision, is one of intense dreariness. For a time we passed through vineyards and pleasant German towns; then again we skirted the grand Danube stream, with its hills and castles; but, ere long, we turned into that great endless plain which

stretches—so books of useful knowledge tell us—from the North Sea to the Ural Mountains. Plain, I suppose, it should be called ; but here at the outskirts of the mountains it is more like an earth sea, over which a storm has passed and has not yet subsided. It is a sort of rolling prairie without verdure. Great wide billows of dun-coloured fields stretch on every side. Hedges there are none, trees not many, and villages few and far between. You look out of your carriage window, and see a great bare expanse of broken ground. Flocks of tall lean scraggy sheep are browsing on the short cropped pasture, guarded by wild, sheepskin-clad shepherds : then you come upon a space of shifting sand, over which the dust flies in heavy clouds as your train goes whirling by : then there comes a brook, whose waters have cut a channel, ten times too large for their normal use, through the sand-bank ravines in which they creep along slowly : herds of small, wiry, unkempt horses, and lean, dun-coloured kine, are treading down their way, through the heavy, hoof-mashed soil, to the turbid water. And then once more you pass to the broken ground and the bare, fallow, boundless fields. On again, and the train's whistle sounds shrilly ; and you dash across a beaten sand-track which serves in lieu of road,—where country carts, formed of three planks, stuck between poles and drawn by oxen, are waiting patiently for the train to pass. Perhaps ever and anon you will see there also the light, high-wheeled iron cars in which the Magyar gentry drive over their heavy roads, with the two mettlesome horses—whose harness hangs so loosely about them that they hardly seem to be fastened to the pole at all—plunging desperately at the sound of the rattling train. Far in the grey distance appears the quaint, cupola-like steeple of a church ; now there are a troop of cavalry riding in loose marching order across the open fenceless country ; now there is a gipsy camp, more tattered, ragged, and wretched-looking than even its English compeers ; and then your eyes grow weary of seeing, again and again,

the dull bare expanse of field. The towns, somehow, always lie off the line of the railroad—the villages generally do ; but still, at rare intervals, you go right through a Hungarian village. The low cottages are, or rather once were, white-washed, the roofs are thatched with rusty straw ; the dwellings lie in straight lines, much after the fashion of an encampment ; the road between the houses is one mass of slush, intersected with deep ruts and interspersed with pools of stagnant water. Everybody and everything seems covered with many coatings of primeval dirt ; the children are sprawling barefoot and half-clad in the place where a gutter would be, if such a thing existed ; pigs are grubbing about, anywhere ; and everything would be out of order, if there was any place in which anything was ever expected to stand. Still, in spite of all, there is none of the air of squalid misery you see about Polish villages of a similar class ;—the people look healthy and strong enough ; the cottages not uncomfortable after their sort, well built to keep out the cold, and not fallen into decay ; but dirty beyond description. So you pass on—you read or fall asleep, and look out again, and see no change in the prospect around you. Still you are traversing the bare, bleak, brown fields ; and the only difference is that the ground seems to be growing slowly flatter and less broken, and the dreary expanse yet drearier. You look in vain for the pine forests which line the railroads across the plains of Poland. The forests have long been cleared away, if they ever existed. Near the Danube, or indeed wherever the means of transport exists, the land is cultivated—roughly enough, but still carefully—and brings forth a rich return. In the harvest-time, when the plains are covered with the golden crops, the scene may not be wanting in a beauty of its own ; but in the late winter months, when the ground is bare, the outlook of the country is strangely dreary. You count the stations as they pass ; try if you can discover any resemblance between the names called out by the guards and the



strange-sounding un-European names, as you read them in your guide-book, of Gran Nana and Dioszeg and Tot-Magyar and Dunakesz; and experience a feeling of strange relief when at last you see on the horizon the thousand lights of Ofen sparkling above the Danube.

Indeed, if you wish to see Pesth in its best aspect you should see it by night. Standing in the evening, when the lamps are lit, upon the grand suspension bridge which spans the Danube, you seem to stand in view of a city of palaces. Beneath your feet the great deep river rolls silently along, sparkling with the reflection of the lights which line either bank. On your left, looking eastwards, there stretch the noble blocks of buildings which succeed each other along the quays of Pesth. On your right is the steep precipitous hill upon whose slopes Ofen is built. The dark frowning mass of the Blocksberg forts towers above your head; and, on the side of the hill, there seem to rise terraces after terraces of marble palaces. No city that I know of looks more grandiose by night—I use a French word for lack of an appropriate English one—than that of Pesth and Ofen. In the daytime, the view of the Ofen side, and of the grand sweep the Danube takes as it passes round the foot of the Blocksberg, and then flows gently into the open plain, is singularly striking; but, as far as the town itself is concerned, the grandeur of its look vanishes altogether with the glare of day. The difference of Pesth by day and Pesth by night is like that between a theatre at a morning rehearsal and a theatre in the full glare and glory of gaslight. The marble-looking palaces of the Blocksberg turn out to be long, white-washed, barrack-like buildings; the grand blocks of houses along the quays prove to be dilapidated warehouses, with no pretence to architectural beauty. The quays themselves are disfigured with low sheds and wooden hoardings and petty hucksters' stalls. And so, the more you become acquainted with the Hungarian capital, the more you are struck with the contrast between the first aspect and

that revealed by closer inspection. In the Palatin and the other great streets there are a few magnificent blocks of houses, as fine as you would see in Paris, or New York; but the vast majority of the houses are low, one-storied dwellings. So, too, there are a few handsome stores; but, as a rule, the shops are of a third-rate description. Everything is untidy; nothing is completely finished; the streets are wretchedly paved; footpaths there are very few; and the private carriages and droschkis dash about with a recklessness trying to the nerves of an inexperienced visitor. I was reminded constantly of the accounts I have read of Ireland, a country which I know only from books. In the midst of the finest streets you would come on a mass of rubbish encumbering the road, which obviously had lain there for many a day; the best buildings would be disfigured by some strange evidence of carelessness in the shape of plaster that had been chipped away, or hoardings that had been left standing. The omnibuses that plied in every direction about the streets looked so tumbledown, you felt reluctant to venture within them. The vehicles for hire, excellent as they are, were always out of order in some way or other. The varnish of the whole place, in fact, was rubbed off, and nobody thought it necessary to replace it. Yet, notwithstanding this, Pesth has not the air of a decaying city—of a town which has known better days. On the contrary, it has about it an unmistakable look of prosperity, shiftless if you will, but still genuine.

To a man tired of sight-seeing as a professional duty, Pesth has the merit of not having anything much to offer in the way of sights. The fortifications of the Blocksberg, which have been constructed since 1849, and from which the town could be laid in ashes within a few hours, would probably be well worth visiting; but then it is impossible to inspect them, or even to walk round them, without an express telegraphic permission from the Minister of War at Vienna; and this permission is

most reluctantly granted. So this sight is practically out of the question ; and even Baedeker, the most exacting of guides, does not even suggest anything the stranger at Pesth ought to see, except a museum of antiquities. In fact, the idle traveller can find no especial occupation, except to stroll about the streets. When I was there, the town was very gay with flags and colours in honour of the approaching elections ; moreover, the sky was bright and blue with more than an Italian beauty ; but, in common times, Pesth, I should fancy, cannot be a lively sojourning-place for the friendless stranger. Still, there is a strange sort of novelty in a consciousness—very clearly felt, though not very easily explained—that you have got outside of the circle of Western life, and thought, and habits. Hats are absolutely unknown. With the exception of a few old-fashioned Jews, I never saw a person wearing the chimney-pot covering of Western Europe throughout Hungary. Bonnets, too, are very far from general. The men universally wear a dark head-dress, resembling a Spanish muleteer's cap, made of wool instead of felt ; the women wear little saucy-looking round hats, often of that shape called—why or wherefore I know not—"billy-cock." This attire, coupled with the high boots and the braid with which the coat and trousers are covered, gives a sort of operatic aspect to the people. The Count of "La Somnambula" appears before you in real life ; the stage nobleman sits opposite to you in the café ; the aristocratic libertine, of dramatic fame, is that gay young Magyar lounging across the room in those tight, close-fitting unmentionables, revealing in their symmetry the graceful forms not covered by the short shell-jacket. Somehow, it is difficult to form a serious judgment of a nation in which elderly gentlemen, however stout and puffy, envelop their lower persons in the tightest of garments, and cover their breasts with frogs and lappets. The prejudice is, of course, absurd ; but it is not, I suspect, without its influence on English observers.

Germans always tell you that the Magyars are frivolous and *leichtsinnig* ; and, when you see them in their own land, and in their native garb, you can hardly resist the impression that the charge is not utterly unfounded. Yet, on the other hand, if a passionate love of amusement is to be considered a mark of frivolity, it hardly becomes the Austrians to complain of the frivolousness of the Hungarians. Well-nigh every other house in Vienna seems to be a place of amusement or entertainment. I once asked a philosophic German how all the Viennese licensed victuallers could find a living ; and the answer was, that they never ate in their own establishments, and passed the day in other people's coffee-houses. But this explanation, though plausible, is hardly satisfactory. Seriously, I should think that, relatively to the population, there must be more theatres, dancing-rooms, music-halls, beer-cellars, and so on, in Vienna than in any other city of the civilized globe. But Pesth, with its hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, is as devoid of public places of entertainment as if it was an English provincial town. There were two theatres open when I was there—one where Hungarian, the other where German was the language used—and both of which were supported at Government expense. But, beyond this, there was very little of any public amusement whatever. The cafés were comparatively few in number, and were heavy, sombre resorts, where elderly gentlemen pored all day long over newspapers, and smoked silently. Dancing-rooms and music-halls there may have been, and probably were, in the lower parts of the town ; but, with the exception of a café where gipsy-music was performed by gitanos—who bore as much resemblance to the real Bohemian as an Ethiopian serenader does to a negro—I discovered nothing which could be visited by a stranger who was not desirous of "seeing life" in Pesth under the guidance of a *valet de place*. How far the Hungarian capital deserves its reputation for immorality, is a point concerning which it is impossible for



a mere casual visitor to form much opinion. At night the streets, in certain respects, resemble those of an English rather than a continental town ; but our own experience ought to teach us that the publicity of vice is not necessarily evidence of general profligacy.

One large town is very like another ; and, as I have said, Pesth has very little to distinguish it from any other city of the same size, except the peculiar costume of the people. Having pretty well exhausted it in a couple of days, and having strolled about the streets till I knew them by heart, I asked an acquaintance to tell me of some place in the neighbourhood I could drive out to see. He informed me, first of all, that there were no excursions worth making, and it was only when I assured him that I wanted to see the environs, and did not care where I went, that he suggested a drive to Palota, the country-seat of the Karolys. The advice, as it happened, was well given ; no excursion of half a day could well show you more of the country round Pesth. The new and handsome part of the town, such as it is, lies close to the Danube ; the suburbs stretch far away inland. Long, broad, straggling streets of low white-washed and red-tiled houses lead out into the open country. Our route lay along the high road to Vienna, the chief post-road in all Hungary ; and yet we had hardly got beyond the houses when we found ourselves in a sort of Slough of Despond. The road in parts was knee-deep in sand and mud ; loose stones lay in the midst ; large ruts traversed it in every direction. My open carriage was happily a light one, and, for a long time, but little rain had fallen ; otherwise the two sturdy horses, which drew the vehicle, could hardly have pulled it along. Yet the road had not fallen out of repair for want of use ; it was crowded with carts and omnibuses passing to and fro between the capital and its suburb of New Pesth. The road was not repaired, because it is somehow not the way in Hungary to keep roads in order ;

this was the only explanation I could get. Our way led us by the great city burying-ground. To any one coming from Germany the slovenliness of this cemetery was absolutely astonishing. From the desolate look of the place—overgrown with weeds and surrounded by scrubby hedges, broken down and intersected with gaps—you would have thought the graveyard was no longer used ; yet, only a couple of days before, some thirty thousand people had assembled there, on All Souls' day, to pray for the souls of the dead. Everywhere there was the same air of shiftlessness. It was market-day in the suburbs, and the peasants were crowding in from the country ; the men had woollen jackets and trousers, which seemed to consist of strips of common cloth tied with string round their legs ; the women had, for the most part, short blue stuff dresses—made, I should guess, at Manchester—naked feet, and legs bare up to the knee. The women, as a rule, were the beasts of burden. Going townwards, they carried fruits and eggs and wood ; coming homewards, their shoulders were loaded with net-sacks, stuffed with huge, disc-like loaves of black coarse bread. Both men and women were a fine, well-built race, bronzed and tanned and weather-beaten ; ingrained with dirt, utterly unacquainted with water. Still, dirty as they were, their dirt—so, at least, it seemed from distant inspection—was dry, not unwholesome dirt. I should be sorry, as far as my experience goes, to sleep under the same roof with the ordinary peasantry of any country I have seen—except, perhaps, those of the United States ; but, if I had to do so, I would as soon take my chance with the Hungarian as with any other. Wild and savage-looking as they were, they had a certain look of independence and manliness about them, not quite visible in a corresponding class in more favoured lands. Moreover, amidst the universal dirt and disorder, there was no absolute appearance of poverty. Beggars were not common ; and rags were rare.

Far and near, everything seemed to

belong to Count Karoly. If my driver was to be believed, the head of the house was a man of fabulous wealth; and certainly there was every indication of one of those great landed estates which we are accustomed to consider peculiar to England. But—and this is the circumstance which struck me most in the whole excursion—in order to reach Palota, we left the high road some few miles out of Pesth, and struck across fields. I am using these words literally, not metaphorically. We drove for a mile or thereabouts over one of those bleak bare fields, of which I had seen such an endless series on my journey through Hungary. There was no road: there was nothing except the mark of wheel-ruts to show us the direction we had to take. I thought at first my coachman had missed his way, then that he had taken a short cut across country. But it seemed that this was the regular route between Palota and the metropolis—a distance possibly of eight miles. Traversing the bleak expanse of fields, we came upon a splendid private race-course, built for the use of the Karoly family; then we entered a private park, with handsome lodges; then we passed through a beautifully laid out private-garden. There were scores of labourers employed in the park, clearing the autumn leaves from the paths, and carrying the frost-nipped flowers under shelter. Most undeservedly, I was supposed to be a guest going to call at the "Great House;" and everybody I met touched his hat to me with an almost obsequious respect. My conductor was anxious I should call at the mansion, declaring that strangers were always welcome; but, learning that the house was occupied, I declined visiting it. So I was taken through the great stable-yard, where English grooms were loitering about, and out into the model village of Palota, which the Count had constructed for the benefit of his labourers. The houses were comfortable and cosy-looking enough; but the stain of dirt hung about them everywhere. Standing in the midst of the village was the private chapel, which the Karolys had built as the resting-place of their

race. Whether architecturally it was in good taste or not, is another question. But there could be no doubt about its splendour, still less about its costliness. The chapel was ornamented with statues, ordered, for the purpose, from Tene-rani of Rome, and was decked out with Florentine mosaics. "Regardless of expense" was, in fact, the epithet with which one felt inclined to describe the edifice. Everybody at Pesth spoke of Count Karoly as a model of public-spirited and energetic proprietors; and all I saw led me to suppose the praise was justified. Yet this nobleman, who had his city residence in Pesth and his country seat at Palota, and who must have spent hundreds of thousands in beautifying and improving the estate, had never taken the trouble to connect his park with the highway to Pesth by a common carriage road. The highest praise I heard given to the Count by everybody was, that he was a true Magyar; and so I believe he is, both for good and bad.

One of the subjects I felt most curious to learn about was the extent to which the Austrians had Germanized Hungary. I had seen a great deal, in Schleswig-Holstein and Jutland, of the process of what is called in Teutonic treatises "*Germanizirung*." You may be the most zealous admirer of the Danes; but, if you are able to observe facts, you cannot doubt for one moment that the Teutonic element is gradually driving the Scandinavian out of the field, as far as the Cimbrian peninsula is concerned. No matter what Copenhagen politicians may choose to assert, the decline of the Scandinavian element as compared with the Teutonic is due to natural, not artificial causes. Somehow or other, the Germans in the Duchies were more energetic, more pushing, and more intelligent than their Danish fellow-subjects. They represented a greater nationality, a higher civilization. They worked harder; they were more adventurous in making money, more frugal in spending it, more fitted to succeed generally in the battle of life. So the result was that all business got into the hands of the Germans, and the



land came gradually into their possession; and Hamburg, and not Copenhagen, became the real capital of Continental Denmark. I had expected to see a very similar process going on in Hungary. In all material aspects the civilization of Austria is infinitely higher than that of the Magyar kingdom; and the Germans settled east of the Leitha must have had, for long past, not only the positive protection of the Government, but the still greater advantage of belonging to the dominant race. Yet, notwithstanding this, there were no indications that I could discover of the Magyars becoming Germanized. Everybody in Pesth spoke German; but German was obviously a foreign language. The book-stalls were filled with Hungarian books; the addresses of the candidates for election to the Diet, with which the walls of the town were then placarded, were all in Hungarian. This was the case even at Ofen, which is regarded as a German colony. And, what was even more significant, the German newspapers published in Pesth, of which there are some dozen or so, all took the part of Hungary in the Austro-Magyar quarrel, and stood up, more or less openly, for the hereditary rights of the Hungarian kingdom. As far as I could learn, there was really no class of "Deutsch-gesinnte" in Pesth. I was told that the only partizans of the Austrian centralization scheme were the poor German Jews of the city, who had been villainously ill-treated beneath the old Magyar rule, and who owed their emancipation to the comparatively tolerant rule of Austria. Since the political troubles the Magyars have made it rather a point of honour to speak their own tongue in preference to German; but, even in the days when German was the common medium of conversation in the well-to-do classes, the German settlers only acquired position and standing as they identified themselves with the ruling caste. Moreover, the German immigration never got a footing in the rural districts. Go a few miles from Pesth, and you will not find a peasant who understands any

language but his own. The fact, too, that the estates are to a great extent in the hands of large landowners, not of petty proprietors, has rendered impossible that gradual acquisition of land which proved the most powerful agency in the Germanization of Schleswig.

Such, at least, were the views on this subject expressed to me by persons I spoke to, and they appeared to be confirmed by all I saw. As to the feeling of the Hungarians with reference to Austria, I had very little means of judging. Some travelling acquaintances of mine—commercial travellers from Frankfort, who had just been making their rounds through the chief towns, and whose testimony was probably impartial enough—declared that the resolution of all classes to accept nothing less than the restoration of their lost independence was quite astonishing. About this I can say nothing. My own impression would be that the Emperor Francis Joseph was personally very popular in Hungary, but that, as the representative of Austrian unity, he could reckon on no national support whatever. This, however, is an impression derived rather from what I have read in newspapers, than from anything I actually observed. I fancy that English observers rather underestimate the difficulties of a reconciliation between Austria and Hungary. Such a reconciliation may be, and I believe is, the best thing for both kingdoms; but the past stands in the way. We, looking philosophically at the whole matter, may opine that the Kaiser is sincere; but it is difficult for a Hungarian to feel equally confident. A citizen of Pesth must be very young indeed not to remember the day when Russian troops, invited by the Emperor, were encamped as conquerors in the streets of the capital; the bloody assize which followed the repression of the rebellion cannot be forgotten yet by a people whose memory is singularly retentive; the great Blocksberg fortress hangs over the town as a perpetual menace in case the Hungarians should again incur the dis-

pleasure of the Government; the very children can recollect the stern rule of the Austrian centralists, when the attempt was made to crush out by force the nationality of Hungary. And, with the knowledge of these things fresh in their minds, it is not odd if the Hungarians distrust the tardy offers of friendship which Francis Joseph has at last been constrained to make. Passion and resentment ought to have no place in politics; but, as long as the world lasts, men will be governed much more by sentiment than by passionless reasoning.

Let me conclude by telling one story, showing how history is made. While in Pesth I asked a man, who had been a private in the national army in '48,

something about Kossuth. Immediately he burst into a description of the doings and triumphs of the great popular hero, told me that he did not believe any man in the world had ever been loved by a nation as Kossuth was, and concluded by saying that, after he had been conquered, the great Powers of Europe had exiled him to an island, where he was treated with regal honours, though not allowed to leave his island prison. I timidly suggested that perhaps my informant was thinking of the Great Napoleon; but the suggestion was so ill-received that I withdrew it at once, and forbore to mention that, the last time I had seen the Ex-Dictator, he was dining at a *table d'hôte* in an Italian hotel, as little heeded as the writer of these lines.

## CRADOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER XL.

PREVIOUS to the matters chronicled in the preceding chapter, Mr. Garnet had received a note, of which the following is a copy:—

"SIR,—My friend, Major Blazeater, late of the Hon. East India Company's 59th Regiment of Native Infantry, has kindly consented to see you, on my behalf, to request a reference to any gentleman whom you may be pleased to name, for the purpose of concerting measures for affording me that satisfaction which, as a man and a gentleman, I am entitled to expect for your cowardly and most ruffianly violence, on the 28th ultimo. I beg you to accept my sincere apologies for the delay which has occurred, and my assurance that it has been the result of circumstances entirely beyond my own control.

"I have the honour to be,

Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"RUFUS HUTTON.

"Geopharmacy Lodge, Nov. 1st, 1859."

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The circumstances beyond the fiery little doctor's control were that he could not find any one who would undertake to carry his message. When Bull Garnet read this letter—handed to him, with three great bows of the Chinese pattern, by the pompous Major Blazeater—his face flushed to a deep amethyst tinge, which subsided to the colour of cork. Then he rolled his great eyes, and placed one strong finger across the deep channels of his forehead, and said, "Let me think, sir!"

"Hurrah," said the Major to himself, "now we shall have something to redeem the honour of the age. It is a disgrace for a fellow to live in a country where he can never get satisfaction, although he gets plenty of insult."

"Major Blazeater, you will make allowances for me," resumed Mr. Garnet; "but I have never had much opportunity of becoming acquainted with the laws—the code, perhaps, I should say—which govern the honourable practice of duelling at the present day."

"No matter, my dear sir; no matter

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at all, I assure you. Your second, when I have the honour of meeting him, will settle all those little points, which are beside the general issue; we shall settle them together, sir, with the strictest regard to punctilio, and to your entire satisfaction."

"Capital fellow!" pursued the Major, in his own reflection-room; "knew he couldn't be a coward: just look at his forehead. No doubt he was perfectly justified in kicking out Rue Hutton; Rue is such an impudent beggar. Ah! referring to his pocket-book to find his military friend's address; now we shall do it in style. Glorious fellow this Garnet—shall have the very best powder. Wish I was on his side." And the Major rubbed his long brown hands upon his lanky knees.

"Will it be according to rule," asked Mr. Garnet, looking steadily ("What an eye for a pistol!" said the Major to himself), "quite according to rule and order, if I write down for you, Major Blazeater, the name of the friend to whom I refer; also the time and place at which he will be ready to discuss this little matter with you?"

"To be sure, to be sure, my dear sir; nothing could be better. Your conduct, Mr. Garnet, does you the very highest honour."

"Nothing, you think, can be objected to my course in this?—nothing against the high chivalric code of modern duelling?"

"No, my dear sir, nothing at all. Please to hand me the assignation; ha, ha, it is so pleasant—I mean the rendezvous."

Mr. Garnet handed to him a card, whereon was written: "Town Hall, Lymington, Wednesday, November 2d. Before Admiral Reale, Col. Fale, and C. Durant, Esq. Application will be made at 12 o'clock for a warrant against Rufus Hutton and Major Blazeater—Christian name unknown—for conspiring together to procure one Bull Garnet to fight a duel, against the peace of Her Majesty, and the spirit of the age."

Major Blazeater fell back in his chair;

and all his blood ran to his head. As he told his daughter afterwards, he had never had such a turn in his life. The fairest prospect blasted, the sunrise of murder quenched; what good was it to live in a world where people won't shoot one another? Bull Garnet bent his large eyes upon him, and the Major could not answer them.

"Now, Major Blazeater," said Mr. Garnet, "I shall bind you over to keep the peace, and your principal as well, and expose you to the ridicule of every sensible man in England, unless I receive by to-morrow morning's post at 10.15 A.M. an apology for this piece of infantile bravado. What a man does in hot passion, God knows, and God will forgive him for, if he truly strive to amend it—at least—at least, I hope so."

Here Mr. Garnet turned away, and looked out of the window, and perhaps it was the view of Bob that made his eyes so glistening.

"But, sir," he resumed—while the Major was wondering where on earth he should find any sureties for keeping Her Majesty's peace, which he could not keep with his wife—"sir, I look at things of this sort from a point of view diametrically opposed to yours. Perhaps you have the breadth to admit that my view *may* be right, and yours *may* be wrong."

"Nothing, nothing at all, sir, will I admit to a man who actually appoints the magistrates the custodians of his honour."

"Honour, sir, as we now regard it, is nothing more than a varnish. Justice, sir, and truth are things we can decide about. Honour is the feminine of them, and, therefore, apt to confuse a man. Major Blazeater, the only honour I have is to wish you good-morning."

"Hang it all," said the Major to himself, as he was shown out honourably, "I *have* put my foot in it this time; and won't Mrs. Blazeater give it to me? That woman finds out everything. This is now the third time I've tried to get up a snug little meeting, and the fates are all against me. Dash it, now, if I've got to pay costs, O Boadicea Blazeater,

you won't mend my gloves for a fortnight."

Major Blazeater wore very tight doedskin gloves, and was always wearing them out. Hence his appeal to the female Penates took this constricted form. The household-god of the Phœnicians, and the one whose image they affixed to the bows of their galleys, hoping to steer homewards, was (as we know from many sources) nothing but a lamb; a very rude figure, certainly, unsquare, thick-set, inelegant; but I doubt not that some grand home-truth clung to their *Agna Dea*. Major Blazeater was a lamb, whose wits only went the shearing the moment you got him upon his own hearth, and Boadicea bleated at him. He would crumple his neck up, and draw back his head, and look pleadingly at any one, as a house-lamb does on Good Friday, and feel that his father had done it before him, and he, too, must suffer for sheepishness.

Meditating sadly thus, he heard a great voice coming after him down the gravel-walk, and, turning round, was once more under Mr. Garnet's eyes. "One more word with you, if you please, sir. It will be necessary that you two warlike gentlemen should appoint a legal second. Mine will be Mr. Brockwood, who will be prepared to show that your principal was grossly inquisitive and impertinent before I removed him from my premises."

"Oh," cried the Major, delighted to find any loop-hole for escape, "that puts a new aspect upon the matter, if he gave you provocation, sir."

"He gave me as strong provocation as one man can well give another, by prying into my—domestic affairs in the presence of my son and daughter, and even tampering with my servants. He left me no other course, except to remove him from my house."

"Which you did rather summarily. My dear sir, I should have done the same. Had I been aware of these facts, I would have declined to bear his cartel. You shall receive my apology by to-morrow morning's post. I trust this

unwise proceeding—may—may not proceed any further. Your behaviour, sir, does you credit, and requires no vindication at law."

Thus spoke Major Blazeater, bowing and smiling elaborately under a combination of terrors—the law, public ridicule, expenses; worst of all, Mrs. Blazeater. The next morning Mr. Garnet received from him a letter, not only apologetic, but highly eulogistic, at which Bull Garnet smiled grimly, as he tossed it into the fire. By the same post came a letter from Rufus, to the following effect:—

"SIR,—I regret to find that your courage consists in mere brute force and power. I regard you as no longer worthy of the notice of a gentleman. The cowardly advantage you took of your superior animal strength, and your still more cowardly refusal to redress the brutal outrage, as is the manner of gentlemen, stamp you as no more than a navvy, of low mechanical brutishness. Do not think that, because I cannot meet you physically, and you will not meet me fairly, you are beyond my reach. I will have you yet, Bull Garnet; and I know how to do it. Your last ferocious outrage has set me thinking, and I see things which I must have been blind not to see before. I shall see you, some day, in the felon's dock, an object of scorn to the lowest of the low, so sure as my name is

RUFUS HUTTON.

"P.S.—I shall be at Lymington to-morrow, ready to meet you, if you dare initiate the inquiry."

Mr. Garnet did not burn this letter, but twice read it through very carefully, and then stowed it away securely. Who could tell but it might be useful as a proof of animus? During these several operations his eyes had not much of triumph in them.

Rufus Hutton rode to Lymington, carrying a life-preserver: he appeared in the Town Hall, at the petty sessions; but there was no charge made against



him. Being a pugnacious little fellow, and no lover of a peaceful issue, he had a great mind then to apply for a warrant against Garnet for assaulting him. But he felt that he had given some provocation, and could not at present justify it; and he had in the background larger measures, which might be foiled by precipitancy. So that lively broil, being unfought out and unforgiven—at least on one side—passed into as rank a feud as ever the sun went down upon. Not that Mr. Garnet felt much bitterness about it; only he knew that he must guard against a powerful enemy.

Amy had told her father, long ago, what Cradock had said to her in the churchyard, and how she had replied to him. In fact, she could not keep it to herself until she went to bed that night; but mingled her bright, flowing hair with his grey locks, while her heart was still pit-a-patting, and leaned on his shoulder for comfort, and didn't cry much before she got it. "My own dearest, life of my life," cried John, forgetting both Greek and Latin, but remembering how he loved her mother, "my own and only child—now you do look so like your mother, darling—may the God who has made you my blessing bless your dear heart in this!"

The very next day John Rosedew fell into a pit of meditation. He forgot all about Pelethronian Lapiths, the trimming of Gruter's lamp (which had long engaged him; for he knew the flame of learning there unsmuffed by any Smell-fungus): even the Sabellian elements were but as *sabellicus sus* to him. It was one of his peculiarities, that he never became so deeply abstracted as when he had to take in hand any practical question. He could take in hand any glorious thesis, such as the traces still existing of a middle voice in Latin, or the indications of very early civilization in Eubœa, and the question whether the Ionians came not mainly westward—any of these things he could think of, dwell upon, and eat his dinner without knowing salt from mustard. But he could not make a treatise of Amy, nor could he get at her etymology. He began

to think that his education had been neglected in some points. And then he thought about Socrates, and his symposiastic drolleries, and most philosophic reply when impeached of Xanthippic weakness.

Nevertheless, he could not make up his mind upon one point—whether or not it was his duty to go and inform Sir Cradock Nowell of his son's attachment. If the ancient friend had been as of old, or had only changed towards John Rosedew, continuing true all the while to the son, the parson would have felt no doubt as to how his duty lay. And the more straightforward and honest course was ever the first to open upon him. But, when he remembered how sadly bitter the father already was to the son, how he had even dared in his wrath to charge him with wilful fratricide, how he had wandered far and wide from the sanity of affection, and was, indeed, no longer worthy to be called a father, John Rosedew felt himself absolved from all parental communion.

Then how was it as to expediency? Why, just at present, this knowledge would be the very thing to set Sir Cradock yet more against the outcast. For, in the days of old confidence and friendly interfusion, he had often expressed to John his hope that Clayton might love Amy; and now he would at once conclude that Cradock had been throughout the rival of his darling, and perhaps an unsuccessful one, till the other was got rid of. Therefore John Rosedew resolved, at last, to hold his peace in the matter; to which conclusion Aunt Doxy's advice and Amy's entreaties contributed. But these two ladies, although unanimous in their rapid conclusion, based it upon premises as different as could be.

"Inform him, indeed!" cried Miss Eudoxia, swelling grandly, and twitching her shawl upon the slope of her shoulders, of which, by-the-by, she was very proud—she had heard it showed high breeding—"inform him, brother John; as if his son had disgraced him by meditating an alliance with the great granddaughter of the Earl or

Driddledrum and Dromore ! Upon such occasions, as I have always understood, though perhaps I know nothing about it, and you understand it better, John, it is the gentleman's place to secure the acquiescence of his family. Acquiescence, indeed ! What has our family ever thought of a baronetcy ? There is better blood in Amy Rosedew, Brian O'Lynn, and Cadwallader, than any Cradock Nowell ever had, or ever will have, unless it is her son. Inform him, indeed ! as if our Amy was nobody !"

"Pa, don't speak of it," said Amy, "until dear Cradock wishes it. We have no right to add to his dreadfully bad luck; and he is the proper judge. He is sure to do what is right. And, after all that he has been through, oh, don't treat him like a baby, father."

## CHAPTER XLI.

MRS. NOWELL CORKLEMORE by this time was well established at the Hall, and did not mean in her kind rich heart to quit the place prematurely. Almost every day, however, she made some feint of departure, which rendered every one more alive to the value of her presence. "How could her dear Nowell exist without her ? She felt quite sure he would come that day—yes, that very day—to fetch her, in their little simple carriage, that did shake her poor back so dreadfully"—back thrown into prominence here, being an uncommonly pretty one—"but oh, how thankful she ought to be for having a carriage at all, and so many poor things—quite as good, quite as refined, and delicate—could scarcely afford a perambulator ! But she hoped for dear Sir Cradock's sake, and that sweet simple-minded Eoa—who really did require some little cultivation—that, now she understood them both, and could do her little of ministering, Mr. Corklemore would let her stay, if it were only two days longer. And then her Flore, her sweet little Flore ! An angel of light among them." Georgie had been married twice ; and she was just the sort of woman who would

have been married a dozen times, if a dozen, save one, of husbands were so unfortunate as to leave her. Her first lord, or rather vassal, had been the Count de Vance—"a beggarly upstart Frenchman," in the language of his successor, who, by the bye, had never seen, but heard of him too often ; but, according to better authority, "a man one could truly look up to ; so warm-hearted, so agreeable ; and never for a moment tired, dear, of his poor little simple wife." Perhaps it is needless to state that Mr. Corklemore long had been so scientifically henpecked that he loved the operation. Only he was half afraid to say "Haw," when his wife was there to cry "Pshaw."

Sir Cradock Nowell, of course, had seen a good deal of what is called the world ; but his knowledge of women was only enough to teach him the extent of that subject. He never was surprised much at anything they did ; but he could not pretend to tell the reason of their doing it, even when they had any, of which he did not often suspect them. He believed that they would have their way, whenever they could, wherever, and by whatever means ; that very few of them meant what they said, and none of them knew what they meant ; that the primal elements, in the entire body feminine, were jealousy, impulsiveness, vanity, and contrariety.

Georgie Corklemore soon found out that he had adopted this, the popular male opinion ; and she did not once attempt to remove it, knowing, as she did, that nothing could be more favourable to her purposes. So she took up the part—which suited her as well as any, and enabled her to say many things which else would have given offence—the part of the soft, impulsive, warm-hearted, foolish woman, who is apt among men to become a great pet, if she happens to be good-looking.

Eoa would gladly have yielded her prerogatives to Georgie, but Mrs. Corklemore was too wide awake to accept any one of them. "No, darling," she replied, "for your own sake I will not. It is true that Uncle Cradock wishes it,



and so, no doubt, do you; but you are bound to acquire all this social knowledge of which you have now so little; and how can you do so except by instruction and practice?"

"Oh," cried Eoa, firing up, "if Uncle Craddock wishes it, I am sure I'll leave it to you, and not be laughed at any longer. I'll go to him at once, and tell him so. And, as for being bound, I *won't* be bound to learn any nonsense I don't like. My papa was as wise as any of you, and a great deal better; and he never made such a fuss about rubbish as you do here."

"Stop, sweetchild, stop a moment——"

"I am not a sweet child, and I won't stop. And another thing I'll tell you. I had made up my mind to it before this, mind—before you tried to turn me out of my place—and it's this: You may call me what you like, but I don't mean to call you 'Cousin Georgie' any longer. In the first place, I don't like you; and never shall as long as I live; for I never half believe you: and, in the next place, you are no cousin of mine; and social usage (or whatever it is you are always bothering me about) may require me to tell some stories, but not that one; I should fancy. Or, at any rate, I won't do it."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Corklemore, looking up from the softest of fancy work, with the very sweetest of smiles; "then I shall be obliged, in self-defence, to address you as 'Miss Nowell.'"

"To be sure. Why shouldn't you?"

"Well, it can be shown, perhaps, that you are entitled to the name. Only at first it will seem absurd when applied to a baby like you."

"A baby like me indeed!" This was Eoa's sore point; and Georgie, who delighted in making her outrageous, was always harping upon it. "Mrs. Corklemore, how dare you call me, at my age, a baby?"

Eoa looked down at Georgie, with great eyes flashing fire, and her clear, bright forehead wrinkling, and her light form poised like an antelope's on the edge of a cliff. Mrs. Corklemore, not thinking it worth while to look up at

her, carelessly threw back a curl, and went on with her rug-work.

"Because you are a baby, and nothing more, Eoa."

In a moment she was tossed through the air, and sitting on Eoa's head, low satin chair and all. She had not time to shriek, so rapid was her elation. Little Flore, running in at the moment, clapped her hands and shouted, "Oh, ma, have a yide, a nice yide, same as me have yesterday. Me next, me next, Oh, ah!" Eoa, with the greatest ease, her figure as straight as a poplar tree, bore the curule chair and its occupant to the end of the room, and there deposited them carefully on a semi-grand piano.

"That's how we nurse the babies in India," she cried, with a smile of sweet temper, "but it takes a big baby to do it; and some practice, I can tell you. Now, I'll not let you down, Mrs. Corklemore,—and if visitors come in, what will they think of our social usages? Down you don't come, till you have promised solemnly never to call me a baby again."

"My dear," began Georgie, trying hard not to look ridiculous—though the position was so unfavourable—"my dear child——"

"Nó, not my dear child even! *Miss Nowell*, if you please, and nothing else."

"Miss Nowell, if you will only lift me down, I will promise solemnly to call you only what you like, all the rest of my life."

Eoa lifted her off in an instant. "But mind, I will be even with you," cried Georgie, through her terror, when safe on the floor once more.

"I don't care *that* for you!" answered Eoa, snapping her fingers like a copper cap; "only I will have proper respect shown to me by people I particularly dislike. People I love may call me what, or do with me what, they please. My father was just the same; and I don't want to be any better than he was; and I don't believe God wants it. Now I'll go and have it out with Uncle Craddock, about having you for my ayah."

Mrs. Corklemore trembled far more at those words than at finding herself

on the piano. This strange girl—whom she had so despised—was baffling all her tactics, and with no other sword and shield but those of truth and candour.

"I've been a fool," said Georgie to herself, for about the first time in her life; "I have strangely under-rated this girl, and shall have hard work now to get round her. But it must be done. Come, though I have been so rash, I have two to one in my favour, now I see the way to handle it. But she must not tell the old noodle; that will never do."

"I thought, Miss Nowell," she continued aloud, "that it would not be considered honourable, even among East Indians, to repeat to a third person what was said familiarly and in confidence."

"Of course not. What makes you speak of it? Do you mean to say; I would do such a thing?"

"No, I am sure you would not, knowingly. But if you think for a moment, you will see that what I said just now, especially as to Sir Cradock's opinions, was told to you in pure confidence, and meant to go no further."

"Oh," answered Eoa, "then please not to tell me anything in pure confidence again, because I can't keep secrets, and you have no right to load me with them, without ever asking my leave even. But I'll try not to let it out, unless you provoke me before him."

With this half-promise Georgie was obliged to be content. She knew well enough that, if Eoa brought the question before her uncle, the truth would come out that Sir Cradock had never dreamed for a moment of substituting Georgie, the daughter of his cousin, for Eoa, the only daughter of his only brother Clayton. He knew, of course, that the Eastern maiden had no artificial polish; but he saw that she had an inborn truth, a delicacy of feeling, and a native sympathy, which wanted only experience to be better than any polish.

From that day forth, Mrs. Corklemore (aided perhaps by physical terror) formed a higher estimate of Eoa's powers. So she changed her tactics altogether, and employed her daughter, that sharp little

Flore, to cover the next advance. Flore was a little beauty; so far as anything artificial can be really beautiful. Dressed, as she was, in the height of French fashion, and herself nine-tenths of a Frenchwoman—for there is no such thing as a French *girl*, as we Englishmen understand girlhood—she always looked like a butterfly, just born in and just about to pop out of a bower; for little Flore was divinely beautiful. This angel was now nearly four years old, and would look at you with the loveliest eyes that ever appealed from the cradle to heaven, and throw her exaggerated little figure back, and tell you the biggest lie that an angel ever closed her mouth over. Oh, you lovely child! I would rather have Loo Jupp, who knows a number of bad words, which you would faint to hear of. But Loo won't tell a lie. Her father beat her out of it the very first time she tried.

## CHAPTER XLII.

"DEAR Uncle Cradock," said Georgie next day, for she had obtained permission long ago to address her father's cousin so, "what a very sweet girl our Eoa is!"

"I am very glad that you think so, Georgie; she reminds me very often of what my brother was at her age."

"Oh, I do love her so. She has so much variety, and she does seem so straightforward."

"Not only seems but is so, Georgie; at times, indeed, a little too much of it."

"Well, I doubt if there can be too much of it," cried Georgie, in the rapture of her own heart's truth and simplicity, "especially among relations, uncle. Just see now how all the misunderstandings which arose between ourselves, for instance, might have been saved by a little straightforward explanation. In my opinion, our Eoa would be absolutely perfect, if we could only put a little polish, a little finish, upon her. I suppose that was what her poor father intended, in bringing her to England."

"Ah, perhaps it was. I never



thought of that. But I have thought, often enough, my dear Georgie, of my own duty towards her; and I wish to consult you about it; you are so discreet and sensible."

"Yea," replied Mrs. Corklemore, with a facetious curtsy, "to be sure I am, a perfect Queen of Sheba."

As this implied, by the manner of it, that Sir Cradock was a perfect Solomon, he accepted the chaff very graciously, and said to himself, "What magnificent eyes my niece Georgie has, and what a sweet complexion, and a most exquisite figure! I wonder what Corklemore is about, in leaving her here so long! But then he has such confidence in her. Women of sense and liveliness, who have an answer for everybody, are so much more trustworthy than the sly things who drop their eyes, and think all sorts of evil."

Meanwhile Georgie saw all this passing through his mind—more clearly, perhaps, than she would have seen it, if it had been passing through her own.

"To be sure. How thoughtful of you! You mean your duty, Uncle Cradock, as to making her your heiress, now?"

Mrs. Corklemore knew well enough that he meant nothing of the sort; but the opportunity for the suggestion was too fine to be lost.

"Oh," said Sir Cradock, with a grim smile, "you consider that my duty, do you? No, it was not on that subject I was anxious for your opinion, but as to sending the child to school, or taking some other means to finish her education."

"She won't go," replied Mrs. Corklemore, seeing some chance of a quarrel here; "of course it would be the best thing for her; but I am quite certain the sweet creature never will go."

"The sweet creature must, if I make her."

"To be sure, Uncle Cradock, but I don't believe you can. Has she not favoured you with her intentions as to settling in life rather—well, perhaps rather prematurely?"

"Yes," replied the old man, laughing,

"she has informed me, with all due ceremony, of her intention to marry Bob Garnet, the moment she is out of mourning for her dearest father."

"Master Garnet has not asked her yet. And I have reason to believe"—here Georgie softly hesitated.

"What?" asked Sir Cradock anxiously, for he was very fond of Eoa; she was such a novelty to him.

"That Master Bob Garnet, just come from school, loves Amy Rosedew above Eoa, toffee, rock, or peppermint."

"Amy Rosedew is a minx," answered the old man hotly. "I offered to shake hands with her, when I met her on Wednesday, and was even going to kiss her, because she is my god-daughter, and—and—an uncommonly pretty girl, you know, and what do you think she said?"

"Oh don't tell me, Uncle Cradock, if it was anything impudent. You know I could not stand it, thinking what I do of those Rosedews."

"She threw herself back with her great eyes flashing, and the colour in her cheeks dark crimson, and she said, 'No, thank you. No contact for me with unnatural injustice!' And she drew her frock around her, and swept away as if the road was not wide enough for both of us. Nice behaviour, was not it? And I fear her father endorses it."

"I know he does," answered Georgie, whose face during that description had been a perfect study of horror contending with humour; "I know that Mr. Rosedew, one of the best men in the world, if, indeed, he is sincere—which others may doubt, but not I—he, poor man, having little perception, except of his own interest, has taken a most unfavourable view of everything we do here. Oh, I am so sorry. It almost makes one feel as if we must be in the wrong." Beautiful Georgie sighed heavily, like a fair woman at a confessional.

"His own interest, Georgie! Ourselves in the wrong! I don't quite understand you."

"As if we were harsh, you know, Uncle Cradock; when, Heaven be thanked, we have not concluded, as too,

too many—— But, not to talk of that absurdity, and not to pain you, darling uncle, you must know what I meant about Mr. Rosedew's interest."

"No, indeed, I don't, Georgie. I don't see how John—I mean Mr. Rosedew's interest is at all involved in the matter."

"He had a daughter passing fair," sang Mrs. Corklemore, without thinking. "Oh uncle, I forgot; I am so light-headed and foolish, I forget everything now. It is Nowell's fault for worrying me, as he does every week, about income."

She passed her hand across her forehead, and swept the soft dark hair back, as if worldly matters were too many for her poor childish brain. Who could look at her without wishing that she really cared for herself, just a little?

"I insist upon knowing what you mean, Georgie," said Sir Craddock, frowning heavily, for he was not at all sentimental; "John Rosedew's daughter is Amy; and Amy, I know, is perfectly honest, though as obstinate as the devil—hem, I beg your pardon, I mean that Amy very obstinate, as well as exceedingly bigoted, and I might almost say insolent."

"Oh, no; I can never believe that, Uncle Craddock, even upon your authority." In the heat of truth, Mrs. Corklemore stood up and faced Sir Craddock.

"But I tell you she is, Georgie. Don't try to defend her. No young woman of eighteen ought to have spoken as she did to me when I met her last Wednesday. 'Outrageous' is the mildest word I can use to describe her manner."

"Very likely you thought so, dearest Uncle Craddock; and so very likely I might have thought, or any of the old-school people. But we must make allowances—you know we are bound to do so—for young people brought up to look at things from a different point of view."

"No—by—George I won't. I have heard that stuff too often. Spirit of the age, and all that balderdash. Because a set of young jackanapes are blessed with impudence enough to throw to the

dogs all the teachings of ages, just when it doesn't suit them, is it likely that we, who are old enough to see the beauty of what they despise, are to venerate and bow down to infantile inspiration, which itself bows down to nothing? Georgie, you are too soft, too mild. Your forbearance quite provokes me. Leave me, if you please, to form my own opinions, especially about people whom I know so much better than you do."

"I am sure, Uncle Craddock," answered Georgie, pouting, "I never presume in any way to interfere with your opinions. Your judgment is proverbial; whereas I have none whatever. Only it was natural that I should wish you to think well of one who is likely to be so nearly related to you. What! why you look surprised, uncle? Ah, you think me wrong in alluding to it. What a simple silly I am, to be sure! But please not to be angry, uncle. I never dreamed that you wished it kept secret, dear, when all the parish is talking of it."

"Georgie Corklemore, have the goodness to tell me what you mean."

"Oh don't look at me so, uncle. I never could bear a cross look. I mean no mystery whatever, only Amy Rosedew's engagement to your unlucky—I mean your unhappy son. Of course it has your sanction."

"Amy engaged to my—to that crafty Craddock! I cannot believe it. I will not believe it; and at a time like this!"

"Well, I thought the time ill-chosen. But I am no judge of propriety. And they say that the poor—poor darling who is gone, was himself attached—let us hope that it was not so; however, I cannot believe, Uncle Craddock, that you have not even been told of it."

"But I tell you, Georgie, that it is so. Perhaps you disbelieve me in your anxiety to screen them?"

"You know better than that, dear uncle. I believe *you*, before all the world. And I will screen them no longer, for I think it bad and ungrateful of them. And after all you have done for them! Why, surely, you gave them the living! It makes me feel quite



ill. Ingratitude always does." Georgie pressed her hand to her heart, and was obliged to get up and walk about. Presently she came back again, with great tears in her eyes, and her face full of anger and pity.

"Oh uncle dear, I cannot tell you how grieved I am for your sake. It does seem so hard-hearted of them. How I feel my own helplessness that I cannot comfort you! What a passion my Nowell will be in, when I tell him this! His nature is so warm and generous, so upright and confiding, and he looks up to you with such devotion, and such deep respect. I must not tell him at night, poor fellow, or he would not sleep a wink. And the most contumelious thing of all: that pompous old maid, Miss Eudoxia Rosedew, to be going about and boasting of it—the title and the property—before any one had the manners even to inform so kind a friend, and so affectionate a father! The title and the property! How I hate such worldliness. I never could understand how people could scheme and plot for such things. And to make so little of you, uncle, because they relied upon the entail!"

This was quite a shot in the dark, for she knew not whether any entail subsisted; and, as it was a most essential point to discover this, Georgie fixed her swimming eyes,—swimming with love and sympathy—full upon poor Sir Craddock's. He started a little, but she scarcely knew what to augur thence. She must have another shot at it; but not on the present occasion.

It is scarce needful, perhaps, to say, knowing Mrs. Corklemore and Miss Rosedew as we do, that there was not a syllable of truth in what the former said of the latter. Sir Craddock himself would have doubted it, if he had been any judge of women; for Miss Eudoxia Rosedew thought very little of baronets. How could she help it, she of the illustrious grandmother? Oh her indignation, if she only could have dreamed of being charged with making vaunt over such a title! Neither was it like her, even if she had thought great things of

any; pledged alliance, to go about and share her sentiments with the "common people." The truth of the matter was this: Georgie, with her natural craft—no, no! skill I mean; how a clumsy pen will stumble—and ten more years of life to drill it, had elicited Amy's sentiments; as one who, having stopped a razor, carves his lady's pin-cushion, or one who blowing on bright gimlet tempts the spigot of bonded wine, or varlet who with a knowing worm giveth taste of Stilton. Or even,

"As when a man, a sluice-captain, adown  
from a blackwater headspring,  
All through his plants and garden a water-  
flow is pioneering,  
Holding a shovel in hand, from the carrier  
casting the sods out;  
Then as it goes flowing forward, the pebbles  
below in a bevy  
Swirl about, and it rapidly wimpling down  
paterooneth,  
In a spot where a jump of the ground is,  
and overgets even the guideman."

*Il. xxi. 257.*

So sweet Amy, being under-drawn of her native crystal by many a sly innuendo and many an Artesian auger, gushed out like liquid diamonds, upon the skilful Georgie, and piled upon her a flood of truth, a Scamander upon Achilles. Oh water upon a duck's back, because Georgie always swam in truth; please not to say that Castalia, *rone puro*, wets not the kerchief of a lady thrice dipped in Styx.

And so it came to pass that young Amy let out everything, having a natural love of candour and a natural hatred of Georgie, and expecting to overwhelm her with the rolling seventh billow of truth. Mrs. Corklemore, softly smiling, reared her honest head out of the waters, sleeked her soft luxuriant locks, and the only thing likely to overwhelm her was sympathy unfathomable. Amy did not wish for that, and begged her, very drily, by no means to exhaust herself; for Amy had moral scent of a liar, even as her father had.

Now that father—the finest fellow, take him for all in all, whom one needs wish to look upon—was (according to a good man's luck) in fearful tribulation.

Fearful, at least, to any man except John Rosedew himself; but John, though fully alive to the stigmotype of his position, allowed his epidermis to quill toward the operator, and abstracted all his too sensitive parts into a Sophistic apory.

John, sitting in his book-room, had got an apron tucked well under his rosy chin—an apron with two pockets in it, and the strings in a bow at the back of his neck; and he trembled for his earlobes, whenever he forgot his subject. Around him, with perpetual clatter, snip and snap and stir-about, hovered, like a Jewish maiden fingering the millstone, who but his Eudoxia? In her strong right hand was a pair of shears, keen as those of Atropos, padded at the handles, lest to hurt the thumb, but the blades, the trenchant edges—oh what should keep their bright love asunder? No human ear, for a moment; nay, nor the nose of a mortal. Neither was this risk and tug, and frequent fullers'-teaseling the whole or even the half of the agony John was undergoing. For though he sat with a pile of books heaped in fair disorder round him—though three were pushing about on his lap, dusting themselves on his well-worn kersey, like sparrows on a genial highway—though one was even perched on his right hand, and another on his left, yet he had no more fruition of them (save in the cud of memory) than had Prometheus of his fire-glow in the frost of Strobilus, or than the son of Jove and Pluto, whom Ulysses saw, had of his dessert.

"Nay, then I looked at Tantalus having a rough tribulation, Standing fast in a lake, and it came quite home to his chin-beard; Nevertheless he stood thirsting, and had nought to seize and to quaff it; For every time when the old man would stoop in his longing to quaff it, Then every time the water died, swallowed back, and at his ankles Earth shone black in a moment, because a divinity parched it. Trees as well, leaving loftily, over his head poured fruitage, Pear trees, and pomegranates, and apple-trees glittering-fruited, Fig-trees of the luscious, and olive-trees of the luxuriant;

Whereat whenever the old man shot out his hands to grasp them, Away the wind would toss them into the shadowy cloudland."

*Od. xi. 581.*

"Now, John, you are worse than ever, I do declare you are; why, you won't even hold your neck straight. I try to make you look decent: I try so *very hard*, John; and you haven't even the gratitude to keep your chin-up from the apron. You had much better go to a barber, and get half your hair pulled out by the roots, and the other half poisoned with a leaden comb, and then you'll appreciate *me* perhaps."

"We read," said John Rosedew, complacently gazing at his white locks as they tumbled and took little jumps on the apron, "that when the Argives lost Thyrea, they pledged themselves to a law and a solemn imprecation, that none of the men should encourage his hair, and none of the ladies wear gold."

"And pray what gold do *I* wear? Brother John, you are so personal; you never can let me alone. I do believe you have never forgiven me my poor dear grandmother's ring, and watch, and Aunt Diana's brooch and locket; no, nor even my own dear mother's diamond ring with the sapphires round it. And perhaps you don't hate even my bracelet, a mere twist of gold with cat's-eyes! Oh, John, John, how can you be my brother, and show such a little mind, John?"

"Whence we may infer," continued John, quite unruffled; for he knew that it would be worse than useless to assure Miss Doxy that he was not even aware of the existence of the things he was impeached with; "or at least we have some grounds for supposing, that the Greeks, a very sensitive and highly perceptive race, did not like to have their hair cut. Compare with this another statement—"

"No, indeed I won't, John. I should rather hope I would not. You can't hold your tongue for a moment, however solemn the occasion is. There, that's the third cut you've got, and I won't take another snip at you. But you have



quoted less Greek than usual; that's one comfort, at any rate, and I will put you on some gold-beater's skin, for being so very good, John. Only don't tell Amy; she does make such a fuss about it. But there, I need not tell you, for you won't know how you got them in half-an-hour's time. Now don't make a fuss, John; one would think you were killed"—poor John had dared to put his hand up—"as if you cared indeed even if you had three great stripes of red all down your collar, or even upon your white neckerchief. You wouldn't be at all ashamed of yourself. Have you the face to say that you would now?"

"Well, dear Doxy, I am not convinced that you are reasonable in expecting me to be ashamed of bleeding when you have been cutting me."

"Oh, of course not. I never *am* reasonable, according to your ideas. But one thing you may be convinced of, and that is, that I never will toil and degrade myself by cutting your hair again, John, after this outrageous conduct."

John had been visited so often with this tremendous menace, that he received it with no satisfaction. Well he knew that on that day four weeks he must don the blue apron again, unless something happened worse even than aunt Doxy's tonsorial flourishes.

"Now, you are not done yet, John. You are in a great hurry, are you not, to get the apron off and scatter the hair all about? What's the good of my taking the trouble to spread Jemima's shawl down? Can you imagine you are done, when I haven't rubbed you up with the rosemary even?"

"'Coronari marino rore!' No wonder good Flaccus puts it after '*multâ cæde bidentium.*' Oh Doxy, you are inexorable. O averse Penates! By the way, that stanza is to my mind the most obscure (with one exception) in all the Odes. Either Horace had too much of the '*lene tormentum*' applied just then '*ingenio non sæpe duro,*' or else——"

"Please, miss"—all the girls called her miss—"Dr. Hutton, miss!"

Bang went Miss Doxy, quicker than thought, left an exclamation, semi-pro-fane, far behind on the light air, slammed the door on the poor girl's chilblains, bolted and locked it, and pulled out the key, and put the scutcheon over the key-hole.

"Well, why, *διὰ τί; πόθεν;* unde terrarum? Women are not allowed to say '*mehercle,*' neither men '*mecastor;*' '*ædepol*' is common to both, but only '*inscitia antiquitatis;*' for the most ancient men abstained from that even, and I daresay were none the worse for it——"

"I have no patience with you, John," cried Miss Doxy, snatching up brush, comb, scissors, extract of the sea-dew, the blue apron, Jemima's shawl of grey hair, and we know not how many other things, and huddling all into a cupboard, and longing to lock herself in with them.

"Great truths come out," answered John, quite placidly, "at periods of mental commotion. But why, oh Doxy, and whence this inopine hurry-scurry? There is no classic expression—except perhaps in Aristophanes—of prosody quick enough; and, doubtless, from very good reason, because the people were too wise to hurry so. '*Rumpe moras,*' for instance, is rather suggestive of——"

"Oh, John, oh, John! even at such a moment, John, I believe you'll die in Latin or Greek—and I don't know what Amen is, only I don't believe it's English—there, I am as bad as you are to discuss such a question now. And I am quite sure Jenny can't tell a good story soundly. And he has got such ferret eyes! Thank heaven, the key was inside, John."

Poor Miss Doxy was panting so, that her brother was quite frightened for her; and the more so because he had no idea what there was to be frightened at.

"Why, Doxy," he said, "my darling, he need never see that you have cut me."

"As if I cared for that! Oh, John, my dearest brother, he'll see *that I've cut your hair!*"

The idea struck John Rosedew as so gloriously novel—that man who knew the world so!—to him it appeared such a mountain of wonder that a sister should want to sink through the floor, for having saved her brother from barbarism, that he laughed as hard as any man of real humour ever laughs. Miss Doxy stole on the opportunity, when he sat down to have his laugh out, to dust all the white hair with her handkerchief from his coat-collar.

Suddenly John Rosedew got up, and his laugh went away in gravity. He walked to the door more heavily than was natural to him (lest he should seem to go falsely), unlocked and unbolted it, and in his most stately manner marched into the hall. Jenny was telling a “jolly lie”—jollity down below, I suppose—to Mr. Rufus Hutton; she was doing it very clumsily, not “oculo irre-torto.”

“Please, sir, yes, my master is gone round the parish, sir; and the rest, they be at the school, sir. How sorry they will be, to be sure, to hear that you have called, sir, and all of them out of the way so!”

“No, they won’t,” said Mr. Rosedew, looking over her head; “the only thing I am sorry for, Jenny, is that you can tell a falsehood so. But the fault is not yours only. I will talk to you by and by. Dr. Hutton, come in, if you please. I was having my hair cut by my sister, Miss Rosedew. You have met her before. Eudoxia, Dr. Hutton is kind enough to come and see us. I have told him how good and how sisterly you have been to me, and I am sure that he must wish to have a sister so capable—that is to say if he has not,” added John, who was very particular about his modal and temporal prefix.

Miss Rosedew came forward, with a few white hairs still on her dark “reps” bell-sleeve, and, being put upon her mettle, was worthy of her brother. Oh, dear, that such a grand expression should be needful, even over the shell of the roasted egg of snobbery! Rufus Hutton, of course, not being quite a fool, respected, and trusted, and loved them

both, more than he would have done after fifty formal dinners. And he knew quite well that there was on his own part something akin to intrusion; for he had called in the forenoon, when visits from none but an intimate friend are expected; and he had pushed his advance rather vigorously, not towards the drawing-room, but to John’s favourite book-room, where the lady Licinus plied her calling. But for this he had good reason, as he wished to see Mr. Rosedew alone, and the cause of his visit was urgent.

It was not long before the lady, feeling rather unhappy because she was not arrayed much better than the lilies of the field are, withdrew in a very noble manner, earning gratitude of Rufus. Then the doctor drew his chair close home to the parson’s, looked all round the room, and coughed to try how big the echo was. Finding no response returned by that prolific goddess, who loves not calf or sheep-skin, and seeing that no other lady was dangerously acoustic, Rufus inclined his little red head towards John’s great and black waistcoat, and spake these winged words:

“Ever see a thing like that, sir?”

“No, I don’t think I ever did. Dear me, how odd it smells! Why, how grave you are, Dr. Hutton!”

“So will you be, when I have told you what I have to tell. My discovery is for your ears only; I have been to London about it, and there found out its meaning. Now I will act upon your advice. Nothing in all my experience—though I have seen a great deal of the world—nothing has ever surprised me more than what I have told you.”

“But you forget, Dr. Hutton,” cried John, imbibing excitement, “that as yet you have told me nothing at all, only shown me something which I cannot in the least make out. A cylinder, hollow, and blocked at one end; of a substance resembling book-binding, and of a most unsavoury odour!”

“Ha!” replied Rue Hutton, “ha, my dear sir, you little guess the importance of that thing no bigger than a good cigar. Ah, indeed! Ah, yes!”



"Do you mean to tell me, or not, Dr. Hutton? Your behaviour is most unusual. I am greatly surprised by your manner."

"Ah, no doubt; no doubt of that. Very odd if you were not. I also am astonished at your apparent indifference."

Hereupon Rufus looked so intensely knowing, so loaded with marvel and mystery, too big to be discharged even; that John Rosedew himself, so calm and large, and worthy to be called a philosopher, very nearly grew wroth with longing to know what all the matter was.

Then Dr. Hutton, having bound him by a solemn promise that he would not for the present even hint of that matter to any one, poured out the hissing contents of his mind under the white curls which still overhung the elder man's porch of memory. And what he told him was indeed a thing not to be forgotten.

The spectator is said to see more of the game than any of the players see, and the reader of a story knows a great deal more than the actors do, or the writer either, for that matter; marry, therefore, I will not insult any candid intelligence, neither betray Rue Hutton's faith, for he is an awkward enemy.

The very next day there came a letter, with coal enough on it to make some gas, and directed in a wandering manner to "Rev. Mr. Rosedew, Nowelhouse, somewhere in England." Much as we abuse the Post-office people, they generally manage to find us out more cleverly than we do them; and so this letter had not been to more than six wrong places. As our good journalists love to say, "it was couched in the following terms:"—

"HONOURED AND REVEREND SIR,—Takes the liberty of stating price of inland coals, as per margin, delivered free within six miles of Charing Cross. N.B. Weighed as the Act directs, whether required or otherwise, which mostly is not, and the dust come back if required. Excuse me the liberty of adding that a nice young gent and un-

common respectable, only not a good business address—no blame to him, being a Oxford gent—lie here very ill, and not much expect to get over to-morrow night. Our junior, Mr. Clinkers, with full commission to take all orders and sign receipts for the firm, have been up with him all night, and hear him talk quite lightly about some place or business called Amery, supposed in the hardware line by mistake for emery. This young gent were called Mr. Newman, by the name of Charles Newman, but Mrs. Ducksacre half believe clandastical and temporal only, and no doubt good reason for it, because he always pay his lodging. Rev. sir, found your direction as per endorsement very simple in the inside pocket of the young gent's coat, and he only have one to look in. But for fear to be misunderstood this firm think none the less of him by the same reason, having been both of us in trouble when we was married. Also as per left-hand cover a foreign-looking play-book, something queer and then 'Opera' which the undersigned understand at once, having been to that same theayter when our gracious Queen was married, and not yet gone into the coal-trade. Requests to excuse the liberty, but if endorsed correctly and agreeable to see the young gent's funeral performed most reasonably, at sole expense of this firm, and no claim made on any survivors because Robert Clinkers like him, must come by express day after to-morrow at latest.

"Signed for the firm of Poker and Clinkers, West London Dépôt, Hammer-smith. Weighed as the Act directs. Per ROBERT CLINKERS, jun.

"At Mrs. and Miss Ducksacre's, green-grocer and general fruiterer, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

CRADDOCK NOWELL had written from London to the parsonage once, and once only. He told them how he had changed his name, because his father had cast him off; and (as he bitterly

added), according to filial promise, he felt himself bound to be Nowell no longer. But he did not say what name he had taken; neither did he give any address; only he would write again when he had found some good situation. Of course he longed to hear from Amy—his own loving Amy, who begged that poor letter and bore it with her daily and nightly—but his young pride still lay hot upon him, and for Amy's sake he nursed it.

A young man is never so proud of his honour, so prompt to deny himself anything, so strong in another's lifehold, and careless about his own living, as when he has won a true love's worth, and sees it abiding for ever. Few are the good who have such luck—for the success is not of merit, any more than it is in other things; more often indeed some fish-tailed coxcomb is a woman's Dagon, doubly worshipped for crushing her—but when that luck does fall to the lot of a simple and honest young fellow, he piles his triple mountains up to the everlasting heaven, but makes no Babel of them. A man who chatters about his love soon exhausts himself or his subject.

John Rosedew, after receiving that letter, shut every book on his table, chairs, and desk, and chimney-piece. He must think what to do, and how: and he never could think hard on the flints of daily life, while the green pastures of the dead were tempting his wayward steps away. Of course he would go to London at once, by the very next train; but whether or no should he tell his people the reason of his going? He felt so strongly inclined to tell, even at risk of domestic hysterics and parochial convulsions, that he resolved at last not to tell; for he thought of the great philosopher's maxim (not perhaps irrefragable) that when the right hangs dubious, we may safely conclude that it rides in the scale swinging opposite to our own wishes. To most of us (not having a quarter of John Rosedew's ability, and therefore likely to be a hundred times less hesitant) it seems that the maxim holds

good with ourselves, or any other common mortal, but makes truth actually cut her own throat when applied to a mind like his—a mind already too timorously and humorously self-conscious.

Let 99,000 angels get on the top of John Rosedew's pen—which generally had a great hair in it—and dance a *faux pas* over that question, if it was laid the wrong way; for we, whose consciences must work in corduroys and highlows, roughly conclude that right and wrong are but as button and button-hole when it comes to a question of hair-splitting. Blest are they whose conscience-edge, like the sword of Thor, can halve every wisp of wool afloat upon the brook of life.

After breakfast John mounted Coræbus, leaving a short farewell, and set off hastily with the old-fashioned valise behind the saddle, wherein he was wont to bear wine and confections upon his parochial tours. The high-mettled steed was again amazed at the pace that could be pumped out of him; neither did he long continue ingloriously mute, but woke the echoes of Ytene with many a noble roar and shriek, so that consternation shook the heart of deer and pig and cow. But the parson did not exult as usual in these proofs of velocity, because his soul within him was sad; nevertheless he preserved cohesion, or at least coincidence, in an admirable manner, with his feet thrust strenuously into the stirrups, his bridle-hand thrown in great emergencies upon the peak of the saddle, and whip-hand reposing on the leathern outwork, which guarded and burnished his rear. Anchored thus by both strong arms—for the sake of his mission and family—he felt capable of jumping a gate, if Coræbus had equal confidence.

That evening he entered the Ducks-acre shop, and found no one there but the mistress.

"Pray excuse me, but I have been told, ma'am," said John Rosedew, lifting his hat—as he always did to a matron—and bowing his silvery head, "that you have a lodger here who is very ill."



"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Ducksacre, fetching her breath very quickly, "and dead, too, for all I know. Oh Lord, I am so put upon!"

The soft-hearted parson was shocked at this apparent apathy; and thought her no true woman. Who is not wrong sometimes? It was a very rare thing for John Rosedew to judge man or woman harshly. But only half an hour ago that poor woman had been upstairs, neglecting till, present and future, estranging some excellent customers, leaving a wanton shop-boy to play marbles with Spanish chestnuts, while she did her most misguided best to administer to sick Cradock soup wildly beyond her own economy, and furiously beyond his powers of deglutition.

John Rosedew, with his stout legs shaking, and his stockings expressing excitement, went up three pairs (ill-assorted) of stairs into Cradock's sick room. Then he started back from the Aristophanic climax—even the rags of Telephus; though after all, Polly Ducksacre had done her best to make the room comely. Why, there were three potato-sacks on the bed, with the names of Fulham growers done in red letters upon them, and giving the room quite a bright appearance, as if newly-marked sheep were in it. Nay, and I could almost swear there were two bast mats from Covent Garden, gloriously fixed as bed curtains, mats from that noble market where a rat prays heaven vainly, to grant him the coat of a water-rat.

There, by Cradock Nowell's bed, sat the faithful untiring nurse, the woman who had absorbed such a quantity of strap, and had so kindly assimilated it. Meek-spirited Rachel Jupp waited and watched by the bed of him through whom she had been enfranchised. Since Issachar Jupp became a Christian she had not tasted the buckle-end once, and scarcely twice the tongue-end.

She had been employed some years ago as a nurse in the Middlesex Hospital; so she knew her duties thoroughly. But here she had exceeding small chance of practising that knowledge; because

scarcely anything which she wanted, and would have rung for, if there had been any bell, was ever to be found in the house. Even hot water, which the doctor had ordered, was cold again ere it came to her, and had taken an hour before it started; for there was no fire-place in the little room, nor even on the floor below it.

Uncle John could scarcely keep from crying, as he looked at poor Craddy propped up in the bed there, with his lips so pale and bloodless, cheeks sunken in and shining like dry oyster-shells, but with a round red spot in the centre, large eyes glaringly bright and starting, and redhot temples and shorn head swathed with dripping bandages; while now and then he raised his weak hands towards the surging tumult, and dropped them helpless on the sun-blind, tucked round him as part of his counterpane.

"Ah, that's the way, sir," said Rachel, after she had risen and curtsied, "that's the way he go on now, all the day and all the night; and he have left off talking now altogether, only to moan and to wamble. He used to jump up in the bed at first, and shut his left eye, and put his arms like this, as if he was shooting at something; and it pleased him so when I give him the hair-broom. He would put the flat of it to his shoulder, and smile as if he see some game, and shoot at the door fifty times a day; and then scream and fall back and cover his eyes up. But he haven't done that these three days now; too weak, I'm afeard, too weak for it."

John Rosedew sighed heavily for the bright young mind, so tried above what it was able to bear; then, as he kissed the flaming forehead—sometimes flaming and sometimes icy—he thought that it might be the Father's mercy to obliterate sense of the evil. For the mind of the insane, or at least its precious part, is with Him, who showers afar both pain and pleasure, but keeps at home the happiness.

"Can you send for the doctor at once, ma'am, or tell me where to find him?" The parson still kept to the ancient fashion, and addressed every woman

past thirty as "ma'am," whatever her rank or condition. As he spoke, a heavy man entered on tip-toe, and quietly moved them aside. A raw-boned, hulking fellow he was, with a slouch and a squint, made more impressive by a black eye in the third and most picturesque stage, when mauve, and lilac, and orange intone and soften sweetly off from the purple nucleus outward; as a boy's taw is, or used to be, shaded, with keen artistic feeling, in many a ring concentric, from the equator to the poles. Mr. Jupp's face was a villainous one; as even the softest philanthropist would have been forced to acknowledge. The enormous jaws, the narrow forehead, the grisly, porkish eyebrows, the high cheek-bones, and the cunning skance gleam from the black, deep-ambushed squinters—all these were enough to warn any man who wished to get good out of Zakey Jupp that he must try to put it there first, and give it time to go to the devil and back, as we say that parsley-seed does.

Mr. Jupp was a man of remarkable strength,—not active elastic Achillean vigour, nor even stalwart Ajacian bulk, but the sort of strength which sometimes vanquishes both of those, by outlasting,—a slouching, slow-to-come, long-to-go heft, that had scarcely found its proper wind when better-built men were exhausted. Men of this stamp are usually long-armed, big in the lungs and shoulders, small in the loins, knock-kneed, and splay-footed; in a word, shaped like a John Dory, or a miller's thumb, or a banjo. They are not very "strong on their pins," nor active; they generally get thrown in the first bout of wrestling before ever their muscles get warm; they cannot even run fast, and in jumping they spring from the heel; nevertheless, unless they are stricken quite senseless at the outset—and their heads for the most part are a deal too thick for that—the chances are that they make an example of the antagonist ere he is done with. And so, in Mr. Jupp's recent duello with an Irish bully, who scoffed at Craddock, and said something low of his illness, the Englishman

got the worst of it in the first round, the second, the third, and the fourth; but, just as Dan Sullivan's pals and backers were wild with delight and screeching, the brave bargee settled down on his marrow, and the real business began. After twenty-five rounds, the Tipperary Slasher had three men to carry him home, and looked fit for an inquest to sit upon, without making him any flatter.

Now, Issachar being a very slow man, there was no chance that he would hurry over his present inspection of Craddock. For a very long time he looked at him from various points of view; then, at last, he shook his head, and poked his long black chin out.

"Now this here wunna do, ye know. I'll fetch the doctor to ye, master, as ye seem to care for the poor young charp."

And Zakey Jupp, requiring no answer, went slowly down the stairs, with a great hand on either wall to save noise; then at a long trot, rolling over all who came in his way, and rounding the corners, like a ship whose rudder-bands are broken, he followed the doctor from street to street, keeping up the same pace till he found him. Dr. Tink was coming out of a court not far from Marylebone Lane, where the small-pox always lay festering.

"Ye'll just corm street 'long wi' me to the poor charp as saved our Looley," said Mr. Jupp, coolly getting into the brougham, and sitting in the place of honour, while he dragged Dr. Tink in by the collar, and set him upon the front seat. "Fire awa' now for Martimer Straat," he yelled to the wondering coachman, "and if ye dunna laither the narg, mind, I'll laither ye when we gits there."

The nag was leathered to Mr. Jupp's satisfaction, and far beyond his own, and they arrived at the coal and cabbage shop before John Rosedew had finished reading a paper which Mrs. Jupp had shown him, thinking that it was a prescription.

"He wrote it in his sleep, sir, without knowing a thing about it; in his sleep, or in his brain-wandering; I came in



and found him at it, in the middle of the night; and my, how cold his fingers was, and his head so hot! We took it to three great chemists' shops, but they could not make it up. They hadn't got all the drugs, they said, and they couldn't make out the quantities."

"Neither can I," said John; "but it rings well, considering that the poor boy wrote it when his brain was weak with fever. The dialects are somewhat muddled, moreover; but we must not be hypercritical."

"No, sir, to be sure no. I am sure I meant no hypocrisy. Only you see it ain't Christian writing; and Mr. Clinkers shake his head at it, and say it come straight from the devil, and his hoof in every line of it."

"Mrs. Jupp, the Greek characters are beautiful, though some of the lines are not up to the mark. But, for my part, I wonder how any man can write mixed Greek in London. Nevertheless, I shall have great pleasure in talking it over with him, please God that he ever gets well. To think that his poor weary brain should still be hankering after his classics!"

It was the dirge in *Cymbeline* put into Greek choral metre, and John Rosedew's tears flowed over the words, as Polydore's had done, and Cadwal's.

Unhappy Cradock! His misty brain had vapoured off in that sweet wild dirge, which hovers above, as if the freed soul lingered, for the clogged one to shake its wings to it.

The parson was pondering and closing his wet eyes to recover his faith in God—whom best we see with the eyes shut, except when His stars are shining—while Issachar Jupp came up the stairs, poking Dr. Tink before him, because he still thought it likely that the son of medicine would evaporate. The doctor, who knew his tricks and put up with them, lest anything worse might come of it, solaced his sense of dignity, when he got to the top, by a grand bow to Mr. Rosedew. John gave him the change in a kind one; then offered his hand, as he always did, being a man of the ancient fashion.

While they were both looking sadly at Cradock, he sat up suddenly in the bed, and stretching forth his naked arms (wherein was little nourishment) laughed as an aged man does, and then nodded at them solemnly. His glazed eyes were so prominent, that their whites reflected the tint of the rings round them.

"Ladies and gentlemen, stop him if you please, and give him a pen and ink, and my best hat to write on. Oh, don't let him go by."

"Stop whom, my dear sir?" asked the doctor, putting out his arms as if to do it. "Now I've stopped him. What's his name?"

"The golden lad. Oh, don't you know? You can't have got him, if you don't. The golden lad that came from heaven to tell me I did not do it, that I didn't do it, do it, sir—all a mistake altogether. It makes me laugh, I declare it does; it makes me laugh for an hour, every time he comes, because they were all so wise. All but my Amy, my Amy; she was such a foolish little thing, she never would hear a word of it. And now I call you all to witness, obtestor, antestor, one, two, three, four, five; let him put it down on a sheet of foolscap, with room enough for the names below it; all the ladies and gentlemen put their names in double column, and get Mr. Clinkers, if you can, and Jenny, to go at the bottom; only be particular about the double column, ladies one side gentlemen the other, like a country dance, you know, or the 'carmen sæculare,' and at the bottom, right across, Miss Amy Rosedew's name."

The contemplation of that last beatitude was too much for the poor fellow; he fell back, faint on the pillow, and the shop-blind, untucked by his blissful emotions, rattled its rings on the floor.

"Blow me if I can stand it," cried Issachar Jupp, going down three stairs at a step; and when he came back his face looked clearer, and he said something about a noggin. Mrs. Ducksacre bolted after him, for business must be attended to.

"Will he ever be right again, poor

fellow? Dr. Tink, I implore you to tell me your opinion sincerely."

"Then I cannot say that *I think* he will. Still, I have some hopes of it. Much will depend upon the original strength of the cerebellum, and the regularity of his previous habits. If he has led a wild, loose life, he has no chance whatever of sanity."

"No, he has led a most healthy life—temperate, gentle, and equable. His brain has always been clear and vigorous, without being too creative. He was one of the soundest scholars for his age I have ever met with."

"But he had some terrible blow, eh?"

"Oh yes, a most terrible blow."

John thought what a terrible blow it would be to his own life's life, if the issue went against him, and for tears he could ask no more.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

THE good people assembled in Nowelhurst church were agreeably surprised, on the following Sunday, by the announcement from Mr. Pell—in that loud sonorous voice of his, which had frightened spinters out of their wits, lest he were forbidding, instead of asking, their banns of matrimony—that there would be no sermon that morning, inasmuch as he, the Rev. Octavius, was forced to hurry away, at full speed, to assuage the rampant desire of Rushford for the performance of divine service.

Mrs. Nowell Corklemore, who had the great curtained pew of the Hall entirely to herself and child—for Eoa never would go to church, because they defy the devil there—Georgie, who appeased her active mind by counting the brass-headed nails, and then multiplying them into each other, and subtracting the ones that were broken, lifted her indescribable eyes, and said, "Thank God," almost audibly.

Octavius Pell, hurrying out of the porch, ascended Corabus, as had been arranged; but he did it so rapidly, and with such an air of decision, that Amy, standing at the church-yard gate, full of

beautiful misgivings, could not help exclaiming,

"Oh please, Mr. Pell, whatever you do, leave your stick here till Monday. We will take such care of it."

"Indeed, I fear I must not, Miss Rosedew," Octavius answered gravely, looking first at his stick, and then at the flanks of Ræby, who was full of interesting tricks; "I have 'so far to go, you know, and I must try to keep time with them. — Whoa, you little villain!"

"Oh dear, I am so sorry. At any rate please not to strike him, only *stroke* him with it. He is so *very* high-spirited. And he has never had a weal upon him, at least since he came to papa. And I could not bear to see it. And I know you won't, Mr. Pell."

Octavius looked at the soft-hearted girl, blushing so in her new drawn bonnet—mauve with black, for the sake of poor Clayton. He looked at her out of his knowing dry eyes in that sort of response-to-the-Litany style which a curate adopts to his rector's daughter.

"Can you suppose, Miss Rosedew, that I would have the heart to beat him now?—Ah, you will, will you then?" Ræbus thought better of it.

"No, I hope you would not," said Amy, in pure good faith, with a glance however, at the thick bamboo, "because it would be *so cruel*. It is hollow, I hope; but it has such knots, and it looks so very hard!"

"Hollow, and thin as a piece of pie-crust; and you know how this wood splits."

"Oh, I am so glad, because you can't hurt him so very much. Please not to go, if you can hold him, more than three miles and a half an hour. Papa says that is the pace that always suits his health best. And please to take the saddle off, and keep it at your house, that the Rushford boy may not ride him back. And please to choose a steady boy from the head-class in your Sunday School, and, if possible, a communicant. But I'm sad! afraid there's no trusting the boys."



"Indeed, I fear not," said Octavius gravely; and adding to himself, "at any rate when you are concerned, you darling. What a love you are! But there's no chance for me, I know; and it's a good job for me that I knew it. Oh you little angel, I wonder who the lucky fellow is!" Aunt Eudoxia had dropped him a hint, quite in a casual way, when she saw that the stout young bachelor was going in, over head and ears.

Sweet Amy watched Mr. Pell, or rather his steed, with fond interest, until they turned the corner; and certainly the pace, so far, was very sedate indeed. Octavius was an upright man—you could see that by his seat in the saddle—as well as a kind and good-natured one; and on no account would he have vexed that gentle and beautiful girl. Nevertheless he grew impatient, as Coræbus pricked his ears pretentiously, and snorted so as to defy the winds, and was fain to travel sidewise, as if the distance was not enough for him; and all the time he was swallowing the earth at the rate of no more than four miles an hour. Then the young parson pulled out his watch, and saw that it wanted but half an-hour of the time himself had fixed for the morning service at Rushford. And he could not bear the thought of keeping the poor folk waiting about the cross, as they always did and would wait, till the parson appeared among them. As Mr. Wise has well observed, "the peasant of the New Forest is too full of veneration."

And here let me acknowledge, as it behoveth a man to do, not in a scrambling preface, which nobody ever would read, but in the body of my work, great and loving obligation to the labours of Mr. John R. Wise. His book is perfectly beautiful, written in admirable English, full of observation, taste, and gentle learning; and the descriptions of scenery are such that they make the heart yearn to verify them. I know the New Forest pretty well, from my own perambulations and peregrinations—one barbarism is no worse than the other—but I never should have loved it as I do but for his loving guidance.

The Rev. Mr. Pell, as people put, when they write to a parson,—hoping still to keep faith with Amy, because her eyes were so lovely,—pulled the snaffle and turned Coræbus into a short cut, through beeches and hazels. Then compromise came soon to an end, and the big bamboo was compelled to fall upon the fat flank of Coræbus, because he would not go without it. He showed sense of that first attention only by a little buck-jump, and a sprightly wag of his tail; then, hoping that the situation need not be looked in the face, shambled along at five miles an hour, with a mild responsibility.

"Five miles more," said Octavius Pell, "and only twenty minutes to do it in! It's an unlucky thing for you, Coræbus, that your mistress is engaged." Whack, came the yellow bamboo again, and this time in solid earnest; Ræbus went off as if he meant to go mad. He had never known such a blow since the days wherein he belonged to the inn-keeper. Oh, could a horse with four feeds a day be expected to put up with tyranny?

But, to the naggy's great amazement, Octave Pell did not tumble off; more than that, he seemed to stick closer, with a most unpleasant embrace, and a pressure that told upon the wind—not of heaven but of horse—till the following symptoms appeared:—First a wheeze, and creak internal, a slow creak, like leather chafing, or a pair of bellows out of order; then a louder remonstrance, like the ironwork of a roller, or the gudgeons of a wheelbarrow; then, faster and faster, a sucking noise, like the bucket of an old pump, when the gardener works by the job; finally, puff, and roar, and shriek, with notes of passing sadness, like the neap-tide wailing up a cavern, or the lament of the Berkshire Blowing Stone.

In forest glades, where hollow hoofs fell on the sod quite mutely, that roar was enough to try masculine courage, though never unnerved by a heart-shock. How then could poor Pearl Garnet, sitting all alone, in a lonely spot, wherein she had pledged herself to her dead

love, sitting there to indulge her tears, the only luxury left her—how could she help being frightened to death as the unearthly sound approached her?

The terror was mutual. Coræbus, turning the corner sharply, stopped short, in a mode that must have sent his true master over his withers, to explore the nature of the evil. Then he shook all through, and would have bolted, if the bamboo had not fallen heavily. In the niche of a hollow oak, was crouching, falling backward with terror, and clutching at the brave old bark, yet trying to hide behind it—only the snowy arms would come outwards—a beautiful girl, clad in summer white on that foggy day of December. The brown cloak, which had protected her from sylvan curiosity, lay on the ground, a few yards away, on the spot so sad and sacred. Pearl Garnet's grief, if we knew the whole of it, or perhaps because we cannot, was greater than any girl could bear. A lovely, young, and loving maid, with stores of imagination, yet a practical power of stowing it; of building castles, yet keeping them all within compass of the kitchen-range; quite different from our Amy, yet a better wife for *some* men—according to what the trumps are, and Amy must have hearts, or she dies;—that very nice girl, we have let her go weep, and never once cared to follow her. There is never any justice in this world; therefore who cares to apologise? It would take up all our business-time, if we did it properly.

Now, as she stretched her white arms forth, and her delicate form shrunk back into the black embrace of the oak tree; while her rich hair was streaming all down her neck, and her dark eyes still full of tear-drops; the rider, no less than the horse, was amazed, and seemed to behold a vision. Then as she shrunk away into the tree-bole, with a shriek of deadly terror—for what love casteth out fear?—and she saw not through the horn-beam frizzle, and Coræbus groaned sepulchrally, Pell came down with a dash on one foot, and went, quick jump, to help her.

In a fainting fit,—for the heart so firm and defiant in days of happiness was fluxed now and frail with misery—she was cowering away in the dark tree-nook, like the pearls of misletoe fallen, with her head thrown back (such an elegant head, a woman's greatest beauty), and the round arms hanging helpless.

Hereupon Mr. Pell was abroad. He had never experienced any sisters, nor much mother consciously—being the eighth son, as of course we know, of a jolly Yorkshire baronet; at any rate he had lost his mother at the birth of Nonus Pell; and I am sorry there are not ninety of them, if of equal merit.

So Octavius stood like a fish out of water, with both hands in his pocket, as it is so generally the habit of fishes to stand.

Then, meaning no especial harm, nor perhaps great good, for that matter, he said to himself—

“Confound it all. What the deuce am I to do?”

His sermon upon the Third Commandment, about to be preached at Rushford, where the fishermen swore like St. Peter, —that sermon went crack in his pocket at such a shocking ejaculation. Never heeding that, he went on to do what a stout fellow and a gentleman must have done in this emergency. He lifted the drooping figure forth into the open air, touching it only with his hands, timidly and reverently. Then he fetched water in his best Sunday hat—the only chimney-pot he possessed—from the stream trickling through the spire-bed; and he sprinkled it on the broad, white forehead, as if he were christening a baby. The moment he saw that her life was returning, and her deep grey eyes, quiet havens of sorrow, opened and asked where their owner was, that moment Octave laid her back against the rugged trunk, in the thick brown cloak which he had fetched when he went for the water; and wrapped it around her, delicately, as if she were taking a nap there. Oh, man of short pipes and hard, bachelor fare, for this thou deservest as good a wife as ever basted a leg of mutton!



At last the young lady looked up at him with a deep-drawn sigh, and said—

"I am afraid I have been very silly."

"No, indeed, you have not. But I am very sorry for you, because I am dreadfully clumsy."

She glanced at his snowy choker—which he never wore but on Sundays—and, being a very quick-witted young woman, she guessed at once who he was.

"Oh please to tell me—I hope the service is not over at Nowelhurst church."

"The service has been over for a quarter of an hour; because there was no sermon."

"Oh, what shall I do, then? What can I do? I had better never go home again."

This was said to herself in anguish, and Pell saw that he was not meant to hear it.

"Can I go, please, to the rectory? Mr. Rosedew is from home; but I'm sure they will give me shelter until my—until I am sent for. I have lost my way in the wood here." This statement was none of the truest.

"To be sure," said the hasty parson, forgetting about the Rushford bells, the rheumatic clerk, and the quid-chewing pilots—let them turn their quids a bit longer—"to be sure, I will take you there at once. Allow me to introduce myself. How very stupid of me! Octavius Pell, Mr. Rosedew's curate at Rushford."

Hereupon "Pello, pepuli, pulsum" (as his friends loved to call him from his driving powers at cricket, and to show that they knew some Latin) executed a noble salaam—quite of the modern school, however, and without the old reduplication (like the load on the back of Christian)—till the duckweed came out of his hat in a body, and fell into the flounce tucket of the beautiful Pearl's white skirt.

She never looked, though she knew it was there—that girl understood her business—but curtsied to him prettily, having recovered strength by this time; and there was something in his dry,

manly tone, curt modesty, and breeding, without any flourish about it, which led the young maid to trust him, as if she had known him long.

"I am Pearl Garnet," said she, imitating his style unconsciously, "the daughter—I mean I live at Nowelhurst Dell Cottage."

Coræbus had cut off for stable long ago, with three long weals of bamboo upon him, which he vowed he would show to Amy.

"Please to take my arm, Miss Garnet. You are not very strong yet. I know your brother well; and a braver or more straightforward young gentleman never thought small things of himself after doing great ones."

Pearl was delighted to hear Bob's praises; and Mr. Pell treated that subject so cleverly, from every possible point of view, that she was quite astonished when she saw the rectory side-gate, and Octavius, in the most light-hearted manner, made a sudden and warm farewell, and darted away for Rushford. How good it is for a sad, heavy heart to exchange with a gay and light one!

"Hang it! after that let me have a burster!" was his clerical ejaculation, "or else it is all up with me. I hope we haven't spilt the sermon, though, or got any duckweed down it. Duckweed, indeed; what a duck she is! And oh, what splendid eyes!"

He ran all the way to Rushford, at a pace unknown to Coræbus; and his governor-coat flew away behind him, with the sermon banging about, and the text peeping out under the pocket-lap. "Swear not at all," were the words, I believe; and a rare good sermon it must have been, if it stuck to the text under the circumstances.

The jolly old tars, after waiting an hour, orally refreshing their grandmother's epitaphs, and close-hauling on many a tight yarn, were just setting up stunsails to take grog on board at the "Lugger's Locker," hard by, as the banyan time was over. Let them ship their grog, and their old women might keep gravy hot, and be blessed to them.

They had come there for service, and shiver their timbers if they'd make sail till the chaplain came. Good faith, and they got their service at last, but an uncommonly short-winded one, a sermon moreover which each man felt coming admirably home—to his shipmate.

Meanwhile, Mr. Pell had left behind no small excitement at Nowelhurst. For a rumour took wing after morning service—when the wings of fame are briskest in all country parishes—that parson John was gone to London to complain to the Queen that Sir Cradock Nowell never came to church now, nor even sent his agent thither, to manage matters for him. For Mr. Garnet still retained his stewardship among them, though longing to be quit of it, and discharging his duties silently, and not with his old pronouncement, because his health was weaker. The vivid power of vital force seemed to be failing the man who had stamped his character upon all people around him; because he never said a thing which he did not think, and scarcely ever thought a thing with any fear of saying it.

Hitherto we have had of Bull Garnet

by far the worse side uppermost. I will offer no excuses now for his too ready indulgence of his far too savage temper. In sooth, we meet with scarce any case in which excuses are undiscoverable. God and the angels find them always; our best earthly friends can see them, when properly pointed out; our enemies, when they want to make accusation of them.

All I will say for Bull Garnet is (to invert the historian's sentence) "*Hæc tanta viri vitia ingentes virtutes exæquant*" — "These blemishes, however dark, had grand qualities to redress them." Strong affection, great scorn of falsehood, tenderness almost too womanly, liberality both of mind and heart, a real depth of sympathy—would all these co-exist with, or be lost in, one great vice? It appears to me that we are so toothed in, spliced and mortised, dovetailed, double-budded, and inarched, both of good and evil, that the wrong, instead of poisoning the right, often serves as guano to it. Nevertheless we had better be perfect—when we have found the way out.

*To be continued.*

## CITY LIFE IN OLD GREECE.<sup>1</sup>

BY G. O. TREVELYAN, M.P.

A LECTURER who, after engaging to give an account of his travels in modern Greece, puts his audience off with a dissertation on the social manners of the ancients, resembles a host who has promised to entertain his friends with champagne of a recent vintage, and then sets them down to a bottle of old port. All that is left for such a host is to see that the port is as sound a wine as he can procure, and to make the best excuse in his power for the absence of the

champagne. He will probably lay it on the badness of the season: and, in another sense, the badness of the season is my own apology for having broken faith with you to-night.

I started for Greece towards the end of last September, with one companion, as the rear-guard of a party of five. At Paris we were met by the unwelcome intelligence that cholera had broken out in Marseilles, the port where we purposed to embark. Our time was limited, and we had little inclination for passing a fortnight in a lazaretto; so we resolved to try the way of Ancona; crossed

<sup>1</sup> This Lecture was delivered in January last at North Shields, Newcastle, and Edinburgh.



Mont Cenis; rushed through Turin, where the Italians were electioneering in a style which seemed inexpressibly languid to men still glowing with the heat of a North-English borough contest; and were greeted at Milan by the tidings that Ancona was plague-stricken, and the route impassable. Then, as a last and slender chance, we threw forward our right shoulder, and made post-haste for Trieste. But, as we reached the Austrian frontier, there began to be apparent very ominous symptoms. At Peschiera, the whole trainful—passengers, guards and firemen—were forced to alight, and crowded into a small apartment; our luggage was opened and emptied; our clothes unfolded; the doors and windows were shut tight; and then we and our effects were steamed with the acrid fumes of chloride of lime and sulphuric acid. The same trying operation was repeated at Venice; and here we were saluted with the information that the contagion had made its appearance at Trieste that very forenoon. And so our flank was fairly turned by the disease, and all the avenues to Greece effectually closed against us. But we were saved by present disappointment from considerable future danger: for our three companions, who had preceded us by a fortnight, and had distanced the cholera, found that quarantine was not the worst of Hellenic institutions. After running unnumbered risks by sea and land, they were at length circumvented by a troop of robbers; their yacht was plundered; and one of their number was selected by lot to be detained until a ransom was forthcoming of three thousand pounds sterling. And so it came to pass that I had unwittingly been preserved from the sacrifice of a thousand pounds, the fifth chance of a week's captivity, and the necessity of treading in the literary footsteps of the ill-fated but voluminous Mr. Moëns, whose three months' detention among the Italian brigands has furnished him with materials for two plump octavos. Truly it were well if booksellers would adopt the advice of Mr. Carlyle, and pay their authors not

for what they write, but for what they leave unwritten.

And thus there was denied me all hope of amusing you with stories of modern Greek travel, and edifying you with scraps of modern Greek statistics. You will not this evening be entertained with tales of banditti and extortionate innkeepers, or discussions respecting the site of the temple of Theseus, and the identity of Navarino with the ancient Sphacteria. You will not be told, after the received manner of Oriental tourists, that the Hellenic maiden is as lovely as she was in the days of Homer; the Hellenic dog not less ferocious than of yore, and the Hellenic flea not less active and insatiable. To-night, with your permission, I shall speak to you of another and a far different Greece:—a Greece no longer to be visited by steamer, and diligence, and railway;—a Greece that can be viewed only through the medium of her own eternal literature. As, two thousand years hence, some young New Zealander will appear at the Philosophical Institution of New Canterbury or Tauranga City, and tell how he was deterred from visiting that broken arch of London Bridge, and effecting his long-expected survey of the ruins of St. Paul's, by dread of the exhalations from the great swamp of Wapping, and the freebooters who lurked in the jungles of Brompton,—as that famous child of the future will beg his hearers to put up with an account of ancient British manners compiled from the pages of Scott and Thackeray, so I trust that you will be content to listen while I try to bring before you a picture of the familiar life lived by the contemporaries of Xenophon and Aristophanes.

The area of Greece proper was something under that of the present kingdom of Portugal. Our own poets have described to us, far too minutely to need repetition here, the charms and glories of the scenery:—the chains of lofty peaks, their summits crowned with snow, and their lower slopes clad with foliage;—the valleys running from the shore into the heart of the mountains;

—the bold headlands alternating with shady creeks, the haunt of nymphs in the days of Hesiod, and the lair of pirates in the days of Byron. This fair region is now for the most part deserted and neglected, brown and arid from the disuse of artificial irrigation. The traveller paces across the market-place of Sparta revolver in hand, and with sidelong glances into the bushes that fringe his path ; and, amidst the ruins of Thebes, the sportsman may shoot in a forenoon woodcocks enough to make the fortune of ten Norfolk *battues*. But it was not so always. In the old time—the time of which we are now speaking—every one of those valleys swarmed with cattle, and blushed with orchards, and glowed with harvests. Every one of those innumerable creeks was the site of some proud city, whose name, and population, and history, are familiar to the British schoolboy long before he has learned to connect Manchester with the idea of cotton, or to distinguish Newcastle-under-Lyme from her greater and more famous namesake.

Each of these cities was a little state in itself, governed by its own laws, its own interests, and its own traditions. It is difficult for the member of a great European nation to realize such a condition of things. These notable communities, whose names are still household words after the lapse of five-and-twenty centuries—Argos and Mycenæ, Corinth and Megara—were mere parishes compared with the smallest kingdoms of our day ;—mere bits of territory, seven, ten, or fifteen miles square, with a walled town planted somewhere towards the centre of the region: Athens was the most populous among the whole cluster of Grecian states, and the Athenian citizens who were capable of bearing arms in the field numbered only sixteen thousand in the days of Pericles. She was by far more opulent than any of her neighbours : and yet her public revenue at no time reached half a million sterling. And, nevertheless, these tiny republics carried matters with a high hand. They waged war, and despatched embassies, and concluded alliances with

a solemnity and earnestness which would do credit to the government of the most extensive modern empires. They had their Cavours, and their Palmerstons, and their Bismarcks. They swore to treaties of guarantee as readily, and violated those treaties as complacently, as any European statesman of our days. One little nationality would invade the confines of another with a host of seven hundred foot and two or three and twenty cavalry ; while the invaded party would retaliate by despatching a fleet of a dozen cockboats to lay waste the seaboard of the aggressors. A homely illustration will give a better conception of Grecian international policy than pages of statistics. Imagine a jealousy springing up between the boroughs of the Falkirk district and the boroughs of the Stirling district, arising from the authorities of the latter community having laid a tax upon the sacred soil of Bannockburn. One night some supporters of Sir Frederick Halliday, who are not satisfied with the result of the late election, open one of the gates of Linlithgow to a party of the enemy. The Stirling men enter the town stealthily, penetrate to the market-place, and then blow a trumpet, and invite the citizens of Linlithgow, on pain of sack and massacre, to separate themselves from the other neighbouring boroughs. The inhabitants of Linlithgow are at first taken by surprise ; but presently they recover themselves, and stand on their defence. They overturn waggons, tear up the pavement, man the walls, and send off post-haste for assistance. Down comes Mr. James Merry with fifty score stout fellows from Lanark and Airdrie. The invaders make a gallant resistance, but are overpowered, and slaughtered to a man. Then the cry of vengeance rises over the Stirling district. War is at once declared. Mr. Oliphant assembles the town-council, and brings in a war budget. A duty of 5 per cent. is laid on butter, and 10 per cent. on woollen cloth. There is to be a loan of twenty thousand pounds, and a vote of credit for three thousand five hundred. The Tories object to this lavish expenditure ;



upon which two leading Conservatives are ostracized, and two more are slain in a popular tumult. The Stirling people take into their pay three hundred Perthshire Highlanders, commanded by the Duke of Atholl's head forester; but, on the other hand, two companies of the City of Edinburgh Volunteers march out of their own accord to the aid of the men of Falkirk. Presently there is a pitched battle under the walls of Queensferry. Mr. Oliphant's right wing is broken, and driven as far as Dalmeny. He himself, after behaving with more than his wonted courage, is left on the plain for dead. But, on the other wing, the discipline and valour of the Edinburgh contingent carries everything before it. Some of the Stirling men fly to Leith; some take refuge in Queensferry. The Inverkeithing detachment is caught between the sea and the foe, and entirely destroyed. The booty is enormous. A volunteer from The Old Town comes home with seven captives, one of whom he makes his groom, and another his footman; four he hires out as day-labourers; and the seventh, who happens to be an alderman, he ransoms for twelve hundred pounds Scotch, and ten shares in a Limited Company. This slight sketch will give a shrewd idea of an old Greek war; indeed, were we to substitute "Thebes" for "Stirling," and "Platea" for "Linthgow," it would read like a roughly-executed epitome of one of the most interesting passages in Thucydides.

One striking effect of this limited national existence was the intense love of country which was engendered in the Greek mind. The calm, philosophical patriotism of the individual member of a vast European people was faint indeed compared with the flame which glowed in the bosom of an Argive or a Corinthian. Those men loved their country because their happiness, their comfort, their very existence was bound up in her well-being. An inhabitant of the British Isles for the most part feels the misfortunes and the prosperity of Great Britain only through his pocket. He knows that his nation is at war with

Burmah or China merely by an increase of one per cent. in the income-tax, or a fall of two percent. in the consols. If he is curious after such sights, he may perhaps get a look at a captured banner, or at the fireworks which commemorate an honourable peace. If he be of a speculative turn, he may amuse himself with doubting whether the Tower-guns are firing in honour of a victory, or the birthday of one of the younger princesses. But an old Greek knew by very different signs that his country was in danger. Blazing corn-ricks, and smoking villages, and the clouds of dust that marked the track of the hostile cavalry: such were the Reuter's telegrams which told him that the invader was abroad. To this hour it is impossible to read without emotion the great comedian's account—half pathetic, half ludicrous—of the sufferings endured by the Athenian farmer in time of war: how, after the incursion was over, the poor fellow would go back to his holding, and find the olive-trees hewed down, and the vines burnt, and the pigs with their throats cut, and the well choked with rubbish, and a big stone jammed into the works of the trough where he mixed his dough. It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of the honest man the next time he found himself face to face with the people who had done him such a mischief: the eagerness with which he would await the signal of battle; the zest with which he would charge home when the trumpet blew; and the very poor chance a Spartan or Theban would run whose life depended on his forbearance. Victory, to an old Greek, meant personal security, wealth of captives and booty, and a fat slice of the conquered territory. Defeat meant ruin and shame: it meant the burning of his roof-tree, and the slaughter of his cattle, and the running away of his slaves, and the selling of his pet daughter to grace the harem of a Persian satrap. No wonder that he was a patriot in a sense that an inhabitant of London or Paris would be at some loss to appreciate.

And so it befell that, when the hour of trial came, these men gave an ex-

ample of courage and self-devotion, the memory of which will never perish. Two several times Grecian civilization, which contained the germs of all subsequent European culture and progress, was within a hair's breadth of being swept away by the flood of Oriental barbarism. On both occasions that flood was stayed by the superhuman efforts of Grecian self-sacrifice. In the year 490 before Christ, an innumerable host of Persians landed on Athenian soil:—Persians, who had found nothing that could resist the terror of their name from the Sutlej to the *Ægean Sea*. The crisis was awful. The states of Greece stood aloof in fear and amazement. Sparta, by an unworthy subterfuge, excused herself from coming to the aid of Athens. But the threatened city was true to herself. Her able-bodied sons turned out to a man, and marched quietly forth to make appeal to the God of battles. Shopkeepers and artisans, merchants and politicians and farmers, they took down their spears and shields, pocketed their biscuit and salt fish, kissed their wives, and walked through their doors without any notion that they were going to take part in an affair which all coming generations would remember with gratitude and admiration. And, when they came to the sacred Plain of Marathon, they did not stop to count the foe; but went, at a run, straight into the midst of the twenty myriads of Medes and Phœnicians. Out of breath, but not of heart,—with such line as they could keep, and with such martial science as a city militia might recall in the heat of contest,—they fought foot to foot and beard to beard, until the conquerors of the world broke and fled. And that very night they marched home to their supper;—all save one hundred and ninety-two, who were lying, with clenched teeth, and knit brows, and wounds all in the front, on the threshold of their dear country, where it becomes brave men to lie. And again, after an interval of ten years, the invader returned in such force that historians differ as to the number of millions whom he brought with him. He bridged the salt sea, and he cut

through the dry land. His army drank up streams, and in a day devoured the substance of wealthy cities. Straight on Athens he marched, offering her vast power and privilege on condition of her agreeing to his terms: 'and threatening her with fire and sword if she remained obstinate. Again the rest of Greece turned recreant. Boeotia joined the banner of Xerxes. The states of the Peloponnesus consulted their own security: but Athens—deserted, slighted, and betrayed—thought only of the common weal. There was an ancient oracle which bade her people, in time of extreme peril, trust to the wooden walls. Themistocles explained to his countrymen that these wooden walls were the bulwarks of their galleys. He bade them give up their city to destruction, place their women and children in sanctuary among the neighbouring islands, and take themselves on board their fleet. They obeyed his injunctions. Sorrowful but resolute they left their beloved homes to the spoiler; for they knew, to quote the words of their own historian, that men constitute a city, and not houses, nor temples, nor ramparts bare of defenders. And, ere long, in the world-famed Straits of Salamis, was fought that great sea-fight which rolled back the tide of Asiatic conquest, and saved the arts, the laws, and the sciences of the West from wholesale and irremediable extinction.

Such was the brighter aspect of Hellenic patriotism. But there is a dark side to the picture. A Greek readily allowed that he owed his mother-country everything; but his sense of duty stopped there. In his dealings with foreign nations he had no idea whatsoever of honour, forbearance, humanity, or justice. He spoke no language save his own. He did not profess any consideration for mankind in general, and most assuredly he did not practise such unless it happened to suit his individual interests. There is something most revolting in the extreme ferocity of ancient warfare. Throughout the histories of Xenophon and Thucydides, I cannot recall a single instance in which mention



is made of the wounded in the beaten army. A soldier in the front rank who had lost his shield or helmet,—a fugitive who had once been trampled down in the *mêlée*,—knew in a moment that he was a dead man. And not only did the belligerents lose sight of compassion. They rarely consulted the dictates of the most common honesty. It is strange to read how these refined and highly educated people coolly cut the throats of garrisons who had surrendered on promise of life : how they voted the extermination of all the males over the age of sixteen in a town with which, a twelve-month before, they had been bound by the closest ties of social and commercial life. During the Peloponnesian War, the little city of Plataea, after a prolonged resistance, was given up to the Lacedæmonians on condition that each of the defenders should have a fair trial. The Spartan notion of giving their enemies a fair trial consisted in asking them whether they had done any service to the Spartan cause during the war : a question which was, of course, a cruel and insulting preliminary to murder. In preference to such a court-martial one would almost elect to be tried by two lieutenants of gun-boats, and an ensign who had been gazetted on the previous January. During the same war the flourishing island of Melos revolted from the Athenian supremacy. After a short but bitter struggle the Melians surrendered at discretion. The Athenian assembly adopted the advice of Alcibiades, the leading dandy of the day, who lisped out a proposal that all the men of military age should be put to death, and the women and children sold as slaves. In the case of Mitylene the same resolution passed ; but an amendment was brought forward, and carried with much difficulty, limiting the number of executions to something over a thousand. This was considered a most unjustifiable stretch of clemency : and the supporters of the amendment were reviled as rebel-worshippers and demagogues.

But we will turn to a pleasanter subject. In all eras the details of national

vengeance and class-hatred are equally painful and odious : and yet not equally : for the Greeks at least did not profess the faith which enjoins forgiveness and charity. But, on the other hand, their education was so judicious, and their habits and ways of thought were so elegant, that they had indeed scant excuse for brutality. Had I the choice of time and place wherein to spend the term of existence, considerations of religion apart, I would without hesitation elect to be an Athenian in the 'age of Pericles ; for such a man led a life the plan of which was exquisitely tempered with good sense, refinement, and simplicity. He knew nothing of the passions that agitate the modern votary of fashion, who is for ever jostling amidst an endless throng of competitors towards a common centre. He resided among the friends of his childhood ; among people who had watched him, his virtues, and his foibles, from his youth up. He had none of our temptations towards assumption, insolence, and extravagance. It was idle to attempt to impose upon folks who knew his income to a drachma. If he aspired to cut a dash by setting up a second chariot, or treating his guests to Chian wine grown in the year of the earthquake, he was aware that all his father's cronies were shaking their heads, and wondering how long Aristippus, the son of Pasiæ, would take about going to the crows : (for these ill-omened birds answered to what are called the dogs in English metaphorical natural history). If he happened to be short-sighted when an old school-fellow passed him in the street, he was aware that, at all the dinner-tables of the evening, men would be wondering how the grand-nephew of Ctesippus the process-server could venture to give himself such high and mighty airs. If he felt any aspirations towards a political career, he would think twice when he saw on the front bench of his audience those very contemporaries on whose backs, a few years before, he had been hoisted three times a week to be flogged for his mistakes in grammar and arithmetic. And so it was that society then

had a less constrained and artificial aspect than it has ever worn in times past. Men talked for amusement and instruction, rather than for display. They lived with those whom they liked, not with those whom they feared. Their festivities and social gatherings were not special and extraordinary occasions, but formed an integral part of their everyday existence. They did not dine an hour and a half later than was pleasant, and sit up five hours later than was wholesome. They did not suffer themselves to be hustled upstairs by the ladies of their family a little before midnight to dress for a ball where they would have no space to dance. They did not get together to settle the affairs of the nation in a badly-ventilated senate-house at an hour when all honest men should be in bed,—at an hour when, if we are to believe certain fictions, all honest men *are* in bed.

The Athenian rose early; and, after performing a very primitive toilette, repaired forthwith to the market-place, to hear the news, to transact his business, and to make his purchases for the day. If he purposed to entertain his friends in the evening, there was no time to be lost. By seven in the morning the plumpest of the blackbirds, the whitest of the celery, and the firmest of the great eels from the Theban stew-ponds would have been bought up; and he would be forced to content himself with a string of lean thrushes, and a cuttle-fish whose freshness might be called in question. Perhaps, while he was engaged in beating down the purveyor, he might hear behind him a sudden rush of people; and, looking round, would see two Scythian policemen sweeping the square with a rope besmeared with red chalk. Then he would know that a general assembly was to be held for the despatch of business, and would hurry off to secure a good place. And there he would sit, as an old Athenian describes himself, groaning, stretching, yawning, scratching his head, jotting down notes, and waiting for the appearance of the President and the committee to open the

meeting. And presently, after a sufficiently long interval, the committee would come bustling in; treading on each other's toes, and jostling for a good place; trying to look as if it was they who had been kept waiting by the audience: for human nature is materially the same, whether on the platform of Exeter Hall, or round the tribune of the Athenian assembly. And thereupon the crier would proclaim: "Who wishes to speak about the Spartan treaty?" and the call would be for "Pericles": and the prime-minister would rise, with his right hand thrust into his bosom, and something would be said which is still well worth the reading. And, when public business was concluded, after a light breakfast, our citizen would return to his shop or his counting-house until the first hour after noon; and then he would saunter down to his favourite gymnasium, and thence to his bath: for the old Greek did indeed regard his body as a sacred vessel, which he was bound to keep clean, fair, and fit for use, and would as soon have neglected his daily meal as his daily exercise. There is a passage in "Modern Painters" bearing upon this point, so replete with meaning and eloquence that I shall not attempt to paraphrase it, but will give it you entire. Mr. Ruskin says: "The Greeks lived in the midst of the most beautiful nature, and were as familiar with blue sea, clear air, and sweet outlines of mountain as we are with brick walls, black smoke, and level fields. This perfect familiarity rendered all such scenes of natural beauty unexciting, if not indifferent, to them, by lulling and overwearying the imagination as far as it was concerned in such things; but there was another kind of beauty which they found it required effort to obtain, and which, when thoroughly obtained, seemed more glorious than any of this wild loveliness—the beauty of the human countenance and form. This, they perceived, could only be reached by continual exercise of virtue; and it was in Heaven's sight, and theirs



"all the more beautiful because it needed this self-denial to obtain it. So they set themselves to reach this, and, having gained it, gave it their principal thoughts, and set it off with beautiful dress as best they might. But, making this their object, they were obliged to pass their life in simple exercise and disciplined employments. Living wholesomely, giving themselves no fever-fits, either by fasting or over-eating, constantly in the open air, and full of animal spirit and physical power, they became incapable of every morbid condition of mental emotion. Unhappy love, disappointed ambition, spiritual despondency, or any other disturbing sensation, had little power over the well-braced nerves, and healthy flow of the blood; and what bitterness might yet fasten on them was soon boxed or raced out of a boy, and spun or woven out of a girl, or danced out of both."

Let us suppose, however, that our friend has sprained his wrist at quoits, or cricked his back while wrestling, and accordingly has determined to substitute an afternoon call for his athletic exercises. On such a call, let us take the liberty to accompany him. Or rather, let us, by the assistance of Plato, follow Socrates and his friend Hippocrates to the house of Callias, an Athenian person of quality, much given to letters. The purpose of their visit was to have a look at three famous sophists from foreign parts, Protagoras of Abdera, Hippias of Elis, and Prodicus of Ceos. "When we had arrived within the porch," says Socrates, in my very free translation, "we stopped there to finish off the discussion of a question which had cropped up in the course of our walk. And I suppose that the porter heard us talking away outside the threshold; which was unfortunate; as he was already in a bad temper on account of the number of sophists who were about the premises. So when we knocked, he opened the door, and directly he saw us he cried: 'More sophists! eh! Master's not at

'home,' and slammed the door to. We, however, persevered, and beat the panels vigorously with both hands: upon which he bawled through the keyhole: 'I tell you, master's not at home.' 'But, my good fellow,' said I, 'we don't want your master, and we do not happen to be sophists. We have come to see Protagoras: so just send in our names.' And then he grumbled a good deal, and let us in.

"And, when we were inside, we found Callias and his friends walking about in the corridor, seven a breast, with Protagoras in the middle. And behind them came a crowd of his disciples, chiefly foreigners, whom the great man drags about in his train from city to city, listening with all their ears to whatever was said. And what amused me most was to observe how carefully these people avoided getting in the way of their master; for, whenever he and the rest of the vanguard came to the end, and turned round, his followers parted to right and left, let him pass through, and then wheeled about, and fell into the rear with admirable regularity and discretion.

"And after this I noticed Hippias sitting on a chair in the opposite corridor: and around him were seated, on footstools, Eryximachus, and Phædrus, and a group of citizens and strangers. And they appeared to be putting questions to Hippias concerning natural science, and the celestial bodies: and he, sitting on his chair, answered them in turn, and cleared up their several difficulties. And Prodicus was occupying a closet, which Callias ordinarily uses as a still-room; but, on this occasion, what with his sophists and their disciples, he was so hard put to it for space, that he had turned out all his stores, and made it into a bed-chamber. So Prodicus was lying there, rolled up in an immense number of blankets and counterpanes; while his hearers had planted themselves on the neighbouring beds. But, without going in, I could not catch the subject of their conversation, though I was very anxious to hear what was said (for I

"consider Prodicus a wonderfully wise personage), because his voice was so deep that the closet seemed full of an indistinct noise, something between humming and buzzing."

In such a picture there is something mighty refreshing to a denizen of that metropolis where a rout which commences at a quarter to twelve, and embraces a tithe of the Upper Ten Thousand, is conventionally described on the cards of invitation by the epithets "small and early." Such refined simplicity, such homely culture, such easy vigour of intellect, and such familiar play of fancy, have been found nowhere since; save and except around the supper-tables of the Modern Athens in her golden age of genius and learning; that age which, if you will allow a Southron to hazard an opinion, has gained rather than lost in value by an admixture with the coarser, but not less useful, metals of modern progress. With the links for their stadium, and the meadows for their "academic grove," the youth of Edinburgh had little reason to regret Prodicus and Protagoras, as they crowded round the chairs of Robison and Playfair and Dugald Stewart. And we must not forget that Edinburgh was free from certain inherent vices which went far to nullify the peculiar delights and advantages of old Greek society;—which were the shame and scandal, and finally the ruin, of every community, from lordly Sparta and imperial Athens down to the smallest hamlet dignified by the title of an Hellenic city. First and foremost among these stood slavery, that most fatal of national diseases; which America, by the aid of such physicians as Grant and Sherman, has but just succeeded in throwing off from her system, after a course of treatment that has brought her nigh to death's door;—from the hereditary taint of which our national honour is at this moment in dire jeopardy, as sons may suffer from the ailments bequeathed them by their intemperate sires. The number of the slaves was enormous. In Athens, Corinth, and Ægina, they were to the free householders in the proportion of twenty to

one. For the most part, they were employed as hinds on their master's estates, or artisans working for their master's benefit. A skilled mechanic might be bought for an average price of sixteen pounds; and the net proceeds of his labour ensured his proprietor some thirty per cent. on the purchase-money. The father of Demosthenes made a hundred and twenty pounds a year by his thirty-two sword-cutters, and fifty pounds a year by a score of slaves in the pay of an upholsterer. Large sums were given for accomplishments and personal attractions, and yet larger for honesty and high character. A flute-girl with a pretty face and a good ear would fetch a hundred pounds in any market; but the highest price on record was given, by the very Callias whose acquaintance we made above, for a trustworthy man to act as a viewer in his mines. The rank and file, however, of the miners were the least esteemed, and the worst treated, amongst the slave population. They wrought in chained gangs, and died fast from the effects of the unwholesome atmosphere. The domestic servants were tolerably well off, and by many households were regarded in the light of pets. The first comic man of the Greek stage was generally some impudent, pilfering jackanapes of a Thracian slave; who came on rubbing his back and howling out of all proportion to the severity of a well-merited castigation; making jokes that read more decently in their native Attic than in a translation of modern Billingsgate; and singing snatches of airs which, in their popularity, and their servile origin, answered to the Ethiopian melodies of our day. But there was another and a very different class of bondsmen. Ever and anon, during time of war, bleeding from recent wounds, and smeared with the dust and sweat of the lost battle, there filed through the streets of the victorious town long strings of down-cast captives, who, the day before, had been flourishing merchants, famous lawyers, masters of science, of arts, and of letters. It was not probable that such men would forget, amidst the petty



treats and indulgences of a menial life, the time when they were free citizens, and happy fathers of families. Their disaffection and discontent formed a perennial source of weakness and danger to the republic. Fear begat hatred, and hatred cruelty. Measures of precaution grew into measures of repression: and repression soon became another word for wholesale slaughter. In Lacedæmon the government sanctioned a policy of extermination, on the ground that the Helots were in a chronic state of insurrection. Thucydides tells us how the Spartan authorities, during the agony of their great struggle against the supremacy of Athens, were driven to arm their serfs, and employ them on military duties: how two thousand of the stoutest and the most courageous among their number were publicly emancipated with every mark of honour; and how, before the triumphal garlands had withered on their brows, every man of the two thousand had disappeared from the face of the land, and was never again seen, alive or dead. And, in the frequent recurrences of panic, the magistrates would choose out the most active and fierce of the young citizens, and send them forth in various directions, provided with daggers and wallets of food. To and fro they ranged, these bloodhounds of a ruthless tyranny, and slew all the Helots of sulky and dissatisfied appearance whom they met riding about the country, and all who happened, in Spartan opinion, to look as if they would take pleasure in cutting Spartan throats. This duty was considered so painful and degrading, that it obtained the title of the "*crypteia*," or "secret service;" and the names of those to whom it was entrusted were carefully concealed. Gallant soldiers as they were, they cared not to blazon forth the fact that they had been forced to stoop to the office of executioners. Gentlemen to the heart's core, they did not comment in their dispatches upon the physiognomy of the wretches whom the orders of their superiors required them to destroy.

Another curse of Hellenic society

was the constant fighting. Partly from circumstances, partly from natural inclination, the Greeks formed the most quarrelsome family that has existed since the days of Cain and Abel. Those old republics fell out as readily as Scotch and English borderers in the fifteenth century; and then carried on hostilities with yet more system and pertinacity than the most civilized and Christian of the great modern nations. A remarkable indication of the bellicose propensities of these peppery little states is that, instead of declaring war, they used to declare peace. The instant that a five years' truce or a twenty years' truce between two cities had come to an end, the contracting parties were at full liberty to begin driving cattle, cutting down orchards, and burning crops: thereby evincing their belief in the principle that war was the normal condition of human existence. Under such a state of things, it may well be believed that there were many disagreeable breaks in the round of duties and pleasures which composed the ordinary life of a Greek citizen.

Some winter evening, perhaps, as he was hurrying out to a dinner-party, curled and oiled, and in a clean tunic,—conning over the riddles and the impromptu puns wherewith he intended to astonish the company,—he would see a crowd gathered round a statue in the market-place: and then he would turn to the slave who trotted behind him with his napkin and spoon, and send the boy off to see what the matter was: and the young varlet would return with a grin on his face to say that the Theban foragers were abroad, and that the generals had put up a notice designating the burghers, who were to turn out and watch the passes, and that his master's name stood third upon the list. And the poor man would send off an excuse to his host, and run home to fill his knapsack with black bread, and onions, and dried fish; and his wife would stuff wool under his cuirass to keep the cold from his bones; and then he would go, ankle-deep in slush, straight into the bitter night, lucky if his rear-rank man

was not some irrepressible metaphysician who would entertain him during the march out with a disquisition on the Pre-existence of the Soul, or the difference between Sense and Sensation. And it might be that on some fine morning—or, what was worse, on some morning that was anything but fine—he would find himself pulling at an oar, in the middle of a sea-fight off some headland notorious for shipwrecks. There he would sit on his leather cushion, sea-sick, sore, and terrified; the blade of his sweep hitting now against a shattered spar, and now across a floating corpse, as he vainly tried to put on an effective spurt; the man in front of him catching a crab, and the man behind hitting him in the small of the back at every stroke; the boatswain's flute out of tune, and the whole crew out of time; his attention distracted by observing a hostile galley dashing through the surge with her beak exactly opposite the bench on which he was posted. In one of his burlesques, Aristophanes has a charming passage, contrasting the comforts of peace with the hardships of war. "I am glad," says the farmer, "I am glad to be rid of helmets, and rations of garlic, and musty cheese: for I do not love battles: but I do love to sit over the fire, drinking with hearty comrades, and burning the driest of the logs, and toasting chick-pease, and setting beech-nuts among the embers, and kissing the Thracian housemaid, while my wife is washing herself in the scullery.

"For, when we have got the seed in the ground, and the gods have been pleased to send us a timely rain, nothing is so pleasant as to hear a neighbour say: 'Well, Comarchides, what do you propose to do next? I am for sitting indoors and drinking, while the gods do their duty by the land. So come, wife, roast us three quarts of kidney-beans, and pick out the best of the figs, and let the Syrian wench call in the farm-servants: as this is not weather for dressing the vines, or grubbing in the mud, while the soil is all soaking wet. And let someone fetch me

"out the thrush and the two finches: and there ought to be a black-pudding in the larder, and four pieces of jugged hare: (unless indeed the cat has made off with them: for I am sure she was at some mischief last evening): so let the foot-boy bring us three, and give the fourth to his father. And send to ask Æschinades to let us have some myrtle-boughs: and the messenger on his way had best look in upon Charinades, and see if he will come and drink with us, in honour of the rain with which the gods have blessed our crops.'

"And at the time of year when the grasshopper is chirping his welcome tune, I dearly love to watch my new Lemnian vines, and notice whether they are as forward as they should be: for I am told that they are an early sort. And I like to see the wild fig swelling daily; and, the moment it is ripe, I put it to my mouth, and eat it, and say, 'Bless the dear seasons: and that is the way I get plump and sleek in the summer, and not by staring at a great God-forsaken brigadier general, with three bunches of feathers, and a flaring red cloak, who is always the first to run away when it comes to real fighting.'

But even the miseries of foreign war were less serious than those which resulted from domestic sedition. In every Greek state there existed two political parties, ranged against each other in open or covert hostility. The democratical faction was strong in numbers and enthusiasm. The oligarchical faction held its own by dint of wealth, energy, and an excellent organization. When the popular spirit was excited by hope, or indignation, or panic, the onward rush of the masses carried everything before it; but, at ordinary times, the aristocrats, ever on the alert for an opportunity, gradually recovered their lost ground; just as the Carlton picks up the great majority of the seats which fall vacant during the continuance of a Parliament, while the Liberal triumphs are for the most part won amidst the heat and turmoil of a general election.



Cooped up within the walls of a single town, and brought into daily collision throughout all the departments of municipal administration, these factions hated each other with a ferocity which very seldom, for long together, confined itself to words and looks. Mutual suspicions, mutual injuries, mutual treacheries soon brought about such a state of feeling that men began to believe in the necessity of mutual butchery. Then came riots in the public places, midnight assassinations of the leading demagogues, arson, chance-medley, and every manifestation of rancour and anarchy. Moderate politicians went to the wall, and were lucky if they did not go to the gallows. Men paid to their party-club the allegiance which they refused to their common country, and did not hesitate to call in the aid of the foreign sword, or the servile torch and bludgeon. When matters were at this pass a civil war was the inevitable issue. The battle would be fought out among the warehouses, the temples, and the wharves of the unhappy city. Victory would at length place the beaten faction beneath the feet of its vindictive rival. Then would follow proscriptions, confiscations, the execution of scores, and the banishment of hundreds. Bad men would take advantage of the general licence to wreak their personal vengeance, and glut their private cupidity. Debtors cancelled their bonds in the blood of the holders; lovers laid information against their successful rivals; actors retaliated on the critics who had hissed them off the stage; and philosophers turned the tables upon some unfortunate logician who had refuted their pet syllogism. If any one expects that this account is over-coloured, let him turn to the fourth book of Thucydides, and read what took place in lovely Corfu, on a day in the late autumn, near three-and-twenty centuries back in the depths of time. After the island had been distracted by internal war for the space of many months, it came to pass, by fair means or foul, that the relics of the oligarchy, some three hundred in number, fell into the hands of their opponents; "who," says

the historian, "shut up the prisoners in a large building, and then brought them forth, twenty at a time, tied them in a string, and sent them down between two parallel rows of armed men, attended by people with cart-whips, whose business it was to quicken the steps of those who lagged behind; and whoever happened to have a grudge against any of the captives, got a cut or stab at him as he passed by. And sixty had been so disposed of before those in the building were aware of what was going on: (for they imagined that their companions were being simply conducted to another place of confinement). But at last some one let them into the secret, and then the poor fellows began to call upon the Athenian admiral, and bade him kill them, if it seemed good to him; but they positively refused to leave the building, and swore that no one should enter from the outside as long as they had power to prevent it. And then the populace gave up the idea of forcing the doors, and clamoured on to the roof, tore open the ceiling, and pelted the people below with the tiles; while others got bows, and shot down through the aperture. And the men inside kept off the missiles as best they might; but soon they found reason to give themselves up for lost, and one after another they made away with their lives. Some picked up the arrows and thrust them into their throats; while others twisted themselves halters with strips torn from their clothes, or with the cords of some beds which happened to have been left about. And far into the night (for the sun went down upon the melancholy scene) they continued dying by their own hands or beneath the shower of darts and brick-bats; and, when day broke, the townspeople piled them crosswise in waggons, and took them outside the city."

From such horrors we are effectually preserved by the very different character of our political situation. Wherever party-feeling runs high among a fiery and earnest race, there is always a latent

possibility of party violence. Half a century has not elapsed since, on the ground where the Free Trade Hall now stands, the county yeomanry slew fourteen of the Manchester Reformers. Barely eighteen months ago the carpenters drove the navvies into the mud of the Belfast docks, as far as men could wade short of stifling, and then fired at leisure upon their helpless foes. At Cheltenham, last July, a highflying gentleman took with him to the booths and hustings a loaded revolver, which during the day he could invent no excuse for using; so, as a last chance, just before turning in for the night at his own door, he shot dead a poor Radical who was consoling himself for the defeat of his party by singing "The Bonnets of Yellow." But in a country which counts its inhabitants by tens of millions, the very size of the community is a sure protection against any serious excesses. However fierce and eager may be the factions in a particular borough or city, the force of external public opinion, and the overwhelming strength of the central government, will speedily check all dangerous manifestations of political passions. Where Hellenic democrats would have called in the Athenian fleet to assist them in getting the better of their adversaries; where Hellenic aristocrats would have welcomed an invasion of Spartans or an insurrection of serfs, we content ourselves with writing for a few dozen of the county police, or a troop of hussars from the neighbouring assize-town. And so our civic strife is waged, not with daggers and clubs, and firebrands and fragments of broken pottery, but with the more pacific artillery of addresses, and handbills, and polling-cards, and here and there a rotten potato, and here and there a questionable egg, or a casual dead cat;—the supply of which singular commodity invariably meets the demand created by a contested election with such precision as to afford a notable example of the fundamental doctrine in our creed of political economy.

Hellenic warfare, whether foreign or domestic, might have lost something of

its barbarity, if Hellenic society had been more generally pervaded by the milder tendencies of female influence. But, unfortunately, the free married women held a most degraded and insignificant position, while education and accomplishments were confined entirely to ladies of quite another description. Those world-renowned dames of Corinth, Athens, and Miletus, who, like Aspasia, possessed the talents which qualified them, in fashionable parlance, to hold a *salon*, belonged to a class which has long ceased to exercise any ostensible sway over modern politics, though it might with advantage engage somewhat less the attention of modern journalism. There is no such sure sign of a low condition of social morality, as when women of vicious lives monopolise, or even share, the esteem and the authority which of right belong to the virtuous and respectable of their sex. Thus, Hindoo gentlemen, disgusted by the frivolous and illiterate gossip of their zenanas, are too often driven to seek intellectual sympathy in the company of clever and cultivated nautch-girls; and a wholesome symptom for the future of Oriental civilization is, that the more wealthy and intelligent Bengalees are applying themselves vigorously to the question of native female education, with the view of elevating the ladies of their households from dolls into reasonable companions.

The Spartan girls were brought up amidst the manifold hardships and the severe discipline enjoined by their national law-giver, whose object it was that in courage and bodily strength the woman should be to the man as the lioness to the lion. And so it came about that in Lacedæmon the softer—or rather the less rugged—sex, was treated with a consideration that had very little in common with our notion of chivalry; and which resembled not so much the feelings of the Earl of Surrey towards the fair Geraldine as the respect with which poor Tom Sayers may be supposed to have regarded Nat Langham or the Benicia Boy. With this single exception, the Hellenic matrons were in-



credibly debased, in morals, habits, and understanding. I blush—across a score of intervening centuries I blush—to have uttered words so inconsistent with the gallantry which Englishmen profess; but this single sentence may surely be forgiven when we recollect that, year after year, an Attic audience witnessed with glee and approbation their wives and daughters exposed to public derision and contempt. Three of the wittiest among the extravaganzas of Aristophanes are devoted to the faults and follies of his countrywomen, whom he was never weary of representing as drunken, lazy, gluttonous, silly, sly, ineffably coarse in ideas and in conversation. And hard as the comedians were on them, the ladies did not come off much better in the other branches of literature. The two most eminent philosophers of Greece both came to the conclusion that the whole duty of woman was to obey her husband. The popular tragic writer was of opinion that it would be an excellent thing for mankind if babies could be born without the intervention of a mother; and the mass of his compatriots showed pretty clearly the relative estimation wherein they held the sexes, by speaking instinctively, not of “wife and children,” but of “children and wife.” The mistress of a family neither dined out with her husband, nor was present at the table when he entertained his guests. An Athenian would have egregiously failed to appreciate the force of our stock quotations and proverbs on the subject of woman. He did not feel the difficulty of pleasing her in his hours of ease, because he was absolutely indifferent as to whether she was pleased or not; and he refused to endorse even that hackneyed saying which roused the indignation and satire of Sydney Smith, that “the true theatre for a woman is the sick-chamber.”

Witness the conduct of Socrates in

the supreme hour of his noble life. When his friends entered the prison, in the morning whereon he had been appointed to die, they found him just out of his bath, and his wife seated by him, with a child on her lap. “And then,” to quote the narrative left us by one of their number, “as soon as she caught sight of us she broke out into the exclamations which women use on such occasions, as, ‘O Socrates, this is the last time these gentlemen will ever talk to you, or you to them again.’ And he motioned to Crito, and said,—‘Crito, my friend, see that some one takes this poor thing home.’ So Crito’s people led her off bursting with grief; and Socrates, sitting up on the bed, bent his leg towards him, and rubbed it with his hand, and said —‘What a singular thing, my dear dear friends, is that which men name “Pleasure!” What a wonderful relation it bears towards the sensation “which is apparently its opposite!” And so he went his way out of the world, conversing on matters of far deeper import, in the judgment of those present, than the love or the despair of a woman. Compare with this strange scene the tenderness and reverence of the dying Russell for that sweet saint who sat by his side under the judgment-seat and in the dungeon. Think on the debt we all have incurred to the devotion of mother and sister;—on that which we owe, or yet may owe, to a sweeter affection still;—and, as public meetings frequently close with a vote of thanks to the ladies, so let us conclude this evening by passing in our hearts a resolution acknowledging that much of British worth, and most of British refinement, is due to the universal prevalence in British society of that gentler element, the absence of which was the most fatal drawback to the perfection of life in the cities of Old Greece.

## ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

## XI. OF A ROCK LIMPET.

I AM sitting on the rocks at the mouth of a little harbour on the North Devon coast. A soft west wind sweeps in from the sea, tempering the autumnal heats. For hot enough it is, without doubt, inland, if we may judge from the shimmering waves of vapour which rise from the hills behind me. A languid, listless day. The sea scarcely takes the trouble to break upon the shore, but, rising in long low swells far out from land, swirls lazily round the outlying rocks at the harbour's mouth, and creeps in to its rest in the bay in soft overlapping folds. The fishing-vessels in the offing scarcely seem to move, and loom ghostly like phantom ships in the mist which girdles the horizon. The sea gulls flap lazily along round the headland, and drop gladly down into the bay that they may sleep, lulled to rest by the rise and falling of the oily swell. The sky— But I am lapsing into an error which I am apt to reprobate in others, trying to describe with words that which only the painter's art can render.

Diffusive word-painting, it seems to me, is becoming far too much the fashion with writers of the present day. It is as great a mistake for the penman to try and describe a scene in many words as it is for the painter to attempt to represent continuous action upon canvas. Every art has its limits. The Seven Ages of Shakespeare are no fit subject for the painter's pencil. They will not make a picture. And it is an error equally foolish to heap epithet upon epithet, and to fill page after page with descriptions which, after all, place no distinctive scene before the reader's eye. A word or two will do it, if it is to be done at all. Milton has done it with a single epithet; as for example, "over some wide-watered shore, swinging slow with sullen roar." Tennyson

has done it in "the level waste, the rounding grey." Could whole pages of description have told as much as the *curiosa felicitas* of one single word? For the fault of diffusive word-painting is the fault of a picture out of focus. Take a large gallery painting, and confine the spectator to as much as he can see of it by travelling up and down in front of the canvas on a copyist's platform, and what real notions of that picture will he carry away with him? He has seen it all indeed, bit by bit; but he has never taken it in as a whole. And so it is with the reader of a description which runs over a page or two of print. It is out of focus to his mind's eye, and he cannot realize it.

Breaking off then in my attempt at description, I will only say that it is the sort of day—few and far between, are they not?—which makes one feel satisfied with bare existence, content to have life on its own terms; to live in the present wholly, with no light borrowed from past or future. And this not because of blue sky, or heaving sea, or purple cliffs melting into the haze far away. No, the charm is in the breeze; so pure an air, so sweet a balm, that it actually seems to heal the spirit, while it laps the body and bathes it in Elysium.

Looking out, then, dreamily over the sea (for one does not think or meditate, but rather dream, on such a day as this) I seem to wonder vaguely of what colour the ocean is, and how it shall be painted; for I have brought my sketch-book with me. But, after long pondering, I give the problem up as insoluble. The sea cannot be painted at all. The rendering of it, by even the best artists, is wholly conventional, as all rendering of motion must be; a symbol, expressive, perhaps, but still no less a symbol. A horse trotting, a bird in the air, a wave breaking on the shore—we have certain symbols for these things current amongst us,



which are no more copies of the things they represent than were the Egyptian hieroglyphics, but which are tacitly agreed on as conveying to the mind, in the only way possible, the idea of trotting horse, flying bird, and breaking wave. Therefore it is that "sketching from nature," in the usual sense of the words, is, in so far as the ocean is concerned, a mistake, generally resulting in abortive ugliness. No. Let the artist sit upon the rocks within the shadow of the cliff for hours—nay, for days together if he will—gazing out upon the sea; and, above all, let him throw in his lot for a little while—that he may *feel* as well as see its magnificence—with the hardy fellows who toss in their cockle-boats through the long hours of the day and night whilst the trawl is tugging and leaping behind them; and then let him go home and paint, not the sea, for that is unpaintable, but the various impressions which the sea has made upon him: and his pictures, if at least in any sense of the word he *be* a painter, will prove far more valuable and instructive to us, than if he had set himself down deliberately before the ocean, to count, furrow by furrow, the ridges of its waves, or to study, bubble by bubble, the foam upon its breakers.

But even more beautiful than the wide expanse of sea are those peerless pools of limpid water which lie in every hollow of the jagged rocks about me, pools left by the ebbing tide; filled as they are with strange forms of life, with anemones delicate and pellucid, streaked and veined with purple and orange, beautiful in colour exceedingly, and scientifically interesting I doubt not. Though I must confess that I cannot myself find much interest in a mollusc, probably because I do not much care to investigate its ways. Whereas of the study of my fellow-man I never tire. He is a perpetual enigma and source of interest to me, from the peer to the costermonger, from my little boy of four years old to the grey-haired man in whom are garnered up the experiences of a lifetime. And I beg to assure the reader that I should never have chosen

a rock limpet as the text, if I may so call it, for this Essay, if it had not connected itself in my mind with a subject of human interest.

For, you see, in touching with my finger one of these rock limpets which are so closely packed on this limestone crag, I have drawn out into active play that stubborn spirit of adhesiveness which is a peculiarity of his, so that the more I try afterwards to shake his hold upon the rock, the faster he secretes his adhesive slime, and the firmer he sticks; and it would now take something much stronger than a pair of hands to dislodge him from his station. "Ah, I see," remarks an impulsive reader; "a subject of human interest in connexion with rock limpets. Evidently meant for a type of some stubborn, obstinate, pig-headed brute like Johnson. I wish Johnson could see this Essay." You are quite wrong, however, my impulsive reader. Your interpretation of my meaning is entirely at fault. And that I may show you the folly, not to say the danger, of one man trying to interpret another man's thoughts, allow me to relate to you a short story as it was told by a friend to me.

"I once," said my friend, "got to know a man abroad who was half mad on the subject of a universal language of signs; and, being at Oxford not long since, I met him there, for he had come over to England to try and bring his hobby into notice. I need not tell you that the professor—for professor he was of some out-of-the-way university—bored us awfully. He knew very little English, but by his language of signs he used to try to get into conversation with everybody he met. One day he came to me with shrugs of delight to tell me that he had at last met a man who, equally with himself, was skilled in the universal language. 'I found him,' said the professor, 'fencing with the fist with your friend Mr. Davis in his chamber. I look on astonished at your insular custom; and they make him known to me as one who subsists by the science of the box, and who indeed had lost an eye in

the encounters of the boxing match. I determine to try on him the experiment. *Feeawt expayrimentum een corpore veelee.* I take an orange from the table. The day is superb, the sky of cerule blue, my bosom filled with thoughts of the celestial! I exhibit him then one of the fruits of the earth, to signify the bounty of Nature to man. He replies to me at once, this man of intelligence so quick. He takes a portion of bread and demonstrates it thus. I understand him. He would say that, if Nature is bountiful, man at least has improved her gifts to his service. I then hold up a single finger, to imply that the Being who gives us these things is One and undivided. He promptly answers my thought by holding three fingers before me, expressing that which you insulars inexplicably hold, a Trinity of Being. He then closes his fingers, and exhibits to me a figure of the world upheld by the breath of the Omnipotent! Of course, after that," said my friend, "I went off to Davis's rooms to learn the real state of the case; where I found the Bilton Pet imbibing a tankard of beer after his exertions. 'A strange party as ever I clapped eyes on,'" said the master of the noble science, laying down his pewter politely in answer to my inquiries; 'a mad furriner, no doubt, sir; a Mossoo, I suppose. He could talk no manner of English, but he tried on his chaff, as them Mossoos will do. He takes a orange off the table, and pokes it afront of me, as much as to say, "There, you beggar, what do you think of that for a specimen of *my* country?" But I wasn't going to be beat by him, so I holds up a bit of the loaf, to show him that I thought it a deal better than any of his foreign stuff. And then the ugly brute got vexed at that, I suppose, for he looks at me with a grin, and holds up his one finger to jeer at my one eye. So I up with my three fingers, and told him I'd be hanged if my one eye wasn't as good as any three of his; and then I shook my fist in his face, and said that if he wanted to come on I was his man for a fi'-pun' note.'"

Are there not then—to return to our

limpets—two classes of the species, man, under one or other of which we may, I think, reckon all our acquaintances and friends? I mean these two. First, the men who have made up their minds, as we call it, and stick to their opinions through thick and thin, and with a firmer hold the more they are impinged upon by the finger of fact, reason, consistency, or common sense. And, secondly, the men who have no firm hold upon any opinion at all, but are constantly shifting and changing their ground; nay, are liable at any moment to be swept off from terra firma altogether, by some fresh strong wave of fact or circumstance which may dash against them from the great abysmal deeps. Fortunately for themselves, and fortunately for the world, the greater number of men belong to the former class. They have made up their minds on most of the great questions of life, and all the fresh facts which are borne in upon them from without are made to fit in with the opinions they have adopted, or rather perhaps have received; for with these men the formation of opinion is a receptive rather than a ratiocinative process. They have each their own little theory of heaven and earth, and all fresh facts must be accommodated to that or at once rejected. They work out the problem of life by beginning with Q.E.D. and ending with certain premisses which they deduce therefrom. Nor are these men, I think, to be pitied. They save themselves much weariness of flesh and spirit. And surely their scheme works well. In fact I do not see how the business of the world could be carried on upon any other plan. It would be embarrassing if, when you went to your lawyer to draw up a plea or a lease for you, he should entertain you instead with a theory of justice which could be deduced to no practical issue whatever. It would be an awkward thing, to say the least of it, if, when you went to consult your physician about your diet, he should tell you that really he could come to no definite conclusion on the subject, for that substances which science declared



to contain much nutriment actually were less nourishing than other substances which were held to contain little ; so that science was fain to declare, as a *pis aller*, that these latter nourished by a physiological or biological process, and not by a chemical ; or, in other words, by a law of life of which science could take no note. No ! the rock limpet plan of keeping a firm hold upon the principles you have adopted, whether right or wrong, is evidently the working theory of life.

But there are some men unfortunately so constituted that they cannot do this. They are generally men of great subtlety of mind and logical acuteness, and they cannot help continually going back to first principles, and examining anew the ground of their convictions. The world calls them inconsistent, and so to the world they are ; for they are consistent only in their devotion to what they believe to be the truth. And they change because the aspects of truth change with enlarged experience. They are perpetually weighing the foundations on which their principles are grounded in the balance of their intellects, and, as this scale or that inclines downwards, so do they shift their principles. They forget that it is, after all, perhaps, only a single grain of truth which causes a difference of balance in the mass, and that, if they wait awhile, the other scale may receive a momentum of even two grains of equal truth. But this they

cannot do, for they are quick to act upon their convictions. And, however trying this subtlety of intellect may prove to the possessor thereof (and that it is not an unmixed good those who have it will be the first to allow—for what more sad than to be drifting upon a sea of doubt where lighter vessels have found anchorage?) yet the world could ill afford to lose these men. For it is the tendency of all human thought and opinion to run much in ruts, which get worn down in course of time, so that the wheels of thought are clogged, and cease to run at all. It is well, then, that men should be driven at times, even in spite of themselves, to examine the foundations of the truths they hold, whether religious, moral, physical, or intellectual. Doctors tell us that there is a great probability that the vaccine matter of inoculation is gradually becoming deteriorated and effete by long continued transmission through the human frame. And what if this should, unconsciously to us, be the case with truths which have been passed on from man to man through successive generations? At all events, in the moral world, as in the physical, it may be necessary that, at stated intervals, we should all be compelled to *go back to the core*. And this service is done for us, the foundations of truth are strengthened and buttressed anew by men who perhaps themselves are seeking a foundation of truth, in vain.

#### DR. NEWMAN'S ANSWER TO DR. PUSEY'S EIRENICON.

“EXCUSE me—you discharge your olive-branch as if from a catapult.” So says Dr. Newman to Dr. Pusey ; and he shoots back the olive-branch, sharpened to a finer point, not from a catapult, but from a silver bow.

Dr. Pusey assumed that his party were the Church of England ; and that if there were any Churchmen who did not agree with him, and for whom he was not entitled to speak, they were

“exotics” and “portents,” attracting attention only by their strangeness. Dr. Newman brings him quietly back to facts. “Even were you an individual member of that Church, a watchman upon a high tower in a metropolis of religious opinion, we should naturally listen with interest to what you had to report of the state of the sky and the progress of the night, what stars were mounting up, or what clouds

"gathering—what were the prospects of the three great parties which Anglicanism contains within it, and what was just now the action upon them respectively of the politics and science of the time."

Of Dr. Pusey's followers Dr. Newman speaks in tones of the tenderest sympathy. "I know the joy it would give those conscientious men, of whom I am speaking, to be one with ourselves. I know how their hearts spring up with a spontaneous transport at the very thought of union; and what yearning is theirs after that great privilege which they have not, communion with the see of Peter, and its present, past, and future. I conjecture it by what I used to feel myself, while yet in the Anglican Church. I recollect well what an outcast I seemed to myself, when I took down from the shelves of my library the volumes of St. Athanasius or St. Basil, and set myself to study them; and how, on the contrary, when at length I was brought into Catholicism, I kissed them with delight," &c.

He takes a charitable view of the conscientious scruples of men in Dr. Pusey's frame of mind, and a hopeful view of their position, remembering how, in the former days of the Tractarian party, Roman Catholics, more zealous than discerning, wrote of Tractarians who were on the brink of Rome, but still said hard things of her, "What is the most striking feature in the rancorous malignity of these men, their calumnies are often lavished upon us, when we should be led to think that the subject-matter of their treatises closed every avenue against their vituperation:" and how, notwithstanding, the Roman Catholics had soon to welcome the Tractarians as brethren in communion.

He seizes this, the first opportunity, of disavowing the sentiment that "the Church of England is, in God's hands, the great bulwark against infidelity in this land." What he really said was that that Church was "a serviceable breakwater against errors more funda-

"mental than its own." "A bulwark," he observes, "is an integral part of the thing it defends; whereas the words 'serviceable' and 'breakwater' imply a kind of protection which is accidental and *de facto*." He adds that, in saying that the Anglican Church was a defence against "errors more fundamental than its own," he "implied that it had errors, and those fundamental."

To Dr. Pusey's charge of Mariolatry, Dr. Newman's answer is, in sum, that the accuser gives a very exaggerated view of the case, partly by treating individual or national sentiments as universal, partly by either overstating the authority of particular authors, or ascribing their popularity to their excessive devotion to the Virgin, when it is fairly attributable to other causes. Putting together a number of the most frightful sentiments cited by Dr. Pusey, he protests that they "seem to him like a bad dream." And he suggests that, if Dr. Pusey had happened to disclose his own sentiments on the same subject, "unread men and men of the world," looking at the matter "in a broad, practical way," might not have been able to distinguish them from those which he holds up to abhorrence. "When they found you calling her (the Virgin) by the titles of Mother of God, Second Eve, and Mother of all living, the Mother of Life, the Morning Star, the Stay of Believers, the Expression of Orthodoxy, the all-undefiled Mother of Holiness, and the like, they would have deemed it a poor compensation for such language, that you protested against her being called a Co-redemptress or a Priestess. And, if they were violent Protestants, they would not have read you with that relish and gratitude with which, as it is, they have perhaps accepted your testimony against us."

Dr. Pusey and the Anglican bishops and clergymen of his party are entirely at one with Rome on all fundamental questions, and especially on the most fundamental question of all—the absolute submission of conscience to the authority of the priesthood. They wish to join her and to combine their forces,



ecclesiastical and political, with hers, against "the common foe." But they by no means wish to submit to her, or to be received back as converts into her communion. They wish to negotiate with her as one power with another. They hope, in despite of historical experience, to exact from her terms of reconciliation, to compel her to recognise their Episcopate, their Apostolical Succession, their Orders, and to obtain security that their national and diocesan dominion shall not be lost in the Œcumenical dominion of the Holy See. For this purpose it is essential to hold their party together, and prevent individual secessions to the Church of Rome, which not only diminish their numbers, and expose them to odium and suspicion, but render Rome intractable and deaf to their overtures, by confirming her in the hope of an approaching capitulation. And thus they are perhaps unconsciously tempted to make a bugbear of the excesses of Roman Mariolatry; though, as Dr. Newman says, their own sentiments on the subject, if explicitly stated, would shock Protestants almost as much as those of an ordinary Roman Catholic. This strikes us, after reading Dr. Newman's pamphlet, more forcibly than it did before, as in part at least the explanation of the double aspect of Dr. Pusey's book and of the way in which its different parts cross and frustrate each other. He wishes to lay his bark alongside that of Peter: but he is afraid that his crew will prematurely leap on board the bark of the Apostle.

The Russian Church declines, for the present, the hand held out to her. The Archbishop of Westminster, on his part, is full of serene hauteur both towards Anglicans and Greeks. And thus apparently ends this attempt to unite the three great sacerdotal and political Churches in a league, the practical tendencies of which we need not again describe.

The cup which the author of "*Eirenicon*" proposes to make is a large one, no doubt: but it is not large enough to hold Christendom. A larger will be gradually formed by the conscientious

inquiry which is going on in every communion, and by the sympathies which are visibly reviving (as even this discussion proves) if only men will have faith enough in God to wait patiently for the restoration of the Truth.

The worst thing that could happen to those who regard liberty of conscience as the only guarantee for truth would be that Dr. Pusey's party should succeed in obtaining the conditions of union which they desire. If we are to submit to Rome, let it be the Rome on the Tiber, not the Rome of Exeter or Oxford. We impute no tyrannical propensities or ambitious designs to any one; but never since Israel came out of Egypt has the Church put on such a yoke as that of the bishops, uncontrolled by the central power of the Papacy, would be. To the mass of us, the distinction between the *hyperdulia* and *latria* of the Virgin, or between her being the "Co-redemptress" and the "Mother of life," would be comparatively a very trifling consideration.

Let it be a frank and open submission too, if any, not a submission by way of "explanation." Dr. Pusey has republished "*Tract Number Ninety*." That tract was rejected at the time of its first appearance not only by the Protestantism but by the honesty and veracity of Englishmen. If our fathers sinned in making the Reformation, let us renounce and cancel the Reformation; but let us do it straightforwardly and manfully, not under colour of supersubtle and ultra-dexterous interpretations of Reformation formularies, coupled with perversions, of which we cannot help being conscious, of the facts of ecclesiastical history.

The destruction of common veracity would be a sinister step towards the restoration of the true religion.

The bulk of Dr. Newman's reply is taken up with the worship of the Virgin: on the question of Papal Infallibility, the other point of Dr. Pusey's attack, he maintains an eloquent silence. His reasonings in favour of the worship of the Virgin are of the usual kind—citations from the Fathers, in which dry dog-

matic outlines are construed as expressions of devotional feeling towards the Virgin; and mere scholastic fancies, of the most baseless sort, clothed with pseudo-logical forms. "Mary was the second Eve, and as the first Eve had, or is alleged by schoolmen to have had, a particular attribute, the second Eve must *à fortiori* have had the same attribute or an attribute of a higher kind." When, in his "Discourse on the Fitness of the Glories of Mary," Dr. Newman spoke of the tradition of the Virgin's Assumption as coming "wafted westward on the aromatic breeze," his readers could not help inferring that he was not the victim of any deep self-delusion on the subject. We know, from his autobiography, that he feels it a duty to throw himself into the system of the Church in which he finds himself. But in a long course of sophistical reasonings (so, without imputing the slightest dishonesty of purpose, we must call them) he has so strangely used his own intellect, that it is impossible to say whether this gifted man is or is not really the dupe of fallacies which would not for a moment impose upon any plain understanding. Not that Dr. Newman's reasoning powers ever bore any proportion to his other intellectual gifts, to the strength of his imagination, his dramatic insight into religious character, or his literary grace and skill.

Surely among all the strange purposes that dialectics have served, they never served a stranger than that of proving syllogistically that "the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is bound up in the doctrine of the Fathers, that Mary is the second Eve."

We have used the term "sophistical," in reference to Dr. Newman's habits of arguing. We repeat that we do not mean by it dishonest; but we will illustrate it at once, in its simply dialectical sense, by a quotation from this pamphlet.

"The Virgin and Child is not a mere modern idea; on the contrary, it is represented again and again, as every visitor to Rome is aware, in the paintings of the catacombs. Mary is there drawn with the Divine Infant in her lap, she with hands extended in prayer,

He with His hand in the attitude of blessing. No representation can more forcibly convey the doctrine of the high dignity of the mother, and, I will add, of her power over her Son. Why should the memory of *His time of subjection* be so dear to Christians, and so carefully preserved?"

As though the painter, in thus representing the Infant Jesus in the lap of His mother, intended to suggest the idea here slipped in by Dr. Newman—that of the permanent power of Mary over the Second Person of the Trinity, and His subjection to her, in the sense of the Roman *Jure Matris inperera Filio*. As though the Mother and Child had become a familiar subject of Christian art *because* it was Christ's time of subjection.

In quoting from the Fathers, Dr. Newman, like all the other controversialists who resort to that great treasure-house of verbal proofs, is naturally drawn to the passages favourable to his own side of the question. He quotes from Tertullian ("De Carne Christi," 17) a passage which, in everything but mere verbal forms, is as remote from the doctrines and devotions which it is adduced to support, as if it had been fetched from the Zendavesta. In another part of the same treatise (c. 7), Tertullian says that Mary cannot be proved to have believed in Christ (*non demonstratur ad hæsisse illi*); and in another treatise ("Adv. Marionem," iv. 19), he says that Christ renounced her (*abdicavit*).

In the course of the argument we get some curious glimpses into Dr. Newman's state of mind, and his relations to the different elements of the Roman Catholic world. He gives us almost expressly to understand that he has sobered down since the ecstatic days of his conversion; a fact which indeed we might have discovered for ourselves, by comparing his present apology for the worship of the Virgin with the rapturous discourses on the Glories of Mary which he published in 1850. He distinctly severs himself from two of his old associates, the late Father Faber and Mr. Ward, both as to the prerogatives of the Virgin and as to the infallibility of the Pope. This passage (p. 25) is,



we believe, the only one in which he alludes to the infallibility of the Pope ; and, considering the fierceness of his opponent's onslaught upon "Llamaism," his silence, as we before intimated, seems significant in the highest degree.

Some remarkable idiosyncrasies in the structure of his religious mind are also brought to view. He seems entirely to acquiesce in national differences of religion, leaving the extreme worship of the Virgin to the fervid South, while he himself adheres to the fashion of the more temperate climate. "I prefer English habits of belief and devotion to foreign, from the same causes, and by the same right, which justifies foreigners in preferring their own. In following those of my people I show less singularity, and create less disturbance, than if I made a flourish with what is novel and exotic."

Not only does he seem content that there should be national differences of religion, but that the religion of the common people should be vulgar, like themselves ; and not only that it should be vulgar, but that it should be superstitious and corrupt.

"In the next place, what has power to stir holy and refined souls is potent also with the multitude ; and the religion of the multitude is ever vulgar and abnormal ; it ever will be tinctured with fanaticism and superstition, while men are what they are. *A people's religion is ever a corrupt religion.* If you are to have a Catholic Church, you must put up with fish of every kind, guests good and bad, vessels of gold and vessels of earth. You may beat religion out of men if you will, and then their excesses will take a different direction ; but if you make use of religion to improve them, they will make use of religion to corrupt it. And then you will have effected that compromise of which our countrymen report so unfavourably from abroad :—a high, grand faith and worship which compels their admiration, and puerile absurdities among the people which excite their contempt."

It is not easy to say what manner of teaching this is. But it certainly is not the teaching of Paul of Tarsus.

The "Apologia" was described by an Anglican journal with singular infelicity as a dread warning against the dangers of a search after truth. Truth, in the simple meaning of the term, is precisely the thing which Dr. Newman has never sought : has never, or almost never, even conceived the idea of seeking. That which he has sought most earnestly, most honestly, with an entire disregard of all worldly considerations, is the best ecclesiastical system. To this, not to a simple search for truth, he was trained by his Oxford culture and his Oxford associations, which, even in his search for a system, narrowed his view, contracted his sympathies, and gave him an almost irresistible bias towards Rome. If of the existing systems one is alone good, perhaps he has found it. If of the existing systems none is alone good, or even clearly the best, his labour that way is but lost, and he had better have stayed where Providence had placed him, and done what he could for those among whom Providence had thrown him. If in the casket which, after dread preparation and august throes of conscience, he at last opened, he has found neither exactly Portia's picture, nor exactly a death's-head, but something less attractive than the first, though less repulsive than the second, men of inferior gifts may be thankful that their conscience does not compel them to stake their eternal salvation on the issue of such a choice. He has borne in his life a witness to the transcendent importance of spiritual things for which all men have reason to be thankful. He has produced religious writings which will always be prized for their substance as well as for their form, by Christians of all communions. He has given an impulse to the revival of religious art, which is covering the country with the monuments of his influence. He has unconsciously, but not without merit, contributed to the ultimate union of Christendom, by opening a way from one Church at least into another, and

putting an end to the hide-bound exclusiveness and self-complacency of the Anglican establishment. He is in every way an illustrious citizen of the *Civitas Dei*, though he is bound, like its other citizens, to remember that it is the kingdom of light. But if he, born and bred where he was, is found, at the close of his career, protesting that he believes in

the liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius and in the winking Madonnas of the Roman States, and here pretending to defend on rational grounds the worship of the Virgin and the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, this is a Nemesis, no doubt, in Protestant eyes, but it is not the Nemesis of a life devoted to the pursuit of truth.

## CAN WE SEE DISTANCE?

BY T. COLLYNS SIMON.

THIS problem has been long solved to the complete satisfaction of all scientific men and all philosophers. It, nevertheless, involves one of the most interesting inquiries of physical science. The question is this: If we opened our eyes for the first time upon the world around us, should we be able to know immediately—without any reflection or any experience—that the objects which we saw were at a distance from our eyes? should we be able to see that there was space around us? In other words: If we stand at the water's brink on the sea-shore, and look at that sheet of motionless or moving substance spread out before us, would it appear to us, if we were then using our eyes for the first time, as something perpendicular or as something horizontal—as something raised up towards the level of our eyes, or as something laid flat in a straight line out before our feet? Should we be able to see that the parts which we now know to be the most distant are the most distant; or should we suppose them to be no more distant from us than what we have at our feet? In still other words: When in winter we stand in a plantation close to a tree with its branches to the ground, and look through that tree, and through all the others, *in one line from where we stand*, do we see the spaces between these trees? Should we be able to discern by the eye alone, if we then

suddenly for the first time became possessed of sight, that all the trees thus seen, some through others, and all appearing to us to be crowded together in contact with one another, are not really in contact, but have intervals between them which make some of them more remote from us than others? or (which is the only alternative) should we in that case see the farthest tree as near us as the nearest?

Now the answer of all thinking men is, that we cannot in any of these cases see the kind of extension which we call remoteness, and that, prior to experience, not only every object, but every part of every object, would seem to us as near as the object or the part which was the nearest. Locke states this matter thus, in the loose language of his age:—  
 “When we set before our eyes a round  
 “globe, of any uniform colour, *e.g.*  
 “gold, alabaster, or jet, it is certain  
 “that the idea thereby imprinted in  
 “our mind is of a flat circle variously  
 “shadowed, with several degrees of  
 “light and brightness coming to our  
 “eyes. But, we having by use been  
 “accustomed to perceive what kind of  
 “appearance convex bodies are wont to  
 “make in us, what alterations are made  
 “in the reflections of light by the difference of the sensible figures of  
 “bodies; the judgment presently, by  
 “an habitual custom, alters the appearances into their causes; so that, from



"that which is truly variety of shadow and colour collecting the figure, it makes it pass for a mark of figure, and frames to itself the perception of a convex figure and a uniform colour, when the idea we receive from thence is only a plane variously coloured, as is evident in painting." (Essay, Book ii. chap. 9). There is remoteness in a jet ball or in an apple as completely as in the ocean. There are some points in each more remote from us than others. The question is, do we *see* this remoteness or Do we *infer* it? All thinking men, except perhaps two, are agreed that we infer it.

Even those who have not thought much upon the subject will have little difficulty in discerning that we could not have known anything of remoteness—either what it was in itself, or where it was—without experience, *i.e.* without having *otherwise* experienced the same or a similar extension; and the theory that we really could not have this knowledge obtains for such persons a strong *prima facie* corroboration from the information afforded us by those born blind, who have obtained their sight by an operation. We find that these persons see all objects so near them that they suppose them to be in contact with their eyes or face, and this to such an extent that, when they once find that they can get their hands placed between their eyes and the objects round them, they keep them there as they walk about, to protect their eyes from contact with these objects. Four instances of this, out of several, will be sufficient—a patient of Mr. Nunneley's, one of Dr. Franz's, one of Dr. Grant's, and Dr. Trinchinetti's double case. Of the first it is recorded that he thought the objects round him "to be in contact with the eye," and that, when he ascertained that this was not the case, "he walked most carefully about with his hands held out before him to prevent things hurting his eyes by touching them." Of Franz's patient we read, to the same effect, that "all objects appeared so near to him, that he was afraid of coming in contact with them. And the account

of Grant's case is similar. We are told that "on first seeing he asked for his guide. 'But,' said he, 'I think I can get on without him.' He then tried a few steps, but everything seemed to make him afraid." Of the fourth case we have the following fuller statement:—"The observations of Dr. Trinchinetti on this point are more exact, and very instructive. He operated at the same time on two patients (brother and sister) eleven and ten years old respectively. The same day, having caused the boy to examine an orange, he placed it about one metre from him, and bade him try to take it. The boy brought his hand close to his eye, and, closing his fist, found it empty to his great surprise. He then tried again a few inches from his eye, and at last, in this tentative way, succeeded in taking the orange. When the same experiment was tried with the girl, she also at first attempted to grasp the orange with her hand very near her eye; then, perceiving her error, stretched out her forefinger, and pushed it in a straight line slowly until she reached the object. Other patients have been observed (by Janin and Duval) to move their hands in search of objects, in straight lines from the eye. Dr. Trinchinetti indeed regards these observations as indicating a belief that visible objects were in actual contact with the eye. . . . It is especially worthy of remark that, when the boy had missed the orange on his first attempt, he sought to seize it at gradually increasing distances until he succeeded." I give this important statement in the words of Mr. Abbott, one of the two critics above alluded to, who suppose themselves our opponents, and represent themselves as such, upon this common doctrine; and there are few general readers to whom it will not appear that we have in these surgical cases abundant *prima facie* evidence for the truth of the conclusion which even very little reflection will suggest to them, that we do not see distance from us, or remoteness, in the same sense, or in the same way as we see angular distance; in

short, that from the moment it becomes what it is, we do not see it at all, and that we then become acquainted with its existence in quite another way.

It is necessary to explain here, once for all, that by "distance" we always mean the space between two visual points, and that we never can see the thing which we call "distance," except where we see its two extreme points. If there is nothing but air between these two visual points, it may appear to us that we cannot see this space, since air occupies it, and air is invisible. But this is a mistake. If we see the two points at the same time, we see the space between them which is a quality or relation characteristic of them, and, since the points are visual, the space or distance between them, whether occupied by visual points or not, is visual also. Now, there are two kinds of this visual distance. 1. There is that of which we see the two visual extreme points before us—either one point above and one below, or one point to the right and one to the left. This is called "angular" distance, from the angle which it forms with the eye; sometimes "transverse" distance, because it crosses the line of sight; and sometimes "lateral" distance, because we are placed at the side of it, and not at the end of it, when we see it. 2. The other kind of visual distance is what we call "remoteness," or distance from us, and differs from the above only in the circumstance that it is placed differently with respect to our eye, and very differently. It does not lie at all across the line of sight, but coincides *rigidly* with it; nor are we at all at the side of this sort of distance when we look towards it, but only at the end of it; and one of its visual points is always so exactly either behind, or in visual contact with, the other, that we cannot see the least portion of the space that we know there is between them. In treating on the subject now before us, this second kind of distance is supposed to be sufficiently designated by the term "distance" alone, without any qualifying expression. Sometimes it is called "distance

in the line of sight," and "distance from us;" sometimes "the third dimension of space;" and it means exactly what we call "remoteness"—which term, though here unusual, is by far the safer one to use. Of the two kinds of distance now described, there is no question, nor room for question, as to whether we see the first. It is obvious that we do. What needs explanation is, the fact that we cannot, under any circumstances, see the last. We can only see the last by converting it into the first, *i. e.* by placing the eye at the side of it. But when we do this it ceases to be remoteness; or, in other words, no one point in it is any longer nearer to us than another.

Before I proceed to exhibit more in detail our principle respecting this remoteness, and to state the demonstration of it, it is necessary to speak of our two critics, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Bailey, who assert, against us all, that we can see distance, and to explain how they came to oppose (or shall I not say—to fancy that they opposed?) so very obvious a fact of consciousness and science, as that disputed in this assertion.

And first I would observe, that what they oppose is a much more limited proposition than their language would lead one to imagine. They do not deny, as it is ordinarily supposed they do, that we cannot see distance. They admit that we cannot. Their language seems to have deceived even themselves. They admit that, except for a few yards in front of us, we do not see immediately a single particle of the distance between us and the horizon, nor even between us and the most distant stars. All distance from us they admit to be inferred from signs, and, in itself, as invisible as thinking men have ascertained it to be, with the sole exception of that very short space before us. They suppose that the first acts of the chicken *while* it is leaving the shell, prove that, in that very limited space, we can see the distance or intervals which we cannot see further off. That is all. The question between them and us is not, then, as to whether distance is or is not a thing which the unlearned see when



they think they see it ; for our critics admit it is not, and that the unlearned are here constantly mistaking for distance the mere signs of distance, as we say that Mr. Abbott and Mr. Bailey do. Nor is there any question as to whether we see distance generally or not ; for these writers, I repeat, admit that we cannot ; and admit, moreover, that, except within some thirty or forty yards of us, we cannot see the thing at all. But, even within that very limited extent, they admit that distance is quite as capable of being invisible as of being visible. We see, then, to what a small point their opposition is restricted. It applies only to a very short space before us, and it applies only sometimes to that. They admit, for instance, that out of a balloon, a mile high on a clear day, no one can possibly see distance beyond the narrow precincts of the balloon itself. They admit that in a boat, a mile from the shore, on a glassy sea, all distance would be utterly invisible, except that between the different parts of the boat, and that between the people in it. They admit that *all* the distance between the sun and the eye is completely invisible, as we look up from the mountain-top, or from an open plain. In short, they admit that the only sort of space whose visibility the first acts of the chicken suggest to them, is that which is occupied with a variety of objects. Might not this alone convince them that they cannot see the space even here, and that they require the objects to be present in order to infer it from them ? They do not pretend that, even of this very questionable sort of seen space, we can see more than about some fifteen or twenty times the length of our own bodies, and the chicken about the same proportion. To this minute point, then, the whole question between them and us is reduced. Can we see distance immediately even for these few yards of diversified space before us ; or do we not rather even there arrive at its existence by an inference from those objects without the presence of which it is admitted that we could not possibly see it ? In what other imagin-

able way could those objects render the distance visible ? It is most important to bear in mind that the whole question is restricted to these few yards of interval in front of us, and to the presence of some objects, for, without some, even that could not be discerned. Beyond this limit, it is admitted by Mr. Abbott and Mr. Bailey that we are all of us right in holding that we cannot see distance, but infer it only, and that the celebrated "line endwise to the eye" of Molyneux, as stated by Berkeley, is a perfectly correct demonstration of the problem.

But, even in this very limited denial of our ordinary doctrine, we find them to have been misled not only by the strange oversight just indicated, about the use of objects in enabling us to see space, but also by the three following mistakes. In the first place, they fancied that the ordinary doctrine about the space close to us was contradicted by the acts of young animals. In the second place they fancied that this doctrine about the space close to us was all that Berkeley intended under his "New Theory of Vision," and, misapplying thus his arguments, they necessarily found that the invisibility of the space close to us was not proved by *them*. In the third place they fancied that the nature of what we see immediately within a few yards of us must be something "unique and *sui generis*" merely because the signs of space within that narrow space are greatly increased when there are objects of sight in it, being there and then greatly more needed for the body's safety than at remoter points of space.

With regard to the first of these misapprehensions, neither of these writers succeeds in concealing (what each seems so anxious to keep out of view) that his opposition to the ordinary doctrine originated entirely in the fact that those young animals which come into life with open eye and active limbs act precisely as if they knew, without experience, that there was distance round them. From this fact these writers supposed that young animals must be able to see dis-

tance from them precisely as they do angular distance, and as they see one another; while two or three other writers, not quite so impulsive, were inclined to think they had an instinctive knowledge of its existence, independent of seeing it, just as the bee has its instinctive knowledge of the hexagon without geometry. But neither alternative is at all necessary. The only case of the young animals which has, in this respect, the least title to attention, is the one now mentioned, where the animal comes into life with open eyes and active limbs, such as the chicken or the duckling. In all the rest the learning process is manifest; and here two suggestions will satisfy every one who is able to reflect unbiassed on the subject. Either these young animals act at first from a knowledge of distance, or they do not. If they do, let it be remembered that they learn rapidly, and that a few hours or a few minutes of sight would furnish them with sufficient knowledge to begin with,—sufficient knowledge, I mean, to enable them to commence that practice which, once inaugurated, would, of itself, in an incredibly short time, bring about perfection. And, if they do not act from a knowledge and experience of distance (which is probably the case), then all the conclusion we are driven to is, that they make efforts to move forwards into space before they know they can so move, and really move so before they know they do. The first movements of a chicken would probably be the same in the dark as they are in the light; and if, the more it moved in the dark, the more the darkness were dispelled, we should then have an effect analogous to that which we have now. We should think it began by seeing what it could not. Nor is there in this action prior to experience—this action so easily mistaken by us for knowledge—anything different from what occurs in the use of their mouths and limbs. They use them before they have experienced whether they are there for them to use or not. Have Mr. Abbott and Mr. Bailey ever, in connexion with

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this point, reflected on the rapid flight of the full-grown bee and cockchafer in open space, where they could have, even according to these writers, no seen distance to deal with any more than they could have it in the dark, both on account of the only sort of distance alleged to be seen (viz. the diversified), and on account of the extremely limited convergence, or alleged means of seeing this, possessed by these insects. But, besides all this, even if there were not these easy explanations of any such incidents that might be reported, how exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, it is to get at the genuine facts respecting these young animals! How frivolous to pretend that we have even one of these facts upon our side! How utterly preposterous, to deny, or equivocate about, a demonstration, merely to make room for them!

With regard to the second of the misapprehensions, to which I now advert, we have something still more unreasonable and still more inexcusable to complain of than this chicken theory.

Mr. Bailey wrote about twenty years ago, and (as may be seen in his own most unphilosophical "Letter to a Philosopher") had all his misconceptions about seeing distance clearly indicated to him by two of the most distinguished writers of this age—Mr. John Stuart Mill and the late Professor Ferrier. Mr. Abbott wrote last year<sup>1</sup> precisely to the same effect as Mr. Bailey did, and has already learned, from an able reviewer in the "North British" for August, 1864 (what Mr. Bailey had scarcely been made quite aware of by *his* reviewers in 1842), that he and Mr. Bailey have both of them written their books upon one subject, while they in their very title-pages professed, with some pomp, to write upon another.

There are two propositions in the Philosophy of Science, as different from

<sup>1</sup> Sight and Touch; an attempt to disprove the received (or Berkeleyan) Theory of Vision. By Thomas K. Abbott, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. Illustrated with woodcuts. Longman, London. 1864.



one another as it is possible almost for any two propositions to be. One is that the visual phenomena of nature are only signs, and *arbitrary* signs, of the tactual phenomena. It is Berkeley's exposition of this enormous fact that Adam Smith describes as "one of the "finest examples of philosophical analysis that is to be found, either in our "own or in any other language;" and Dugald Stewart as "one of the most "beautiful, and at the same time most "important theories of modern philosophy." Nor has any scientific or philosophical writer of our times refused it this praise. The other proposition is that, among the visual phenomena of nature, we cannot see distance *from us* as we see *angular* distance, but that we infer it from certain visual signs. This is an axiom of long standing among scientific men even before Berkeley's time; propounded by Glanvill, Locke, and Molyneux, as part of the current knowledge of their period, and merely mentioned incidentally in the preamble to Berkeley's "Essay" as an obvious and well-known fact, which it was unnecessary for him to prove or to discuss. These are the two propositions which Mr. Abbott and Mr. Bailey have confounded to the extent of regarding them as one and the same (of course) most senseless proposition, and this with a chaos of thought—a bewilderment of misconceptions, which is, perhaps, in these days, without its parallel upon any subject. It need not surprise us that Mr. Bailey describes Berkeley as a thinker of little depth, whose powers have been greatly overrated, and that both of them point out to us more than once how Berkeley *ought* to have expressed himself differently from what he did, since his words as they stand cannot be made to accord with the senseless proposition they imputed to him!

My business now lies, not with the "New Theory of Vision," but only with the point which these two writers have discussed, viz. that remoteness is invisible. It is, however, due to one of the profoundest and most accurate of those

illustrious in the annals of our philosophy to state here, in a few words, what Berkeley really undertook to establish, and has so triumphantly established, in the "Essay" which these two writers have thus extravagantly misinterpreted, referring the reader for a fuller explanation of what this is to the valuable and brilliant article of Mr. Abbott's reviewer<sup>1</sup> in the "North British" for August, 1864, in which we have perfect clearness combined with perfect accuracy, and in which, perhaps for the first time, since they were written, Berkeley's treatises on this subject have had full justice done them by our critical press.

Berkeley's "New Theory of Vision," or rather "New Principle in the Theory of Vision," may be briefly described as wholly consisting of the proposition above-mentioned—that, in our intercourse with material nature, the visual phenomena (viz. light and colours, with their various qualifying circumstances) are for us only signs—the signs of the tactual phenomena, and merely arbitrary signs of these.

The other points discussed in the "Essay" are subsidiary to or illustrative of this. They are the four following:—  
1. The principle that very near distance from us is not inferred (as some then imagined) from our seeing certain lines and angles, but only from the same arbitrary signs as all other distance from us is inferred (sections 4 to 43).  
2. The horizontal moon (sections 67 to 87).  
3. Erect vision (sections 88 to 120).  
4. The sort of magnitude dealt with in the mathematics (sections 121 to 160).  
In his second and third sections he describes the ascertained knowledge respecting vision in his day; and in sections 1 and 147 he states the subject of his "Essay," viz. that the visual phenomena are the signs of the tactual, with the discussion of which grand and simple principle all the remaining sections are taken up. In section 147 he thus himself describes it:—"Upon the whole, I think, we may fairly conclude that the proper objects of vision

<sup>1</sup> Said to be Professor Fraser, of Edinburgh.

"constitute a universal language of the Author of Nature, whereby we are instructed how to regulate our actions in order to attain those things that are necessary to the preservation and well-being of our bodies, as also to avoid whatever may be hurtful and destructive of them. It is by their information that we are principally guided in all the transactions and concerns of life. And the manner wherein they signify and mark unto us the objects which are at a distance, is the same with that of languages and signs of human appointment which do not suggest the things signified by any likeness or identity of nature, but only by an habitual connexion that experience has made us to observe between them."

This "New Theory of Vision" admits of being subdivided into the six following propositions:—

1. Over and above the well-known fact of our not seeing distance from the eye immediately, but only by certain visual signs with which experience makes us acquainted, it is also true that we do not see even an object which is known to be placed at a distance (*i.e.* a distant visual object in its real visual magnitude) in any other way except by means of visual signs. We cannot see it in its full size immediately but mediately.

2. Not only can we not see a distant visual object except mediately and by visual signs, as now stated, but we cannot see a tactual object even when it is near, but only mediately and by means of these same visual signs also. We cannot immediately *see* the tactual, any more than we can *feel* the visual.

3. Each material object consists of two distinct natures—a visual nature and a tactual nature, totally and essentially different from one another—so different that the knowledge of the one can suggest no knowledge whatever of the other.

4. These two natures are uniformly combined in our experience of them, so as to be reliable indications to us of one another; just as the visual signs

above-mentioned are signs of the whole compound object which consists of both these natures.

5. We thus not only do not see distance immediately (as every one was aware that we do not, as well in Berkeley's time as now), but in two senses we do not see even the distant object immediately; for we neither see from a distance the visual object as it is in itself, and as we find it to be when we are close to it, nor, when we are close to it, do we *see* the tactual object, which is the more important one to the well-being of our bodies, and on that account the more real one.

6. Thus, as, in the dark, the tactual phenomena are signs to us of the visual, so, in the light, the visual are signs to us of the tactual; and, as there is nothing in the visual phenomena that bears the least supposable resemblance to the tactual, the former are thus manifestly only conventional or arbitrary signs of the latter, and the latter of the former, the import of which signs we learn from experience only.

How Mr. Abbott and Mr. Bailey came to mix up the relation thus established between the tactual and visual phenomena, and taught them for the first time, with the old axiom that we do not immediately see visual distance, it is not easy to conjecture. That they have done so they themselves admit, by writing as persons unconscious of any distinction; and they admit also that they supposed Berkeley to hold both that we can feel distance from us immediately, and that it is from feeling distance that we are able to infer it—both of which propositions he explicitly and repeatedly denies. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that, under such misapprehensions as these, and with the movements before their eyes of the chicken just emerging from the shell, we should find these two gentlemen writing books to show that, perhaps, after all, Berkeley might be wrong in seeking to prove that we cannot see distance—for, according to them, the only principle they could extract from the confusion into which they had



thrown everything has been that, in order to prove this principle about remoteness, he sought to show that we inferred the visual distance that we do not immediately see from the tactual distance that *we immediately feel*! It is important to keep a vigilant eye upon these two misinterpretations. Although they admit that, during the forty sections in which Berkeley points out that *all* the signs from which visual distance was in his day known to be inferred are arbitrary and conventional, he never even mentions the sensations of touch, yet they assert he there teaches that it is from these sensations of touch that we infer visual distance when we cannot see it! and, although he says in his "Principles of Human Knowledge" and in his vindication of the "New Theory of Vision" that he did not hold that we could feel distance immediately any more than we could see it, both his critics nevertheless describe him as holding that we can feel distance although we cannot see it! and they employ a considerable portion of their respective books in showing how unreasonable it was in Berkeley to make this assertion, or to suppose that we could feel distance at all.

Let us now turn to the third circumstance which misled our critics respecting the invisibility of the space quite close to us. That circumstance is the greatly increased number of signs, indicating near distance, so evidently required for the well-being of our bodies. This exceedingly small portion of the general proposition about our not seeing distance being the only portion of it which these two writers see any pretext for disputing (although they write as if they disputed the whole of it), my task is circumscribed here to very near distance—to the space within some fifteen lengths of the chicken's body from its eyes, or of our body from our eyes, viz. that within which the convergence of the visual axes or lines of sight is appreciable, and to this only when it has those objects in it from which alone its existence can be inferred. In the hope of drawing attention to the

general proposition, I shall enter minutely into this, the only disputed portion of it, although its truth has been as universally acknowledged by men of science as that of every other portion of the proposition, or as that of any other scientific fact whatever with which we are acquainted. After this analysis of the precise point at issue, we shall be in a condition to examine the criticisms of Mr. Abbott and Mr. Bailey with respect to it.

In nature all visual objects either are in contact with one another or have an interval between them. These intervals, or distances, can only be seen from particular points of view. From other points of view this distance cannot be seen at all. The first question to determine is, When is it—from what point of view is it—that we can see this interval, or distance, between visual objects? and when is it—from what point of view is it—that we cannot? Now, it is clear (as I have already mentioned) that we can see the interval when we look at it from a position at the side of it, and equally clear that it is only when we are placed completely at the end of the interval, or distance, so as to keep the side of it out of view, that we are unable to see it. Let us, then, consider what happens in the one case that does not happen in the other, whereby a result so different is brought about.

First, then, there are two lines of direction, or imaginary lines, connected with vision, which it is here of great importance to define—the line of sight, and the line which crosses the line of sight. Both these lines are indefinite, and, like all indefinite lines, mark out a direction only, not an interval. An interval, or distance, can only be marked out by two visual points—one at each extremity of the interval. But, although these lines are distinct from intervals, or finite lines, they are nevertheless determined by these latter. We cannot have an indefinite line, or line of mere direction, without some finite line, or interval, to indicate it.

Of the two imaginary or indefinite

lines now adverted to, the line of sight is determined by the interval, or finite line, between the central point of the retina and any visual point or object looked at. Produce this finite line indefinitely both ways—both in front of us and behind us. We have thus the line of sight; of which the space between the eye and the object looked at is but an interval. When we use both eyes there are two lines of sight, each eye having one, which intersect each other at the visual point or object looked at. It is clear that the interval itself between the eye and this object is not, strictly speaking, the line of sight, but is *in* the line of sight.

Let us now suppose the object we look at to be the end of a walking-stick. If we shut one eye, and place the stick so that it shall be in the line of sight to the other eye, *i.e.* if we place the other end of it in a straight line with our eye and the end next us, we shall then not be able to see any part of the stick except the end next us. But if, while we still look at the end next us, we place the rest of the stick at right angles to the line of sight, we shall see the distance, or interval, that there is between the two ends of the stick; and by producing indefinitely the finite line thus obtained, we have the line traversing the line of sight, in which indefinite transverse line the two extremities of the stick constitute an interval. I have now stated what is intended by the line of sight, and by the line which crosses it; also what we mean when we say that a visual distance, or interval, is in the line of sight, and what we mean when we say that it is not.

Secondly, we perceive that when we see an interval, or distance, between two visual points or objects, we see the points also, and that it would be physically impossible for us to see the interval if we do not see the limits which form it, if we only see one of its limits. In all such cases we see the two extreme points, either one in the line of sight, and one out of it, or else both out of the line of sight; and when we do not see the interval, in any case, it is either

because both the points are concealed from view, or at least one of them. It is in this case as physically impossible for us to see the interval in question, which is before us, as it would be it it were behind our back. The visual extreme, which we look at, is that which determines the line of sight. It is, in this case, the end of the stick next us. That being settled, the position of the other extreme will determine whether we see an interval or not between them. If this second visual point is out of the line of sight in which the first is placed, we shall see the two points, and therefore the interval; and this is angular distance. But if the second is so placed, as either to be concealed by the first or to seem in contact with it, then it is physically impossible to see any interval between these two points. An interval *so placed* is what we call "distance," or, more fully expressed, distance from us in the line of sight; and what I have here said of it is all that the philosophers and scientific men insist upon when they say that we do not see distance, and that it would be physically impossible for us to see it.

We can now answer the question above proposed, What takes place in the line of sight which does not take place out of it, bringing about a result so different that in the one case we can see *an* interval and not in the other? Clearly and briefly this, that in the one case we have two visual points, and in the other but one; and that there can be no distance seen between two points when only one of the two points is seen.

1. But there are two further considerations to be here stated in order to bring this matter fully before the reader. One of them is this: Between the two extreme cases which have now been described (distance at right angles to the line of sight and distance coincident with the line of sight) there are numberless intermediate cases, according as we remove either visual limit of the interval, or both of these limits, more or less away from the line of sight, converting their interval thus into angular



distance of greater or less extent, the greatest being that when their interval is at right angles to the line of sight, and when alone the largest amount of angular distance which it is possible to see between these points is seen.

In all these intermediate cases we have nothing in view—we see nothing—but transverse or angular distance, whether we see it in its first slight deviation from coincidence with the line of sight (when it is smallest) or in the first slight foreshortening which it undergoes when it ceases to be at right angles to the line of sight, and its limits begin to approach one another in the field of vision. It is necessary to pay particular attention to this fact. *The foreshortened line, however much foreshortened it may be, is never coincident with the line of sight.* It is, always and only, angular or transverse visual distance; and this, it is admitted, can always be seen.

2. The second consideration to be here attended to is this: When we employ two eyes instead of one, one eye sees, foreshortened, the interval which the other eye has at the same moment in its line of sight, and as the organ of sight is a double organ, we can say, *in a certain inaccurate sense of the words*, that it sees a foreshortened distance, or interval, in its line of sight; and that this is seeing distance. But there are few who cannot detect the equivocation that we employ in such a statement. It remains perfectly true, notwithstanding it, that the distance, or interval, in the line of sight is always entirely concealed from view, and that the same distance out of the line of sight, is, at the same moment, always entirely seen, and that the former is inferred from the latter as from a sign. Nor is there ever a foreshortened interval in the line of sight. Besides, how can the considerations proposed warrant us in asserting anything so unreasonable as that it is in the line of sight that we see angular distance? It is true that, the organ of sight being a compound one, there is no interval in any line of sight belonging to any

part of the organ that within a certain distance cannot be seen at the same moment as an angular interval from some other part of it, and that there is therefore none which cannot be inferred from some angular interval which the organ sees, and which we know, from experience, to indicate a certain distance, or interval, in the line of sight which the organ cannot see; that is all.

We see, then, that the whole question turns upon the number of visual points seen, whether it be two or one. This alone accounts for our seeing, or not seeing, any given interval. If we see but one point, we cannot see an interval; if we see two points we can. Now we cannot see, from any spot of the organ of sight, two separated points, both located within the line of sight which belongs to that spot. We can only see one of them. In other words, we look from single spots of the organ, and each single spot has its own line of sight, and in that line no one point can seem nearer to us than another; because only one is seen in it. And this is true, not only of each retina as a whole, but of every sensitive *minimum* in each retina. There is no spot of the organ from which we can see separated visual points coincident with the line of sight that belongs to that spot. Whenever, in looking from any spot, we see two such points or objects, one or both of them must be out of the straight line which is the line of sight to that spot.

It is clear, then, that we can convert all angular distance into distance in the line of sight, by placing one of its extreme points behind the other. But we must not make the confusion of supposing that the one distance is the other, or that to see the one is to see the other. We can equally well convert the angular distance in front of us into the angular distance behind us; but we must not allow ourselves to speak of the one as if it were the other, or to say that we see the angular distance behind us, merely because we can do so, if either with a mirror, or by turning round, we convert it into angular distance in front

of us. And when we come to see, in this way, the angular distances behind our back, we must have the candour to admit—we must employ the exactness necessary to discern—that we only see the signs of them, reasons for inferring them, and not things placed behind our back; that we only see mediately, not immediately, those distances or other objects. In like manner it would be inaccurate to say that we can see immediately the distance from us, when it is in the line of sight, merely because we can see it when it is not, and because we infer it from what we so see.

The truth of this principle, respecting what distance we see, and cannot see, is so obvious as to require for its demonstration nothing more than a clear understanding of the terms in which it is expressed.

If while we look in vain for an interval coincident with the line of sight, using one eye only, we hold a hand mirror at the side of the line of sight, we shall see the interval and its two points reflected in the mirror; and this may seem to some seeing the two points in the line of sight. But it is not. It is seeing the two points, but not seeing them in the line of sight; and it is only as they are in the line of sight that we speak of them. It is only in the line of sight that they constitute distance, the distance from us which is now in question. Is it not clear that the interval thus seen in the mirror is not any longer in the line of sight? Does it not now lie in a different direction? Is it not clear that what we here see in the mirror is angular distance only, seen just as we should have seen it without the mirror, if we had ourselves previously looked at it from the side of it? Have we not, by using the mirror, transformed an interval which is *in* the line, into an interval which is not in the line of sight, in order to be able to see the interval at all? and does not the necessity for this transformation in order to enable us to see a certain interval, prove that we cannot see it while it is coincident with the line of sight—that is, while we do not see it as angular distance?

The same effect will be produced if (instead of using a mirror) we open the other eye. We shall then see with one eye as angular distance that interval which we could not see with the other eye as distance in the line of sight. But it is not denied that we can see angular distance. All that is here denied is that we can see this same distance, or interval, when it is not angular, *i.e.* when it is in the line of sight.

It is found, also, that even a single retina produces, upon a very small scale, this effect of two eyes. If the centre of the retina is the point whose line of sight we speak of, then from the other less sensitive portions we see angularly, or as angular distance, whatever interval coincides with the line of sight which belongs to the centre, and *vice versa*. In fact, on this small scale, and within a very near distance, there is no part of the retina which has not its line of sight overlooked, as it were, by some other part, just as one eye's line of sight is, to a still greater extent, overlooked by the other eye. But in all this we can only see the angular interval from which we, by experience, can infer that which we can never see, *viz.* the one which lies in our line of sight,—the one which has only one point visible instead of two.

I have now shown what scientific men mean by visual distance. It is the visual interval of space which is turned *straight away* from us, *i.e.* which extends at right angles from the eye, in any direction. It has sides, can always be seen from a position at the side of it, and in it some points are nearer to us than others.

I have also shown what they mean when they say that we do not see it. They mean that we see it mediately, and from signs, as we see our own face, or as we see the wall which is behind our back, both of which we infer from what we see immediately, the former from what we see in a mirror, the latter either from what we see in a mirror placed before us, or from having previously looked behind us. They mean that we cannot see distance, whether far



or near, directly or immediately, but as an inference only.

It has also been shown what scientific men and philosophers mean, when they say that it would be physically impossible for us to see this third dimension of space, however close to us. They mean that all that we can ever see is an interval between two visual points that are seen separated from one another; whereas in the case of the interval, which is turned straight away from our eye, either these two points are seen in contact, as when the one next us is transparent, or the further one is concealed behind the one next us, as when the latter is opaque.

It has also been shown from what it is that they infer the unseen interval or distance. They infer it from the seen one, *i.e.* from the angular one, whether they see the latter as foreshortened or not; and where there is no angular distance, *i.e.* where there are no objects, we can infer no distance.

Mr. Bailey and Mr. Abbot assert, in opposition to all this, that for some thirty or forty yards we *see* distance in the line of sight as *immediately* as we see angular distance, provided there is angular distance in view. They are alone in asserting this. I now propose to examine their remarks, and to show, first, that they did not understand this question any more than they understood Berkeley's "New Theory of Vision;" and secondly, that, as might therefore be expected, their arguments with respect to it have not the least force, even for the short space of thirty or forty yards from us.

First, then, as to the question itself, How did they understand it? This is easily told. They both state that all the distance that, according to them, we see immediately,—all the visual distance which they speak of as existing in nature,—exists in the geometrical solidity which we have in the stereoscopic diagram. This is stated *passim* throughout their pages. Now that they completely misunderstand the point at issue is here made clear, by the fact that the distance now in question, the

distance which we affirm to be invisible, does not exist in the stereoscope at all. The distance here spoken of by Locke, and Molyneux, and all the rest of the learned to this day, as well as by Berkeley, is distance that can be seen from the side of it, and that has some of its parts nearer to us than other parts are. These two tests, to which we have already alluded, settle this matter at once. The distance which we call invisible is precisely that which is not seen in the stereoscope, and which, moreover, does not exist there, even invisible. What we see in the stereoscope are only the signs of distance; and that they are only the signs of it is proved by the fact that these can be completely imitated, even where there is and can be no such thing as distance. When Mr. Abbott and Mr. Bailey, therefore, condemn scientific men and philosophers for saying that they cannot see distance, it is merely because they suppose them to say that they cannot see the sort of distance which is seen in the stereoscope. But no one denies that this sort of distance (*viz.* angular distance or signs of distance) is seen. It is unnecessary to say more upon this point. These writers have clearly misunderstood *in toto* what is intended when it is said that we cannot see distance. We are ready to concede to them at once that whatever lies across the line of sight is seen, whether it be called distance from us or not, and whether it be in the stereoscope or in nature. But that is not the distance from us that is now in question.

It is not, then, to be wondered at that the arguments of these writers have no application to the subject. I nevertheless state them. It must be premised, however, that they nowhere profess to give us anything like a counter-demonstration, nor to give us anything more than a few "probabilities" and "appearances" in favour of their own very strong convictions. They often express themselves with the greatest confidence in these convictions; but they do not always do so. Even Mr. Bailey saw so much room to suspect that the chicken

just hatched was misleading him, and that Dugald Stewart might be right in holding we could not see distance, however close to us, that before he published what he describes as no more than an attempt to disprove,—“A Review designed to show the unsoundness of”—our scientific conclusion, he went over his reasonings (he tells us) “again and again,” without however being able to detect their inaccuracy; and Mr. Abbott concludes *his* “attempt to disprove” in these equally unambitious words:—“If there be any direct perception of distance at all, it can belong to no sense but sight. That it does belong to it has I hope been proved, although much remains to be done before the antecedent physical conditions can be stated positively.” It seems strange that with such poor materials they should have volunteered “an attempt to disprove” what they admit that every one competent to judge had pronounced unanswerable, and what Dugald Stewart said it was “a gross and unaccountable delusion” to have ever disputed.

The arguments which they employ, if we are to call such strange remarks “arguments,” are two only.

1. They reject our demonstration without even pretending to disprove it, merely because they think from the acts of young animals that we see distance close to us, and because, if we do, a demonstration will not prove that we do not. 2. They maintain that we see distance, not only because young animals seem to see it, but because what we specially see in binocular vision, and in the geometrical solidity of the stereoscopic diagram, is the very distance now in question.

1. With regard to our demonstration: it is thus briefly stated by Berkeley, as that of a universal axiom among the learned before he wrote: “It is, I think, agreed by *all*, that distance of itself and immediately cannot be seen. For, distance being a line directed endwise to the eye, it projects only one point in the fund of the eye, which point remains invariably the same whether the distance be longer or

“shorter.” Neither Mr. Abbott nor Mr. Bailey impugns this demonstration. They merely say we cannot here employ it. They merely tell us that, *since* we do see distance, or *if* we do, we see it perhaps independently of the retina, and of the marks upon the retina, by some peculiar act of intuition, some unconscious instinct, or some other process of nature still more inscrutable. They do not here pretend that we see distance in the ordinary sense of “seeing,” as we see a circle or a chair; for, to see these, there is no intuition, nor instinct, nor inscrutable action, *sui generis*, requisite. The only question here between them and us, is as to whether we become aware of distance near us by intuition or by experience. Mr. Abbott’s words respecting the demonstration are: “Now, instead of regarding this argument as decisive, we ought to set it aside at once, as unsound in principle. It is absurd to impose *à priori* conditions on the perceptions of sense, or other physical phenomena. Indeed in all other departments of science it has been for centuries recognised that our business is to ascertain, not what the phenomena ought to be, but what they are; not to deduce effects from their supposed causes, but to inquire in the first instance what are the effects.” (P. 11.) Mr. Bailey’s words are: “There is plainly no impossibility in the supposition that these diversities (on the retina) are accompanied by intuitive perceptions of various degrees of proximity in the objects, and whether they are so or not is a question of fact which cannot be determined by *à priori* reasoning.” (P. 43.) This writer adds, however, with unusual frankness, that he strongly suspects that he does not understand what he here writes about: “After the most strenuous endeavours to comprehend the reasoning, I am not sure that I have succeeded in seizing either its meaning or its force.” (P. 38.) Both in this, and in his work on “Reasoning,” he proves that he has not.

2. On the second “argument” I shall make but two remarks. What is this



result, I ask, said to be inscrutable, so unique, which occasions the stereoscope and which is brought about by binocular vision? What results from the overlapping of the two retinas? Simply that which has been already described. All visual intervals in the line of sight are, by this combination, taken out of the line of sight, and are brought across it, *i.e.* are converted into angular intervals, and are thus therefore seen, constituting signs of what is not seen. The two retinas give us in one compound view two points instead of one for each interval in the line of sight within a few yards of us; and, in doing this, they take everything out of the line of sight for those few yards. The remoter point from us of each interval is no longer (as now seen) at the greatest possible stretch of distance from us, which is its case when in the line of sight (where it is necessarily behind the nearer point, and so invisible to us), but is taken out of that position, and is placed in some portion of the angular distance (or interval) before us, thus forming with the other point an angular interval which becomes a sign of the interval that is not angular. Surely there is nothing unique, or *sui generis*, or inscrutable in this? nothing involving an act of intuition, or instinct, or anything else but plain seeing? All that is necessary here is not to allow ourselves to be deluded, as our critics have been, into supposing that what is seen out of the line of sight is seen in it, merely because it is to us a sign of what is in it. All that scientific men here insist on is, that what we thus see out of the line of sight is to us this sign of what we do not see, *viz.* of what is in the line of sight.

My second remark is, that the distance

thus seen immediately is not the distance in question. The distance thus seen is, as just stated, only the sign of the distance in question. The distance in question can always be recognised by either of the two tests I have mentioned. It is a distance which has some points in it nearer to us than others. Now is that the distance in the stereoscope, where we have all the effects of binocular vision? Certainly it is not. There all points are equally remote from us. Again, the distance in question, when we say we cannot see distance, is that which we can see as angular distance if we look at it from the side. Is this the distance which we see with binocular vision—the distance in the stereoscope? Clearly it is not. There is no side to the distance in the stereoscope. Mr. Abbott, therefore, and Mr. Bailey may see at once that they are talking of one distance, and professing to talk of another; that they everywhere talk of signs only, and imagine that they are talking of distance. Or, when they say that we see distance in the stereoscope intuitively, immediately, and instinctively, do they mean that we see intuitively, immediately, and instinctively in the stereoscope what does not exist in the stereoscope at all? This would indeed be something “unique and *sui generis*.”

I cannot better conclude these remarks than by here placing, in brief, under the reader's eye, the demonstration afforded by the stereoscope, upon the subject of our not seeing distance.

There is no distance in the stereoscope. We therefore see none there. Yet we see there all the distance that we see in nature. We therefore see none in nature; distance is no part of what we see in nature.

## MARY ANERLEY.

LITTLE Mary Anerley, sitting on the stile,  
 Why do you blush so red, and why so strangely smile  
 Somebody has been with you—somebody, I know,  
 Left that sunset on your cheek, left you smiling so! :

Gentle Mary Anerley, waiting by the wall,  
 Waiting in the chesnut walk, where the snowy blossoms fall,  
 Somebody is coming there—somebody, I'm sure,  
 Knows your eyes are full of love, knows your heart is pure.

Happy Mary Anerley, looking, oh, so fair,  
 There's a ring upon your hand, and there's myrtle in your hair!  
 Somebody is with you now—somebody, I see,  
 Looks into your trusting face very tenderly!

Quiet Mary Forester, sitting by the shore,  
 Rosy faces at your knee, roses round the door—  
 Somebody is coming home! Somebody, I know,  
 Made you sorry when he sail'd: are you sorry *now*?

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

## A QUESTION CONCERNING ART.

BY C. E. PRICHARD.

IN his interesting "Life of Goethe," Mr. Lewes has occasion to defend the poet against the charge of coldness and want of feeling. "He looked upon life with the eye of an artist:" such are the terms of the indictment. Of course he did, replies his biographer, for he *was* an artist. An artist withdraws himself from other pursuits and spends himself upon his art, as a chemist or a physiologist devote themselves to their particular pursuits. Owen and Faraday are not blamed for this; nor should Goethe be found fault with for an analogous devotion to art as *his* employment. If indeed, his life had been marked, practically, by coldness and selfishness, it would have deserved censure; but the reverse of this was the fact. Indeed, it would be impossible to imagine that one who could describe emotion so

vividly should not have felt it; and, as regards practical benevolence, Mr. Lewes adduces evidence that shows (especially in one very remarkable instance) that Goethe possessed no common share of it. The reader will remember the story of Krapf, who applied, as a perfect stranger, for assistance, possessing no sort of claim upon him but that of his distress. Not only did Goethe relieve him at the time with the utmost readiness and delicacy, but, for several years, sent him regularly the sixth part of his own moderate income, and never revealed the poor man's straitened circumstances, or his own generosity. Such a fact needs no comment, and we only allude to the personal character of the poet in order to introduce a question concerning the relation of art to morality and life gene-



rally, with the treatment of which, by the accomplished biographer, we are not altogether satisfied.

At the risk of seeming hypercritical, we venture to object to the analogy which he draws between art and other pursuits, as before mentioned. It is obvious that the artist and the chemist do not stand in the same relation to human life. It is impossible for the latter to look upon this with the eyes of a chemist, for much of it is not matter for chemistry, and, as a scientific man, he has no concern with it. His pursuit is in a limited field, and if his mind, that is, his sympathies and aims, are entirely circumscribed to this, he would be rightly blamed as forgetting his humanity in his chemistry, a charge which certainly cannot be brought against Professors Owen and Faraday. But the artist, by the very nature of his faculty, has his domain in every sphere. There is nothing in the material world—nothing in the immaterial (excepting its Highest Object)—which is not his property, the field for his activity. All outward form—all inward thought—the processes of nature and the mysteries of character—the spectacle of history and the springs of human action—on all the artist looks as one who is part and yet not part of his vision, in it and yet above it, submitting himself to it yet not absorbed in it, an actor only that he may be a spectator, and reproduce, according to his insight and his skill, that which he beholds.

Now, part of this vast domain, and not the least attractive, is human nature in its relation to moral good and moral evil,—its struggles with the latter, its aspirations, successful or failing, towards the former. How large a part these elements form of the artist's sphere will be evident if we, for a moment, suppose them banished. Let the world become a scene of passion without conscience, of emotion and intellect disjoined from moral purpose, and the highest subjects of the artist would be cut off. Outward nature might remain as it is, and he would

find a poor solace in its material beauty, in its grandeur, or its mystery : but the deeper mystery of human life, the grandeur and beauty of its acts and sufferings, would have vanished, and with these the noblest field of art. Mankind would have become a herd of higher animals, whose inner life the artist might observe and paint—as Rosa Bonheur her deer and oxen—for the essential distinction between the two worlds of man and nature would have been well-nigh obliterated. Hence the artist is forced, as it were, in the very exercise of his faculty, into a relation to moral good and evil. The chemist does not waste his moral sympathies on hydrogen, neither does he lay them aside, but reserves them for their proper objects, which lie outside his special work. But the artist, as an artist, has to do with them ; he cannot ignore them ; they are part, a chief part, of his kingdom, and he cannot banish them ; they are interwoven with the scenes which he describes, form its very groundwork, are intertwined in its characters, often their very key and centre.

What, then, is to be his relation, as an artist, to these great elements ? It is not an easy question, and we should be very unwilling to misstate the answer which Mr. Lewes, himself an authority on philosophy and taste, appears to give it. But, as far as we understand him, it is the following. In the first place, it need hardly be said that no man, artist or not, may divest himself of his sympathies with good and evil : to be humane, upright, benevolent, is always incumbent on him. But, as an artist, his task is simply to represent, not to judge. Now the scenes, characters, events which he describes are often indistinct in their moral purport and significance. Different persons will interpret them differently ; one will draw a moral, another the contrary kind of inference from them. The artist draws neither : his very faithfulness consists in this, that he represents things as they are, human life in its real objective truth. It is

unjust to charge upon him the immoral inference of the one reader; he lays no claim to have suggested the contrary to another. As an artist he is indifferent: his sympathy at least is unapparent.

We cannot subscribe to this as a thorough solution to our problem for the following reasons:—In the first place, if the principle were carried out, it would lead to this,—that in the selection of his subjects, as well as in his mode of treating them, the artist may be indifferent to their moral aspect, and may therefore represent such as are of a distinctly evil tendency, and are excluded by the universal consent of mankind; a monstrous position, which Mr. Lewes would be the first to disown, and which he does in fact disown, showing his sense of the abuse to which his canon might be applied. Yet if “representation,” without any relation to moral good and evil, is the sole function of the artist, on what principles are such scenes excluded? Not, surely, on the ground that they violate only the laws of beauty, but because they would offend the moral instincts. Therefore, if the artist cannot lay aside the latter in the selection, it seems to follow that he cannot in the treatment of his subject.

Let us, however, sift the matter a little more deeply, and consider the artist, as he is defined, as one who “represents.” What, then, does he represent? The world as it exists, nature as it appears, human life as it really is. Except for some special purpose, when his subject may be treated under some unreal aspect, the object of his “imitation” is Truth. The question therefore resolves itself into this: Is the world of human life (for with this field of art we are chiefly concerned) destitute of moral law? Is there no moral significance in its events, hidden perhaps often from ordinary eyes, but such as a *true* insight will descry? Let us not be supposed to speak of works which are distinctly didactic in their aim: of these there is no question. Our position is that the artist, be he poet, novelist, or historian, viewing human life as it

really is, viewing it, in his measure, as the Great Artist may be conceived to view it, sees more than the mere surface; and, not by any conscious effort, but by spontaneous and sympathetic insight, discerns the divine laws which underlie its mystery. Not that he is always drawing attention to these laws, violating their secrecy, or forcing their silent influence into a patent and clamorous activity. In many scenes of human life and history, and those not the least touching, these ruling influences do not lie upon the surface; they need the eye of the interpreter; and it is open, as Mr. Lewes argues, to different spectators to give them various interpretations. Nor is it, of course, contended that every work of art should have the significance which we are speaking of. Many are the mere expressions of imitative genius (in the largest sense of the word), sporting with its power, seeking relief in the utterance of its burden, or giving birth to the creations of fancy under the sole guidance of the instinct and the laws of beauty. But wherever the intellect and the imagination have been roused to exert their highest activity, such as has resulted in the masterpieces of art, those immortal works which are the source and the inheritance of the civilization of mankind, there the artist cannot be indifferent to any part of the truth which he represents, least of all to those influences and relations which, if they exist at all, are really sovereign in their authority.

Accordingly, if we pass from these *à priori* considerations to glance rapidly at some of those great works which are the lasting delight of the human race, our doubts are strengthened whether the canon, which we are discussing, that art, as such, has no relation to morality, is not altogether new. Homer is certainly no didactic poet; the joyous Greek, rich in sympathy with man and nature, seems to overflow in spontaneous song; and is still, after nearly thirty centuries, the king of poets, unapproachable in that simplicity or that perfect art, by which his verse is scarcely the clothing or body of his idea, but very idea and



thought itself. *He* has no distinct "moral lesson," as we phrase it: his purpose is to sing the wrath of Achilles; his moral code is not in all things our code. Yet who ever thought him, as an artist, indifferent to good and evil? Whose sympathies could be plainer with what is noble and chivalrous in conduct, delicate in gentleness, pure in feeling? A single instance, we are aware, proves nothing out of the numbers which combine to leave the whole impression upon the reader's mind; yet we cannot refrain from passing to solace him, and ourselves, by referring to the last and most touching speech of Helen lamenting Hector—more touching to our mind than the wailing of his mother or Andromache, more expressive than any direct description of *his* chivalrous gentleness and *her* desolation. We avail ourselves of Lord Derby's translation, which, in these lines, loses little of the simple beauty of the original:—

"Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou!  
True, godlike Paris claims me for his wife,  
Who bore me hither. Would I then had died!  
But twenty years have passed since here I came,  
And left my native land; yet ne'er from thee  
*I heard one scornful, one degrading word;*  
And when from others I have borne reproach,  
Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives,  
Or mother (for thy sire was ever kind  
Ev'n as a father), thou hast check'd them still  
With tender feeling and with gentle words.  
For thee I weep, and for myself no less;  
For, through the breadth of Troy, none love me now,  
None kindly look on me, but all abhor!"

There is, perhaps, an air of rhetoric in the critique of Horace, justifying to his friend Lollius his preference for Homer over Crantor and Chrysippus, as a teacher of "what is fair and base, what useful and what not;" but he expresses, no doubt, the judgment of antiquity, and time has not reversed it.

Of the great tragic poets of Greece, Æschylus and Sophocles, it is scarcely necessary to speak, for a main idea of each is the presence in human life of an invisible Power, the living law of right, or voice of the supreme Divinity, over-

powered at times, in appearance, by human passion, but reasserting itself in victory or in punishment. This idea in the older poet is more pervading, and is worked out with terrible impressiveness in his sublime trilogy. It was connected, also, in his more profound and meditative mind, with a strong and even awful sense of the mystery of life and Providence: a feeling not common, in such intensity, among the Greeks, and making the poetry of Æschylus akin to the deeper and darker creations of later ages. Yet the burden of the seer Kalchas, "Sing a strain of lamentation, yet may good prevail at last," seems to express the poet's own thought—not, surely, an unusual one—in his reflection upon human life, embodying, as it does, that mixture of sadness and of hopefulness which often forms the groundwork of lofty characters. In the brighter and more picturesque creations of Sophocles there is a less absorbing, yet not less real, presence of the same "moral element," showing itself occasionally in thought and language which, in a certain calm majesty, rise to a level with the grander conceptions of Æschylus. Such are those lines, which no schoolboy forgets, and no scholar tires of, where Antigone contrasts the human ordinances of the tyrant with the Divine law of conscience,—lines whose statuesque beauty Mr. Plumptre has rendered, perhaps, as adequately as possible to the original:

CREON. "Didst thou then dare to disobey these laws?"

A. Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,

Nor justice, dwelling with the gods below,  
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men.  
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,  
Coming from mortal man, to set at nought  
The unwritten laws of God, that know not change.

They are not of to-day nor yesterday,  
But live for ever, nor can man assign  
When first they sprang to being. Not through fear

Of any man's resolve was I prepared  
Before the gods to bear the penalty  
Of sinning against these."

The prevalence of such thoughts in Sophocles is, perhaps, the more worth observing, since his mind was cast in a

more essentially Greek mould than that of his elder contemporary. Every lover of poetry, in itself, must feel sympathy and admiration for Æschylus; but it requires a more educated classic taste to appreciate the works of Sophocles. In Euripides the moral sense is weaker in proportion as he sinks below both the former in true greatness. Yet, intolerable (to use the strong language of Mommsen) as his dialogues often are, they are redeemed not only by his breadth of human sympathy, in which he surpasses his rivals, but occasionally by powerful and evidently genuine feeling for truth and goodness, issuing in protests against hypocrisy or against the immorality of the common mythology. The lyric lines in the "Ion," in which Creusa reproaches Apollo, her betrayer, rank in the intensity of their indignation with the finest passages in classical poetry.

It would appear, then, that, if a "moral indifference" is the artist's right temper, it is a canon unknown to the ancient world, and not only to its poets. In that noblest of prefaces to the noblest of histories (unless we prefer to say, with Mr. Merivale, of epics) Livy thus speaks: "It is this which chiefly makes the knowledge of past history valuable and wholesome, that we see in it conspicuous instances of every kind of character, so that we can choose what is best for ourselves and for our country to imitate, and reject that which has resulted as it began, in evil;" and in the following lines he pronounces a strong and, no doubt, a true eulogium on those virtues by which Rome, in her best days, deserved to be mistress of the world. In Tacitus the moral feeling, sometimes in the form of sympathy with some noble martyr, more often of scathing indignation against tyranny and vice, colours his history throughout, and makes him (to quote again the historian of the Roman empire) scarcely trustworthy in some of his strong antipathies. And if in modern times, in the great writer who has approached nearest to these in eloquence and grasp of mind, this ele-

ment of earnest sentiment is wanting or perverted, the result has been that his otherwise magnificent work is injured and lowered, in universal esteem, by the defect.

Now it would be a strange phenomenon if an idea so predominant, as we have seen, in the great artists of antiquity, were obliterated or even obscured in the works of modern genius. We cannot deny that there may have passed over literature, in later times, some such change as that which has taken place in painting, in which the mediæval taste for religious ideas has given place, in the last three centuries (with periods of partial reaction), to a certain "naturalism," and, in no bad sense, "earthliness" of conception. Is it that the human mind, in nations and in individuals, has certain limits of tension, beyond which it will not bear to be strained, and, if tried too much, falls back from its ethereal flight into the lap of Nature? So, no doubt, it often is with individuals. In the healing powers of Nature, its infinite play and heaven-sent delights, they seem to find a rest from the pain and toil of moral effort: well, if this reaction is not in excess. And thus the naturalism of modern art may be a rebound from an overstrained and not wholly true idealism, which however filled Europe with the creations of the mediæval world. But if such has been the case with literature also, it has not gone the length, in the chief instances of modern genius, of an indifference to moral good and evil. Shakspeare, "Nature's Darling," in whose soul the image of his "Mighty Mother" was mirrored in greater variety of beauty than in any other created human mind, was no more than Homer a "didactic" poet. He draws men as they are, life as it is, both mixed of good and evil: but he does not disguise his sympathies, he does not leave us doubtful and perplexed as to what is right and what is wrong, nor does he affect that irony which plays with the moral instincts of mankind. Through the organ-music of Milton's poems there breathes an ever-present sympathy with



all that is good and noble. It is unnecessary to do more than allude to Scott and Wordsworth; the latter, indeed, too expressly *didactic* for our argument, while the prose writings of the former appeal always to the best feelings of human nature, and are pervaded by generous and pure sentiments. Neither Elizabeth Browning nor Tennyson, certainly, are "conventional" poets, or disposed to accept blindly, as the highest morality, any artificial rules of social life: yet who were ever less indifferent, as artists, to the moral relations of their subjects, or less prone to disguise their sympathies?

We must leave the reader to decide whether, in this brief induction, and in our previous argument, we have proved that mere "representation," with no expression of sympathy for moral good and moral evil, is not the true function of the artist. Doubtless there are many periods and conditions of mind in which he is himself working his way through unsolved problems, and the representation of such perplexity is often a legitimate and effective subject. The eye of genius sees distant relations and difficulties to which ordinary minds are insensible; it is also one of the highest

tasks of gifted men to descry the principles which underlie the conventional laws of life, and to recall mankind to the truth of nature. In such cases, the poet or the novelist may seem to be mocking or paradoxical, when he is but relieving himself by the utterance of his perplexity, or teaching some unacknowledged truth. But such instances by no means justify the canon that he may be satisfied to represent appearances, indifferent to the moral inference which they will suggest. It is not improbable that we may have misunderstood Mr. Lewes in supposing that this was his meaning: but in any case the subject is not without interest in the present day. The working of creative genius is almost infinitely varied: every true poet, in prose or verse, strikes out for himself some original line, and occupies a new domain in the realm of thought. Not even the greatest critic can do more than follow and observe, he cannot predict, still less can he prescribe, the intellectual limits within which the divine faculty shall work. But we cannot think that it would tend to the real freedom of art, or to its true development, if it were an accepted canon that it stands, in its own proper nature, in no relation to moral good and evil.

## RECOVERY.

For many a day, like one whose limbs are stiff,  
Whose head is heavy with some grievous ail,  
I felt, from wicked thoughts, the whole world drag  
As millstone round my neck, all my force fail,  
Dry up, and ravel into dust and rag.  
But lo, I slept, and waking glad as if  
I had been hearing music in my sleep,  
Went forth, and look'd upon thy watery deep,  
O King Unseen! By stretch of some great hand  
My sad, confusèd, fearful soul was shriv'n;  
I knew the tranquil mind restored to me  
To enjoy the colour of that pure blue heav'n,  
Purply cloud-shadows on the greenish sea,  
And rippling white foam on the yellow sand.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1866.

## THYRSIS.

*A MONODY, to commemorate the Author's friend, ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH,  
who died at Florence, 1861.*<sup>1</sup>

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills !  
In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same ;  
The village-street its haunted mansion lacks,  
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,  
And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks.  
Are ye too changed, ye hills ?  
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men  
To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays !  
Here came I often, often, in old days ;  
Thyrsis and I ; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,  
Up past the wood, to where the elm-tree crowns  
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames ?  
The Signal-Elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,  
The Vale, the three lone wears, the youthful Thames ?—  
This winter-eve is warm,  
Humid the air ; leafless, yet soft as spring,  
The tender purple spray on copse and briers ;  
And that sweet City with her dreaming spires  
She needs not June for beauty's heightening,

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night.  
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power  
Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.  
Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour,  
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.  
That single elm-tree bright  
Against the west—I miss it ! is it gone ?  
We prized it dearly ; while it stood, we said,  
Our friend, the Scholar-Gipsy, was not dead ;  
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

<sup>1</sup> Throughout this Poem there is reference to another piece, *The Scholar-Gipsy*, printed in the first volume of the Author's Poems.



Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!  
 But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick,  
 And with the country-folk acquaintance made  
 By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.  
 Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.  
 Ah me! this many a year  
 My pipe is lost, my shepherd's-holiday.  
 Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart  
 Into the world and wave of men depart;  
 But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.  
 He loved each simple joy the country yields,  
 He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,  
 For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,  
 Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.  
 Some life of men unbless'd  
 He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.  
 He went; his piping took a troubled sound  
 Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;  
 He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,  
 When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,  
 Before the roses and the longest day—  
 When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,  
 With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May,  
 And chestnut-flowers are strewn—  
 So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,  
 From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,  
 Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:  
*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.*

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?  
 Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,  
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,  
 Sweet-William with its homely cottage-smell,  
 And stocks in fragrant blow;  
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
 And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,  
 And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,  
 And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He hearkens not! light comer, he is gone!  
 What matters it? next year he will return,  
 And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,  
 With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,  
 And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,  
 And scent of hay new-mown.  
 But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see;  
 See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,  
 And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—  
 For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee.

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!

But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,  
Some good survivor with his flute would go,  
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,  
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,  
And unbend Pluto's brow,  
And make leap up with joy the beauteous head  
Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair  
Are flowers, first open'd on Sicilian air;  
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace,  
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!  
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,  
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,  
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,  
Each rose with blushing face;  
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.  
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!  
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd;  
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain.

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,  
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour  
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!  
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?  
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,  
I know the Fyfield tree,  
I know what white, what purple fritillaries  
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,  
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields;  
And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?—  
But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,  
With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,  
Where thick the cowslips grew, and, far descried,  
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,  
Hath since our day put by  
The coronals of that forgotten time;  
Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,  
And only in the hidden brookside gleam  
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who, by the boatman's door,  
Above the locks, above the boating throng,  
Unmoor'd our skiff, when, through the Wytham flats,  
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among,  
And darting swallows, and light water-gnats,  
We track'd the shy Thames shore?  
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell  
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,  
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?  
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well.



Yes, thou art gone, and round me too the Night  
 In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.  
 I see her veil draw soft across the day,  
 I feel her slowly chilling breath invade  
 The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with grey ;  
 I feel her finger light  
 Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train ;  
 The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,  
 The heart less bounding at emotion new,  
 And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short  
 To the unpractised eye of sanguine youth ;  
 And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,  
 The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,  
 Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare.  
 Unbreachable the fort  
 Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall ;  
 And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,  
 And near and real the charm of thy repose,  
 And Night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush ! the upland hath a sudden loss  
 Of quiet ;—Look ! adown the dusk hill-side  
 A troop of Oxford hunters going home,  
 As in old days, jovial and talking, ride.  
 From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they come.  
 Quick ! let me fly, and cross  
 Into yon further field !—'Tis done ; and see,  
 Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify  
 The orange and pale violet evening-sky,  
 Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree ! the Tree !

I take the omen ! Eve lets down her veil,  
 The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,  
 The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,  
 And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.  
 I cannot reach the Signal-Tree to-night,  
 Yet, happy omen, hail !  
 Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno vale  
 (For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep  
 The morningless and unawakening sleep  
 Under the flowery oleanders pale),

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our Tree is there !—  
 Ah, vain ! These English fields, this upland dim,  
 These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,  
 That lone, sky-pointing Tree, are not for him.  
 To a boon southern country he is fled,  
 And now in happier air,  
 Wandering with the great Mother's train divine  
 (And purer or more subtle soul than thee,  
 I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see !)  
 Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal strains of old.  
 Putting his sickle to the perilous grain,  
 In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,  
 For thee the Lityerses song again  
 Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;  
 Sings his Sicilian fold,  
 His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes;  
 And how a call celestial round him rang,  
 And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,  
 And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here,  
 Sole in these fields; yet will I not despair.  
 Despair I will not, while I yet desery  
 Neath the soft canopy of English air  
 That lonely Tree against the western sky.  
 Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,  
 Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee!  
 Fields where the sheep from cages pull the hay,  
 Woods with anemonies in flower till May,  
 Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,  
 Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.  
 This does not come with houses or with gold,  
 With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;  
 'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold.  
 But the smooth-slipping weeks  
 Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired.  
 Out of the heed of mortals is he gone,  
 He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;  
 Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wert bound,  
 Thou wanderdest with me for a little hour.  
 Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest,  
 If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,  
 If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.  
 And this rude Cumner ground,  
 Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,  
 Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,  
 Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime;  
 And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute  
 Kept not for long its happy, country tone;  
 Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note  
 Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,  
 Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—  
 It fail'd, and thou wert mute.  
 Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,  
 And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,  
 And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,  
 Left human haunt, and on alone till night.



Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!  
 'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,  
 Thyrsis, in reach of sheep-bells is my home.  
 Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar,  
 Let in thy voice a whisper often come,  
 To chase fatigue and fear:  
*Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died.*  
*Room on; the light we sought is shining still.*  
*Dost thou ask proof? Our Tree yet crowns the hill,*  
*Our Scholar travels yet the loved hillside.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## CRADDOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

## CHAPTER XLV.

It must not be forgotten that Rufus Hutton all this time was very hard at work, and so was Mrs. Corklemore. Between that lady and Eoa pleasant little passes gave a zest to daily intercourse, Georgie's boundless sympathies being circumscribed only by terror. Nevertheless, although Sir Craddock laughed (when his spirits were good, and his mind was clear) at their fundamental difference, Georgie began to gain upon him, and Eoa to lose ground. How could it be otherwise, even if their skill had been equal—and Eoa not only had no skill, but scorned sweet Georgie for having any—how could Mrs. Corklemore fail of doing her blessed duty, when she was in the house all day, and Eoa out, jumping the river, or looking about for Bob Garnet? Whatever the weather was, out went Eoa, speering around for the tracks of Bob, which, like those of a mole, were self-evident; and then hiding behind a great tree when she found him; and hoping, with flutter of heart about it, that Bob had not happened to see her. Yet if he happened not to see, she would go up and be cross with him, and ask whether Amy Rosedew had turned to the right or left there, or had stopped in a hollow tree. And did Bob think she looked well that morning? Then he had no

right to think so. And perhaps her own new hat, with black ostrich, was a hideously ugly thing. Oh, she only wished there were tigers!

Leave the little dear to do exactly as she likes—for nothing else she will do; and now in looking through the forest, grey and white with winter, scorn we not the grand old trunk, in our gay love of the mistletoe.

There was a very ancient tree, an oak well-known and good of fame even at the first perambulation of our legislator king. It stood upon the bend and brow under which two valleys meet, where a horse-shoe of the wood has chanced, and water takes advantage. In the scoop below the tree, two covered brooks fetch round high places into one another, prattle satisfaction, and steal away for their honeymoon without a breeze upon them. This "mark-oak," last of seven stout brothers, dwells upon a surge of upland, and commands three valleys, two of which unite below it, and the other leads them off, welcoming their waters. The grand tree lifts its proven column, channeled, ramped, and crocketed, flaked with brown on lines of grey, and bulked with cloud-like ganglions. Then from the maintop, where is room for fifty archers to draw the bow, limbs of rugged might arise, spread flat, or straggle downwards. But the two great limbs of all, the power and main glory,

the arms that reared their pride to heaven, are stricken, riven, and blasted. Gaping with great holes and rotten, heavily twisted in and out, and ending in four long scraggy horns, ghastly white in the winter sun; where the squirrel durst not build, nor the honey-buzzard watch for prey; this shattered hope of a noble life records the wrath of heaven.

The legend is that a turf-cutter having murdered a waylost pedlar, for the sake of his pack, buried the corpse in this hollow tree, and sat down on the grave to count his booty. Here, while he was bending over the gewgaws and the trinkets, which he had taken for gold upon the poor huckster's word, and which gleamed and flashed in the August twilight, the vengeance of God fell upon him. In bodily form God's lightning crashed through the dome of oak above him, leaped on the murderer's head, and drove him through the cloven earth, breast to breast on his victim's corpse. You may be sure that the sons of Ytene, a timid and superstitious race, find small attractions in that tree, when the shades of night are around it.

John Rosedew did not return on the Monday, nor yet on the Tuesday, &c. Not even until the last down-train roared through the Forest on Saturday. Then, as it rushed through the dark night of winter, throwing its white breath (more strong than our own, and very little more fleeting) in bracelets on the brown-armed trees, and in chains on the shoulders of heather, the parson leaned back on the filthy panels of a second-class carriage, and thought of the scene he had left.

He had written from London to Miss Rosedew, insisting, so far as he ever cared to insist on a little matter, that none at home should stay up for him, that no one should come to the station to meet him, and that Pell should be begged to hold himself ready for the Sunday's duty, because Mr. Rosedew would not go home, if any change should that day befall unlucky Craddock Nowell. Lucky Craddock, one ought to say, inasmuch as for a fortnight now he had lost all sense of trouble.

Finding from Dr. Tink that no rapid change was impending, John Rosedew determined to see his home, and allay his child's anxiety. Moreover he felt that his "cure of souls" must need their Sunday salting. Now walking away from the wooded station that cloudy Christmas eve—for Christmas that year fell on Sunday—how grand he found the difference from the dirty coop of London. The new moon was set, but the clouds began to lift above the tree-tops, and a faint Aurora flushed and flickered in the far north-west. Then out came several stars rejoicing, singing in twinkles their Maker's praise; and some of the sounds that breathe through a forest, even in the hush of a winter's night, began to whisper peace and death.

John, who feared not his Master's works, and was happiest often in solitude, trudged along with the leathern valise, and three paper parcels strapped comfortably upon his ample back. Presently he began to think of home and his parish cares, and the breadth of God spread around him; and then from thinking rose unawares into higher communion, for surely it is a grander thing to feel than to think of greatness. And in this humour quietly he plodded his proper course for the first four miles or so, until he had passed the Dame Slough, near the Blackwater stream, and was over against Vinney Ridge. But here he must needs try a short cut, through the Government Woods, to Nowellhurst, though even in the broad daylight he could scarcely have found his way there. He thought that, in spite of his orders, Amy would be sure to stay up for him, and so he must hurry homeward.

At a fine brisk pace, for a man of his years, he plunged into the deep wood, and in five minutes' time he had very little hope of getting out before daylight. Have you ever been lost in a great wood at night, alone, and laden, and weary, where the frithings have not been cut for ten years, when there is no moon or wind to guide a man, and the stars glimpse so deceitfully? How the stubs, even if you are so quick-footed as not to be doubled back by them, or thrown



down with nostrils patulous,—how they catch you at the knee with three prongs apiece, and make you think of white swelling! Then the slip, where the wet has dribbled from some officious branch, or sow, or cow, summer-pasturing, has kept her volutabre. Down you plump, and your heels alone have chance of going to heaven, because (unless you are a wonder) you swear so villainous hard. Rising with some difficulty, after doubting if it be worth the while, and rubbing spitefully ever so long at “the case of the part affected,” you have nothing for it but to start again, and fall into worse disasters. Going very carefully then you jump from the goading repulse of a holly into the heart of a hazel-bush,—one which has numberless clefts and tongs, and is hospitable to a bramble. Tumbling out of it, full of thorns, recalling your Farnaby epigram, and wishing they had pelted the hazel harder, away you go, quite desperate now, knowing well that the wood is full of swamps, some of which will petrify you, under sun-dew and blue campanula, when the summer comes again.

Through all these pleasing incidents and animating encounters John Rosedew went ahead, and, too often, a “header,” until he was desperately tired, and sat down to think about it. Then he heard two tawny owls hooting to one another, across at least a mile of trees; and every forest sound grew clearer in the stillness of the night; the sharp, sad cry of the martin-cat, the bark of the fox so impatient, the rustle of the dry leaves as a weasel or rat skirred over them, the wing-flap of some sliding bird roused from his roost by danger, the scratching of claws upon trunks now and then, and the rubbing of horns against underwood: these and other stranger noises, stirring the “down of darkness,” moving the sense of lonesome mystery and of fear indefinite, were abroad on the air (in spite of Shakespeare) on that Christmas Eve.

John Rosedew laid his burden by, and began to think, or wonder, what was best to do. Long as he had lived amid the woods, he knew much more of

classic sylvulæ and poetical arundines, than of the natural greenwood, and the tasseling of morasses. Bob Garnet would have found his way there, or in any other English forest, with little hesitation. From his knowledge of all the epiphytes and their different aspects, the bent of the winter grasses, the sense which even a bramble has of sun and wind and rain, he would soon have established his compass, with allowance for slope and exposure.

The parson sat upon an ants’ nest, which had done its work, and feeling discharged collapsed with him—a big nest of the largest British ant, which is mostly found near fir-trees. That nest alone would have told poor Bob something of his whereabouts; for there are not many firs in that part of the forest, and only one clump, high up on a hill, in the wood where John Rosedew had lost himself. But the man of great learning was none the wiser, only he felt that his smallclothes were done for, and Mr. Channing’s fashionable cut gone almost as prematurely as the critic who had condemned it.

“Let me now consider,” said Mr. Rosedew to himself, for about the fiftieth time; “it strikes me at the first sight—though I declare I can’t see anything—would that I could not feel! for I confess that these legs are grievous; but putting aside that view or purview of the question, it strikes me that, having no Antigone to lead me from this, which certainly is the grove of the Eumenides—there is another ant gone up my leg—‘ingentis formica laboris.’ I wish he wouldn’t work so hard, though, and I always have had the impression that they stayed indoors in the winter. Mem. To consult Theophrastus, and compare him, as usual, with Pliny. Also look at the Geoponika, full of valuable hints—why there he is again, biting very hard or stinging. What says Aristophanes about the music of the gnats? Indelicate, I fear, as he too often is. Nay, nay, good ant, if indeed thou art an ant—Why what is that over yonder?”

It was a dim light in the great hollow

oak, "the Murderer's Tree," as they called it, not a hundred yards from John Rosedew. The parson approached it cautiously, for he knew that desperate men, and criminals under a ban, still harboured sometimes in the Forest. As he grew nearer, the feeble light, glimmering through the entrance, showed him at once what tree it was, because the rays glanced through two dark holes under the bulging and beetling brow, which peasants call "the eyes of God."

John Rosedew was as brave a man as ever wept for another's grief, or with the word of God assuaged it. No man could have less superstition, unless (as some would have us believe) all religion is that. Upon this point we will not be persuaded, until we have seen them live the better, and die the more calmly for holding it. Yet John Rosedew, so firmly set, so full of faith in his Maker, so far above childish fears (which spring from the absence of our Father),—he, who having injured none had no dread of any, yet drew back and trembled greatly at the sight before him.

A small reflector-lamp, with the wick overhung with fungus, stood upon a knotted niche in the hollow of the tree. By it, and with his face and eyes set towards the earth, a tall and powerful man, stripped to the waist, was leaning, with one great arm beneath his forehead, and bloody stripes across his back. The drooping of his figure, the woe in every vein of it, the deep and everlasting despair in every bone—it was an extremity of our human nature, which neither chisel nor pen may approach, nor even the mind of man conceive, until it has been through it.

Presently the man upraised his massive head, and scorned himself for being so effeminate. He had nearly fainted with the pain; what right had he to feel it? Why should his paltry body quail at a flea-bite lash or so, when body and soul were damned for ever? But if his form had told of sorrow, great God, what did his face tell? He never sighed, nor groaned, nor moaned; his woe was beyond such trumpery; he simply took the heavy scourge from the

murderer's grave, upon which it had dropped when the swoon came over him, and, standing well forth in the black hollow's centre, to gain full swing for his scorpion thongs, he lashed himself over back and round breast, with the utmost strength of his mighty arms, with every corded muscle leaping, but not a sign of pain on his face, nor a nerve of his body flinching. Then, at last, he fell away, and allowed himself to moan a little.

John Rosedew would have leaped forward at once, in his horror at such self-cruelty, but that he saw who it was, and knew how his meddling would be taken. He knew that Bull Garnet's religious views were very strange and peculiar, and never must be meddled with, except at his own request, and at seasonable moments. Yet he had never dreamed that self-chastisement was part of them.

"Garnet a wild flagellant!" said the parson to himself; "well, I knew that he was an enthusiast, but never dreamed that he was a fanatic. And how shockingly hard he hits himself! Strong as Dr. Mastix at Sherborne; but the doctor took good care never to hit himself. Upon my word, I must run away. It is too sad to laugh at. What resolution that man must have! He scarcely feels the blows in the agony of his mind. I must reason with him about it, if I ever can find occasion. With such violation of His image, God cannot be well pleased."

Meditating deeply upon this strange affair, the parson plodded homewards, for now he knew his way, with the Murderer's Oak for his landmark. At last he saw his quiet home, and gave a very gentle knock, because it was so late.

The door was opened by Amy herself, pale, excited, and jumping.

"Oh, daddy, daddy!" Chock—chock—chock—such a lot of kisses, and both arms round his neck.

"Coreulum, voluptas, glycymelon, anima mea—"

"Oh papa, say 'Amy dear,' and then I shall know it is you."



Then she laughed, and then she cried, and presently fell to at kissing again. I am afraid she proved herself a fool; but allowance must be made for her, because she had never learned before how to get on without her father.

"Oh, you beautiful love of a daddy! I was quite sure you would come, you know; that you could not leave me any longer; so I would not listen to a single word any one of them said. And I kept the kitchen fire up, and a good fire in your pet room, dear; and I have got such a supper for you! Now off with your coat in a minute, darling. Oh, how poorly you look, my own father! But we will soon put you to rights again. Aunt Doxy is gone to bed, hurrah! and so are Jemima and Jenny. And she won't have the impudence to come down, with all her hair in the jelly-bags, so I shall have you all to myself, dada; and if any one can deserve you, I do."

"My own pet child, my warm-hearted dear," said John, with the tears in his eyes; "I had not the least idea that your mind was so ill-regulated. We must have a course of choriambics together, or the heavy trimacrine dimeter, as I have ventured to name it, about which—"

"About which not another short syllable, till you have had a light tri-mackerel supper, and not a quasi-cæsura left even."

"Why, Amy, you are getting quite witty!" And John, with one arm still in his overcoat, looked at her bright eyes wonderingly.

"Of course I am dad, when you come home. My learning sparkles at sight of you. Come, quick now, for fear of my eating you before you begin your supper. You'll have it in the kitchen, you know, dear, because it will be so much nicer; and then a pipe by the book-room fire, and a chat with your good little daughter. O father, father, mind you never go away from me such a long, long time again."

John thought to himself that, ere many years, he must go away from his Amy for much more than a fortnight;

but of course he would not damp her young joy with any such troubles now.

"If you please, my meritorious father, you will come to the door, and just smell them; and then you will have five minutes allowed you to put on your dear old dressing-gown, and the slippers worked by the Vestal virgins; five minutes by the kitchen-clock, and not a book to be touched, mind. Now don't they smell lovely? I put them on when I knew your knock. The first mackerel of the season, only caught this afternoon. I sent word to Mr. Pell for them. He can do what he likes with the fishermen. And you know as well as I do, papa, you can never resist a mackerel."

When John came down, half the table was covered with some of his favourite authors—not that she meant to let him read, but only because he would miss his books a great deal more than the salt-cellar—and the other half she was bleaching, and smoothing, and stroking with a snowy cloth, soft and sleek as her own bare arms, settling all things in lovely order, and looking at her father every moment, with the skirt of her frock pinned up, and her glossy hair dancing jigs on the velvet slope of her shoulders. And she made him hungrier every moment by savoury word and choice innuendo.

"Worcester sauce, pa, darling, and a little of the very best butter, not mixed up with flour, you know, but melting on them, like their native element. Just see how they are browning, and not a bit of the skin come off. What is it about the rhombus, pa, and when am I to read Juvenal?"

"Never, my child."

"Very well, pa, dear, you know best, of course; but I thought it was very nice about weighing Hannibal, in the Excerpta. Father, put that book down; I can't allow any reading. And after supper I shall expect you to spin me such a yarn, dear, to wind up the thread of your adventures."

"Τολυτεύειν," said John, calmly, although he was so hungry; "the very

word poor Cradock used in his rendering of that dirge—

“*Μόχθον οὐνεκα τὸν κατ’ ἡμᾶρ  
Ἐκτολυπέυσας οἰκάδε,  
Μισθὸν φέρων, ἥνυσας.*”

Oh, I forgot; ah yes, to be sure. A word, I mean, which expresses in a figurative and yet homely manner—

“Cradock, papa! Oh, father, have you been with him in London? Oh, how Aunt Doxy has cheated me! You know very well, my own father, that you cannot tell me a story. Did you go to London because Cradock was very ill?”

“Yes,” said her father, those soft bright eyes beamed into his so appealingly; “my own child, your Cradock is very ill, indeed.”

“Not dead, father? Oh, not dead?”

“No, my child; nor in any great danger, I sincerely believe, just at present.”

“Then eat your supper, pa, while it is hot. I am so glad you have seen him. I am quite content with that.”

She believed, or she would not have said it. And yet how far from the truth it was!

“You shall tell me all after supper, my father. Thank God for His mercies to me. I am never in a hurry, dear.”

Yet Amy, in dishing up the mackerel, had the greatest difficulty (for her breath came short, and her breast heaved fast) in holding back the tide of hysterics which would have spoiled her father’s supper.

“My amulet, I cannot eat a morsel while I see your hand shake. Darling, I must tell you all; I cannot bear your anxiety.”

The second mackerel, a fish of no manners, instead of curling his tail at the frying, had glued it to the pan, until a tear of Amy’s fried, and then he let go in a moment. John Rosedew caught his darling child, and drew her to his knees, with the frying-pan in her hand; and then he made her look at him, and she tried to have her eyes dry. Do what she might she could not speak, only to let her neck rise, and her drooping

eyelids tremble. “My own life’s love, I have told you the worst. God is very good to us. Cradock has been at the point of death, but now he is better a little. Only his mind is in danger. And it must come home very slowly, if it comes at all. Now, darling, you know everything.”

She took his magnificent silvery head between her little white hands, and kissed him twice on either brow, but not a word she said.

“My own sweet child,” cried her father, slowly passing one arm around her, and swindling his heart of a smile; “I am apt to make the worst of things. Let us try to be braver, or at least to have more faith.”

She leaped up at that very word, with the dawn of a glorious smile in her eyes, and she took the frying-pan once again, and eased out, with a white-handled knife, mackerel No. 3. But, upon second thoughts, she let him slide into the frizzle again, so that he might be comfortable. Her heart was down very deep just now, but for all that, her father must have and must enjoy his supper.

“Father, I’m all right now. Only eat your supper, dear. What a selfish thing I am!”

“Have a bit, my darling heart.”

“Yes, I will have a bit of tail, pa, just to test my cookery. That’s what I call frying! Look at the blue upon him, and the crisp brown shooting over it! Come, daddy, no nonsense, if you please. I could have eaten all three of them if I had only been out on the warren. And you to come starving from London! Now No. 3, papa, if you please.” But she kept her face away from him, and bent her neck peculiarly.

“How beautifully fresh this ale is. Oh, the stuff they sell in London! I am almost inclined to consider the result of taking another half-glass.”

Her quick feet went pat on the cellar-steps, while her father was yet perpend-ing; and she came back not a whit out of breath, but sweetly fresh and excited.

“Such a race, pa; because I know of one family of cockroaches, and half suspect another. They are so very impru-



dent. Robert Garnet says that they stay at home, and keep their Christmas domestically, and I need not run for fear of them, at least till the end of April. And perhaps he is right, because he knows and studies everything nasty. Only I can't believe what he says about ants, because it contradicts Solomon, who was so very much older. Now, you paternal darling, let me froth it up for you."

"Thank the Lord for as good a meal as ever one of His children was blessed with."

The parson stood up as he said these words, and put his thick but not large hands together, among the crumbs on the table-cloth.

"Now, if you please, the leastest—double superlative, pa, you know, like *πρώτιστος*, and something else—oh, they will pluck me at Oxford!—the very leastest little drop of the old French cognac we bought for parochial rheumatism, with one thin slice of lemon, an ebullition of water, and half a knob of sugar."

Before John could remonstrate, there it was, all winking at him, and begging to be sniffed before sipping.

"My pet, you are so premature. How can I trust your future? You never give me time to consider a subject, even in the first of its bearings."

"To be sure not, father. You know quite well you would take at least eight different views of the matter, and multiply them into eight others of people I never heard of. Now the pipe, dear. You shall have it here, because it is so much warmer. You know you can't fill it properly."

So the parson, happy in having a child who could fill a pipe better than he could, leaned back in his favourite chair, which Amy had wheeled in for him, and held his long clay in his left hand, while his right played with her hair, as she sat at his feet, and coaxed him.

"Sermon all ready, dear?"

"Well, you know best about that, Amy; I always trust you to arrange them."

"Never fear, papa; leave it to me. What would you do without me? I have put you out such a beauty, because it is Christmas-day: one that makes me cry, because I have heard it so often. But you must have confidence in me."

"Implicit confidence, my pet. Still I like to run my eyes over them, for I cannot see as I did. My eyes are getting so old."

"I'll kiss them till you can't see one bit, if you dare to say that again, papa. Old, indeed! They are better than mine. And I can see the pattern of a lady-bird, all across the room. There was a lady-bird on the window to-day. At this time of year, only think! That was good luck, wasn't it? And a dear little robin flew in, and perched upon the hat-pegs; and then I *knew* that you must come home."

"Oh, you superstitious pet! I must reason with you to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XLVI.

UPON the Christmas morning the parish flocked to church, and the church was dressed so beautifully that every one was amazed. Amy and Eoa made the wreaths, the garlands, and rosettes, and only one cross out of the lot, a badly-bred Maltese one, and Eoa walked over the barbarous pew-screens (like the travisses in a stable), springing from one to another, with a cable of flowers and evergreens, as easily and calmly as she would come downstairs to dinner. Of course she had never heard of that sort of thing before, but she took to it at once, as she did to anything pretty; and soon she was Amy's mistress, as indeed she must be every one's, unless she could not bear them.

The sons of the Forest looked up with amazement as they shambled in one after other, and an old woodcutter went home for his axe, lest the ivy should throttle the pillars. On the whole, the parish attributed this great outburst of foliage to the indignation of the pixies at Parson John's going to London, and staying there so long.

The prayers were read by Mr. Pell, for the rector was weary and languid; but he would not forego his pleasant words to the well-known flock that day. While the choir was making a stupendous din out of something they called an "anthem," Octave slipped off to his Rushford duty, through the chancel-door. Then with his silken gown on—given him years ago by subscription, and far too grand for him to wear, except at Christmas and Easter—John Rosedew mounted the pulpit-stairs, and showed (as in a holy bower of good-will and of gratitude) the loving-kindness of his face and the grandeur of his forehead. As he glanced from one to other with a general welcome, a genial interest in the welfare both of soul and body, a stir and thrill ran through the church, and many eyes were tearful. For already a rumour was abroad that "Uncle John" must leave them, that another Christmas-day would see a stranger in his pulpit.

After dwelling briefly on his favourite subject, Christian love, and showing (by quotations from the noblest of heathen philosophers) how low and false their standard was, how poor a keystone is earthly citizenship, the patriotism of a pugnacious village, or a little presumptuous Attica, to crown and bind together the great arch of humanity; after showing too, with a depth of learning wasted on his audience, how utterly false the assertion is that the doctrines, or rather the principles, nay, the one great principle of our New Testament, had ever been anticipated on the banks of the Yellow River—eloquently he turned himself to the application of his subject.

With some unconscious yearning perhaps, or perhaps some sense of home-truth, he gazed towards the curtained pew where sat his ancient friend, brought thither (it was too evident) by tidings of his absence. As the eyes of the old men met, for the first time after long estrangement—those eyes that had met so frankly and kindly for more than fifty years, during all which time each to the other had been a "necessarius,"

—and as each observed how pale and gray his veteran comrade looked, neither heart was wholly free from self-reproach and sorrow.

John Rosedew's mild eyes glistened so, and his voice so shook and faltered, that all the parish noticed it, and wondered what harm it had done, last week. For none of them had ever known his voice shake, except when some parishioner had done the unbecoming; and then the village mourned it, because it vexed the parson so.

The next day, as soon as parson John had found that all parochial matters were in proper trim, and that he might leave home again without neglect of duty, what did he do but order a fly, no less than a one-horse fly, from the "Jolly Foresters;" which fly should rush to the parsonage-door, as nearly as might be, at one o'clock? Now why would not Coræbus suffice to carry the rector and valise, according to the laws of the Medes and Persians, a distance of two parasangs?

Simply because our Amy was going, and had every right to go. Beautiful Amy was going to London, great fountain-head of all visions and marvels, even from white long-clothes up to the era of striped crinoline. And who shall object, except on the ground that Amy was too good to go?

If Amy were put down now in Hyde Park, Piccadilly, or Regent Street, at the height and cream of the season, when fop, and screw, and fogley, Frivolus and Frivola, Diana Venatrix, Copa Syrisca, Aphrodite Misthote, yea, and even some natural honest girls moderately ticketed, are doing their caravaning—if Amy were put on the pathway there, in her simple grey hat and feather, and that roundabout chenille thing which she herself had made, and which followed the lines of her figure so, fifty fellows, themselves of the most satisfactory figure (at Drummond's, or at Coutts's), fifty fellows who had slipped the hook fifty times apiece (spite of motherly bend O'Shaugnessey) must have received their stroke of grace, and hated Cradock Nowell.



Although the South-Western Railway had been open so many years, our forest-child had never been further from green leaf and yellow gorse, than Winchester in the eastern hemisphere, and Salisbury in the western. And now after all to think that she was going to London, not for joy, but sorrow. Desperate coaxing it had cost; every known or new device—transparent every one of them, as the pleading eyes that urged it—every bit of cozening learned from three years old and upward, every girlish argument that never can hold water, unless it be a tear-drop; and, better than a million pleas, every soft caress and kiss, all loving, all imploring,—there was not one of these but came to batter Amy's father, or ever he surrendered. For John's ideas were very old-fashioned as to maidenly decorum, and Aunt Eudoxia's view of the matter was even more prim and grim than his. Yet (as Amy well remarked) if *she* could see no harm in it, there certainly could be none; and how could they insist so much on the *κάλον* and the *πρέπον*, as if they over-rode τὸ δέον!

It is likely enough that this last stroke won the palm of victory; for, though Miss Amy knew little of Greek, and her father knew a great deal, she often contrived with true feminine skill to take his wicket neatly, before he had found his block-hole. And then her father would smile and chuckle, and ask to have his bat again; which never was allowed him. To think that any man should be the father of such *εὐστοχία*!

Therefore, that father was compelled to throw himself, flat as a flounder, on Eudoxia's generosity; for the leech-bottle now was dry.

"Darling Doxy, you know quite well you are such a wonderful manager; you have got a little cash somewhere?"

He put it with a twist of interrogation, a quivering lever of doubt, and yet a grand fulcrum of confidence, which were totally irresistible. No wonder his daughter could coax. Oh that I were like you, John, when I want a bit of money!

Hereupon Aunt Doxy smiled, with the perception of superior mind, and the power of causing astonishment. Never a word she said, but went to some unknown recesses in holy upstairs adyta: she fussed about with many keys, over sounding boards and creaking ones, to signify her caution; and at last came back with a leathern bag, wash-leather tied with bobbin. Putting up her hands to keep Amy at a distance, she pursed her lips, as if to say, "Now don't be disappointed; there is really nothing in it. Nothing, at least, I mean for people of your extravagant ideas."

Then one by one, before John's eyes, which enlarged with a geometric progression of amazement, she laid a gorgeous train of gold, as if it were but dominoes, beginning with half-sovereigns first, then breaking into the broader gauge, until there must have been £20, and John thought of all his poor people. Verily then she stopped awhile, to enhance her climax; or perhaps she hesitated, as was only natural. But now the pleasure of the thing was too much for her prudence. Looking at John and then at Amy, and wanting to look at both at once, she drew from a little niche in the bag, with a jerk (as if it were nothing) a dainty marrowfat £10 note of the Bank of England, with a name of substance upon the back, and an authenticity of grease grander than any water-mark. She tried very hard to make light of it, and not wave it in the air even, but the tide of her heart was too strong for her, and she turned away, and cried as hard as if she had no money.

Who may pretend to taste and tell every herb in the soup of nature? There is no sovereign moly, no paramount amellus; even basil (the herb of kings) may be lost in garlic. Blest are they who seek not ever for the forced-meat balls, but find some good in every brewis, homely, burnt, or overstrained. John Rosedew, putting on his boots for the road to London, felt himself, at every tug, quite as rich as Megacles—that man of foremost Athe-

nian blood, but none the more a gentleman, who walked capaciously into, and rapaciously walked out of, the gold-granaries of Croesus. A delightful sense of having gotten great money out of Eudoxia—a triumph without historic parallel—inspired him, away with that overdone word!—aerated him with glory. Thirty pounds, and some odd shillings, wholly at John Rosedew's mercy (who never gave quarter to money, but hewed it as small as Agag when anybody asked him),—thirty pounds, with no duty upon it, no stamp of responsibility, and a peculiar and peppery piquancy in the spending of every halfpenny, to wonder what sister Doxy would think if she could only know it! He gave careful Amy the note to keep, and £15 to go inside it, because he had promised to do so, for Doxy knew his nature.

In that noble fly from the 'Foresters,' which had only two springs broken, John and his daughter went away to catch the train at Brockenhurst. Out of the windows dangerously they pushed their beautiful heads—the beauty of youth on one side, the beauty of age on the other—although the coachman had specially warned them that neither door would fasten. But what could they do, when Aunt Doxy was there by the great rhododendron, with a kettle-holder over her mouth because it was so cold; fat Femima too, and Jenny, and Jem Pottles leading Coræbus to shake off his dust at the shay-horse, and learn what he might come to?

Some worthy people had journeyed up from the further end of the village, to bid an eternal farewell to Amy, and to take home the washing. They knew she would never come back again; she would never be let go again; folks in London were so wicked, and parson was so innocent. Evil though the omens were, as timidly blushing she went away, tearfully leaving her father's hearth, though a daw on the left hand forbade her to go, and a wandering cough was overheard, and a croaking raven whirled away into the wilds of the woodland—for whom shall I fear, I the cannie seer, while Amy smiles

dexter out of the cab, and wraps her faith around her?

Make we not half our life here, according as we receive it? Is it not as the rain that falls, softly when softly taken, as of leaves and grass and water; but rattling and flying in mud and foul splashes, when met at wrong angles repulsively?

My little daughter, if you cannot see your way in that simile—a very common-place one,—take a still more timeworn and venerable illustration. Our life is but a thread, my child, at any moment snappable, though never snapped unwisely; and true as it is that we cannot spin and shape it (as does the spider) out of our own emotions, yet we have this gift of God, that we can secrete some gold along it, some diamonds fetching the sunlight. Knowing, then, in whose Hand we are, and feeling how large that Hand is, let us know and feel therewith that He will not crush us; that He loves us to rejoice therein, and tamely to approach Him; with confidence in adoration, a smile in every bow to Him.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

POLLY DUCKSACRE was sitting in state behind the little counter, and opposite the gas-jet, upon her throne—a bushel basket set upside down on another. It was the evening of Boxing-day, and Polly was arrayed with a splendour that challenged the strictest appraisal; so gorgeous were her gilt earrings, cornelian necklace, sham cameo brooch—Cupid stealing the sword of Mars—and German-silver bracelets. The children who came in for "ha'porths of specked" forgot their errand and hopes of priggish, and, sucking their lips with wild admiration, cried "Lor now! Ain't she stunnin'?" "Spexs her sweetheart in a coach and four," exclaimed one little girl of great penetration; "Oh give us a ride, miss, when he comes."

That little girl was right, to a limited extent. Polly did expect her sweetheart; not in a coach-and-four, how-



ever, but in a smallish tax-cart, chesnut-coloured, picked out with white; on the panel whereof was painted, as the Act directs, "Robert Clinkers, Junior, Coal-merchant, Hammersmith." Mr. Clinkers, whose first visit had been paid simply from pity for Craddock, and to acquit himself of all complicity in Hearty Wibraham's swindle, had called again to make kind inquiries, after finding how ill the poor fellow was, and that his landlady sold coals. Nor was it long before he ventured to propose an arrangement, mutually beneficial, under which the Ducksacre firm should receive their supply from him. Two or three councils were held, but the ladies were obliged to surrender at last, because he was so complimentary, and had such nice white teeth, and spoke in such a feeling manner of his dear departed lady. On the other hand, their old wharfinger would come blustering about his sacks, loud enough to make the potatoes jump, and he kept such impudent men, and bit his nails without any manners, and called them both "Mrs. Acreducks."

During this Clinkerian diplomacy, Polly showed such shrewdness, and such a nice foot and ankle, and had such a manner of rolling her eyes—blackier and brighter than best Walsend—that the coals of love were laid, the match struck, the fire kindled, and drawing well up the hearth-place, before Robert Clinkers knew what he was at. And now he came every evening, bringing two sacks of coal with him, and sat on a bag of Barcelonas, and cracked, and gazed at Polly.

"Miss Ducksacre, you should sell lemonade," he had said only Saturday last, which was Christmas-eve, "it is such a genteel drink, you know, when a chap is consumed with internal fires, as the great poet says—him as wrote the operas, or the copperas, bless me, I never know which it is; likely you can tell, miss?"

"Lor, Mr. Clinkers, why the proper name is hopperas; we shows the boards, and we gets a ticket, when nobody else won't go."

"Oh now! Do you though? Ah, I was there, afore ever I knew what life was. A tricksome thing is life, Miss Polly, especially for a 'andsome female, and no young fellow to be trusted with it. Valuable cargo on green wood. Sure to come to shipwreck."

"Lor, Mr. Clinkers, you don't mean me! I am sure I am not at all handsome."

"Then there isn't one in London, miss. Coals is coals, and fire is fire—oh, I should like some lemonade, with a drop of rum in it. Would you join me in it now, if I just pop round the corner? It would make you feel so nice now."

"Do I ever feel anything else but nice?" Oh, Polly what a *leading* question.

"I wishes it was in my province now, with the deepest respect, to try!" Here Polly flashed away, though nobody was pursuing her, got behind some Penzance broccoli, and seized a half-pottle to defend herself. Mr. Clinkers, knowing what he was about, appealed to a bunch of mistletoe, under which, in distracting distraction, the young lady had taken refuge.

"Now nobody else in all this London," said the coal-merchant to the berries, "in all this mighty Baal, as the poet beautifully expresses it, especially if a young man, not over five-and-thirty, not so very bad-looking but experienced in life, and with great veneration for females, and a business, you may say, of three hundred a year clear of income-tax and increasing yearly, and a contract with the company, without no encumbrances, would ever go to think of letting that beautiful young lady enjoy the sweets of retirement in that most inviting position, without plucking some of the pearls off, and no harm done or taken. And nothing at all prevents me, no consideration of the brockolo—could pay for it to-morrow morning—but my deepest respects, not having my best togs on, through a cruel haxident. Please pigs they'll come home to-morrow morning, and I'll do it on Monday, and lock up yard at four o'clock, if tailor has made a job of it. Look nice indeed, and feel nice? I should like to know how she could help it!"

This explains why, when the wheels at the door proved to be not of the sprightly tax-cart, but a lumbering cab, Polly was disappointed. Neither was her displeasure removed when she saw a very pretty girl get out, and glide into the shop, with the loveliest damask spreading over the softest and clearest cheeks. Though Polly had made up her mind about Craddock as now a bad speculation, it was not likely that she should love yet any one who meant to have him.

Amy shrunk back as her nice clean skirt swept the grimy threshold. She was not by any means fidgety, but had a nervous dislike of dirt, as most upright natures have. Then she felt ashamed of herself, and coloured yet more deeply to think that a place good enough for Craddock should seem too sordid for her indeed! And then her tears glanced in the gas-light, that Craddock should ever have come to this, and partly, no doubt, for her sake, though she never could tell how.

The little shop was afforested with Christmas-trees of all sorts and of every pattern, as large as ever could be squeezed, with a knuckle of root to keep them steady, into pots No. 32. The costermongers repudiate larger pots, because they take too much room on a truck, and involve the necessity of hiring a boy to push. Aucuba, Irish yew, Portugal laurel, arbor vitæ, and bay-tree, but most of all—and for the purpose by far the most convenient, because of the hat-peg order—the stiff, self-confident, argumentative spruce. All these, when they have done their spiriting, and yielded long-remembered fun, will be fondly tended by gentle-hearted girls on some suburban balcony; they will be watered enough to kill lignum vitæ; patent compost will be bought at about the price of sugar; learned consultations will be held between Sylvia and Lucilla; and then, as the leaves grow daily more yellow, and papa is so provoking that he will only shake his head (too sagaciously to commit himself) an earnest appeal will be addressed to some of the gardening papers. Or perhaps

the tree will be planted, with no little ceremony, in the centre of some grass-plot nearly as large as a counterpane; while the elder members of the family, though bland enough to drink its health, regard the measure as very unwise, because the house will be darkened so in a few short years. Meanwhile the editor's reply arrives—"Possibly Sylvia's tree has no roots." He is laughed to scorn for his ignorance, until little Charley falls to work with his Ramsgate spade unbidden. *Factura nepotibus umbram!* It has been chopped all round the bole with a hatchet, and is as likely to grow as a lucifer match.

Through that Christmas Tabraca John Rosedew led his daughter, begging her at every step to be careful of the trees, whose claims upon her attention she postponed to those of her frock.

"Lor bless me, sir, is that you now, and your good lady along of you! How glad I am to be sure!"

"Miss Ducksacre, this is my daughter, Miss Amy Rosedew, of whom you have heard me speak;" here John executed a flourish of great complacency with his hat; "my only child, but as good to me as any dozen could be. Will you allow her to stop here a minute, while I go upstairs?"

Amy was trembling now, more and more every moment, and John would not ask how Craddock was, for fear of frightening his daughter.

"To be sure she can stay here," said Polly, not over graciously; for if Mr. Clinkers should come in the while, it might alter his ideal.

"Ah, so very sad; so very sad, miss, ain't it now?"

"Yes," said Amy, having no desire to pursue the subject with Polly. But Polly's tongue could no more keep still than a frond of maiden-hair fern in the draught of a river archway.

"Ah, so very sad! To think of him go, quite young as he is, to one of them moonstruck smilems, where they makes rope-mats and tiger rugs! As 'andsome a young man, miss, as ever I see off a hengine; and of course he must be such, being as he is your brother."



Before poor Amy could answer, Mrs. Ducksacre came to fetch her, and frowned very hard at Polly, who began to look out of the window. In spite of all her faith and hope, the child could scarcely get up the stairs, till her father came to meet her.

"There is no one with him now, dear; Mrs. Jupp is in the sitting-room, so very kindly lent us by the good landlady. Only two more pairs of stairs, and there our Cradock lies, not a bit worse than he was; if anything, a little better; and his faithful little Wena with him: she won't leave him, night or day, dear. Give me your hand, Amy. Why, I declare, it is rather dark, when you get too far from the windows! Madam, come in with us."

But Eliza Ducksacre, though little versed in mintage, and taking pig-rings for halfpence, knew when her presence had better be absence, as well as a sleeping partner does at the association's bankruptcy. So, after showing them up to the door, she slipped away into the side-cupboard which Mr. Rosedew had called a "sitting-room."

Then John took Amy's bonnet off (after ruining the strings), and stroked her pretty hair down, and took her young cheeks in his hands, and begged her not to tremble so, because she would quite upset him. Only she might cry a little, if she thought it would do her good. But when she put her hand up, and gave a dry sob only, the father led her very tenderly into the little chamber.

It was a wretched little room, like a casual pauper's home, when he gets one, only much lower and smaller. Amy took all of it in at a glance, for in matters of that sort a woman's perception is, when compared to a man's, as forked lightning compared to a blunt dessert fork. She even knew why the bed was awry; which her father could sooner have written ten scolia than discover. The bed was placed so because poor Cradock, jumping up all of a sudden in an early stage of illness, and before his head grew soft, had knocked a great piece of plaster away from the projecting hip-beam. Now

Craddy was looking away from them, sitting up in the sack-cloth bed, and trying with the sage gravity of fixed hallucination to read some lines which his fancy had written on the glazed dirt that served for a window. That window perhaps pronounced itself more by candlelight than by daylight, and the landlord had forbidden any attempt at cleaning it, because he knew that the frame would drop out. Two candles, the residue of two pounds which Mr. Rosedew had paid for, only helped to interpret the squalid room more forcibly.

While Amy stood there, shocked and frightened, and her father was thinking what to say, the poor sick fellow turned towards them, and his eyes met hers. She saw that the tint of her lover's eyes was gone from a beautiful deep gray to the tone of a withered oak-leaf, the pupils forthstanding haggardly, the whites dull and chased with blood veins, the sockets marked with a cloudy blue, and channeled with storms of sorrow; the countenance full of long-suffering, —gaunt, and wan, and weary.

Amy could not weep, but gazed, never thinking anything, with all the love and pity, devotion and faith eternal, which are sure to shine in a woman's eyes when trouble strikes its light there. How different from the shy maid's glance which, only a month or two ago, would have met his youthful overtures! And how infinitely grander! Something of the good All-Father's power and mercy in it.

She kept her eyes upon him. She had no power to move them. And they changed exactly as his did. The pale glance wandering into her gaze, with an appealing submissive motion, eager to settle somewhere, but too faint to ask for sympathy, began to feel its way and fasten, began to quiver with vibrant light and sense of resting somewhere, began to quicken, flush, and deepen,—from what fountain God only knows—then to waver and suffuse (in feeble consciousness of grief), retire and return again, fluttering to some remembered home, as a bird in the dark comes to

his nest ; then to thrill, and beam, and sparkle with the light, the life, the love.

So with a weak but joyful cry, like a shipwrecked man at his hearth again, he stretched out both his wasted arms, and Amy was there without knowing it. She laid his white cheek on her shoulder, and let her hair flow over it ; she held him up with her own pure breast, till his worn heart beat on her warm one. Then she sobbed, and laughed, and sobbed, and called him her world, and heart, and heaven, and kissed his nestling forehead, and looked, and asked, oh, where the love was. All she begged for was one word, just one little word, if you please, to know who was come to comfort him. Oh, he must know her—of course he must—wouldn't she know him, that was all, though she hadn't a breath of life left. His own, his faith, his truth, his love—his own—let him say who, and she never would cry again. Only say it once, his own—

"Amy!"

"Yes, your Amy, Amy, Amy. Say it again, oh! say it again, my poor everlasting love!"

Suddenly the barriers of his frozen grief were loosened. With a feeble arm staying on her, although it could not cling to her, he burst into a flood of tears, from the fountain of great waters whose source and home is God.

Then John, who had stood at the door all the time, with his white head bowed on his coat-sleeve, came forward and took a hand of each, knelt by the bed, and gave thanks. They wanted not to talk of it, nor any doctor to tell them. Because they had an angel's voice, that God would be gracious to them.

"Darlings, didn't I tell you," said Amy, looking up at them, with her rich curls tear-bespangled, like a young grape-leaf in the vinery ; "don't you know that I was sure our Father would never forsake us ; and that even a simple thing like me might fetch back my own blessing? Oh, you never would have loved me so ; only God knew it was good for us."

While she spoke, Cradock looked at

her with a faint far-off intelligence, not entering into her arguments. He only cared to hear her voice ; to see her every now and then ; and touch her to make sure of it ; then to dream that it was an angel ; then to wake and be very glad that it was not, but was Amy.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

SLOWLY from that night, but surely, Cradock's mind began to return, like a child to its mother, who is stretching forth her arms to it ; timid at first and wondering, and apt for a long time to reel and stagger at very slight shocks or vibrations. Then as the water comes over the ice in a gradual gentle thaw, beginning to gleam at the margin first, where the reeds are and the willow-trees, then gliding slowly and brightly on, following every skate-mark or line where a rope or stick has been, till it flows into a limpid sheet ; so crystal reason dawned and wavered, felt its way and went on again, tracing many a childish channel, many a dormant memory, across that dull lethargic mind, until the bright surface was restored, and the lead line of judgment could penetrate.

Mr. Rosedew quartered himself and his Amy at the Portland Hotel hard by, and reckless of all expense moved Cradock into Mrs. Ducksacre's very best room. He would have done this long ago, only the doctor would not allow it. Then Amy, who did not like London at all, because there were so few trees in it, hired some of the Christmas-grove from the fair greengrocers, and, decked out the little sitting-room, so that Cradock had sweet visions of the Queen's bower mead. As for herself, she would stay in the shop, perhaps half an hour together, and rejoice in the ways of the children. All her pocket-money went into the till as if you had taken a shovel to it. Barcelonas, Brazils, and cobnuts she was giving all day to the "warmints ;" and golden oranges rolled before her as from Atalanta's footstep.

It is a most wonderful fact, and far beyond my philosophy, that instead of



losing her roses in London, as a country girl ought to have done, Amy bloomed with more Jacqueminot upon very bright occasions—more Louise Odier constantly, with Goubalt in the dimples, then toning off at any new fright to Malmaison, or Devoniensis—more of these roses now carmined or mantled in the delicate turn of her cheeks than ever had nestled and played there in the free air of the Forest. Good Aunt Doxy was quite amazed on the Saturday afternoon, when meeting her brother and niece at the station—for it made no difference in the outlay, and the drive would do her good—she found, not a pale and withered child, worn out with London racket, and freckled with dust and smoke-spots, but the loveliest Amy she had ever yet seen—which was something indeed to say,—with a brilliance of bloom which the good aunt at once proceeded to test with her handkerchief.

But before the young lady left town—to wit, on the Friday evening—she had a little talk with Rachel Jupp, or rather with strapping Issachar, which nearly concerns our story.

“Oh Miss Amy,” said Rachel that morning—“Miss Amy” sounded more natural somehow than “Miss Rosedew” did—“so you’re going away, miss, after all, and never see my Looey; and a pretty child she is, and a good one, and a quiet one, and father never lift hand to her now; and the poor young gentleman saved her life, and he like her so much, and she like him.”

“I will come and see her this evening, as you have so kindly asked me. That is, with my papa’s leave, and if you don’t mind coming for me to the inn at six o’clock. I am afraid of walking by myself after dark in London. My papa has found some books at the bookstalls, and he is so delighted with them he never wants me after dinner.”

“Dear Miss Amy, would you mind, then—would you mind taking a drop of tea with us?”

“To be sure I will. I mean, if it is quite convenient, and if you can be spared here, and if—oh nothing else, Mrs. Jupp, only I shall be most happy.”

She was going to say, “and if you won’t make any great preparations,” but she knew how sensitive poor people are at restraints upon hospitality.

So grand preparations were made; and grander still they would have been, and more formal and uncomfortable, if Amy had finished her sentence. Rachel at once rushed off to her lord, whose barge-shaped frame was moored alongside of his wharf, dreaming as stolidly as none except a bargee can dream. He immediately shelled out seven and sixpence from the cuddy of his inexpressibles, and left his wife to her own devices, except in the matter of tea itself. The tea he was resolved to fetch from a little shop in the barge-walk, where, as Mother Hamp declared, who kept the tobacco-shop by the gate, they sold tea as strong as brandy.

“If you please to excuse our Zakey, miss, taking no more tea,” said Mrs. Jupp, after Issachar had laboured very hard at it, the host being bound, in his opinion, to feast even as the guest did; “because he belong to the anti-tea-totalisers, as takes nothing no stronger than gin, miss.”

“Darrn’t take more nor one noggin of tay, miss,” cried Mr. Jupp, touching his short front curl with a hand scrubbed in quick-lime and copperas; “likes it, but it don’t like me, miss. Makes me feel quite intemperant like, —so narvous, and queer, and staggering. Looey, dear, dad’s mild mixture, for to speak the young lady’s health in. Leastways, by your lave, miss.”

Dad’s mild mixture soon made its appearance in a battered half-gallon can, and Mr. Jupp was amazed and grieved that none but himself would quaff any. The strongest and headiest stuff it was, which even the publicans of London, alchymists of villany, can quassify, and cocculise, and nux-vomicise up to proof. Then, the wrath of hunger and thirst being mollified, Issachar begged leave to smoke, if altogether agreeable, and it would all go up the chimney; which, however, it refrained from doing.

Now, while he is smoking, I may admit that the contents of Mr. Jupp’s

census-paper (if, indeed, he ever made legal entries, after punching the collector's head) have not been transcribed to the satisfaction of the Registrar-General or Home-Office, or whoever or whatever he or it is, who or which insists upon knowing nine times as much about us as we know about ourselves. Mr. Jupp was a bargee of Catholic views; "it warn't no odds to he" whether he worked upon wharf or water, sea or river or canal, at coal, or hay, or lime, breeze, or hop-poles, or anything else. Now and then he went down to Gravesend, or up the river to Kingston or Staines; but his more legitimate area was navigable by three canals, where a chap might find time to eat his dinner, and give his wife and nag their'n. Issachar's love of nature always culminated at one o'clock; and then how he loved to halt his team under a row of alders, and see the painted meadows gay, and have grub and pipe accordin'. His three canals, affording these choice delights unequally, were the Surrey, the Regent's, and the Basingstoke.

That last was, indeed, to his rural mind, the nearest approach to Paradise; but as there is in all things a system of weights and measures, Mr. Jupp got better wages upon the other two, and so could not very often afford to indulge his love of the beautiful. Hence he kept his household gods within reach of the yellow Tibers, and took them only once a year for a treat upon the Anio. Then would Rachel Jupp and Looey spend a summer month afloat, enjoying the rural glimpses and the sliding quietude of inland navigation, and keeping the pot a-boiling in the state-cabin of the *Enterprise* or the *Industrious Maiden*.

Now Amy having formed Loo's acquaintance, and said what was right and pretty in gratitude for their entertainment and faithful kindness to Craddock, was just about to leave them, when Issachar Jupp delivered this speech, very slowly, as a man who has got to the marrow and pope's-eye of his pipe:—

"Now 'scuse me for axing of you, miss, and if any ways wrong in so doing, be onserupulous for to say so, and no harm done or taken. But I has my raisons for axing, from things as I've a 'ear'd him say, and oncommon good raisons too. If you please, what be the arkerate name and dwellin' place of the young gent as saved our Loo? Mr. Clinkers couldn't find out, miss, though he knowed as it warn't 'Charles New-man.'"

"Don't you know his story, then?" asked Amy in some astonishment. "I thought you knew all about it, and were so kind to him partly through that, though you were kind enough not to talk to me about it."

"We guesses a piece here and there, miss, since he talk so wild in his illness. And that's what made me be axing of you; for I knowed one name right well as he out with once or twice; not at all a common name nother. But we knows for sartin no more nor this, that he be an onlucky young gent, and the best as ever come into these parts."

"There can be no harm in my telling you, such faithful friends as you are. And the sad tale is known to every one, far and wide, in our part of Hampshire."

"Hampshire, ah!" said Mr. Jupp, with a very mysterious look; "we knowed Mr. Rosedew come from Hampshire, and that set us the more a-thinkin' of it. Loo, child, run for dad's bacco-box, as were left to Mother Richardson's, and if it ain't there, try at Blinkin' Davy's, and if he ain't got it, try Mother Hamp."

The child, sadly disappointed, for her eyes were large with hopes of a secret about her "dear gentleman," as she called Craddock, departed upon her long errand. Then Amy told, as briefly as possible, all she knew of the great mishap, and the misery which followed it. From time to time her soft voice shook, and her tears would not be disciplined; while Rachel Jupp's strayed anyhow. But Issachar listened dryly and sternly, with one great brown hand on his forehead. Not once did he interrupt the



young lady, by gesture, look, or question. But when she had finished, he said very quietly,

"One name, miss, as have summat to do with it, I've not 'ear'd you sinnify; and it were the sound o' that very name as fust raised my coorosity. 'Scuse me, miss, but I wouldn't ax, only for good raison."

"I hardly know what right I have to mention any other names," replied Amy, blushing and hesitating, for she did not wish to speak of Pearl Garnet; "there is only one other name connected at all with the matter, and that one of no importance."

"Ah," returned Jupp, with a glance as intense as a cat's through a keyhole, "maybe the tow-rope ain't nothin' to do with the goin' of the barge, miss. That name didn' happen permiskious now to be the name of 'Garnet, ma'am?"

"Yes, indeed, it did. But how could you know that, Mr. Jupp?"

"Pearl Garnet were the name I 'ear'd on, and that ain't a very common name, leastways to my experience. Now, could it 'ave 'appened by a haxident that her good father's name were Bull Garnet?"

Amy drew back, for Mr. Jupp, in his triumph and excitement, had laid down his pipe, and was stretching out his unpeeled crate of a hand, as if to take her by the shoulder, and shake the whole truth out of her. It was his fashion with Rachel, and he quite forgot the difference. Mrs. Jupp cried, "Zakey, Zakey!" in a tone of strong remonstrance. But he was not abashed very seriously.

"It couldn't be now, could it, miss; it worn't in any way possible that Pearl Garnet's father was ever known by the name of Bull Garnet?"

"But indeed that is his name, Mr. Jupp. Why should you be so incredulous?"

"Oncredulous it be, miss; oncredulous, as I be a sinner. Rachey, who'd ha' thought it? How things does come about, to be sure! Now please to tell me, miss—very careful, and not passin' lightly of anything; never you mind

how small it seem—every word you knows about Pearl Garnet and that there—job there; and all you knows on her father too."

"You must prove to me first, Mr. Jupp, that I have any right to do so."

Issachar now was strongly excited, a condition most unusual with him, except when his wife rebelled, and that she had, years ago, ceased to do. He put his long black face, which was working so that the high cheek-bones almost shut the little eyes, quite close to Amy's little white ear, and whispered,

"If ye dunna tell me, ye'll cry for it arl the life long, ye'll never right the innocent, and ye'll let the guilty ride over ye. I canna tell no more just now, but every word is gospel. I be no liar, miss, though I be rough enough, God knows. Supposes He made me so."

Then Amy, trembling at his words, and thinking that she had hurt his feelings, put her soft little hand, for amends, into Zakey's great black piece of hold, which looked like the bilge of a barge; and he wondered what to do with it, such a sort of chap as he was. He had never heard of kissing a hand, and even if he had it would scarcely be a timely offering, for he was having a chaw to compose himself—yet he knew that he ought not, in good manners, to let go her hand in a hurry; so what did he do but slip off a ring (one of those so-called galvanic rings, in which sailors and bargemen have wonderful faith as an antidote to rheumatics, tick dolorous, and the Caroline Morgan), and this ring he passed down two of her fingers, for all females do love trinkets so. Amy kept it carefully, and will put it on her chatelaine, if ever she institutes one.

Then, being convinced by his words and manner, she told him everything she knew about the Garnet family—their behaviour in and after the great misfortune; the strange seclusion of Pearl, and Mr. Garnet's illness. And then she recurred to some vague rumours which had preceded their settlement in the New Forest. To all this Issachar listened, without a word or a nod, but with his narrow forehead radiant with

concentration, his lips screwed up in a serrate ring, after the manner of a medlar, and a series of winks so intensely sage that his barge might have turned a corner with a team of eight blind horses, and no nod wanted for one of them.

"Ain't there no more nor that, miss?" he asked, with some disappointment, when the little tale was ended; "can't you racolack no more?"

"No, indeed I cannot. And if you had not some important object, I should be quite ashamed of telling you so much gossip. If I may ask you a question now, what more did you expect me to tell you?"

"That they had know'd, miss, as Bull Garnet were Sir Cradock Nowell's brother."

"Mr. Garnet Sir Cradock's brother! You must be mistaken, Mr. Jupp. My father has known Sir Cradock Nowell ever since he was ten years old; and he could not have failed to know it if it had been so."

"Most like he do know it, miss. But dunna you tell him now, nor any other chap. It be true as gospel for all that, though."

"Then Robert and Pearl are Cradock's first cousins, and Mr. Garnet is his uncle!"

"Not ezackly as you counts things," answered the bargeman, looking at the fire; "but in the way as we does."

Amy felt that she must ask no more, at least upon that subject; and that she was not likely to speak of it even to her father.

"Let him go, miss," continued Issachar, referring now to Cradock; "let him go for a long sea-vohoyage, same as doctor horders un. He be better out of the way for a spell or two. The Basingstoke ain't fur enoo, whur I meant to 'ave took him. 'A mun be quite out of the kinty till this job be over like. And niver a word as to what I thinks to coom anigh his ear, miss, if so be you vallies his raison."

"But you forget, Mr. Jupp, that you have not told me, as yet, at all what it is you do think. You said some things which frightened me, and you told me

one which astonished me. Beyond that I know nothing."

"And better so, my dear young leddy, a vast deal better so. Only you have the very best hopes, and keep your spirits roaring. Zakey Jupp never take a thing in hand but what he go well through with it. Ask Rachey about that. Now this were a casooal haxident, mind you, only a casooal haxident—"

"Of course we all know that, Mr. Jupp. No one would dare to think anything else."

"Yes, yes; all right, miss. And we'll find out who did the casooal haxident—that's all, miss, that's all. Only you hold your tongue."

She was obliged to be content with this, and on the whole it greatly encouraged her. Then she returned to the Portland Hotel under convoy of all the Jupp family, and Issachar got into two or three rows by hustling every one out of her way. Although poor Amy was frightened at this, no doubt it increased her faith in him through some feminine process of dialectics unknown to the author of the *Organon*.

Though Amy could not bear to keep anything secret from her father, having given her word she of course observed it, and John was greatly surprised at the spirits in which his daughter took leave of Cradock. But there were many points in Amy's character, as has been observed before, which her father never understood; and he concluded that this was a specimen of them, and was delighted to see her so cheerful.

Now, being returned to Nowelhurst, he held counsel with sister Eudoxia, who thoroughly deserved to have a vote after contributing so to the revenue. And the result of their Lateran—for they both were bricks—council was as follows:—That John was bound, howsoever much it went against his proud stomach after his previous treatment, to make one last appeal from the father according to the spirit to the father according to the flesh, in favour of the unlucky son who was now condemned to exile, so as at least to send him away in a manner suitable to his birth. That,



if this appeal were rejected, and the appellant treated unpleasantly—which was almost sure to follow—he could not, consistently with his honour and his clerical dignity, hold any longer the benefices (paltry as they were), the gifts of a giver now proved unkind. That thereupon Mr. Rosedew should first provide for Craddock's voyage so far as his humble means and small influence permitted; and after that should settle at Oxford, where he might get parochial duty, and where his old tutorial fame and repute (now growing European from a life of learning) would earn him plenty of pupils—

"And a professorship at least!" Miss Eudoxia broke in; for, much as she nagged at her brother, she was proud as could be of his knowledge.

"Marry, ay, and a bishopric," John answered, smiling pleasantly; "you have often menaced me, Doxy dear, with Jemima's apron."

So on a bright day in January John Rosedew said to Jem Pottles, "Saddle me the horse, James." And they saddled him the "horse"—not so called by his master through any false aggrandisement (such as maketh us talk of "the servants," when we have only got a maid-of-all-work), but because the parson, in pure faith, regarded him as a horse of full equine stature and super-equine powers. After tightening up the girths, then—for that noble cob, at the saddling period, blew himself out with a large sense of humour (unappreciated by the biped who bestraddled him unwarily) an abdominal sense of humour which, as one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, induced the pig-skin to circulate after the manner of a brass dog's collar—tush, I mean a dog's brass collar—in order to learn what the joke was down in those festive regions. Therefore having buckled him up six inches, till the witty nag creaked like a tight-laced maid, away rode the parson towards the hall. Much liefer would he have walked by the well-known and pleasant footpath, but he felt himself bound, as one may say, to go in real style, sir.

The more he reflected upon the nature of his errand, the fainter grew his hopes of success; he even feared that his ancient friendship would not procure him a hearing, so absorbed were all the echoes of memory in the pique of parental jealousy, and the cajoleries of a woman. And the consequences of failure—how bitter they must be to him and his little household! Moreover, he dearly loved his two little quiet parishes; and, though he reaped more tithe from them in kindness than in kind or by commutation, to his contented mind they were far sweeter than the incumbency of Libya-cum-Gades, and both Pœni for his beadles.

He thought of Amy with a bitter pang, and of his sister with heaviness, as he laid his hand—for he never used whip—on the fat flank of the pony to urge him almost to a good round trot, that suspense might sooner be done with. And when the hall was at last before him, he rode up, not to the little postern hard by the housekeeper's snugery (which had seemed of old to be made for him), but to the grand front entrance, where the orange-trees in tubs were, and the myrtles, and the pilasters. Most of the trees had been removed, with the aid of little go-carts, before the frosts began; but they impressed John Rosedew none the less, so far as his placid and simple mind was open to small impressions.

Dismounting from Coræbus, whose rusty snaffle and mildewed reins would have been a disgrace to any horse, as Amy said every day, he rang the main entrance bell, and wondered whether they would let him in. That journey had cost him a very severe battle, to bear himself humbly before the wrong, and to do it in the cause of the injured. In the true and noble sense of pride, there could not be a prouder man than the gentle parson. But he ruled that noble human pride with its grander element, left in it by the Son of God, His incarnation's legacy, the pride which never apes, but is itself humility.

At last the door was opened, not by the spruce young footman (who used to

look so much at Amy, and speer about as to her expectations, because she was only a parson's daughter), but by that ancient and most respectable Job Hogstaff, patriarch of butlers. Dull and dim as his eyes were growing, Job, who now spent most of his time in looking for those who never came, had made out Mr. Rosedew's approach, by virtue of the pony's most unmistakable shamble. Therefore he pulled down his best coat from a jug-crook, twitched his white hair to due stiffness, pushed the ostiary footman back with a scorn which rankled for many a day under a zebra waistcoat, and hobbled off at his utmost pace to admit the visitor now so strange, though once it was strange without him.

Mr. Rosedew walked in very slowly and stiffly, then turned aside to a tufted mat, and began to wipe his shoes in the most elaborate manner, though there was not a particle of dirt upon them. Old Job's eyes blinked vaguely at him: he felt there was something wrong in that.

"Don't ye do that, sir, now; for God's sake don't do that. I can't abear it; and that's the truth."

Full well the old man remembered how different, in the happy days, had been John Rosedew's entrance; and now every scrub on the mat was a rub on his shaky hard-worn heart.

Mr. Rosedew looked mildly surprised, for his apprehension (as we know) was swifter on paper than pavement. But he held forth his firm strong hand, and the old man bowed tearfully over it.

"Any news of our boy, sir? Any news of my boy as was?"

"Yes, Job; very bad news. He has been terribly ill in London, and nobody there to care for him."

"Then I'll throw up my situation, sir. Many's the time I have threatened them, but didn't like to be too hard like. And pretty goings on there'd be, without old Job in the pantry. But I bain't bound to stand everything for the saving of them as goes on so. And that Hismallitish woman, as find fault with my buckles, and nice things she herself wear—I'd a given notice a week next Monday, but that I likes Miss Oa so,

and feel myself bound, as you may say to see out this Sir Craddock; folk would say I were shabby to leave him now he be gettin' elderly. Man and boy for sixty year, and began no more than boot-cleaning; man and boy for sixty-three year, come next Lammas-tide. I should like it upon my tombstone, sir, with what God pleases added, if I not make too bold, and you the master of the churchyard, if so be you should live long enough, when my turn come, God willing."

"It will not be in my power, Job. But if ever it is, you may trust me."

"And I wants that in I was tellin' my niece about, 'Put Thy hand in the hollow of my thigh.' Holy Bible, you know, sir, and none can't object to that."

"Come, Job, my good friend, you must not talk so sepulchrally. Leave His own good time to God."

"To be sure, sir; I bain't in no hurry yet. I've a sight of things to see to, and my master must go first, he be so very particular. I'll live to see the young master yet, as my duty is for to do. *He* 'ont carry on with a Hismallitish woman; *he* 'ont say, 'What, Hogstaff, are your wits gone wool-gatherin'?' and his own wits all the time, sir, fleeced, fleeced—"

Here John Rosedew cut short the contrast between the present and the future master (which would soon have assumed a golden tinge as of the Fourth Eclogue), for the parson was too much a gentleman to foster millennial views at the expense of the head of the household.

"Job, take my card to your master; and tell him, with my compliments, that I wish to see him alone, if he will so far oblige me. By-the-by, I ought to have written first, to request an interview; but it never occurred to me."

He could scarcely help sighing as he thought of formality re-established on the ruins of familiarity.

"He'll be in the little coved room, no doubt, long o' that Hismallitish woman. But step in here a moment, sir."

Instead of passing the doorway, which the butler had thrown open for him,



Mr. Rosedew stood scrupulously on the mat, as if it marked his territory, until the old man came back and showed him into the black oak parlour.

The little coved room was calmly and sweetly equal to the emergency. The moment Job's heels were out of sight, Mrs. Corklemore, who had been indulging in a nice little chat with Sir Cradock, "when she ought to have been at work all the while, plain-sewing for her little household, for who was to keep the wolf from the door, if she shrank from a woman's mission,—though irksome to her, she must confess, for it did hurt her poor fingers so,"—here she held up a dish-cloth rather rougher than a coal-sack; which she had stolen cleverly from her host's own lower regions, and did not know from a glass-cloth; but it suited her because it was brown, and set off her lily hands so;—"oh Uncle Cradock, in all this there is something sweetly sacred, because it speaks of *home!*" She was darning it all the while with white silk, and took good care to push it away when any servant came in. It had lasted her now for a week, and had earned her a hundred guineas, having made the most profound impression upon its legitimate owner. She would earn another hundred before the week was out by knitting a pair of rough worsted socks for her little Flore, "though it made her heart bleed to think how that poor child hated the feel of them."

Now she rose in haste from her chair, and pushed the fortunate dish-cloth, with a very expressive air, into her pretty work-basket, and drew the strings loudly over it.

"What are you going for, Georgie? You need not leave the room, I am sure."

"Yes, uncle dear, I must. You are so clear and so honest, I know; and most likely I take it from you. But I could not have anything to do with any secret dealings, uncle, even though you wished it, which I am sure you never could. I never could keep a secret, uncle, because I am so shallow. Whenever secrecy is requested, I feel as if there was something dishonest, either done or

contemplated. Very foolish of me, I know, but my nature is so childishly open. And of course Mr. Rosedew has a perfect right, and is indeed very wise, to conceal his scheme with respect to his daughter."

"Georgie, stay in this room, if you please; he is not coming here."

"But that poor simple Amy will, if he has brought her with him. Well, I will stay here and lecture her, uncle, about her behaviour to you."

After all this the old man set forth, in some little irritation, to receive his once-loved friend. He entered the black oak parlour in a cold and stately manner, and bowed without a word to John, who had crossed the room to meet him. The parson held out his hand, as a lover and preacher of peace should do: but the offer, ay, and the honour too, not being at all appreciated, he withdrew it with a crimson blush all over his bright clear cheeks, as deep as his daughter's would have been.

Then Sir Cradock Nowell, trying to seem quite calm and collected, addressed his visitor thus:—

"Sir, I am indebted to you for the honour of this visit. I apologise for receiving you in a room without a fire. Pray take a chair. I have no doubt that your intentions are kind towards me."

"I thank you," replied the parson, speaking much faster than usual, and with the frill of his shirt-front rising; "I thank you, Sir Cradock Nowell, but I will not sit down in the house of a gentleman who declines to take my hand. I am here, much against my own wishes, and only because I supposed that it was my duty to come. I am here on behalf of your son, a noble but most unfortunate youth, and now in great trouble of mind."

If he had only said "in great bodily danger," it might have made a difference.

"Your interest in him is very kind; and I trust that he will be grateful, which he never was to me. He has left his home in defiance of me. I can do nothing for him until he comes back, and is penitent. But surely the question concerns me rather than you, Mr. Rosedew."

"I am sorry to find," answered John quite calmly, "that you think me guilty of impertinent meddling. But even that I would bear, as becomes my age and my profession,"—here he gave Sir Craddock a glance, which was thoroughly understood, because they had been at school together,—“and more than that I would do, Craddock Nowell, for a man I have loved like you, sir.”

That “sir” came out very oddly. John poked it in, as a retraction for having called him “Craddock Nowell,” and as a salve to his own self-respect, lest he should have been too appealing. And to follow up this view of the subject, he made a bow such as no man makes to one from whom he begs anything. But Sir Craddock Nowell lost altogether the excellence of the bow. The parson had put up his knee in a way which took the old man back to Sherborne. His mind was there playing cob-nut as fifty years since, with John Rosedew. Once more he saw the ruddy, and then pugnacious, John bringing his calf up, and priming his knee, for the cob-nut to lie upon it. This he always used to do, and not care a flip for the whack upon it, instead of using his blue cloth cap, as all the rest of the boys did; because his father and mother were poor, and could only afford him one cap in a year.

And so the grand bow was wasted, as most formalities are; but if John had only known when to stop, it might have been all right after all, in spite of Georgie Corklemore. But urged by the last infirmity (except gout) of noble minds, our parsons never do know the proper time to stop. Excellent men, and admirable, they make us shrink from eternity, by proving themselves the type of it. Mr. Rosedew spoke well and eloquently—as he was sure to do; but it would have been better for his cause if he had simply described the son’s distress, and left the rest to the father’s heart. At one time, indeed, poor old Sir Craddock, who was obstinate and misguided, rather than cold and unloving, began to relent, and a fatherly yearning fluttered in his grey-lashed eyes.

But at this critical moment, three

little kicks at the door were heard, and the handle rattled briskly; then a shrill little voice came through the keyhole.

“Oh pease let Fore tum in. Pease do, pease do, pease do. Me ’ost me ummy top. Oh you naughty bad door!”

Then another kick was administered by small but passionate toe-toes. Of course your mother did not send you, innocent bright-haired popples, and with a lie so pat and glib in that pouting pearl-set mouth. Foolish mother, if she did, though it seal Attalie bargain!

Sir Craddock went to the door, and gently ordered the child away. But the interruption had been enough—*ibi omnis effusus labor*. When he returned and faced John Rosedew the manner of his visage was altered. The child had reminded him of her mother, and that graceful, gushing, loving nature, which tried so hard not to doubt the minister. So he did what a man in the wrong generally does instinctively; he swept back the tide of war into his adversary’s country.

“You take a very strong interest, sir, in one whose nearest relations have been compelled to abandon him.”

“I thought that your greatest grievance with him was that he had abandoned you.”

“Excuse me; I cannot split hairs. All I mean is that something has come to my knowledge—not through the proper channel, not from those who ought to have told me—something which makes your advocacy seem a little less disinterested than I might have supposed it to be.”

“Have the kindness to tell me what it is.”

“Oh, perhaps a mere nothing. But it seems a significant rumour.”

“What rumour, if you please?”

“That my—that Craddock Nowell is attached to your daughter, who behaved so ill to me. Of course, it is not true?”

“Perfectly true, every word of it.” And John Rosedew looked at Sir Craddock Nowell as proudly as ever a father looked. Amy, in his opinion, was peeress for any mortal. And perhaps he was not presumptuous.



"Ah!" was the only reply he received; an "ah" drawn out into half an ell.

"Why, I would have told you long ago, the moment that I knew it, but for your great trouble, and your bitterness towards him. You have often wished that a son of yours should marry my daughter Amy. Surely you will not blame him for desiring to do as you wished?"

"No, because he is young and foolish; but I may blame you for encouraging it, now that he is the only one."

"Do you dare to think that I am in any way influenced by interested motives?"

"I dare to think what I please. No bullying here, John, if you please. We all know how combative you are. And, now you have forced me to it, I will tell you what will be the conviction, ay, and the expression of every one in this county, except those who are afraid of you. 'Mr. Rosedew has entrapped the future Sir Cradock Nowell, hushed up the crime, and made all snug for his daughter at Nowelhurst Hall.'"

Sir Cradock did not mean half his words, any more than the rest of us do, when hurt; and he was bitterly sorry for them the moment they were uttered. They put an impassable barrier between him and John Rosedew, between him and his own conscience, for many a day and night to come.

Have you ever seen a pure good man, a man of large intellect and heart, a lover of truth and justice more than of himself, confront, without warning, some black charge, some despicable calumny, in a word (for I love strong English, and nothing else will tell it), some damned lie? If not, I hope you never may, for it makes a man's heart burn so.

John Rosedew was not of the violent order. Indeed, as his sister Eudoxia said, and to her own great comfort knew, his cistern of wrathfulness was so small, and the supply-pipe so unready—as must be where the lower passions filter through the intellect—that most people thought it impossible "to put the parson out."

And very few of those who knew him could have borne to make the trial.

Even now, hurt as he was to the very depth of his heart, he was indignant more than angry.

"It would have been more manly of you, Sir Cradock Nowell, to have said this very mean thing yourself, than to have put it into the mouths of others. I grieve for you, and for myself, that so mean a man was ever my friend. Perhaps you have still some relics of gentlemanly feeling which will lead you to perform a host's duty towards his visitor. Have the kindness to order my horse."

Then John Rosedew, so punctilious, so polite to the poorest cottager, turned his broad back upon the baronet, and as he slowly walked to the door, these words came over his shoulder:—

"To-day you will receive my resignation of your two benefices. If I live a few years more, I will repay you all they have brought me above a curate's stipend. My daughter is no fortune-hunter. She never shall see your son again, unless he renounce you and yours for ever, or you come and implore us humbly as now you have spoken arrogantly, contemptibly, and meanly."

Then, fearing lest he had been too grand about a little matter—not his daughter's marriage, but the aspersion upon himself—he closed the door very carefully, so as not to make any noise, and walked away towards his home, forgetting Coræbus utterly. And, before his fine solid face began to recover its healthy and bashful pink, he was visited by sore misgivings as to his own behaviour; to wit, what claim had any man, however elate with the pride of right and the scorn of wrong, to talk about any fellow-man becoming humble to him? Nevertheless, he could not manage to retract the wrong expression in his letter of resignation; not from any false pride—oh no!—but for fear of being misunderstood. But that very night he craved pardon of Him before whom alone we need humbly bow; who alone can grant us anything.

*To be continued.*

## WORKHOUSE INFIRMARY REFORM.

BY FRANCIS EDMUND ANSTIE, M.D. F.R.C.P.

A MOVEMENT is now fairly on foot which is of vital consequence to the inhabitants of London, and in support of which I desire to say a few words.

A large section of the public has become convinced of the impossibility of allowing the present administration of the Poor-law, so far as regards the management of those sick paupers whose necessities have driven them to take refuge in the infirmaries of London workhouses, to remain in its present condition. For many years it has been known to a few charitable persons that the interiors of these establishments, sedulously hidden from the public eye, were the scene of a shocking mismanagement, resulting in great cruelty and injustice to a large class of the deserving poor. But these benevolent individuals were for the most part hindered from proclaiming the worst of what they knew; and what little they ventured to tell met with but a partial recognition, and was little known to the public at large. A fortunate combination of circumstances has recently allowed others, and myself among the number, to obtain free access to the sources of the necessary information, and has also enabled us to repeat publicly all that we have seen without the slightest fear of consequences.

Immediately after the occurrence of the Gibson and Daly scandals, Mr. Ernest Hart induced the proprietors of the *Lancet* to issue a commission of inquiry into the state of metropolitan workhouses. The conduct of the investigation was committed to the hands of Mr. Hart, Dr. Carr, and myself, and between us we have visited and narrowly inspected all the London workhouse infirmaries. Our reports have been issued from time to time in the *Lancet*. They have attracted the attention of the press and the public; nor could they well have failed to do so, for such a series of

facts as they disclosed, had they been told in the dulllest and most lifeless manner, must have roused and painfully shocked the national conscience.

I can hardly better introduce my descriptive summary of the management of the sick-wards of the London workhouses than by explaining the feelings and the amount of knowledge with which I entered on the inquiry entrusted to the commissioners. In the first place, I had no very strong sentiments on the matter, and no notion that I should discover anything in the general working of the workhouse system which would indicate that great and habitual cruelty was inflicted on the poor by it. My own experience of workhouses, about twelve months since, was limited to what I had seen in one or two rather favourable specimens in the country, and in the best managed wards of two London workhouses, the surgeons of which had occasionally taken me to see some particularly interesting case of sickness. The impression derived from the superficial observations which I had thus been able to make was much the same, probably, as is received by ordinary chance visitors to a workhouse. It was plain enough that there was an improper degree of overcrowding, and a minimum of medical attendance and nursing; but the appearance of such wards as I saw was externally clean and decent, and no suspicions were suggested of the gross abuses which I have since discovered to be almost universal. As the inquiry proceeded, what was at first little more than a scientific interest in the pathology, so to speak, of hospital mismanagement in certain details, was involuntarily exchanged for a deep sense of indignation at the ignorant supineness with which the administration of the sick department of the workhouses has been allowed to drift into its present condition. It



was impossible for any physician with hospital experience, however little inclined to commence philanthropist and to identify himself with the class of social agitators, not to be painfully affected by the contrast between the condition of the sick indoor pauper and that of the inmate of a voluntary hospital.

The first house which I visited was that of Lambeth. I had long been acquainted with the surgeon, and had several times visited the wards in which the more acute cases of illness under his care are treated. But I was astounded, on commencing a detailed investigation of the establishment, to find that this single medical officer has under his care no less than 700 persons who are more or less invalided; that of this number nearly one-half are serious cases; that there is an insane department which contains about 70 patients, a considerable number of whom are afflicted with the severest and most dangerous forms of insanity; and a small, but constantly replenished lying-in ward. This immense aggregation of sick persons is placed under the care, as already stated, of one medical officer. This gentleman is precluded from private practice, and receives a salary of 300*l.* a year; but he is non-resident, and there is no one to attend to any of the numerous pressing medical emergencies which must be constantly arising amongst so vast a sick population.

Nor, if we turn to the facts and figures which are obtainable by a mere inspection of blue-books, which are open to all (though, unfortunately, too few of us ever study them), shall we find that the spectacle displayed by Lambeth is at all exceptional. What may be called the regular London voluntary hospitals contain about 4,000 beds, the majority of which are filled by patients suffering from severe diseases. But in the thirty-nine London workhouses, out of a total population fluctuating between 28,000 and 32,000, we find that there are some 6,000 acute cases, 1,400 lunatics, and a number, variously estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000, of patients who regu-

larly require occasional medical attendance—sufferers from chronic disease, in fact.

It thus appears that the most necessitous class of diseased persons, those who have lost *everything* and have become paupers, are greatly more numerous than are the inmates of all those magnificent medical establishments which we are accustomed to consider as the glory of London, and a constant witness to the activity of British philanthropy. And be it remembered that the *pauper* class of sick are precisely those to whom we most unmistakably *owe* medical care and tendance. This is no question of compassion, it is a matter of simple justice. The pauper has himself very often paid poor-rates for many years, until some visitation of sickness has made him lose his place in the ranks of eager competitive industry: and even if he has not paid in his own person he has an undeniable vested interest in the payments of the more fortunate ranks of society, which have lived upon his humble labours no less than on their own exertions. The views which inspired the original framers of the new Poor-law have become partially obsolete. Those eminent men were filled with an honest enthusiasm for extirpating the curse (and, as they deemed it, the crime) of pauperism: they were no doubt successful in suppressing to a large extent the vice of voluntary idleness and dependence; but their measures pressed with an iron hand upon that large mass of inevitable pauperism—the result of sickness and misfortune—which lay beneath the surface. A more pathetic and yet manful confession of mistaken judgment has seldom been heard than that which fell from the lips of Sir James Kay Shuttleworth at the recent meeting of the Society for the Improvement of Workhouse Infirmarys, held at Willis's Rooms, March 3d. He told us that it was only by the sad experience of many years that his own eyes (and more observant eyes could not be found) had been opened to the terrible effects of inevitable misfortune in pauperising the deserving poor. The idle classes

who ran riot in the coarse and wasteful charity of the old Poor-law are now-a-days chiefly represented by the "casuals," whose bestial life and conversation have been vividly painted by a recent writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; they form but an insignificant portion of the constant population of the London workhouses. It is enough to say that in many of these establishments the really "able-bodied" inmates are so few that the authorities can hardly find among them a sufficient number of menial servants to perform the commonest duties of the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," while the nursing department is almost everywhere confided to individuals who are themselves more or less invalided.

The vastness of the field of sickness thus opened to our view is almost enough to discourage one from any effort for its amelioration. But the inaction which such feelings would suggest is simply suicidal. Fortunately there is one part of the subject which is both highly important, and also susceptible of being dealt with singly; viz. the management of these 6,000 workhouse inmates, who are tabulated as "sick" (in Poor-law phraseology) because they are severely ill: in contradistinction to the sufferers from milder and more chronic forms of disease, who rank under the heading of "infirm."

It is the object of the Association for the Improvement of the Metropolitan Workhouse Infirmarys to accomplish, during the present Session of Parliament, the deliverance of these 6,000, whose case is the most pressing, from the hands of the guardians who, even when they happen to be charitable and public spirited, are incompetent to the difficult task of managing sick persons. It has been conclusively proved to our committee, by a gentleman whose authority is so high that there is no possibility of an appeal against it, that any larger scheme, involving the reorganization of the arrangements for the chronic patients also, is beset with insuperable difficulties so long as the present subdivisions of Poor-law property under

a vast number of independent boards of guardians, each of them quite uncontrolled in the management of the affairs of its district, continues to exist. But the idea of throwing the London parish properties into one, and equalising the rates over the whole metropolitan area, involves a large political measure. As a private individual, I approve of the principle of that measure, but it seems clear to me, as it has done to the majority of our committee, that with political movements the Association has nothing to do: and, indeed, there are many of the most active and influential of our supporters who would disapprove of the general equalisation of poor-rates, on political grounds. Under these circumstances we are for the present limited to the scheme of dealing with the acute cases only; and accordingly it is the cause of the acutely sick in the London workhouses which I shall plead in the remarks which are to follow.

The condition of the acutely sick, *using that word to signify not only diseases which last but a few days or weeks, but all cases of illness in which the patient's condition demands daily visitation by the doctor, and frequent attentions on the part of the nurse*, is of importance in more ways than one. To the benevolent it would be sufficient to urge that the sufferers from such diseases, unless they are treated on those principles, as to medical and sanitary arrangements, which may be seen in operation in the voluntary hospitals, are likely either to die or to pass into a state of chronic suffering and helplessness for a long time, and very often for a lifetime. To those for whom the principles of economy have an equal, or even a superior interest, to the impulses of benevolence, we may address this further and most powerful argument, that every unnecessary failure to cure a sick pauper rapidly and completely is certain to entail a formidable addition to the burdens imposed on the ratepayers.

Now the principles on which large aggregations of severely sick persons can alone be efficiently treated are well understood. 1. The buildings must be



well (that is, conveniently) placed for the wants of the districts which they are respectively to supply; they must be erected on a proper soil and at such an elevation above water-mark as to ensure the possibility of efficient drainage; they must be built in blocks not exceeding two, or at the most three, stories in height, and surrounded by open grounds; the wards must be efficiently lighted by a row of windows on each side, and must be of a capacity to allow at least 1,200 cubic feet of space, and 90 feet of superficial area, to each bed; they must be provided each with its proper bathroom, lavatory (copiously supplied with hot and cold water), and closet, placed at that end of the ward which is remote from the centre of the building; the staircases must be wide, open, and airy, and so placed as to enable them to circulate free currents of air through the house. 2. The nursing must be performed by a numerous staff of trained and paid officials, including special night nurses, under the superintendence of a person not only specially experienced, but of good education and general social culture, for by such a chief only can proper discipline be maintained. 3. The medical staff must include resident officers, properly paid and sufficiently numerous to devote proper attention to each patient. 4. There must be a resident dispenser and a well-stocked dispensary. 5. There must be a staff of domestic servants sufficient to relieve the nurses of all duties of a non-medical kind. 6. Finally, and this is really the most important point of all, there must be a governing body composed of men who understand hospital management (and in part of medical men), and whose position shall be such as to free them from all temptations to a shortsighted parsimony.

To enumerate the list of requisites for establishments in which the acutely sick are to be treated, is to pronounce at once the condemnation of *every* existing London workhouse infirmary as unsuited for this purpose. I wish to state this distinctly, because there are many who fancy that, whatever may be the case

in some of the older houses, there are several London boards of guardians who have re-organized their infirmaries in a manner which closely approaches the hospital standard. This is not the case. Let us take one of the most favourable specimens in all London—the infirmary of the Fulham workhouse. The workhouse is built in an expensive style, and it is situated in the midst of a very large space of open ground belonging the establishment. The infirmary for the acutely sick is a separate building, standing well away from the body of the house, but it is most improperly constructed. The wards afford only 602 cubic feet of space (only half the proper number) to each bed; the staircases are narrow and ill-calculated for ventilation; there are no bath-rooms to the wards; there are no paid nurses, and no night-nurses, but merely pauper nurses who receive no remuneration except that of extra diet. The one medical officer lives nearly half a mile from the workhouse; he gets only 50*l.* a year, for which he has to attend to about 50 acutely sick, and 160 chronic cases, and to dispense all the needful medicines. Yet the Fulham board of guardians is justly considered to be one of the most liberal and intelligent of these bodies in London. Take the case of St. Pancras, again, one of the guardians of which boasted, at the meeting in Willis's Rooms, that his infirmary was now a model for such establishments. In the first place, be it remarked that the reforms which have been made at St. Pancras, have been wrung from the guardians in consequence of the vehement outcry raised by the disclosure of the grossest abuses, the Government having been obliged on one occasion to send a special medical inspector to the place, who was perfectly horror-struck at the condition of things which he found existing there. But what is the actual state of things at present? Why there are 250 acutely sick; there are more than 100 lunatics, many of them very bad and troublesome cases; and there are as many infirm or chronic cases as make up the total numbers

under medical care to considerably more than 1,000; and this immense and harassing charge has to be entirely performed by two resident medical officers, who receive 160*l.* and 85*l.* per annum respectively, besides their board, and who (as there is no resident dispenser) have to make up all medicines which may be required after 4 P.M. and before 9.30 A.M. The slightest reflection might show the guardians the impossibility of the work being properly executed, even with the most conscientious and earnest efforts of the medical officers. In this infirmary, also, I discovered that a number of the acutely sick were lying on bedsteads only 5 ft. 8 in. in length, and beds which were some inches shorter; and I was assured that the guardians, not very long before, had ordered the flock mattresses to be robbed of nearly half their stuffing, as being needlessly luxurious in their thickness! I hope the reader may not lose his temper over this passage; I am afraid I lost mine over the incident which it narrates.

But if these things be done in the green tree, what is done in the dry? The workhouse infirmaries of which we have just been speaking, and some others which have been quoted as examples of the better kind (as *e.g.* the City of London, Paddington, Kensington), have been galvanized into some sort of rejuvenescence either by the accidental discovery by the public of iniquities too great to be borne, or by the presence on the governing board of some one with a conscience not made on the usual guardian-pattern. Things are very different when we descend a step lower, and investigate the condition of the infirmaries of those workhouses which are situated in the very poor, and at the same time very populous, districts. Observe the condition of things which necessarily prevails in such localities. Simultaneously with the departure from such intensely unfashionable districts as Bethnal Green, Clerkenwell, St. George's-in-the-East, &c. of all whose circumstances will allow them to escape to a better neighbourhood, the character of the tenancy deteriorates, and whole

districts become inhabited by the poorest classes, who herd together, several families residing in what was formerly the residence of one tenant. As an inevitable consequence, it happens that the guardians are yearly elected from a lower and lower class, till at last the board becomes exclusively the representative of a set of petty middlemen whose existence is passed in a fierce struggle to squeeze a profit out of their artisan tenants, which may neutralise the burden of the constantly increasing rates. It is not surprising if many of these men lose nearly all natural human sympathy for the dreadful sufferings which are inflicted by sickness and other inevitable calamities on the working-classes; while, on the other hand, their education is too low to enable them to see the truly economic value of a judicious liberality in such matters as the treatment of a temporarily disabled breadwinner, or mother of a family. In order to give a fair estimate of the abuses which naturally arise in the management of the infirmary in such districts, I shall quote the evidence voluntarily given to our committee on a recent occasion by the surgeon of a workhouse in one of the poorest districts. I suppress names, because I have no wish to involve our informant in any fresh aggravation of his present miseries. I must premise that the workhouse to which he is attached is by no means one of the very worst; that the guardians have made a considerable show of liberality in small things, and that I sincerely believe that they are in ignorance of the great wickedness and cruelty which they are committing. The surgeon's story is briefly as follows:—He has 250 acutely sick, besides a great many infirm, under his care in the workhouse, and he has also to dispense all the necessary medicines; for those duties he is paid at the rate of 2*s.* 5*d.* per diem! With a blunt and startling frankness he confessed that the whole business was a ghastly joke; that to save himself from the pecuniary ruin which the neglect of his private practice would have involved, he was obliged to



make his attendance on the sick paupers a merely perfunctory business ; that he never performed certain most necessary surgical operations : that he never used the stethoscope in cases of chest-disease, because it would take up too much time ; and that as for the medicine which he prescribed, the nature of that was regulated chiefly with a view to facility of dispensing it, rather than to curing the patients. Now what this officer told us must doubtless represent the true experience of many workhouse surgeons whose natural reticence would have prevented them from ever confessing the true state of things, even to themselves.

Things are evidently in very much the same case with the surgeon of the Shoreditch workhouse. For instance : we found that this gentleman, who is enormously overtasked, and preposterously underpaid, was in ignorance of the real condition of many of his patients ; that no precautions whatever were taken to ensure that his orders were carried out ; and that, in fact, it was only by chance that the patients ever got their medicines or food at the proper hours, from the pauper nurses who were their only attendants. How could it be otherwise, seeing that the unfortunate medical officer, during the daily visit of three hours or so (which is the utmost he can afford, if he is not to starve in consequence of neglecting his private practice) has to attend to the wants of a total sick, infirm, and insane population exceeding 400 in number, and besides this, has afterwards to *dispense all the drugs!* The simplest calculation will show that he must hurry through the wards at full speed ; that he cannot (as, in fact, he confessed he did not) take any notes or write any prescriptions by the bedside ; and that on the conclusion of his inspection he must repair to the dispensary, and there make his notes, and *dispense all the medicines from his memory of the names of the patients and their respective diseases!* If any one thinks that under these circumstances there can be much efficacy in the physic which the patients get, he must have powers of faith transcending

those of the most fanatical believer in Holloway's Pills.

There is not a *single London infirmary* in which the medical attendance is not *utterly insufficient*. But there is worse behind. The unfortunate sick persons are almost entirely in the hands of pauper nurses, always ignorant and clumsy, often drunken and cruel. There are but two London infirmaries which make a decent approach to a sufficient supply of paid nurses, viz. St. Pancras and Marylebone, and even in these the want of a proper organized system is clearly shown in the absence of any regular system of night-nursing, such as would be rigorously enforced at any voluntary hospital. The acutely sick, of course, frequently suffer great misery in consequence of the lack of proper nursing, and their chances of recovery are indefinitely diminished ; in fact, this part of the existing system causes a greater waste of human life, and health, and happiness than is occasioned by all the other defects of infirmary-management put together.

I have convicted the medical and nursing departments of the infirmaries of utter inadequacy to the tasks which they are supposed to execute. With regard to the buildings, I may briefly say that nearly two-thirds of them are so badly constructed that under no circumstances would it be proper to place *acute* cases of sickness in them at all ; and that even in the smaller number, which make some approach to proper hospital construction, there is at present so inadequate an allowance of cubic space for each patient, that it would be necessary to enlarge them to double or triple their present size, in order to put them on a proper hospital footing.

By this time, however, I imagine my readers will have pretty nearly arrived at the conclusion that it would be folly to commence the needed reforms in the treatment of the acutely sick in our infirmaries in any piecemeal manner, and that it must be done on a *uniform plan, and by a concentrated system of management*. A moment's consideration of the last and most fatal blot on

the present system—the character of the existing boards of guardians, and the enormous pressure of temptation under which they have to perform their duties—should be enough, I think, to make this conclusion final. It is precisely in the districts where the most serious pressure on the accommodation of the workhouse sick-wards exists, and where the whole problem of sick management assumes the most embarrassing magnitude, that we find boards of guardians who are too ignorant, too timid, or too honestly fearful of absolutely crushing the poorer ratepayers beneath the burdens of the rates, to attempt any improvement whatever. And this brings me to my outline sketch (for I can give no more in the space which is left me) of the remedy for existing evils which the Association for Improving the Infirmaries of Metropolitan Workhouses is about to urge on the Government and the House of Commons, and in behalf of which I would earnestly endeavour to enlist the sympathies of the public.

1. We propose, in the first place, that the acutely sick, estimated at about 6,000, shall be removed from the workhouses, and located in six large infirmaries, of 1,000 beds each, to be built in such situations as that each shall form a centre of six London parishes or unions. These infirmaries shall be constructed on modern principles, and supplied with a medical and nursing staff

of a thoroughly efficient character, and with all other necessary appointments.

2. These infirmaries shall be governed, not by the present guardians, but by a central management, composed partly of representatives elected by the ratepayers in such a manner as to eliminate, as far as possible, local jobbery, and partly of nominees of the Poor-law Board, who should be skilled persons.

3. These infirmaries shall be supported by a general "Infirmarium Rate," collected equally over the whole metropolitan area.

We do not for a moment disguise from ourselves the fact that both the immediate execution, and the subsequent working of the plan are likely to be attended with difficulties, of which expense will, at any rate in the first instance, be an important item. But we maintain that we have demonstrated not merely the advisability, but the absolute necessity, of a great reform; and we are determined that, if possible, the present favourable moment shall not be wasted, for making the first step in a course which the country must take sooner or later, and may have to take under greatly-increased difficulties, if the question be any longer postponed. And we earnestly call on the nation to save itself from the pitiful disgrace of being unable or unwilling to look a great and threatening evil fairly in the face, and strike at least the first blow for its destruction.

### MY HERITAGE.

In close communion with the mighty dead

I pass the pleasant years;

Giving to all for laughter laughter, dread

For dread, and tears for tears.

With Homer's warriors on the plains of Troy

Fighting I seem to be;

I hear the conquering Greeks, all flushed with joy,

Shout for the victory.

With Lear into the pitiless storm I go,

No friend below—above;



I weep for Juliet and her Romeo,  
But ever love their love.

I pity the pure Desdemona's fate,  
Mourn with the noble Moor;  
But give Iago all my changeless hate,  
And still it is too poor.

I see the shaggy brows of Shylock lower  
At Portia's silvery voice;  
I smile to see him shorn of all his power,  
And furious at his choice.

With Bunyan's pilgrim, clogged by doubt and sin—  
Rent by soul-agonies—  
I travel, till I see him pass within  
The gates of Paradise.

The great Italian takes me by the hand,  
Binds me with fearful spell,  
Shows me the mysteries of the spirit-land,  
The things of Heaven and Hell.

I shake with laughter at the immortal knight  
Quixote, of high renown;  
And at his esquire, Sancho, luckless wight!—  
Of chivalry the crown.

Goethe, the life and sun of German thought,  
Gives of his wondrous store;  
Flame-tipp'd, his passionate words are all inwrought,  
With the heart's deepest core.

With our sublime and most seraphic bard,  
I sorrow for our woes;  
Behold the world prisoner in devil-ward  
Till He, the Saviour, rose.

I see the Roman Empire rapid rise,  
I ponder its decline;  
The illustrious Caesars pass before mine eyes,  
And many a famous line.

Into the broad domains of sweet romance  
With high-souled Scott I peer.  
I linger o'er fair Enid's countenance—  
Arthur and Guinevere.

And many others wile me with their lays,  
Or build with argument—  
As Burns and Bacon; worthy of high praise—  
With lips all-eloquent.

Then, when the restless soul from these will turn,  
I take The Book—the best;  
And read with joy, "Come ye by sins down-borne,  
And I will give you rest."

GEORGE SMITH.

## OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## TROUBLED JOYS.

THERE are days in life during which, though we have all our senses about us, we seem to be walking in a bad dream; and such was the sensation with which Sir Douglas retraced his steps that morning. Outward objects made no impression. The beauty of the scenery, the tumultuous stir of the population, the greeting of casual acquaintances, alike passed unheeded. He was what is not unaptly termed, "buried in thought:" deep and dark is that burial, but it is not calm like death. The quick blood beat at his heart, and throbbed in his temples. It was almost with a feeling of joyful refreshment that his mind woke, at last, to a perception of visible and earthly things, under the influence of one of those sudden storms that visit the Mediterranean. The rain came in heavy drops, in drifting streams; the sea changed from blue to green, from green to purple, and sent its waves, fringed with wrathful foam, dashing from the bay over the shore, to crown with a mixture of silver and snow the heads of the stunted trees that grow in a formal line along the Villa Reale. In that change he breathed more freely. He stood for a few minutes gazing at the scene, bareheaded; his cloak fluttering in the wild wind—as he used to love to stand on the hills above Glenrossie when he came back, an eager boy, for his Eton holidays. The pain at his heart seemed lightened. The demon of doubt which oppressed him (though he was scarcely conscious of his cause of torment) made itself wings and went out into the storm. As he ascended the staircase of the Palazzo he met Lorimer Boyd coming down. "He is asleep and doing well," said the latter

as he grasped his old friend by the hand. Then he passed rapidly down, and Sir Douglas proceeded to his nephew's room.

The peace of sleep is nearly as beautiful as the peace of death—nearly as beautiful as that unutterable calm whose placidity awes us when we sob over our lost ones, and compels us to pause in our weeping, and gaze on the face whose many changes were so familiar and so dear; yearning for a break in that calm, a quiver in that strange set smile, something that shall seem human and sympathetic—something, we know not what, that will not freeze us with such intense conviction that the smiles, and tears, and sunshine and shadow, of earth's emotions are over; and that what we loved has passed away to the world where there is no more change!

Pale and peaceful, without a cloud on the young smooth forehead; recovering, apparently, from all evil effects of yesterday's events as quietly as a convalescent child; thus it was that Sir Douglas found his nephew. A little fluttering tremor in breathing coming now and then, like a light movement of leaves in spring-weather, alone spoke of past disturbance. His uncle sat down once more where he had watched during the preceding night, and watched again—and so watching, ceased to think of himself, and thought entirely and only of Kenneth. How nearly he had lost him; how horrible this day would have been if the young man who lay there in stillness and shadow, was dead instead of sleeping!

Thinking of all this with a tender heart, the watcher bent forwards to the slumberer and kissed his cheek. Gently as that kiss was given, it seemed to rouse the dormant faculty of thought; the expression of pain and anger flickered anew over the features, the short



savage laugh which Kenneth laughed when he was provoked, sounded feebly from his lips, and he muttered, "No, Gertrude, no—

"Come not to weep for me when I am gone,  
Nor drop your foolish tears upon my grave;"

there's a true poet's true thought for you! Where—where is—where am I?"

With the last words Kenneth looked round wildly, uncomfortably. "I thought she was here," he said: "women are such fools! But she is not fool enough for that;" and the same laugh, painful to listen to, was repeated.

"Kenneth, I do adjure you, if ever you felt affection for me, try and collect yourself, and be frank with me, instead of making my heart ache with your wild sayings."

The lip of the speaker quivered as he spoke, and he looked at the young face with almost piteous appeal. But Kenneth only laughed again, more bitterly. "*Your heart ache!*" he said; "Well, that is good! what is it, another of your rhymesters says, '—condemned alike to groan!'—alike to groan! It's all fair, you know—'alike to groan.' You say, let's talk of Gertrude Skifton; I say d——n her, don't let's think about her any more! The poet says— Do you know that your friend, Lorimer Boyd is a poet?—Fact. A sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow. I said, when I read it, 'Well, my dear fellow, go in and win—if you can.' He can't, my dear uncle—because— Good God, what is that?" exclaimed he, suddenly interrupting himself: "that—that figure in white? It is not Gertrude; I thought at first it was Gertrude,—it's more like Lady Charlotte, but it's a drowned woman—ha, ha, ha; some one has pitched her out of the boat! No—I declare it—it is my mother; don't you see it?—strike at it. Go round and sit there—hinder those things from crowding round me: there's a crocodile lifting its snout out of the water on to the bed. I thought crocodiles lived in the Nile; I—I never saw one before—help, uncle, help!"

The thread of thought was broken.

From this time, for many days, Kenneth merely raved. In his ravings the most insolent reproaches to Gertrude, to Lady Charlotte, were mingled with the most passionate declarations of love; and promises, if she would abide by him, to "lead a new life," and be a different creature. At one period he seemed to consider that she had consented, and that Sir Douglas had returned to Scotland. "Now we shall be happy," he said; "I don't wish him dead—I never wished Old Sir Douglas dead; but I'm glad he's gone. I hope he's gone for ever. I hope I shall never see him again—never—never—never! We'll go where he can't follow, over the sea, under the sea; I've been under the sea. It is beautiful, only there are crocodiles and sea-serpents, and strange dreadful things—"

And then again the delirium of fear would seize him, and the suffering, which it broke Sir Douglas's heart to witness, would take a form yet more painful and terrible, as it diverged yet farther and farther from the realms of reason and probability.

The best medical advice could do little in a case like Kenneth's. The disturbed brain must suffer its miserable fever, the disease must "run its course," and then those who cared for the prolongation of that erring life must trust to the great mysterious chance of "strength of constitution" to carry him safe past the storm of that trial into some haven of quiet and health. And into that haven sailed the storm-beaten bark of life, in spite of rent and shattered sails. Kenneth was pronounced "out of danger," "convalescent," "nearly as usual." Friends congratulated, companions came to see him. The sounds of laughter and common conversation were once more heard in that silent woe-begone chamber. The sunshine of glorious Italy was once more allowed to send rippling smiles over the uncarpeted floor. The hour of suffering was past, as far as bodily suffering was concerned.

But the mental suffering which Sir Douglas had endured was not past. In the long dreary hours of his steady and

patient watches by that bedside, all the knowledge that his nephew was delirious, all the comfort mixed with pain which such knowledge brought, could not avail entirely to smother the conviction that something had in very deed and truth occurred between him and Gertrude Skifton; some love-passage, some declaration accepted or rejected, of which Sir Douglas had never been informed by his betrothed wife.

Frank by nature, and frank on principle; loving truth as all noble natures love it, and holding it as the first of religious virtues; his soul shuddered at the sorrowful doubt that sometimes overshadowed him. He used to rise after listening to Kenneth's ravings, and go with rapid impatience to the Villa Mandóro, determined to put this doubt to the test; to question Gertrude; to clear up the mystery of this disturbance. And then would come the revulsion. Question her? If it could be necessary to *question*; if, in the relative positions in which they stood towards each other, confidence was not spontaneous; would it lessen his grief to wring from her any answer? Would that answer be guarded and cold? Would she resent being doubted, and account for it all? He was haunted by her sudden exclamation in the boat, the day that Kenneth tempted Providence by leaping from it into the waves. "Oh, this is *my* fault," she had said—"my fault! Save him! save him!" How was it her fault, if Kenneth had not in some way been justified in reckoning on her love? How otherwise could it be her fault? Once only (bitter "once!") had the subject been broached between them; and her answer only added to Sir Douglas's perplexity. It was after a series of more than usually virulent and scornful outbursts from Kenneth through feverish hours of rambling, that Sir Douglas, jaded and weary, had entered at the open door from the terrace into the room where Gertrude sat absorbed in thought. She started when conscious of his approach, and looking at him with sorrowful tenderness said, "I should not have recognised your step, it was so slow!

Oh, you will be ill yourself—I am sure you will. Is Kenneth very bad, very wild to-day?"

"Yes, Gertrude, very wild! He has been raving of many things. Hard bitter reproaches to me who have done him no conscious wrong. Hard bitter reproaches to others—to you—to your mother. I wish—"

What he wished he could not say; he stopped in agitation, only to see how agitated Gertrude was; she did not lift those unequalled eyes to his face as was her wont; she looked down: she trembled: she stretched out both her hands with a sort of blind groping for his, which she held almost convulsively in her own. "Oh do not believe him," she said; "you know he is delirious. He loves and honours you; he has no other thought: people speak exactly the reverse of their real sentiments in their illnesses. I heard the doctor say so. He would not vex or harm you for the world when he is himself. And as for me," she faltered, "I am sure he should not reproach me; I have no wish but for his good."

How could she shape her sentences so as to satisfy this generous heart? How tell him that in the wild appeal for love made to her by that reckless nephew, his final phrase had been that he would stab his uncle in the public street? Her part was surely to soothe and reconcile all differences: to conceal all bitterness: not to set the uncle against the beloved nephew by repeating frantic words, spoken perhaps in the incipient stage of this dreadful malady. Was she not already, indeed, the cause, the involuntary cause, of disaster and disappointment to Kenneth? Not so much with reference to his supposed love for her,—which she herself looked upon as a wayward passing fancy,—but with reference to his prospects in life. Was she not building up her own happiness on a sort of downfall of his previous expectations? No longer to be his uncle's heir, no longer his first object; she herself to be that first object, and perhaps mother to sons dearer than even he had ever been, to the loving heart that beat beside her.



Trembling, flushed, shy with a thousand such crowding thoughts, Gertrude struggled through her conversation with Sir Douglas; adjuring him above all things to try and spare himself so much fatigue; advising him "not to sit always listening to painful things when it could do Kenneth no good." Till at length, when Sir Douglas rose to leave her, she crept a little closer to him, and murmured once more—"And remember *all* he says is delirium!"

Sir Douglas was tall, and in their farewells Gertrude had a pretty customary shyness of bowing her head beneath his, to receive his parting caress. As they stood together now, with clasped hands, she moved her head gently towards him: but the lips that were wont so fondly to press the glossy chestnut hair, refrained from their habitual salute. His hand wrung hers, with something more of grief than love; and when she looked up she saw his eyes full of troubled tears. "Oh, Heaven!" she said, "you are quite worn out! Do not sit with Kenneth! Do not listen to him! Do not trust a word he says in such an illness as this! Leave the nurse with him, this one night, and come back and let me sing to you in the evening. The first time I ever saw you I was singing!"

Sir Douglas sighed painfully. He too remembered that night. Kenneth was in attendance upon her then. It was he who had accompanied his uncle for the first time to her home. He was turning over the leaves of her music-book, when she asked who the stranger was, and received the audible reply that it was Kenneth's uncle, "Old Sir Douglas." The scene rose like a vision before him. He saw the slender handsome youth standing by the instrument, and the girl whose soft glance had been lifted to his, and then withdrawn in the embarrassment of being overheard in her questioning; an embarrassment which he recollected sharing. A pang shot through his heart, sharper than any that had yet visited it. Was it not more natural that these young companions should love each other, than that Gertrude should lean across the

gap of years that sundered her from himself, and prefer him to one whose faults she could not know, and whose advantages were so many? All of a sudden he seemed to grow old, as in a fairy tale! Memory flew back through crowded adventures. Midnight fields of silence, after battles fought in foreign lands. The deaths, long, long ago, of companions in arms, whose children were now grown up, whose widows were remarried; the mourning for whom was a forgotten thing. Passionate fancies that had tempted his youth: some bravely withstood, some yielded to and repented of, but all so far away in the vista of the irrevocable past; all so long, so *very* long ago! Almost he felt ashamed of the sudden choice, the rash avowal, the witchery that had enslaved him to the young girl, who, it was true, he had seen daily since his coming to Naples, but who, two months ago, was a stranger to him! Was it thus, that a man in mature life should choose a companion for the remainder of his days? Had he done selfishly, blindly?

Thought is a thousand-fold more rapid than words. Scarcely had he held the little taper fingers in his own without speaking, long enough for her to wonder at his silence, before all this and more had passed through his aching brain. An exclamation, almost a moan, escaped his lips, ere he at length pressed them fervently on her forehead. One sole idea,—that he was ill,—possessed Gertrude. For the first time she returned his caress; twined her arms round his neck, as if to bring the dear head nearer; and murmured passionately, "If you won't take care for your own sake—take care for mine! What will become of me, if you are ill without me?"

That evening Kenneth was left to the nurse. Not for long: the night-watch was still kept: but during the clear and lovely evening, Sir Douglas sat and listened to Gertrude's singing; watching the mouth that sang, and the shadowy downcast eyes that seemed to dream over the notes.

He gazed and listened. He told him-

self he did not doubt her. To doubt her was not possible. Yet he felt sad; the old classic fables taught him in his boyhood rose as if to mock him, and the story of the Sirens disturbed his mind, even while he told it to Gertrude, and laughed.

She watched him after their farewell, as he passed darkly through the moonlight, down the shelving tiers of terraces. "Yes," she said to herself, "I do right. It is better he should never know. We shall all have to live much together. He must not learn to think of Kenneth with aught but love and trust. And Kenneth himself will grow to think of all as a dream. But oh! how I long to have no thought hidden from him: to tell him all: and what a pain it is to feel that it cannot be!" And then her mother, who also had watched that receding form, turned and kissed the flushed cheek where still burned the touch of a more disturbing caress.

"Well, dear," said Lady Charlotte, "you know your own heart best; but I don't think I ever could love Sir Douglas! I never could feel *au niveau* of him, you know. I have observed that you never feel that. You feel *au niveau* of everybody, I believe. But I should be a little—just a very little—afraid of him, you know."

"Should you, darling mother?" said Gertrude, dreamily,—*"I think him perfect! My wonder is that he could choose me: he must have seen so many far worthier than I am to be his wife."*

And the young girl's fancy also wandered blindly into Sir Douglas's past. Who had filled it with woman's great event of life,—*Love?* Whom had he loved before he met her?—*in his youth?* And Gertrude felt that somehow his youth lay far away from hers: as *he* had felt, at their earlier meeting that same day.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A FRIEND AND A LOVER.

THE days rolled on. The doctor who had attended Kenneth especially im-

pressed on Sir Douglas and all friends that his main safety lay in tranquillity. Nothing was to be said or done that could call back disturbance to his mind. No lecturing on pernicious habits of late hours and reckless dissipation; no allusions to the attempt at self-destruction; no contradiction; no reference to any *affaire du cœur* the young man might have; and which the doctor took it for granted, after hearing some of his vague ravings, was a point of discussion between him and his uncle. All was to be placid round him, and, as far as was practicable with his restless nature, he was to be made to share that placidity.

And so it came to pass that Gertrude's name was no more mentioned between them. No doubt Kenneth knew, when his uncle's frank countenance became clouded and wistful, that he was "casting about" how to ask that which he nevertheless dreaded to hear. And no doubt Sir Douglas, when the brow of his nephew grew dark with an expression of dislike and distrust, felt instinctively that he was brooding over his imaginary wrongs in that respect, and paining his kindly relative by all sorts of cruel suspicions which, however undeserved, no explanation would be permitted to remove.

It was nevertheless a day of joy to both when first Kenneth feebly descended the great stone staircase, and crossed from the Palazzo to the Villa Reale; leaning on his uncle's arm, and looking with dazed languid eyes at the million smiles of the rippling sea, and the fishermen's boats in the bay. And day by day, as his strength returned in slow measure, the same loving arm and patient heart were ready to give what help and solace body or mind was capable of receiving.

Once only they met Gertrude and her mother. Weary of the sights and sounds of the ever-restless Chiaja; of the rushing past of calessos and carriages; the shrill voices of the petty vendors of roasted chestnuts, melons, sea-fish, and "sea-fruit,"—as the little brown urchins call the nondescript creatures which, warm from the palms of



their own dirty little hands, they propose to the stranger to buy and devour; sick of the monotony of mingling with the stream of that life which he saw every day at a distance from the windows of his apartment—Kenneth requested to be driven to Baia. At that turn in the road which presents the unequalled view of the bay and the island of Nisida, they halted and gazed out on the scene bathed in an aureole of golden sunset: and fell to talking of Italian prisons and Italian liberty—as many an Englishman has done, and will do again, in that spot of beauty and misery—

“Where all save the spirit of man is divine.”

Kenneth became excited, and then rather faint. There was a pause; and then, in a wilful, peevish tone, he said, “I don’t know why we talk of these accursed things; let us go on the sands; a little further on; I am quite able for that; in fact, I am sure a walk on the sands would do me good: and there, at least, there will be no shouting; no babble except the lapping of the little waves. I want to be alone; we shall be alone there.”

And lone enough the curved outline of the white sandy shore appeared in the distance; but hardly had they left the carriage a few yards behind them, when, at a sudden turn, they came face to face with Lady Charlotte Skifton and her daughter.

“Dear me!” said the former, “we came here because we thought we should meet nobody; and who should we meet but the very persons—”

“Whom you were anxious to avoid?” said Kenneth, with a short laugh.

“No, indeed, nothing of the kind, I’m sure, Mr. Ross; and I am extremely glad, on the contrary, to see you looking so much recovered; but the very persons we were talking about, for I was speaking of Sir Douglas to Ger.”

“I hope you spoke in praise of me,” said the latter, with an attempt at playfulness, and an anxious glance at Gertrude.

“Oh, no!—I mean yes, of course—

but, indeed, we were like the city of Zoar, you know; neither hot nor cold—he, he, he,—I mean neither praising nor blaming—but just talking you over, and how ill you looked, and all that.”

Gertrude did not speak. She had offered her hand to Kenneth, who did not take it; and she extended it to Sir Douglas, and withdrew it again, his eyes being now fixed on his nephew, apparently unconscious of her movement. Gertrude flushed painfully; Kenneth turned very pale; Sir Douglas strove in vain for a free and unembarrassed address. All stood silent.

“Oh, dear!” said Lady Charlotte, “I shall have to behave like the child’s book; I mean like the story; that is, like the old woman in the story, where the stick begins to beat the dog; and the dog begins to bite the rope—and—oh, dear! I can’t remember how it goes on: but Gertrude will remember it all; she used to say it by heart when she was a little child. I know, however, that all was set a-going that they might get home, you know, as we must!

“‘Pig won’t get over the style, and I shan’t get home to-night,—’

that is the nursery rhyme.”

The girlish giggle with which she repeated the verse, and the twirl she gave to the long ringlet, and all the little shades of ridicule that attached to all she said and did, were rather a relief than otherwise in the embarrassment of the moment. Kenneth laughed, and, leaning heavily on his uncle’s arm, made way for her to pass him. He even held out his hand to Gertrude, pressed hers, and then retreating a step backwards, muttered, “I don’t feel well; I should like to return to the carriage.”

Not a word did he speak during the drive homewards, and Sir Douglas forbore to chafe his spirit by any attempt at conversation. But each was aware of a shadow that fell over all objects as they drove along; and the few words spoken at parting were spoken with constraint, although on Sir Douglas’s part they were only a promise to see him in the morning, and on Kenneth’s

"Very well; yes; good-bye for the present."

Then came again, for Sir Douglas, the mingled pain and pleasure of his quiet, loving evening at the Villa Mandorlo. Lorimer Boyd was sitting with Gertrude when he came in. They were looking over maps in a small atlas that lay on the table.

"Are you teaching Gertrude geography?" asked Sir Douglas, with a smile.

"I should want many lessons, I am afraid," answered she, shutting the book hurriedly; "but Mr. Boyd would have plenty of patience with me."

They chatted a while together, and then Lorimer Boyd took his leave. Lady Charlotte lay drowsily reading a little French novel on a sofa in the distance. Sir Douglas and his betrothed talked of Scotland; of his home; of the past; of the future; of wood-walks and mountain-walks which they were to take together; of all the good she was to do; and all the happiness she was to confer. All of a sudden, and, as it seemed to the startled girl, quite unaccountably in the midst of a description of Torrieburn Falls, his voice broke, and in a smothered and passionate tone he said, "Oh, Gertrude! my Gertrude! do you know the meaning of your name? It means TRUE—true to your trust! There was a German Gertrude once who clung through good and evil to her husband, and when, for some political offence, he was sentenced to be broken on the wheel, she sat by him through the long night, moistening his lips in the torture of that terrible death, and speaking words of comfort to the last! That was love."

"Do you fear that, if such a fate were possible for you, I should forsake you, Douglas?"

"There are tortures not of the body; of the mind; as difficult to bear."

There was a pause. "You are thinking once more of Kenneth," said Gertrude, gently.

"Yes, of Kenneth," he answered, eagerly; and eagerly he watched her face, for he thought to himself, "Now she will speak."

But she turned away from his searching gaze, and sighed. Then turning towards him again with a sweet sad look, her eyes fell on his eyes, and she said, rather reproachfully, "I have very little power over you, you rebellious lover; did I not tell you not to dwell on things said by poor Kenneth: that all was delirium?"

All? Was *all* delirium? That was exactly what Sir Douglas panted to know.

And Gertrude, believing that all that disturbed his mind must be a repetition of vague, angry threats; not with any special reference to her, or connected with any confession of love for her, but resulting from a general spirit of rebellion on the part of Kenneth against his uncle; thought she did wisely and well in keeping her secret, and not permitting love for herself to sunder the love of those who had been so linked together; and with both of whom—not with Sir Douglas only—her future life must be connected, if she did her duty by all as she hoped to do.

When Sir Douglas bid her good night she looked wistfully in his face. "Come early to-morrow," she said. "Mamma is not well. Come early to-morrow."

"Yes; as soon as I have seen Kenneth."

He was gone. And yet Gertrude did not retire to rest. Nor did she read or work or occupy herself in any way. Her mother kissed her languidly, with a little yawn, and a "don't sit up, dear; dream in your bed, if you will dream." But she did not obey the mandate. She sat watching and listening. She opened the glass doors that gave on the terraces; the warm night air breathed like a caress on her cheek and shoulder as she leaned against the trellis work, rich with the perfume of flowers. Presently a hurried step approached from the distance, and Lorimer Boyd returned.

"Have you seen him and talked to him?" whispered Gertrude.

"Yes."

"And how did he take it?"

"Very badly at first; he was wild and menacing and foolish, but sensibly enough at last."



"He agreed?"

"Yes, he agreed. I found great difficulty in convincing him that it really was your wish, and he conditioned with me to bring him back one word from you—one written line as a proof. You are to write, 'Farewell, Kenneth. It is better for you and for me; we are not parting for ever, only for a time.'"

"I will write it directly—only"—she hesitated, "only let him clearly understand that, when we do meet again, I shall be a wife."

"Of course," said Lorimer Boyd hurriedly, and without looking towards her. "Give me the note, and I will return to him."

She took the pen. "I cannot call him Kenneth. I have always called him Mr. Ross. Mamma sometimes has called him by his Christian name, but I have not."

"'Farewell, Kenneth Ross,' then; the main thing at this special time is to soothe him, if you wish him to agree to the plan proposed. Each man has his own distinct way of grieving. Trust me, if you were to write me a farewell in such circumstances I would care little in what words it was couched. But he is wilful—different."

"Farewell, Kenneth Ross. It is better for you,—for me,"—she hesitated over some mention of Sir Douglas, and wrote "for you,—for me,—for *all*. We are parting only for a time, not for ever. Take care of your health. Yours always most truly—G. S."

"There, give it to him. How can I thank you for all the trouble you take? But I know you think nothing of that, not only for my sake, but the sake of an older friend—Sir Douglas himself."

"Yes; for your sake and his. God bless you; God bless you both, and give you both what happiness is attainable in this strange unstable world. Good-night."

"Good-night," answered the soft musical voice, and the sweet eyes were lifted to his with a fond, thankful expression. And the good-night words and good-night glance went on with Lorimer Boyd through the lonely path-

way, to his final task for that evening by Kenneth's restless side, and into the solitude of his own habitation, where he could commune with his heart and be still. Long he sat; his arms folded across his broad chest; his gaze abstractedly fixed on a litter of torn papers, and books of reference heaped by his writing-table, wrapt in moody contemplation. The taper burning by him on the desk, sank suddenly, and startled him from his reverie. He lit another at the dying flame, and rose to go to his bedroom. As he passed one of the tall mirrors let into the wall, and saw the spectre of himself reflected there with a sudden illumination, his lip curled with a grim smile. "Well," thought he, "Kenneth Ross was an Adonis, if any man could lay claim to the title, and yet—" And so he passed to the shadow of slumber and the land of dreams, whither we cannot follow him.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SANS ADIEU.

EARLY morning in the Bay of Naples! Have any of my readers seen it? Do they remember it? Can they forget it? Did the seeing of it seem to justify the boastful national saying, "See Naples and then die?" The brightness of land and water; the beauty of outline, and of the vegetation that fills up those outlines; the glitter of white, green, scarlet, purple, and blue; villas and palaces; gay vestments; snowy lateen sails, shooting like sudden smiles across the face of the sea; all the glory of nature that hides, as with a bright screen, dirt, ignorance, poverty, misgovernment, and whatever else is faulty or painful in the condition of that careless people, for whom brave hearts have struggled and suffered, and are yet struggling; but who in their whole nature resemble ill brought-up children more than any other peasantry on the face of the globe. Even in their bursts of daring effort to right themselves politically, this may be seen. Wat Tyler,—the "Idol of the

Clownes" as he is styled in old-fashioned accounts of that rebellion,—and William Tell, the hero of Helvetic romance,—rose, with men's hearts, to do men's work; with a steady purpose, and, as far as is possible in ambitious human nature, with a certain abnegation of self in behalf of the general good. But Massaniello's revolt, touching as is his story, was the barring-out of a school-boy sick of a tyrannical master; tyrannical in his turn, and rebelled against in his turn, by companions yet more reckless and short-sighted than himself.

Even in their daily occupations—their slack uncertain industry, easily interrupted for any show or procession; their ceaseless inattentive gabble; their vehement disputes about trifles, when they should be seriously bent on the business of the hour,—this childishness is maintained. Life, with them, seems a filling up of some irregular ill-passed holiday,—a holiday that has been too long even for their own comfort, as we often see with children. There is no evidence of reality in what they do. They seem playing at everything. Playing at buying and selling; playing at mending nets; playing at oratory in one corner, and at building or carpenter's work in another. Even the women seem playing at washing, as they chase each other laughingly, or come carelessly along, swinging a basket of wet linen between them, passing barefooted over the bright sands, whose moist gleaming surface on a sunny day often reflects, as in a mirror, the feet and limbs and coloured raiment of the burden-carriers. Their little nasal songs are the songs of children—monotonous, unfinished, with seldom as much thought and poetry as the one Sir Douglas Ross smiled at this special morning, as he wended his way to Kenneth's home, lingering and looking about him, enjoying the brightness and glory of that careless opening day. The song he paused to listen to, was a corrupted version, very nasally sung, of a little poem by Tommaso Tommasi; not in the style of the grand yet sweet poetic line of the ever-wailing Petrarch, "Blessed be the time, the season, the

hour;" but with a tinge of comic humour in its tenderness.

"My blessing" (so it ran) "on the builder who built that house! My hearty blessing be upon him! many blessings in truth—many! Bless him for building that door, out of which you come, and into which I go! Bless him for framing that window, where I often see your dear face looking out! But above all may he be blest a thousand times over for making that nice little staircase, up which I can pass when I will, to see you and embrace you."

The singer was a little brown urchin, so young that even in precocious Italy he could scarcely be supposed as yet to have any reason for blessing one architect more than another for enabling him to visit his love! He was perched astride on the keel of an upturned boat; his scarlet cap carelessly held in his hands, which rested on the boat in front of him, as he sat, jockey-fashion, carolling his ditty with eager lungs, like a bird in the morning sun.

Sir Douglas tossed him a small piece of silver, which he caught in his cap with a nod and a merry grin, but without dismounting from his throne on one keel. Beyond him sat a girl, his sister apparently, from the resemblance between them, weeping bitterly, and he leaned back with a wild grace, and made her an offer of the coin; repeating the ever-ready phrase of childhood to those in sorrow—"Weep no more!" But the girl continued sobbing; her breast heaved convulsively in its crimson boddice, and she was vainly staunching, with her stiff little embroidered apron, tears which fell without ceasing from most beautiful eyes—eyes whose lids seemed rather to be fringed with feathers from a bird's wing than furnished with ordinary lashes, so thick and soft lay their shadow on her cheek.

At first Sir Douglas had made a movement to add to his benefaction, but he somehow intuitively felt that here was a sorrow which no amount of silver coin, nor even gold coin, could avail to comfort. He approached the stranded boat, and spoke a few words of compassion



and inquiry. The boy slid down from his place, and drew his sister's hands away from her face, that she might attend to the stranger; but, instead of answering, she also slid down, lithe as a branch of broken woodbine, and hastily flitted away over the sands. He could see her, still weeping, repulsing, with a little movement of the shoulder, the attempted consolations of some companions who crossed her path, and turned pityingly towards her; till, spying in the distance the gaunt figure of an old weather-beaten woman, she ran rapidly forwards to meet her, and flung herself into the circling arms. Then both women, as of common accord, dropped down to the sands, and again embracing as they seated themselves, wept in concert.

"E la madre di Giuseppe!" muttered the boy, his own glittering black eyes suffused for a moment with sympathetic tears.

"And where is Giuseppe?"

The boy pointed to the smoke of a steam-packet, trailing quietly on the calm air far out in the bay.

"And is he your brother?"

"No; he was the lover of Nanella"—(this was told in the simplest way in the world)—and yesterday they were all as happy as possible, sailing in that very boat. And the boy gave a little kick backwards with his bare brown heel on the boat's side, as he stood leaning against it and facing the inquisitive stranger, to impress the situation on Sir Douglas.

Yes! all so happy only yesterday, and Nanella to be married in three days from this time; and now, as the saints and Madonna had permitted, Giuseppe had been tempted by the offers of a "richissimo signor Inglese" to accompany him; had left Nanella and Naples and his mother, and had his head full of dreams of making a fine fortune, and not to be a fisherman any longer.

"But he will return, and then marry your sister, if he has a true heart."

"Ah! signor, but sometimes from the sea one does not return at all, and the hearts, whether false or true, lie

deep among the fishes! So Giuseppe's father lay, after a great storm, and therefore the old mother and Nanella weep. For my part" (and the glitter of the Southern smile returned to the boy's mobile countenance)—"for my part, I only envy Giuseppe; it must be a grand thing to sail far, far, far away, and see strange people and ships, and bring home strange birds! Ah! if any great signor—if, for example, your Excellency—would say to me, 'Pepe, let us sail away together,' how readily would I say, 'Yes! let us go—andiam, partiam!'" He gave an indolent look towards the sea, and then added, laughing, "It would not at least be my baggage that would detain me! Such *baule* as I saw lifted on the deck of the steamer before she was off! such shouting and scuffling, such tossing about of lights—for she was off at dawn of day, and there was much loading to be done first. I am sure Giuseppe alone lifted thirteen boxes. But I—ah! that would be another affair; I should take a slice of melon in my hand and step on board, and say to the Excellency, '*Eccomi!*'"

"I have a great mind to take you at your word," said Sir Douglas, laughing, as he looked on the little careless lad, who evidently thought it rather a convenience than otherwise to have what our shivering Northern mendicants term "nothing but what he stood upright in." "I have a great mind to take you with me to a very cold country, where I live when I am at home; but we must talk of it another time; the mother and Nanella would cry still more if you left them."

"Oh no, signor, Nanella would not care. Do take me!"

And he followed Sir Douglas a few steps, as if hoping that his future destiny would be settled then and there, in another sentence or two.

"No, no. I will think of it. Go now—do not follow me. Go and comfort Nanella."

The little fisher-boy shook his head. Then he slowly returned to his boat, and casting himself on the sands was soon engaged in that lively game, the "gioco

del moro," with companions as little in need of portmanteaus and *baule*, to pack their clothes in, as his half-naked self; and quite as ready for any chance start in life; while Sir Douglas quickened his steps to reach the Palazzo on the Chiaja,—musing as he went on the contrasts of sorrow in luxury such as existed there, and sorrow in poverty such as he had just left. Upon the whole, Heaven's visitations are more even than they seem. The golden shields of heroes, embossed and decorated and worked with strange devices, protected life no better than the common soldier's; and the arrows of fate still strike home to the heart, whether the breast lie bare to the sunshine like poor little Pepe's, or be clothed in "purple and fine linen."

Nothing could be more commonplace than these reflections of Sir Douglas's: but they are commonplace because they are universally true; and they absorbed him so entirely that he was still occupied with the immense despair caused by the departure of some obscure and nameless fisherman in the hearts of that girl and woman weeping on the sands, when the last step of the staircase was reached, and he stood on the landing of Kenneth's apartment.

The door of that apartment was wide open; and, as he entered, Sir Douglas was startled by the peculiar aspect of the rooms. Every one knows the look of rooms from which the habitual occupant has just flitted. The torn nest of a bird does not tell its story more clearly. "Packed up and gone away," is written on all the little nameless shreds of litter—the scraps of paper and string,—the chairs standing in unusually irregular positions; the beds unmade because about to be stripped; the doors all ajar, and the odd silence that seems to pervade the place where customary voices sound no longer; all seem dumbly to impress upon us, "Those you seek *were* here, but they have departed!"

Only a minute or two of bewilderment elapsed before another step sounded on the bare stone staircase, and the conceited, cigar-smoking valet, whom Sir Douglas recollected on his first visit to

Kenneth, entered, extremely moody and crestfallen.

"Where is your master?" asked Sir Douglas.

"Eh! Chi lo sa!" The young Excellency had asked for the accounts the previous evening; had scarcely looked at them, saying that he had much headache that night; had paid him without a word, and had bid him pack up his things immediately! That at first he had thought the young Excellency was again in delirium, but that he insisted, and the Signor Boyd, who had been with the young Excellency, had remarked nothing extraordinary; but bid him good night as usual after much talk.

That he had accordingly obeyed, and packed all but his Excellency's music, which his Excellency angrily said he did not want, and in fact struck the guitar so passionately that it "burst asunder with a great sound." That after all this, the young Excellency's things were carried down to the port and put on the boats to be carried to one of the large steamers; and that at the very last moment, when the valet was preparing also to add his own things, gathered together, as he averred, in most uncomfortable haste, the young Excellency had told him he need give himself no such trouble, for that he intended to take with him Giuseppe the coral diver, who had fished him out of the water the day his Excellency might remember,—the day of the accident which was followed by the dreadful illness from which the young Excellency was only just recovered. That Giuseppe had only laughed at the expostulation made by him—the valet—and had said that he would nurse the Signor Inglese as if he was a baby at the breast, and that he did not require any more a valet who was not a courier, nor a courier who was not a sailor. And any more than these particulars he, the valet, could not narrate, being "*stordito*" with all that had occurred, and knowing no more than he had had the honour to explain to his Excellency.

Was there no note—no message? Sir Douglas asked. Did Mr. Kenneth Ross not mention *him* before starting?



Not a word. There was indeed a note; but to Mr. Boyd, not to his present Excellency; a note which he had just delivered, and which appeared to cause much surprise and displeasure to the Signor Boyd, who was leaving the Chancellerie and following him to the apartment.

In a minute or two more, Lorimer Boyd entered.

"You know something of this. You have a note from him. What does it all mean?" groaned Sir Douglas. "You—is it possible you have known he was going? advised him to go? Where is his note? What does he say? My God, what has driven him to this?"

"My dear Douglas, pray be calm; this graceless creature does things in a way no one but himself could dream of. I admit counselling him to continue his travels—he is now sufficiently recovered—"

"Oh no—good Heavens, no!—he was as weak as water yesterday. Oh, Lorimer, who could have thought—"

"He is enduring no fatigue; he is at sea, in an excellent steamer, with a surgeon on board. How could I guess he would depart so, without a word of farewell? I did not expect it this week. I have only this moment received his note."

"What does he say? read me the poor boy's note. Oh God! this is a bitter way of parting!"

"His note, Douglas—his note—is of a piece with all the rest of his conduct to you; forgive me if I say his utterly selfish and ungrateful conduct. Here it is: but be assured whatever your anxious mind may fancy about him, he is not only well enough to start, but a thousand times more likely to recover health and equanimity away from these scenes than by remaining here fretting you and himself, and falling back as soon as recovered into scenes of Neapolitan dissipation and extravagance."

"His note—give me his note."

Lorimer Boyd handed it to his friend with a sigh of mingled impatience and compassion, and Sir Douglas read it.

"MY DEAR BOYD,—I don't find I have much nerve or heart for any more farewelling,—so this is to tell you I am off! Tell my uncle so. Say all that is proper from me to him; and that I am much obliged for all his care and attention during my illness, &c. The fewer words the better. I can't tell him, or you, my plans, because I have not yet made any; but I have taken Giuseppe with me, who speaks Greek, and is a much more spirited and likely sort of fellow than the d——d yawning valet I got saddled with when I first arrived in Naples. He has been to Alexandria, too, and up the Nile, and to Spain, and America, and some place in every point of the compass, if one is to believe him, which I am quite willing to do. You will all hear of me sooner or later. In the meanwhile I am better away. 'Gone on the grand tour,' like the young gentlemen in old fashioned novels. You may quote, perhaps, your favourite *larmoyant* Petrarch:—

"Lo star mi strugge,—e'l fuggir non m'aita,—  
&c. &c.

But I have been uncomfortable enough lately, to think any change a change for the better! Old Sir Douglas was all for my travelling when I was for staying in England or Scotland; and now I'm all for beginning a vagabond life, and spending a year or two in seeing the world. Who knows but I may be the better for it, and come back as sage as Solon, and infinitely better company? Let us hope so.

"Yours very truly,

"KENNETH ROSS.

"P.S.—Louis, the valet, is paid, and overpaid; so don't let him come down upon Sir Douglas with any pretended claims; except for a character, for which I have told him he may refer to *you*. His accounts were a farce; but he is not a greater rogue than all his *semblables*. One does not expect principle in any of them; only to be knowing in their calling, get one rapidly through the bore of dressing, and be punctual in taking and delivering notes; and I

must say I had no reason to complain of this fellow, in any of these particulars. You may say that I recommend him. "K. R."

Sir Douglas dropped the hand which held the note, and sighed bitterly.

"Without a farewell!" he said. "Without one word of farewell!"

"Oh! be reasonable, Douglas. Was he not always the same from boyhood? Was he ever considerate or grateful? Come away from this place. "Come"—(and the words seemed spoken with hesitation) "to the Villa Mandorlo with me. Come."

"Not now—not now. I must go home first. I am willing to think you acted for the best—but my heart aches to think of my poor wayward lad: ill and gone. Ill! He may have thought I wished him gone. His note is so odd!" and again the dejected eyes ran through the cold and careless lines, as if seeking for something they could not find there.

"I should be sorry if he thought I had desired his absence!"—and Sir Douglas looked up in a questioning manner into Lorimer's face.

Gloomy displeasure was struggling with tenderer feeling on Lorimer's brow. A tinge of scorn was in his voice and manner, as he answered.

"I fear his thinking you desired his absence would only have made him more willing to remain. Douglas, you are a self-tormentor! you were so even as a boy. I will stake my experience of men and things against yours, that in those days your father and brother never suffered one tithe of what *you* suffered, attributing to them feelings and motives, and vexations and mortifications, which never occurred to them, though they occurred to you, and though most certainly they would have haunted you had you stood in their place. For Heaven's sake, try and put aside your own view of this day's mischance! Kenneth ought not to have done what he has done; he should have gone this day week, after preparing you—after asking your guidance and advice—after

bidding you a kindly and grateful farewell. What then? It is not in him! And the very want of natural tenderness that prevented his seeing that this was the natural course for him to pursue, prevents him at this moment from suffering. I would wager any money that he is at this moment—while you are grieving here—lying on the deck in the sunshine, smoking a cigar; recovering from the very slight degree of fatigue that active and capable fellow Giuseppe would have permitted him to endure; enjoying the morning breeze at sea,—and thinking far more of how the change will answer to *him* than of any of the effects the suddenness of his departure may have upon us. I will call an hour hence at your hotel, and we will walk to Santa Lucia together; or will you come to the Chancellerie?"

"No; I will wait for you at the hotel. I had rather be alone for a little. Alone—even from you, Lorimer."

As he spoke he held out his hand, and the two friends parted. Lorimer Boyd looked sadly, and somewhat sternly, after the tenderer, less resolute man; and Sir Douglas, looking sorrowfully out over the sea, in the direction where the smoke of the vanished steamer had been visible in the earlier morning, repeated to himself in a choked voice—"Without a word of farewell or explanation!"

The little brown fisher-boy was still playing on the sands. Nanella was still sitting, her head drooping, disconsolate and silent, by the side of the older woman, who was spinning from a distaff, from habit, mechanically, with hard-set lines of grieving round her mouth, but without any outward show of emotion.

How little, when he pitied the girl and laughed with the boy that morning, had Sir Douglas imagined their sorrow would be linked with his sorrow, and that the departure of Giuseppe would seem also to him an event disturbing all the tranquillity of that day, and many a day to come, till news could arrive of the wanderer!



## CHAPTER XVI.

## ALCYONE.

LORIMER BOYD had time before he rejoined Sir Douglas to inform the inhabitants of the Villa Mandórlo of the very sudden departure of Kenneth. The maps which he and Gertrude had been looking at, the night before, with a view to sketching out some plan of travel for him,—and allowing him to propose it to his uncle himself,—still lay on the table, with marks at the different routes by land and sea, which Lorimer had thought likeliest to interest him. Gertrude felt quite guilty as she looked at them; as if she had planned not only his departure but the manner of it. Lady Charlotte saw the matter in the serenest light of unmitigated rejoicing. “Dear me! Well, I never expected Mr. Kenneth would have given so little trouble. I thought he would have come here like Beauty and the Beast,—I mean like the beast that was a prince in reality, you know, in that story (for of course we must all allow Mr. Ross himself to be a beauty): I thought he would come moaning and complaining to Gertrude (he certainly was moaning and complaining the day you and he were talking so loud together, my dear); and then afterwards being ill, or pretending to be very ill; which is exactly what the Beast Prince did, if you recollect, Gertrude! Indeed, *he* pretended to be dying, in a corner of the garden,—to excite pity, you know. Men are so fond of exciting pity; and they are so very obstinate when one can’t like them; wonderfully obstinate they are! I remember a Sir John Evans who was in love with my sister; such a red-faced, loud, bull-voiced sort of a man, and *he* wouldn’t give up, though mamma and I told him over and over again it was of no use proposing, and he kept saying in such a voice,—a voice like a trombone at the play,—‘I will make you so happy, my dear!’—and my sister answered so sensibly, ‘I don’t want to be happy, if you are to make me so, Sir John; I wish to be happy

my own way;’ and then like the Beast Prince (and like Kenneth Ross), he said he was ill, and was quite broken-hearted; as if a man *could* be broken-hearted who had such a voice, and went about in a dress that looked like an old jockey’s! And when he heard she was going to marry somebody else, he swore the most horrid oaths,—and in about a month he came to mamma and told her he also was going to marry somebody else: and in his big voice he said something about hitting the right nail on the head at last, and not wearing the willow; and that he had made the girl’s acquaintance at a meet of the hounds on a Thursday, and proposed for her on the Saturday, because it never did to crane when you were going to take a leap! Now what good would it have been to pity *him*? None at all; and you see he didn’t really require it: and I don’t pity Kenneth. Surely *you* ain’t going to pity Kenneth!” added she, with a sudden break in her long monologue, seeing her daughter’s abstracted eyes, which were fixed on the atlas on the table, gradually filling with tears.

“No, mamma,” said Gertrude, smiling through the glittering drops, and wiping them away;—“I was not pitying Mr. Kenneth Ross, but thinking of his uncle. I know this suddenness will vex him; will cut him to the heart.”

“Well, now, really, Gertie,” interposed Lady Charlotte, with more warmth than usual;—“you will spoil Sir Douglas. You should never spoil men, and you should never pity them, because then they don’t care half so much about you. I assure you they don’t.” And she gave a meditative twirl to the long ringlet; slightly nibbled the end of it, and continued very gravely:—“And I would be particularly cautious about spoiling Sir Douglas, if I were you, because it will make him think himself so very superior,—in fact he *is* very superior; but then you know he must be very foolish in some little corner of his brain, if he is sorry that Kenneth is gone; when we are all so very glad, and he ought to be

glad too. I am sure, as for me, I could dance for joy! I could indeed; only of course Sir Douglas would be shocked; and I don't wish to shock him. Now here he comes, Gertrude; and I do hope you won't be so silly as to seem sorry; because there really is nothing to be sorry about."

But Gertrude comprehended better than her garrulous parent, that in spite of the relief of Kenneth's much-desired absence, there *was* something to be sorry about; and she received Sir Douglas with a degree of sympathetic tenderness which perhaps was the only true balm his wounded heart was at that time capable of receiving.

Then followed days of such peace and close communion that the hearts of both must have been made in strangely different mould from other human beings, if happiness had not predominated in them. And though Gertrude, in the first hours of that anxiety so hard to bear, which had visited Sir Douglas, shared with him the pang and soothed its bitterness,—the natural gladness consequent on relief from constraint, embarrassment, and a certain degree of terror with which Kenneth's wild threats had possessed her, shone out in a little while like sunshine after a storm. Her gladness was new witchery in Sir Douglas's eyes. He had seen her tender, passionate, indignant, comforting; but he had never seen her playful—never in the pretty mood of "girlish spirits;" and, like all men who have led busy lives among grave interests, it was a welcome and a pleasant thing to him: one charm the more where all was already so charming. He was surprised at his own cheerfulness; but even the ever-recurring anxiety about Kenneth could not make him otherwise than cheerful, and the step that Gertrude listened for every day with increasing fervour of welcome, every day came glad and alert to the door of that villa whose architect he could have found it in his heart to bless, even in the words of little brown Pepe's nasal song.

At length they had news of the wanderer. In the midst of their prepara-

tions for leaving Naples, a letter arrived, not from Kenneth—whether too angry, or too lazy, or too careless to write—but from the hero of Nanella's heart, the coral-diver, Giuseppe. And in truth not written even by him, for whatever other perfections culminated in that much-lamented lover, he could not write his own love-letters, or indeed write at all, beyond a very curious and elaborate attempt at signing his name.

Few Italians in the lower classes, and few indeed in the middle classes, think it at all incumbent on them to write their own letters. Their most secret thoughts, their most affectionate avowals, their most important business—all these topics for correspondence are given over to the *Scrivano*, or public letter-writer, who may be seen often plying his vocation at the corner of the public street. Diversity of style need not be looked for. The compositions resemble each other nearly as closely as the pattern epistles which are to be found in those old-fashioned guides to epistolary excellence, "The Complete Letter Writers," in which works may be found, gravely set down for copying, such letters as the following:—"To a young lady demanding her hand in marriage," "To the same after her acceptance of your suit," "Ditto after rejecting it," "Ditto to bid her farewell," "To an amorous gentleman, repulsing his advances," "To the same, according him a meeting," "To a merchant trafficking in foreign wares and china," "To a lady who has lost her husband in the war," and so on, *ad infinitum*. But at least these published models of how you ought to express your secret sentiments admit of private selection. Not so the aid invoked from the *Scrivano*; you must inform him *viva voce* of your dearest thoughts, and desire him passionately to implore a return of your love, while he tranquilly listens and takes a pinch of snuff. You must do this too, very often not only in the hearing of the *Scrivano* (whom, of course, you intend shall hear you), but in the hearing of some *dolce far niente* bystander who pauses to amuse his mind through his



ear, without reference to your pleasure ; or some eager would-be correspondent who waits discontentedly to say what he has to say till you have finished what *you* have to say, wondering at your passion and your prosinness, longing to spur you into a more rapid wind-up of your love or your anger, and pouring into the ear of the unmoved Scrivána some totally different subject of thought, before the latter has done sprinkling sand over the moist inky messages of affection you have just paid him to despatch. Some snuffy old poulterer, anxious to know the market price of quails and red-legged partridges by the dozen, nudges away perhaps a young girl whose eyes are full of tears and whose heart is full of sorrow, and in his turn is nudged away by some stalwart youth like Giuseppe, who, cheerily looking out during the time of his brief dictation, pays with a gay smile what the Scriváno may think a proper proportion of the language of love and despair, in a letter in which there is often as little real sadness as there is in the nightingale's song ; but to which the living "Complete Letter Writer" gives that conventional turn, without which neither the sender nor the recipient would be contented.

Nor are they contented very easily, to judge by the high-flown phrases which adorn some of these epistles ; seeming to prove that the more exaggerated the hyperbole, the better in their opinion is the style.

A young fisherman in Giuseppe's situation, advances and desires the Scriváno at Messina immediately to inform Miss Nanella at Naples that he is, he thanks Heaven, in good health, and hopes she is the same ; that his master is in improved health, rich, and liberal. He is sorry to have left her at such short notice ; but it was a good chance, and it would have been madness to lose it. He will marry her on his return. At present they travel in foreign lands—to Tunis or to Greece—he knows not where. She is to be cheerful, and embrace his mother, who is in return also to embrace her,—and he remains her own Guiseppe.

From this small egg, the Scriváno will produce the astonishing "Pharaoh's Serpent" of an epistle which the afore-said Nanella confided to Sir Douglas, with tears of joy and thankfulness, and many claspings and unclaspings of her little brown hands, and glad clappings of the same ; and on the return of the precious missive, dropped it into her boddice, gave it a final pressure of affection there, and ran lightly away, all smiles, to the equally exultant weather-beaten old mother.

Giuseppe's sentiments were thus rendered :—

"My ever beloved, regretted, and every-moment-of-the-day-and-night-sighed-for Nanella !

"Tears, hot and constantly dropping, almost effaced for me, after we separated, the beloved shores of Naples ; and my heart appeared as if about to burst in two ; leaving you the one-half, and the other only going with your miserable Giuseppe ! Scarcely could I believe it was day, so dark did all things seem around me. The fortune of poverty is to be torn from what it loves, because it is a necessity with the poor to earn ! The riches of the English Signor are immense ; and so also is his liberality ; and for that reason only I adopted with anguish the step of going on board the departing steamer. Do not suppose, my Nanella, that my love can be at all shaken by the great storms which the saints and the Madonna thus permit to try the ever faithful, and at-this-hour-almost-completely-drowned-in-sorrow heart of your Giuseppe ! At my return we will kneel together before the excellent priest, and obtain for our by-me-so-much-longed-for union, the everlasting consent of an approving and overlooking Heaven ! The youthful Signor who was ill at Naples is re-invigorated by the much-bestarred clear nights and breeze-adorned-and-refreshed days he has lately passed. His Excellency's plans of travel are still unsettled. One day he will speak of sailing for Tunis, another day he will hold that it would greatly divert his mind to seek the shores of the country

of Greece. Faithful to the duties imposed on me when the Signor Inglesse entered into a convention with me to accompany him, I shall; before the all-seeing eye of a just Providence, and the approbation of the saint whose name I bear, together with the assistance of the angels of succour, continue to travel where the Signor is pleased to appoint.

"Adieu, my Nanella, Nanellina—adieu! Embrace for me my beloved, worthy, and ever-respected mother, to whom shall be my next letter. Let her also embrace you for me. As many as there are stars out on a great night in summer, so many kisses I deposit on your much-desired cheek! Keep me in your heart and mind, and give to all asking friends the assurance of my entire health and contentment. Strive also to merit the blessing of Heaven by a cheerful spirit. It will seem to me a thousand years till I see you again, and embrace you in very truth!

YOUR GIUSEPPE."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE CROWNING JOY.

MORE letters (in the same florid style) from the absent Giuseppe, and one or two briefer missives from Kenneth—both to his uncle and to Lorimer Boyd—sufficed to set their minds at rest, at all events as to the health and present well-doing of the wayward object of so much anxiety. He was tolerably thankful for a general settlement of his difficulties, which, without greatly trenching on his future, and with some renewed sacrifice on the part of his uncle, the latter had effected. He was amused and "improved," as he assured them, by his scheme of travel; and the period of his eventual return was left in the vaguest uncertainty,—to Lady Charlotte's intense satisfaction.

Once only he alluded to Gertrude, and then not in the honest earnest manner which Sir Douglas would have given worlds to read; but with a flip-pant affectation of carelessness that

wounded more than if her name had never been mentioned.

"Remember me," he said, "to the Skiftons; lay me at the feet of my aunt that is to be. If I find in my travels some 'pearl of price,' I shall garner it up as a wedding gift. Meanwhile my best wishes are hers, for her future health and prosperity. If you let me know the day of the happy event, I will

" 'tak' a stoup o' kindness yet,"

and drink everybody's good health. I am always glad, as you know, of an opportunity of health-drinking, and believe it to be much more conducive to my own health than water-drinking Mr. Boyd or temperate Uncle Douglas choose to admit."

Sir Douglas sighed as he read the careless lines; but his sighs were checked by the spirit of contentment which pervaded his days. "Full measure, pressed down, and running over," seemed the sum of his happiness. The more he saw of Gertrude the more he loved her; the more he rejoiced in the blessed good fortune that had made her return his love; the more he blest the sweet eyes that were to shine over his future, and light the lovely but lonely walks and halls of Glenrossie Castle.

Their parting was near; their first parting since they had agreed to be united for ever; their last parting till the time when that union should be made sure by the solemn ceremony that was to pronounce them one "till death do us part."

Death—only death!

Sir Douglas was to go to Scotland, to Glenrossie, to give directions, to settle much that needed arrangement previous to bringing there the new lady of the castle. And Lady Charlotte was to go to London, to see many old friends (and some new ones), who rather grudged her the success of her chaperonage during her somewhat forlorn widowhood; for they had heard that Gertrude Skifton—"who, after all, was no such great beauty"—had captivated one of the richest of the Scotch baronets, though she had



failed with the Prince Colonna; and they thought the "poor silly creature" who had married the nameless Skifton had had a success somewhat beyond her deserts. Several young ladies of the highest lineage and most unimpeachable beauty had been "going about" in the very best society for several seasons without any such desirable result; and, altogether, the sudden arrival of their old friend, with a ready-made stock of happiness and wealth for a daughter of Mr. Skifton, "deceased," whom they had never made up their mind to patronise, and who now obviously did not require their patronising, showed rather in the light of a grievance than as a subject of congratulation.

The excessive simplicity, too, of Gertrude did not suit them. The real, natural, unaffected, innocent independence of her manner, "anxious for nothing, resenting nothing, did not please them. Some said she was haughty; and some that she was dowdy; and some that "she seemed to be as great a fool as her mother."

The stately, handsome, mature bridegroom was also the subject of captious remark. Some laughed at the wily widow "catching" him for her daughter. Some thought that really the girl was not amiss, and might have done better than marry a man twice her age. Some affected to be mightily amused and tickled at the story of Old Sir Douglas going out to Italy to lecture his scapegrace nephew, and being caught in the toils himself, and brought home captive. Some said he had "behaved abominably to the young man; persuaded the mother to reject his suit, and then made love to the daughter on his own account." Some were of opinion that the mother and daughter were two intrigantes, who had thrown over the nephew when they found they could entrap the uncle, and "wheedled" a confirmed old bachelor till they brought him to the point of matrimony.

When was there ever a marriage arranged, which bitter tongues did not slur,—and idle tongues canvass,—and envious tongues find fault with,—and

careless tongues discuss? Proving only in the slurring, canvassing, fault-finding, and discussing, the great mystery of preference; and the impossibility of common-place understandings being brought to feel that such preference is God's inspiration, and not a scheme of man's making,—ruled like a map or an account-book,—with the set boundaries of the one, or the apportioned valuing of the other to regulate the result.

"Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still: Is human love the growth of human will?"

No—nor of human comprehension. Those who love would fain escape, it may be, from the thrall. Those who do *not* love would give the world to be able to bend and bow their hearts and imaginations to the choice that would "answer" in all respects,—the choice that would do them credit,—that would promote their worldly advancement,—that would satisfy friends and prudence, and their own predetermined rules.

It cannot be! Love steps in, with a smiling mastery, and waves the magic wand which makes them tremble and obey! Love—the great magician—by the light of whose lamp palaces arise brighter than Aladdin's, and voices sound in the air, whose luring from commonplace things may end in wrecking us; but sweet are the hours first passed, sailing with the tide, down the rapid river of unreturning time!

Gertrude was sailing down that stream; lit by the warm sunshine of joy, and lulled by the music of its rippling waves.

Lady Charlotte was made a little restless and unhappy: both by the ironical jealousies we have alluded to, the great desire she had to collect together all sorts of titled relations and guests,—and the extreme reluctance of the bridegroom to be made "a public spectacle," as he termed it; a reluctance which Gertrude seemed fully to share,—and to yield only from love of her mother, to the desire of the latter for the pomps and ceremonies of the nuptial day.

The day came, and the guests. That agitated and agitating vision of bridal

vestments, murmuring replies at the altar, blushing bridesmaids, and a veiled bride; the sobbing kiss, the hurried departure, the cheers of the mob gathered round the doors, and the blank silence afterwards, in spite of crowds and tumultuous chattering,—which mark the progress of “the Wedding Day,” were all gone through,—as they have been gone through a thousand times, and will be gone through a thousand and a thousand times more. And before Lady Charlotte’s weak, vain, loving heart had recovered from its agitation, “Sir Douglas and Lady Ross” were off on their way to Glenrossie.

On their way to Glenrossie! Ah! what other rapture, what other fulness of joy, shall compare to the day when the woman, who loves deeply and truly, is borne on to the home of the man she so loves?

For ever! the human “for ever,” the for ever “till death do us part;” how it stretches out its illimitable future of joy, as we sit, hand linked in hand, sure of each other, of existence, of love, of all that makes a paradise of earth; and the hedges and boundaries that divide lands, flee past before our dreaming eyes; and the morning sun glows into noon; and the noon burns and fades; and the day sinks again, with a crimson haze, into sunset—and perhaps the sweet and quiet light—the pale light of the moon—swims up into that sea of

blue men call the sky; while still we are journeying on to the one spot on earth where we have cast our anchor of hope; to the trees and lawns, and rocks and hills, and gardens of flowers, and paths of delight, which *were* till now all *his*: and are since the morning *ours*!—the place we have loved without ever seeing it, perhaps,—the place that saw his boyhood, where his people drew breath; where his dear ones have lived and died; where *we* hope to live and die—Home! The blessed word—HOME!

So, in the shadows and lights of one of the sweetest nights of English summer, Sir Douglas Ross and Gertrude journeyed on; so, in the clear moonlight of the advanced hours, they drove through the solemn darkened approach, scented with the aromatic odour of the pine-trees; and so, ending at last the journey, Sir Douglas turned to his new-made bride, before the bustle of entrance and welcome—the barking of dogs, the ringing of bells, the flutter and hurry of welcome and reception—should break in on their silent dream of joy; and passionately kissing her cheek, murmured softly in her ear as he led her in, “God bless this day to both of us! May you be happy here, my Gertrude, and never regret the day that made you mine for ever!”

For ever!

*To be continued.*

## VIRGIL ON THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

MANY full and laboured descriptions of Plague and Pestilence, as affecting the human body, have been written in various languages. The fullest are perhaps those of Hippocrates, of Thucydides and Lucretius (Book vi. v. 1136), descriptive of the Plague at Athens, and of Boccaccio, on the Plague at Florence, in the fourteenth century. The fullest account given in any classical writer, of a general murrain on cattle, such as that under which we are at this

moment labouring, is by Virgil, in his 3rd Georgie, commencing at line 470.

Lucretius, in speaking of the air (in a condition productive of disease), had just touched on this department of the subject:—

“Consimili ratione venit bubus quoque sæpe,  
Pestilitas, etiam pigreis balantibus ægor.”  
Book vi. 1130.

He, however, then leaves it, and continues his mighty and tragical descrip-



tion of pestilence, as affecting mankind, in one celebrated instance of history. Virgil passes by this topic altogether, and dwells for nearly one hundred lines on a very notorious visitation, preceding his own days, and falling on cattle and many various animals, which he distinctly names.

The account is of such an extraordinary and generally interesting character, that all intelligent and instructed readers may find it well worth their attention at this present time. The English reader may peruse it in Dryden, written with his usual power and ability, but sometimes rather in the way of paraphrase than in that of an exact rendering. Our English author has certainly not been sparing in the full effect which he gives to all that is appalling in the narrative; and I may also add occasionally *repulsive*—not to use any stronger term. These things, no doubt, appear in the original, but being frequently relieved by touches of the most poetical and affecting kind, and also expressed in a dead language, they are much less calculated to strike the reader in this way.

After having noticed from line 440 many of the diseases with their origin, to which cattle were known to be subject, the Latin poet enters on the subject of our present attention in line 470.

Proceeding from the separate ailments—at all times seizing one or another among domestic animals, and declaring them to be not less frequent and numerous than the very winds on the winter waves of the sea—he enters on cattle sicknesses of an *epidemic* character, and in order to exemplify them, seizes at once on one of a special period and locality, which was no doubt of historical familiarity to those who were alive in his day.

Its *date* is not given, and, in all probability, is not recorded so as to be known now, but the *locality* is expressed with considerable attention and accuracy.

That was the ancient *Noricum*, a part of the Roman Empire, and including a large portion of the present Austrian territory, in the districts of

Styria, Carinthia, and their immediate neighbourhood. Salzburg would have been included in it. I mention this town as known to many English travellers. The scene of the visitation is also mentioned as extending to the country bordering, in a north-easterly direction, on the Adriatic gulf. This may, perhaps, suffice for the geography of the subject.

Virgil most poetically begins his terrible account with conveying his hearer to a scene of desolation, as visible in his day—to ruined castles on high, to realms deserted by their former pastoral inhabitants, and to groves, once populous, but now a mere, wide solitude.

Here he proceeds to tell how once in the hot days of a glowing autumn, that pestilence arose which had been the cause of all this devastation. He merely attributes it to the state of the air—briefly and impressively saying that it was "*Morbo cæli*,"—that it reached all sorts of cattle and flocks—then passed on to the wild animals, corrupted the lakes, and infected the pastures.

Its effects on the body of the cattle need not be transcribed here in any length or detail. To do so would, in fact, merely be a recital of much which has recently appeared in medical and sanitary descriptions of the cattle plague as with us now—of the fever, the disturbance of the blood, the cough, the drawn or distended flank, the perspiration, the chills, the unnatural feeling of the flesh when touched, the troubled eye, the groan, the pining away, the death. Such may suffice for this part of the subject. It would be absurd to claim for this slight article any sanitary aim of the least importance. It is merely historical and descriptive, and helpful, perhaps, to remind us of the wise man's declaration: "The thing which hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done as that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." (Ecc. i. 9).

Among the effects of disease Virgil notes its sudden character. In this it seems different from that of our own

time. The victim at the altar drops down suddenly, even among the sacrificing priests; the ox dies in harness at the plough,<sup>1</sup> and subsequently the very bird is described as falling down, headlong and dead, while on its airy flight.

But this last notice may now prepare us for the strange *extension* of the plague, as told in the poetic narrative.

After the cattle, *dogs* are first mentioned as affected by it; then *pigs*, then *horses*. The most favourable circumstances had no power to avert or stop contagion, neither the shade of groves, nor the soft pastures, nor the purest streams. The temperance of animals as opposed to the intemperance of man is beautifully applied, but spoken of as all in vain to secure deliverance. Dryden's translation or paraphrase of this singular passage may be introduced as a specimen of his mode of dealing with the subject. Speaking of the ox, he writes:—

"Now what avails his well-deserving toil  
To turn the glebe or smooth the rugged  
soil?  
And yet he never supped in solemn state,  
Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate,  
Nor day to night luxuriously did join,  
Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine:  
Simple his beverage, homely was his food,  
The wholesome herbage and the running  
flood;  
No dreadful dreams awaked him with  
affright;  
His pains by day secured his rest by night."

But to continue the list of affected animals. Those of a wilder nature were attacked—the *wolves* and the *stags*. Then the *fish* suffered on the neighbouring shore—refuting, if true, the statement of naturalists that contagion does not touch the inhabitants of the sea while in their own domain. The *seal* too, and the *serpent* tribe was attacked, even in its clefts and hiding-places. And two lines of very remarkable beauty speak of the *birds* as destroyed by the pesti-

lence—falling headlong, as before noticed, in their flight:

"Ipsis est aer avibus non æquus, et illæ  
Præcipites altâ vitam sub nube relinquunt."  
546, 7.

And thus ends the sad catalogue of destructions as reigning in each element where life can exist—in earth, water, and air. There is a grand description, towards the end, of the terror and helplessness which attended them—of the incapacity of the ablest physicians to afford relief, as being at their wits' ends. And it is curious to observe the *burial* of the cattle mentioned as a lesson only learned after a long time of pestilence, and as the only mode of arresting destruction on the largest scale (l. 558).<sup>1</sup> Neither could any part of the animal be used for any purpose whatsoever. The hides and the wool are specially described as affected with contagion, and if used, brought on sure and fearful death.

The narrative and its accompaniments thus abruptly end. How much of fable there is in it—how much of traditional exaggeration as to the animals whom the contagion seized—how much of positive exact truth and accuracy, we have no adequate means of ascertaining. Notwithstanding a few vague statements to the contrary, which have found their way into the papers, this specific plague in our own day has hitherto been confined to one specific race of God's creatures and gifts to man among our domestic animals, but that a most valuable and important one. It remains to be seen whether it will continue thus limited. There can be no certainty. In the vegetable kingdom the potato disease was followed by that among the vines and other plants and trees. But let there be all hope and confidence in Him, who is described as the Preserver both of man and beast: while being forewarned we shall be fore-

<sup>1</sup> This gives occasion for those lovely and touching lines of the original:

"It tristis arator,  
Mœrentem abjungens fraternâ morte juvenum,  
Atque opere in medio defixa reliquit aratra."  
517—19.

<sup>1</sup> So Dryden:—

"Sheep, oxen, horses fall, and heaped on high  
The differing species in confusion lie;  
Till warned by frequent ills the way they  
found,  
To lodge their loathsome carrion under  
ground."



armed; and even from a poet's narrative of not far less than two thousand years ago, and telling of things, ancient even then, we of this century may learn some lessons for ourselves, and carefully attend to the food, the cleanliness, and general condition, in a sanitary way, of all those precious and most useful creatures, on which so much of our wealth and comfort depends. The excitement of the present moment, and the state and prospects of England, as affected by the Cattle Plague, though at present touching one race alone,—namely, that of our herds—reminds us of its importance, as it were with a trumpet-tongue. The Queen's Speech, the debates in the

Lords and Commons, the employment of all the highest capacities of our most distinguished countrymen on one particular and most grave visitation, may remind us of the well-known Scriptural history (1 Kings viii. 5), where the King went one way and his Prime Minister another, through the land (as the King said) "that we lose not all the beasts." Their distresses and perils were from want of water; ours are from disease. Theirs needed all the full development of national and public energy; so do ours also.

FRANCIS TRENCH.

ISLIP RECTORY, Feb. 17.

## THE NEW IRISH DIFFICULTY.

BY J. HERBERT STACK.

WHEN a popular writer in this country wishes to sum up all the demerits of a system, a practice, or a man, he has recourse to that crushing word "un-English." Leaving Mr. Matthew Arnold to discuss with "our countrymen" whether the applicability of that epithet conclusively settles a dispute, I may point out that the Fenian conspiracy appears at first sight to be essentially "un-Irish"—a characteristic that many will consider a recommendation.

Instead of the old boisterous agitations, vague in their aims, and only practical in the collection of money, we have the new movement silent enough on Irish soil, practically definite in its main purpose, and, marvellous to say, freely spending money on its military and civilian proselytes. It is also remarkable that in Ireland itself it displays none of that old wild-goose oratory that used to excite the hearty laughter of the English press; it has none of that "hifalutin," and thoroughly Hibernian writing that furnished spicy extracts for the Dublin correspondents of the London papers; nor has it a particle of that Young Ireland poetry

which excited the admiration of literary Englishmen even amid the troubles of 1848. In many other respects it is the very reverse of those former Irish agitations which were "racy of the soil." It is under the ban of "the Church:" the *soggarth aroon* ("priest-darling!") of the old Irish songs is the avowed enemy of the new cause. Again, for the first time in Irish history, it is purely democratic. Any one who remembers the Repeal agitation of 1843, and the movement of 1848, must remember the earnest desire of the agitators to obtain as leaders, or to enrol in their ranks, men of social standing. O'Connell advertised again and again for Protestants and men of property, and the Young Irelanders never professed any hostility to the aristocracy. Indeed, the great agitator himself was, as regards European politics, a Legitimist *pur sang*—a staunch adherent of the elder Bourbons, and so ready to uphold foreign and despotic rule in Italy, that his youngest and favourite son was an officer of Austrian dragoons. To crown all, we have in this new development a strong tinge of that Socialism which never before at-

tached itself to any public movement on Irish soil. Silent, practical, unpoetical, unsectarian, democratic, and Socialistic, Fenianism has unexpected characteristics that entitle it to more consideration than the former frothy agitations, so "un-English" in manner and aim that they excited sometimes amusement, sometimes annoyance, sometimes anxiety, but very seldom alarm, attention, or respect.

It would still, however, be a mistake not to recognise that the new conspiracy is the "natural child" of the old agitations. In France we see how the Republican party of the last French revolution contributed its dregs to make the fierce Socialist faction of June, '48; in fact, when a party despairs of success in legitimate politics, it enlists adherents by promising to the masses material advantages and sensual gains. The leaders of the Fenians in 1866 are men who were, so to speak, the sergeants and corporals of the army of agitators in 1848; but in addition to that old cry for Irish independence which attracts the sympathy even of many of the middle classes, they conciliate Irish-Americans by proclaiming a republic, and stimulate the agrarian passions of the peasantry by promising a distribution of land. Herein lie some of the complexities of the situation. Inasmuch as Fenianism is known to be Socialistic, to aim at immediate plunder, at enriching the poor by despoiling all who have property, and at re-distributing farms and estates, it is feared by every well-to-do shopkeeper, every thriving farmer, every industrious artisan. But, inasmuch as it stands in the place of the old agitations that enlisted the sympathy of three-fourths of the Irish people, it is looked on with a kind of half-admiration—not that the middle classes fear Socialism less, but that they dislike England more. Again, the Roman Catholic clergy denounce the new secret society, but there is not a single Fenian outburst against "English rule" that could not be paralleled from past pastoralers of Irish Catholic bishops, and past speeches of Irish parish priests. There-

fore, though it is a servile war, carried on by the dregs of a political army disbanded eighteen or twenty years ago, yet opinion in Ireland cannot forget that that army was once officered by the middle classes, was blessed by the Catholic clergy, and had for its enemy the same old English foe. To the staid Irishman of 1866 the Fenian is a reckless, vagabond younger brother, who revives some old feud with a rival family; the middle-aged gentleman does not like the revival, knows also that the youngster is a *vaurien*, a profligate, and a rake: but he cannot help a kind of naughty sympathy for the young rascal who so bitterly and effectively brings up again the feelings that once stirred his own young blood, and that still have power to harass the old enemy of the house. Herein lies one of the greatest sources of Fenian strength. That a Celtic race, attached to the soil, should sooner or later develop a Socialistic longing for the re-distribution of land is natural, almost inevitable; but were there in Ireland to-day a middle-class of farmers and shopkeepers politically and religiously well-affected, Fenianism would be effectually suppressed by public opinion, or, if needful, by the batons of such special constabulary as overawed the Chartists of 1848. That such an organization is utterly out of the question in Ireland; that the Government does not dream of employing it; that the middle classes never offer their services; is one of those negative advantages of Fenian sedition that must be taken into serious account. When English writers say that the middle classes in Ireland are "loyal," and "friendly to law and order," they are right if they merely mean that they are not enrolled Fenians, and have a wholesome horror of Fenian plunder and Fenian confiscation, and that they value tranquillity and law; but if they mean that the Irish shopkeepers and artisans could be entrusted with arms to maintain order, or would make personal sacrifices to help the police, they are greatly mistaken. London furnished, in 1848, thousands of the middle class enrolled



to assist the authorities; nobody now proposes anything of the kind in Dublin, Waterford, or Cork. Chartism in England, in 1848, would have been a serious fact had the *bourgeoisie* given even a passive sympathy to Feargus O'Connor.

But, while Fenianism is undoubtedly the illegitimate offspring of the extinct agitations, it has in addition the practical agrarian element, which never before made part of an Irish agitator's programme. O'Connell first sought Catholic Emancipation, and was triumphant in 1829. He then made war upon Tithes, and won a partial victory in the transference of the tax from the occupiers to the owners of the land—a mere shifting of the burthen, but a *quietus* to the agitation of the day. He next sought Repeal—not heartily—but with an *arrière pensée* that, if he obtained “Justice to Ireland,” he would give up his extreme demand. His seceding sons, the Young Irelanders, sought national independence. Their successors, led by Mr. John Sadleir, demanded tenant-right, and the new National Association demands that *and* separate Roman Catholic education. In none of these is there any of that practical agrarian sedition which is the basis of the Fenian programme. The tenant-right, demanded by modern agitation, is a measure opposed, no doubt, to that freedom of contract which characterises all the relations between English owners and occupiers of the soil, but it resembles Fenianism only as the Factory Act resembles the Socialism of Fourier or Cabet. The extreme demand of the National Association is, that improvements made by the tenant in his holding, with or without the landlord's consent, should be paid for, according to an independent valuation, whenever the tenant is turned out. In England the same result is practically attained through good feeling and common sense, and a law of the kind in this country would be mischievous and absurd. But we can easily understand how a legislator, looking to the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, might consider that exceptional laws,

utterly unneeded in England, and utterly unsuited to the habits of the people, might possibly be productive of great political advantage and great practical good in an island with a history so unlike that of England, with an aristocracy very differently situated, and with a people different in race, and very different in the circumstances that have surrounded them for the last two hundred years. Let us consider briefly the contrasts that do exist between English and Irish rural society.

In the first place, English landlords and Irish landlords are very unlike indeed in character, circumstances, and disposition. There are throughout Ireland many landlords of the English type—many who act in the same way and fulfil the same functions as the owners of the soil in Yorkshire, Warwickshire, or Kent; but, in the main, the Irish landlord is very unlike his English brother. The devotion to local duty, which characterizes the English country gentleman, is remarkable from any point of view. The heavy demands on the time of an Englishman, the head of “a county family,” are taken as a matter of course by persons who have only observed English society; and his patient perseverance in local work is so very common, that it generally fails to excite surprise. The Grand Jury, the Quarter Sessions, the Magistrate's Bench, the County Hospital, the Board of Guardians, the Volunteers, the smaller charitable institutions, the neighbouring Reformatory,—all constitute regular and serious demands on the English country gentleman—demands cheerfully and promptly met. In addition, there are the host of irregular applications. One day he must take the chair at a meeting for repairing a cathedral or building a new church. Another day he is asked to serve on the Committee for the Assize Ball. Every local testimonial would languish without his name and subscription; no charitable fund for coal, flannel, or soup is complete without his donation. In addition he finds that his own tenantry have peculiar claims, not only on his time and for-

bearance, but on his charity and good will, while his labourers give himself and his wife and daughters plenty to do, watching them through fevers or guarding them from absolute destitution. In fact a gentleman coming into a country estate in England finds himself suddenly surrounded by a host of near and poor relations—not blood relations—but men, women, and children looking to him to discharge a hundred duties appertaining to his position. In no country in the world are these duties so manfully accepted and so faithfully discharged as in England: no gentry on the face of the earth work so hard as the owners of English estates. The English political system, with its constant tendency to decentralize power, throws this hard labour imperatively upon them; and they do their local work with many faults and many shortcomings, but with an amount of goodwill and industry unknown elsewhere. In France the country gentleman flies the provinces to become under every dynasty and *régime* an idler and a *frondeur* at Paris; and while that result is partially due no doubt to the bureaucratic centralization which gives to the Minister of the Interior and the Prefects the local work done amongst us by a crowd of authorities, it is also due to the spirit of the Celtic race—the aversion to dull, prosaic, routine work—the contempt for merely local business—the love of metropolitan pleasure, and the passion for personal enjoyment. In Ireland there is to some extent the same political system and the same characteristics of race, with, to a great extent, the same result. The country is ruled in the main from Dublin Castle: Lord Wodehouse has much more absolute and extended authority than Sir George Grey. Instead of the English country police, managed by the magistrates, there is one body of Irish constabulary drilled in the best military style, and ruled by a metropolitan commander-in-chief. Instead of the English country gentlemen who preside as Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, each Irish county has a Dublin barrister appointed

by the Crown, and acting in that capacity. There are also in several rural districts stipendiary magistrates controlling to a great extent the local bench; and in many other ways the administration of Irish affairs comes closer to the Parisian model than to that loose, indefinite control having its centre at Whitehall. Why this should be—why the Irish gentry have not been trusted by the Government to perform the local judicial work executed by the corresponding class in England,—is very easily understood by those conversant with the past history of Ireland. It would be a long story to tell in any completeness; in brief, it was found that Tory landowners, hating “Popery” so intensely that they thought petty persecution an essential part of the Protestant faith, could not be fully trusted with the magistracy and police of the land; and, for many years, the Roman Catholic population of Ireland has looked to Dublin Castle to guard it against excesses of local authority by unpaid magistrates—Protestants almost to a man. Here then we have partially the French centralization with partially the French result—the withdrawal of the landed gentry from the administration of local justice. The English landlord comes again and again into friendly contact with his tenantry and poorer neighbours: he helps them in a thousand ways, and has both the will and the power to do so. There has, consequently grown up amongst us a kindly feeling connecting landlords, farmers, and labourers, in strong bonds of habit and locality. In Ireland there is little of the kind; the gentry, partly through the administrative system, partly through Celtic readiness to shirk dull work and to seek pleasure in Dublin or abroad, are, in many cases, idlers or absentees, with a great gulf between them and the tenants and labourers on their estates. But is this sad result entirely due to the difference between Irishmen and Englishmen owning the soil? Certainly not; there is also in Ireland the vast separation caused by sectarian dissension and religious hate. While the



poorer classes are Roman Catholics, the landowners are Protestants almost to a man. In England the landowner works in concert with the parson of the parish, while his wives and daughters gladly teach in the village and Sunday schools. An Irish landlord can do nothing of the kind; if he sets up a school he appoints as a rule a Protestant teacher, and, as an Irish matter of course, this teacher never confines himself to history, arithmetic, or geography, but brings in from time to time a "hit at popery" through some sily-selected controversial text. The priest hears of this—denounces the school; the little bare-footed children withdraw; the village or parish returns to darkness; and the squire gives up the task of education in despair. Again, his wife or daughters distribute soup or flannel to the sick poor; but the ladies are shocked to find a crucifix over the bed, or are horrified as they overhear a prayer to "Mary;" they therefore cannot help dropping a "word in season" as they dole out the soup, or they leave a little tract affectionately exposing the "soul-destroying errors of Romanism." Again the priest denounces the interference; and when next they enter that cottage they find themselves estranged from the people they would serve. Who here is to blame,—the young ladies who will not be charitable unless also allowed to be controversial, the priest who wishes to protect the faith of his flock, or the peasantry who cling to a creed that has for them a thousand consolations? In England a squire and his family could smooth over such a difficulty by some compromise suggested by charity and good sense; but in Ireland Protestantism is of the narrowest evangelical type, and, in presence of a priesthood politically fierce is, in its turn, harsh and aggressive, bent on bitter controversy, and compassing heaven and earth to make proselytes. In addition to this potent cause of separation between the landowners and the peasantry, there are the old traditions of the very bad old times when English law in Ireland was a code of merciless iniquity. We know,

as a matter of historical fact, that many estates in Ireland are now held by men whose ancestors were English settlers, or Irishmen who conformed to the Protestant faith, and who, in either case, obtained their properties by ousting some "mere Irish," or obstinately Popish owner. No man of sense willingly recurs to these iniquities of the past—for instance, no rational Englishman thinks of regarding English landlords as descendants of "Norman conquerors," or of looking at the peasants as Saxon churls deprived of their rights. But the confiscation that followed the Norman conquest occurred seven hundred years ago, and we have had time to forget it; while Cromwell's confiscation of Irish lands is little more than two hundred years old. Therefore in Ireland the past has power—its bad deeds still bear bitter fruit. Despite the Enumbered Estates' Court—despite the fact that an immense proportion of the present landowners owe their estates to purchase, or derive them through purchasing ancestors—despite the fact that many of the owners are Roman Catholics and Irishmen "of the old stock"—there is still the vague idea that the landlords represent in the mass the conquering English and the once-dominant sect, and that the tenants and labourers represent the oppressed Irish and the once-persecuted creed. There are other influences at work. The land is intensely coveted by a peasantry naturally fond of the soil, and almost destitute of other resources. A country with little coal cannot compete with the manufactures of the world in days when steam rules the industry of the earth; and hence there are no large factories to absorb the surplus agricultural population. The absence of manufactures explains the absence of commerce; and hence no great seaports draw off from the country the unemployed field hands. A large proportion of the area of Ireland is bog, and the productive power of many other portions is diminished by the excessive moisture of the climate. Early marriages amongst the poor rapidly augment the population.

We have thus many diverse causes—just and unjust, sentimental and material, old and new, permanent and removable, incurable and not to be cured—for that wide agrarian discontent which infects the peasantry—like fever haunting the low ill-drained houses of the ill-fed poor—and which rises to a height when cottiers are ejected from houses hardly fit for dogs, and from miserable little patches of hardly reclaimed bog. It is difficult, I know, for Englishmen who have not lived in Ireland to realise its condition. It is hard to fancy England similarly placed. But remove all Lancashire and all Yorkshire, with their great industries and their vast trade; replace the coal fields of the North and the Midland by tracts of bog or treeless pasture; reduce Birmingham to a blacksmith's village; in place of the metropolis, with its three millions of people, with its "city," the centre of the world's finance, and its "port" the rendezvous of the world's marine, give us merely the city of Westminster; let the other chief towns be Bristol, Nottingham, Derby, and Worcester: and you will have Ireland as it is in industry and material conditions. Then, if you can suppose all, or nearly all, the owners of the land Tories of the Eldon stamp, and High Churchmen of the school of Laud, while all the peasantry are Presbyterians of the narrowest type, and radicals of the Feargus O'Connor following, you will faintly realise the gulf that in Ireland separates the tenant from the owner of the land.

It has been often said by Liberal writers on Ireland,—"We admit the iniquities of the past, but now at all events there is fair play for all; the Irish Catholic has equal rights; the Irish farmer and peasant has only to be sober and industrious to secure comfort and acquire wealth." But, unhappily, the question is not so easily arranged. Throughout Ireland, as I have said, the landlords are almost universally Protestant, and the tillers of the soil Roman Catholic. That cannot now be helped; we cannot undo Cromwell's work, and reverse his sweeping confisca-

tions. But we must bear in mind that, although the Irish Government appoints assistant barristers, stipendiary magistrates, and constabulary, it still must entrust to the local gentry a large amount of fiscal work, and must place in their hands the levy and management of county taxation. The result is striking enough. Take the county of Clare, one of the most Roman Catholic counties in Ireland. The Roman Catholics number 162,000; the Protestants 4,000;<sup>1</sup> but how are the county offices of honour, trust, and emolument divided amongst the two sects?—

"The lieutenant and custos rotularum of Clare is a Protestant, and of the twenty deputy-lieutenants eighteen are Protestants. The present high sheriff is a Catholic, but of the twenty-eight persons living, who had filled the office, twenty-four are Protestants, and the sub-sheriff is a Protestant. One hundred and twenty-six of the one hundred and fifty-two local, and two of the stipendiary, magistrates, are Protestants, two of the former being clergymen. The chairman of the Quarter Sessions is a Catholic; but the county inspector of constabulary, and seven of the ten sub-inspectors are Protestants. The clerk of the crown and his deputy are Catholics; the clerk of the peace and his deputy are Protestants; the crown solicitor and the sessional crown prosecutor are Catholics, whilst the county treasurer, the secretary to the grand jury, the county surveyor, and three of his four assistants, two of the three coroners, and the relieving officer, are Protestants. Of the eleven stamp distributors four, of the sixteen petty sessions clerks eight, of the eleven barony cess collectors eight, and eight of the forty-five postmasters are Protestants. The county jail has a board of superintendence of twelve members, of whom eight are Protestants, the local inspector, the medical officer, and the apothecary being of same creed, but the governor is a Catholic. The county infirmary has a Protestant treasurer, a Protestant surgeon, and a Protestant apothecary. There are eight Poor-law unions in Clare, all the chairmen of the boards of guardians, five of the vice chairmen, and six of the twenty dispensary doctors of which are Protestants."<sup>2</sup>

It must be admitted that all this distribution of power is inevitable, and naturally flows from the fact that the great bulk of the local gentry are Protestants. High Sheriffs, grand jurors,

<sup>1</sup> I give round numbers for the sake of simplicity: in fact, the Roman Catholics are 162,642, and the Protestants 3,693.

<sup>2</sup> These statistics are quoted from the Papers of the National Association of Ireland.



unpaid magistrates, chairmen, and even ordinary members of local boards must be men of independent income and leisure; if you appointed the Roman Catholic small farmers of Clare to such posts they would not have time for the work. Then the paid offices in the foregoing list are as a rule in the gift of the unpaid administrators of the county, and Protestants, therefore, enjoy almost a monopoly. We thus see how the religious inequalities that rankle in the minds of Irish Roman Catholics flow from causes as old as ancient confiscations, and are, in fact, irreversible, but still painful consequences of former victories over the Irish Catholic population. The feeling of resentment still cherished by many Roman Catholics, as they see that, to the present day, they and their co-religionists are sufferers because of their old defeat, is not confined to the Socialistic Fenians, with their schemes of counter-confiscation; it is, unhappily, prevalent amongst the bishops and clergy of the Irish Roman Catholic Church, and amongst the laity who follow them in their political agitations. Thus the National Association speaks of the Roman Catholic minority in the northern county of Antrim (more than one-fourth of the population):—

“These unfortunate but noble Catholics are the descendants of the men who were despoiled of their lands early in the seventeenth century to make way for the Settlement of Ulster. They now are taxed for the support of two alien Church establishments, the Anglican through the *tithe rent charge*, and the Presbyterian through the *Regium Donum*. They have taxation without representation as to the county cess, and similarly as to the poor rates. They may be said to hold no office of trust or of emolument in the county. Not alone are their numbers, their antecedents, their industry, and their rising wealth ignored, but periodically they are the victims of outrages little less gross than those inflicted on each other by tribes of savages in Central Africa. To their own bravery, deep faith, and indomitable courage, not to the protection extended to them by the Government, are those devoted Catholics of Antrim indebted for leave to live.”

The bishops and priests who use this language denounce Fenianism from the altars, and discourage all attempts at

insurrection, but it is obvious enough that the discontent evinced in these words has a natural tendency to keep alive in the peasantry the feelings on which the Fenians rely.

We thus easily recognise the geological and agricultural differences between England with its rich iron and coal fields, and Ireland with little mineral wealth; between the one country, with extended area for all kinds of crops, and Ireland with an immense acreage only fit for the pasturage of cattle; between Ireland with a history full of nothing but memories of rebellion, conquest, and confiscations, and England with a story of the past in which all classes can take pride; between Ireland with its society torn asunder by sectarian hate, and England with all ranks practically united in one creed. But beyond all these we have the difference of race. The English people, as it seems to me, are just as prone to discontent as the Irish; just as ready to resent wrong or revolt at injustice. But they are much more sturdy in asserting their rights, and much more tenacious of them when once secured or understood. The Celt has in his nature loyalty, affection, and fine feeling; but these qualities are very apt to degenerate into servility when he has once been subdued. If you read Irish history before Catholic emancipation, you will find the loudest protestations of loyalty and attachment to the Crown on the part of those very “Papists” who were sternly denied their political rights; and George IV. at that time justly detested in Protestant London, was received with delight by the disfranchised Roman Catholics of Dublin. The fact is that centuries of oppression by a great power had forced the iron of slavery into the very soul of the Irish Roman Catholics, and they were half afraid lest in demanding their rights they should be suspected of rebellion. The memory of the penal laws was still fresh. They also knew that the Protestant bigotry of England—that “No Popery” panic, which bursts out once at least in every generation—was not dead. Hence we find that, inde-

pendent of the public agitations managed by O'Connell, there have always existed in Ireland stealthy, treacherous, criminal organizations, attributed by superficial and prejudiced observers to the Roman Catholic creed, but really springing from the traces of slavery still observable in the manners and customs of the people. The worst fact of this kind, the most painful and significant in the social history of Ireland, has been, and is, the existence of undetected agrarian crime. Though excitable and quarrelsome when drunk, the Irishman, generally speaking, is not prone to commit murder in cold blood. There are very few cases of the murder of women; wife-beating is almost unknown; robbery accompanied by murder is comparatively rare. It is also remarkable that Protestant clergymen, living in many cases in isolated country houses, are seldom, if ever, attacked, and that the constabulary move unmolested about the districts most noted for agrarian crime. Yet the murder of landlords or of land agents has gone on in some of the southern counties with circumstances of cold cruelty, and with evidences of heartless systematic crime, more perplexing and more painful than anything in the criminal records of England or any other country. A husband returning home is assassinated as he approaches his own hall door, and falls dead in the arms of his wife, standing on the steps to meet him. A father reading aloud to his family on a summer evening is shot dead by an assassin lurking in the shrubbery. A land agent, crossing a field in broad daylight, is killed in the sight and hearing of the labourers working in the next field. A rich benevolent lady, voluntarily resident, and devoting large sums of money to improve the condition of her tenantry, has her shutters riddled with bullets on a winter night. These cases occur again and again. Some apologists say, "Oh, these are but individual crimes; murder for murder, Ireland is not worse than England;" or it will be said, "Some wretched peasant turned out with his family to die by the roadside thus revenges himself, and is

"criminal through passion, not with deliberate intent." Unfortunately, there is ample proof that these murders are not individual crimes; in every case there are traces of organized assassination, and—what is still more painful—there are clear proofs that the peasantry and even the small farmers sympathise with the crime. There are murderers in England, but every man in the community where the murder is committed helps to hunt down the criminal and to aid the police. But *agrarian* murderers in Ireland are known and sheltered by the peasantry, and the police are utterly unaided in their search. In one of the southern counties, the other day, an English officer out shooting was murdered and robbed by his peasant guide: the peasantry did all they could to track the murderer, and rejoiced in his conviction. But had the victim been a landlord the assassin would probably have escaped, sheltered by the sympathy of the people. Now, this horrible condition of Irish society in some counties is partly traceable of course to the standing antagonism between landlord and tenant as representatives, however indirectly and remotely, of hostile races and quarrelling sects; but is also due in fact to the practical results of the reign of terror thus virtually established. Every shot fired at a landlord is, as his tenants hope, a kind of warning not to be too "hard about the rent:" they may not have fired the shot—in some cases they may not know the intending murderer—still they cannot help feeling that a man, who has received a *premier avertissement* of this kind, will be very apt to cultivate carefully the goodwill of those poorer neighbours who, if they liked, could protect him from a repetition of the attempt. Thus landlordism in Ireland is a social despotism tempered by shots from behind a hedge. The soil—precious, all-important—is legally in the owner's hands: he can eject the tenants, he can, if he dares to do so, collect the full rent, he can convert many small farms into one wide pasture—but the tenant occasionally has rough redress; and so society staggers on—



fear ruling where goodwill should reign, and even concessions deprived of their best grace—the consciousness of freedom in the gift.

In this agrarian crime—long an Irish curse, long fostered by the peasantry, long breeding hate and fear between landlord and tenant—we have the parent of that powerful element in Fenianism, the promise of the redistribution of the land. Were we now dealing with merely another agitation for equal rights—for the removal of religious inequalities—even for the repeal of the union—we might negotiate, conciliate, and debate: but inasmuch as the Fenians are to some extent the lineal representatives of the local peasant societies which promoted assassination and protected assassins, we can only deal with them sharply, sternly, and by the iron hand of military power. Here we have the peculiar difficulty of the present situation. There are many Fenians who are merely wild young Irishmen inflamed by the recollections of '48, and who simply dream of Irish independence: these are the ready-made rebels in the towns—the young shopmen, the attorneys' clerks, the not very industrious artisans, forming a small section of the urban population. The bulk of the rural Fenians are discontented peasants. But both classes—the actually enrolled rebels in country and in town—are a small minority, and could soon be discouraged and subdued—even without physical force—had we long since succeeded in winning over to *active* loyalty the Roman Catholic middle classes of the land.

I must now note the Transatlantic origin of the new rebellion. I have shown how the Irish peasant naturally clings to the land, but the famine of 1846 effected a terrible divorce: for many years after the choice for the Irish labourer lay between exile and starvation. The masses emigrated by millions, but with the most heartfelt reluctance and the bitterest regret. As they left, they heard ringing in their ears wild speeches by agitators—clerical and lay—denouncing "English rule" as the cause of all their woe; and an ignorant,

impulsive peasantry adopted that political dogma as a second Celtic faith. In America they found ample employment, opportunity to become actual owners of the soil they tilled, and additional luxuries in full licence to denounce England, and hearty sympathy from those "Democratic" politicians who, as the apologists of slavery and the canvassers for the "Irish vote," found a double reason for making hatred of England an article in their party creed. We must also recollect that patriotic, clanish, and family feeling which with the Irishman is a virtue in excess: the sums remitted from Irish Americans to relatives at home—amounting of late to nearly a million sterling a year—testify to a generosity in giving certainly never equalled if we contrast the comparative poverty of the donors with the amount of the gifts. Thus the Irishmen beyond the seas retain still all the old sentiments, or rather feel them more intensely, in their exile: they sing the old songs in a strange land: surrounded by German and American fellow-citizens, Hibernian birth is a bond of political and social union, and the material prosperity of their condition makes it all the more easy for them to indulge without peril in the poetry of the wildest national hopes. It is a great luxury for an Irishman comfortably settled in the States, living in his own house, tilling his own land, to listen on a Sunday evening to songs that in Ireland would bring the singers penal servitude for five years: it is a still greater luxury to think that, by subscribing five or ten dollars, he can, in perfect personal security, harass and annoy the Government he hated so heartily at home. Here then is the basis of action for the Irish rebels of to-day. The civil war has given them disbanded American soldiers of Irish birth, men who have learned rough warfare in a first-rate school; and—their expenses paid—these men are quite ready to revisit Ireland, and be the leaders in a revolution. Thus we have unhappily to deal with an Ireland beyond our reach, with Irishmen no longer subjects of the Queen, no longer amenable

to any influences of conciliation, concession, or new rule: men who cherish and keep fresh the unhappy memories of the last fifty years. They treasure up O'Connell's inflammatory speeches, the fiery songs of the Young Irelanders, the memory of stirring appeals from their priests. No one can seriously regret the exodus of these men: they left their country to better their own condition, and with success: their going has raised the wages and improved the condition of those who remain; and therefore no one can lament that the Queen has "lost" so many million ragged, shoeless, half-starved subjects, and that America has gained as many well-clothed, well-fed citizens. But we may well deplore that past political misrule and incessant agitation had so embittered public opinion in Ireland, that the last words they heard here were wild invectives against England—invectives leavened with the exaggeration natural to a people long enslaved, but also founded upon fact.

We thus see how the Transatlantic Erin supplies to the discontented Irish of to-day ever-living discontent, political opportunity, recruits trained in the field, ample licence for conspiracy, arms, leaders, and "the sinews of war." But, on the other hand, the new organization has to contend with a difficulty that never before stood in the way of an Irish movement against "English rule." It is denounced by the highest authorities of the Irish Catholic Church. It is not difficult to discern the reasons of this clerical war against the Fenians. In the first place, the Church of Rome has no cause to regard anything American with affection or esteem. The great majority of the Catholic immigrants into the United States lapse after some years into indifferentism or irreligion—partly due no doubt to the local difficulties of priestly superintendence, partly to the tendency which increased prosperity and worldliness have in weakening all ardent religious feeling; and partly to that atmosphere of independency and irreverence which are the characteristics of the Yankee mind. Thus

the very American origin of the Fenian cause is against it in the minds of the higher clergy. Secondly, all secret societies are opposed to the very spirit of the teaching of the Church. And thirdly, the earnest clergy of all Churches are imbued, more or less, with a pietistic spirit, which rates at a low value all the advantages of this earth; which enlarges on the text that "Christ's kingdom is not of this world;" and which preaches passive obedience as the duty of the believer. Also the Ultramontaniam now predominant in the Irish hierarchy, is essentially opposed to purely national feeling. The old Irish priest was an Irish patriot; but, with the true disciple of the Vatican, the Church is his country, and obedience to the chair of Peter the very keystone of his faith. But while all these motives naturally influence the prelates of the Church—and more especially their chief, Dr. Cullen, long a resident of Rome, and long a stranger to purely Irish politics—we are quite convinced that the bulk of the Roman-catholic clergy are anti-Fenian more in form and theory than in spirit or in heart. It is not in human nature to suppose that the ordinary Roman-catholic priest should be actively loyal to the English connexion. He knows that he is distrusted and disliked by the majority of English Protestants. He can hardly ever read an article on Ireland in an English newspaper, without seeing that nearly all the evils that affect Irish society are attributed to his influence and to his faith. He knows that the great pride of the English nation is its unceasing war, through diplomacy and discussion, against that Church which is to him "the pillar and the ground of truth." He sees around him a Protestant clergy, owing their endowments to a conqueror's decree, and drawing from a tax on Irish land the means of spreading what he and the majority of the people believe to be a poison of heresy fatal to the soul. To crown all, he is but one step removed from the small farmer and the peasant; and, before he put on the priest's frock, he was an



Irish country youth, nourished with stories of the Irish rebellion and of the Cromwellian confiscations which gave the land to an English Protestant gentry, leaving the dispossessed Papists hardly the liberty to live. Educated at Maynooth, he is aware that the foundation of that college is due not to English love of "Popery," but to English fear of revolutionary France; and in almost every measure of the English Government, the National Model Schools and the Queen's Colleges, he sees, or fancies he sees, virtual, if not avowed, efforts to diminish the influence of "the Church." Postponing controversy or criticism, I state the case as it appears to the priest; I look at the question from *his* point of view, and I see at once how utterly absurd it is to suppose that men thus bred, thus trained, thus educated, thus treated, should be the zealous partizans of the Government, or the active *aides* of the Protestant statesmen who rule the land. That some are is due simply to the love of peace and goodwill which frequently animates the ministers of religion under all circumstances, in all countries, and under every rule. Nor in imputing passive disloyalty and political discontent to the mass of the inferior clergy of the Irish Catholic Church, am I in the least degree astonished at their faults, or forgetful of the personal and pastoral virtues that go some way to counterbalance their want of loyalty, their frequent turbulence at elections, and their occasional and unseemly altar harangues. I do not believe that any clergy in the world are more heartily devoted to their duties as pastors and rulers of their flocks. It is easy for Englishmen to sneer at men who embrace lives of celibacy and poverty, who deny themselves family endearments, the comforts of a home, and the luxuries of wealth; for the men who refuse an endowment must to the well-regulated English vicar or rector seem simply insane. But the Irish priest, miserably paid, cheerfully shares the poverty of his flock, while the demands on his time are such as would affright the most devoted High

Church clergyman of the Anglican establishment. The essential importance attributed by the Catholic Church to its sacraments and to the ministrations of its priests of course imperatively imposes on the clergy an amount of hard work from which they cannot in any consistency shrink; but it must be confessed that they undergo cheerfully, manfully, and with earnest good will the work they have, as it were, laid out for themselves.

But if the Roman Catholic middle classes and their clergy thus give a dangerous though passive sympathy to the active Fenian minority, do not the Protestant clergy and their congregations supply as it were a garrison of loyal men? The question must be answered with an explanation. The Protestants of Ireland are, there is no doubt, loyal almost to a man: there may be a few Protestant Fenians, but they must be counted by units. Clergy, gentry, middle classes, and artisans—wherever Protestantism spreads, there we find attachment to the English connexion, and unswerving loyalty to the Crown. But, unhappily, this loyalty is mixed up with so much sectarian bitterness, so much hatred and distrust of the Roman-catholic clergy and their flocks, so many regretful recollections of the Protestant ascendancy of old, so much longing for the return of that age of gold when "Papist" was a synonym for "rebel," and Orangemen enjoyed a monopoly of the sweets of office, that it is utterly impossible to make any practical use of the Protestant population in repressing rebellion, or even in overawing discontent. It is, of course, a very good thing that they are loyal; but no wise government could possibly entrust them with arms in their hands in a time of insurrection: if it did, we should simply make Ulster a scene of civil war. Besides, as all Irishmen know, the active loyalty of the Protestants is due, to a great extent, to their consciousness that they have been and still are a favoured section of the community. In wealth and general education they far surpass the Roman-

catholic majority, and hence they naturally and inevitably obtain a large proportion of places of trust and emolument under the Crown. Their Church is amply endowed ; and they feel bound to England by ties of religious kindred. When the *Times* contains a savage or sarcastic article on Popery, or Ireland, they eagerly and rather piteously disclaim any sympathy with the "mere Irish," and profess that they would be English if they could. Here, then, we see the fruits of the past policy of England. Our ancient protection of Irish Protestants as a petted and privileged class, and our maintenance of the Established Church, has, it is true, given us partisans in the island, but has made them so sectarian, so intolerant, and so fierce, that their interference would only inflame the Roman-catholic masses, and it would be insanity to use them as our allies, even if there were actual rebellion. How far the Fenian movement is complicated with sectarian dissension it is difficult to ascertain ; but some information that has recently reached me, as to the state of the county of Carlow, throws a painful light upon the question. That part of Ireland is exceptionally prosperous ; there is an excellent soil ; the farming is superior ; the landlords are resident and unencumbered ; their families are active in doing good ; and the tenantry are, as a rule, substantially prosperous. But the gentry are Protestant almost to a man, and the tenantry are almost universally Roman Catholics ; moreover, sectarian dissensions have always run high. As a result, the fear of Fenianism—fed by threatening letters—is so strong, that the gentry are all busy in barricading their houses with ball-proof shutters : all have purchased muskets, revolvers, blunderbusses, and swords, and some have even mounted cannon ! What a condition of society in a fertile, well-tilled county, within less than twenty hours' journey of the English metropolis !

In touching on the sectarian causes of the present condition of Irish society, we must remember that the Protestant Church in Ireland is very distinct from

that Church of England that counts amongst its distinguished men a Pusey, a Keble, a Denison, a Maurice, and a Stanley. The Irish Protestant clergy are almost entirely Evangelical, of the very lowest type ; the great majority of them have scarcely heard of the questions that agitate the English Church ; there is no visible trace amongst them of High Church or of Broad Church ; Dr. Pusey is to many of them a mere name, as hateful as Dr. Cullen himself ; they have heard of Dean Stanley merely to class him with Dr. Colenso ; and to speak in Irish clerical society of John Henry Newman with any sympathy for his learning, his sincerity, and the singular beauty of his personal character, would be as out of place as if you indulged in a panegyric on the devil. They see around them nothing but "rampant Popery ;" their "whole duty of man" consists in abuse of the "whore of Babylon." You take up a daily paper the morning after your arrival in Dublin, and you find an advertisement containing a host of texts selected from the Bible, and all pointed at Popery, sandwiched by pithy paragraphs, full of sectarian venom and indecent inuendoes against priests. The English reader finds this rather odd. You are looking over the advertisements in search of a wet-nurse, or a patent perambulator, or an infallible recipe for restoring your hair, or you want to know what screaming farce is being brought out at the theatre, when in the midst of such announcements you discover neat little extracts from St. Paul to the Ephesians, or an announcement of the appearance of a clerical lecturer, who promises, by way of entertainment, to prove that the Church of Rome is St. Paul's predicted apostasy and the mystical Babylon of St. John. Of course controversies between rival sects are inevitable ; we sometimes hear of such things in England itself ; but in Ireland the thing is *always* going on ; these advertisements appear in the leading papers day by day, and have done so for years, and so there is a perennial crop of political turbulence and sectarian hate.



The Protestant zealots "spit texts" at every Roman Catholic they meet; and the Roman-catholic clergy and laity take their revenge in turbulence at elections, and in smouldering disaffection to English rule. Indeed it must be very gratifying to the Roman-catholic clergy and laity to think that the Protestant parson, who not only wages war against Popery as a creed, but indulges habitually in personal abuse of "priests," is paid by the State for doing the work, and that the funds to meet the endowment arise out of a tax on Irish land. And yet we are surprised that the Irish Roman Catholics are not loyal and ardent supporters of English rule!

From this analysis of Irish society it will be seen that many of the evils of the land are social and sectarian, rather than political—the result of past causes rather than of present laws, and in many cases incurable by any amount of kindly legislation. It will also be seen that the actually enrolled Fenians are malcontents without politics or religion, on whom "concessions" would have no effect, and who can only be kept down by the strong hand of civil or martial

law. But the question will remain, whether it is possible, by wise and noble legislation, to enlist the middle classes of Ireland in the active support of the Government, so that the Fenians may sink down into a minority as contemptible as the physical-force Chartists in England at the close of 1848. In fact, we want in Ireland to-day a ruler with a firm grasp of the sword, but with the mind of a statesman able to see beyond the troubled present, and courageous enough to root out the plant which simply throws out Fenianism as a seasonable flower. If I mistake not his character Lord Wodehouse has many qualities fitting him for the post he occupies. Were there an actual rebellion he would, I incline to believe, show the characteristic of the best English mind—the coolness and humanity arising from complete and thoughtful courage; and it is something to feel that we have in Ireland a Governor who in emergency would prove a Canning, and not an Eyre. Whether he will have the mind to conceive a policy that will permanently keep down discontent, is a question as yet unsolved.

## TRAVELLERS AND CRITICS.

"In the autumn of 1852, through the medium of General Monteith, I offered my services to the Royal Geographical Society of London, for the purpose of removing that opprobrium to modern adventure, the huge blot which in our maps still notes the eastern and central regions of Arabia. Sir Roderick Murchison, Colonel P. Yorke, and Dr. Shaw, a deputation from that distinguished body, with their usual zeal for discovery, and readiness to encourage the discoverer, honoured me by warmly supporting, in a personal interview with the chairman of the Honourable the Court of Directors of the East India Company, my application for three years' leave of absence on special leave from India to Muscat."

So wrote Captain Burton in his *El Medinah and Mekke*; and as his opinion was that of all who have studied the geography of Arabia, endorsed as it practically was by the authority of the Royal Geographical Society and the personal support of its distinguished President, it passed unquestioned. Failing in obtaining the length of leave which the enterprise required, he confined his travels to the Hijáz, or North Western Arabia, and thereby escaped the jealousy which exceptional success, unfortunately, provokes. Ten years later, Mr. Palgrave succeeded in crossing the country from sea to sea, and gave to geographers and ethnologists the first detailed account by an eye-witness of the most important parts of a land which Captain Burton

has called "the unknown Arabian Peninsula."

Now all this is commonly understood and accepted by the public and the reviewers. So general has been the chorus in praise of the narrative, that, although we ourselves took occasion to differ from him in the pages of this Magazine in matters of opinion, we had supposed him to be by this time accepted as an authority fit to take place on our library shelves beside Burckhardt, Niebuhr, and the rest of Arabian worthies. But after a lapse of many months he receives what is so often the reward of singular merit, in two hostile notices in the *Quarterly* and *North British Reviews*, which in manner and matter may be characterized as one; the points of agreement in phrases as well as argument, making it difficult for us to disabuse ourselves of the idea that they have a common inspiration. That he should get his share of censure for sins of omission and commission was to be expected as a natural and wholesome process. Every author who feels his own weight, and knows his best interests, expects as much, and foresees that the more his work is handled by the reviewers, the better it will be for him in the end. Both sides of every question worthy of discussion must inevitably be heard in the open court of public opinion, and the verdict is not to be regarded with apprehension. This fact distinguishes most strongly the present state of criticism from that of fifty years since, when the bar at which an author was arraigned was not that of the public, but of the great *Quarterlies*, from which appeal was then next to impossible. The two critiques to which we have referred exhibit some of the worst features of the old school; and, as the public has become accustomed to place some reliance on the fairness of reviewers, they are, therefore, far more likely to mislead than in the days when hard, but foul, blows were not unusual. True, the subject, being one about which scarce a dozen readers could know anything critically, presented a temptation for unscrupulous attacks. Again, the author was in the East, and no rejoinder from

him could be expected until the matter had been forgotten by the public. On these or similar grounds alone is the temerity of these papers explicable.

Mr. Palgrave himself may perhaps think it right to answer in detail the accusations brought against him; but in the meantime certain obvious misstatements may be exposed.

The line of attack taken up by both reviews is almost identical, and the charges advanced are, in effect, briefly—

1st. That Mr. Palgrave falsely claims to be the first discoverer of the Nejd.

2d. That he has invented a spurious history of the Wahhābees.

In order to bring before the reader the exact point at issue, we will endeavour to state clearly what portions of Arabia were the objects of Mr. Palgrave's journey, and what was the state of information in Europe respecting them.

Eastern and Central Arabia, Captain Burton proposed to pierce, and Mr. Palgrave contemplated the same enterprise. Both reviewers, however, confounded these countries with the Nejd, which is a term of very various use; sometimes restricted to the ancient province so named, sometimes to its modern limits; occasionally used for the Wahhābee kingdom, and in its widest acceptation applied (though not accurately) to all the highlands of Arabia—Nejd signifying "high land." All these applications of the word are employed by these writers, we should have been inclined to think from ignorance rather than any other cause; but a larger acquaintance with their method has led to the conclusion that, by using these terms thus loosely, they hope the more easily to make loose assertions.

Of this extremely vague country, Mr. Palgrave is accused of claiming to be the discoverer; and, in furtherance of that claim, of suppressing all notice of his predecessors. This charge is advanced, more or less directly. It is constantly cropping up, in the shape of innuendo or of open accusation. It is supported by certain disingenuous artifices, which either by sup-



*pressio veri* or *suggestio falsi*, might assist to attach this stigma to the author's name. In one place, it is by producing an array of names of men who did *not* travel in Central Arabia; in another, those of others who have never given any detailed account of their journey. Extracts from these authors are quoted in a mutilated condition, and Mr. Palgrave's own words, after similar manipulation, are made to bear witness against him.

It will be well to close with this point at once; to state as concisely as we can, who were the predecessors whose names Mr. Palgrave is accused of suppressing, and what were the results of their travels. And let it be clearly remembered that the accusation is based, if on anything, on Mr. Palgrave's recollection of his thoughts on leaving Ma'an in the Syrian desert, with his face set towards Arabia. The passage itself is as follows:—

"Once for all," he says, "let us attempt to acquire a fairly correct and comprehensive knowledge of the Arabian Peninsula. With its coasts we are already in great measure acquainted; several of its maritime provinces have been, if not thoroughly, at least sufficiently explored; Yemen and Hejâz, Mecca and Medinah, are no longer mysteries to us, nor are we wholly without information on the districts of Hadramaut and 'Oman. But of the interior of the vast region, of its plains and mountains, its tribes and cities, of its governments and institutions, of its inhabitants, their ways and customs, of their social condition, how far advanced in civilization or sunk in barbarism, what do we as yet really know, save from accounts necessarily wanting in fulness and precision? It is time to fill up this blank in the map of Asia, and this, at whatever risks, we will now endeavour; either the land before us shall be our tomb, or we will traverse it in its fullest breadth, and know what it contains from shore to shore. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*"

It is curious to remark, by the way, that the manner in which this paragraph has been handled by the reviewers, affords an example of their method of treating quotations generally. The *Quarterly* critic cites it entire, but is careful not to let his reader learn that it merely gives the traveller's thoughts, and does not purport to be a statement of mature opinion. His fol-

lower in the *North British*, more so as we shall have occasion to show, extracts only the reference to the "blank in the map of Asia," and omits the qualifying mention of "accounts necessarily wanting in fulness and precision."

The only travellers of credibility who have published accounts of any portion of Central Arabia were Niebuhr, Burekhardt, and Wallin. The two former, whose works, published, one fifty and the other a hundred years ago, are still the standard accounts of the Hijâz and the Yemen, did not however penetrate the Central provinces. The last has given to us a learned description of parts of the Hijâz, Jebel Shammar, and the Jowf, which, to quote the words of the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is "of more importance to the "linguist and antiquarian than the geographer." It is not too much to say that the works of Niebuhr and Burekhardt are valueless for any precise information about the geography or people of Central Arabia.

M. Jomard, who is a great authority with Mr. Palgrave's critics, in his *Notice Géographique* appended to M. Mengin's *Histoire de l'Égypte sous le gouvernement de Mohammed-Aly*," says:—

"In truth, Niebuhr, in his description of Arabia, has obtained some information respecting this country, according to the reports of the Arabs who inhabit the coasts; but the six pages which he has devoted to Nedjd are absolutely insufficient to fix certain positions, and much more to construct a map."

These his predecessors are, however, fully acknowledged by Mr. Palgrave and repeatedly referred to. He dedicates his book to Niebuhr, "in honour of that intelligence and courage which first opened Arabia to Europe." He speaks of the "incomparable exactitude" of Niebuhr, the varied information of "Burekhardt, the minute accuracy of "Wallin;" but he does not, and could not truthfully, praise these writers or what they had not written, or thank them for descriptions of countries which they never saw. To say that he has not mentioned them with full meed of praise is simply to utter an untruth.

To say that they have given us trustworthy accounts of the Nejd is either ignorantly or knowingly false.

One traveller, and one only (of the trustworthy class—and we say this because there have been one or two early accounts by obscure renegades, which are *not* worthy of credit), who penetrated the interior, but did not give a detailed narrative to the world, has not been named by Mr. Palgrave—Captain Sadlier, about whom there has been a great cry and little wool, crossed the Peninsula in the year 1819, and printed some notes (obscurely published in Bombay), which, from the nature of the journey, were “necessarily wanting in fulness and precision,” in fact, an imperfect itinerary, not as copious, certainly not as accurate, as a page of Bradshaw. His little paper was in no sense a descriptive book of travel, and contained nothing to anticipate a detailed narrative.

So much for the *narratives of eye-witnesses*. There remains the class of critical essays, written by painstaking scholars in their arm-chairs at home. The one book of note in this class, M. Mengin's *Histoire de l'Egypte*, which has been already referred to, is the source of almost every tittle of information in either the *Quarterly* or the *North British* articles. Burckhardt, Niebuhr, Wallin, and the smaller fry are mere padding; it is on statements contained in Mengin, half understood, and disingenuously handled, that they actually tell us to believe that “of all the “provinces of Arabia, Nejd—instead of “being, as Mr. Palgrave represents it, “and as it was at first taken (by ourselves among others) upon his authority to be, a blank to be filled up in “the map of Asia, an unknown and “virgin soil—was undoubtedly the province regarding which there existed, “previous to this journey, the most “extensive, various, and minute information in relation both to the country “and its inhabitants.”

The only conclusion to be drawn from this paragraph is that the information afforded by M. Mengin's book regarding the Nejd makes us better acquainted

with that province than we are with the Hijáz described by the accurate Burckhardt, the Yemen of which we have the admirable account by Niebuhr, the Omán described by Wellsted, or Hadramawt and Mahreh investigated by Crutenden and that rarely-gifted scholar (though unknown to the *Quarterly*) the late Fulgence Fresnel. What then are the grounds for this enormous assertion? They are simply and solely the geographical notes, appended to Mengin, and the narrative of the campaigns of the Egyptian army against the Wahhábees. The notes themselves rest on the same foundation as the history, that is to say the imperfect, necessarily inaccurate, and generally untrustworthy information obtained by an invading force, which was continually harassed by the Arab horsemen, worn out with hunger and thirst, fatigue and disease; compelled to march frequently by night; and composed of Egyptian levies. The story is notoriously one-sided, as such stories mostly are. M. Mengin was known to avoid saying what was displeasing to Mohammed Alee Pasha. Still, a few French officers, doctors, and the like, accompanied the army, and from these some valuable facts were obtained. We would not seem to underrate the worth of these facts; only let them be accepted with the grain of salt we have administered, and let them be clearly understood as resting on mere *second-hand*, nay, often *third-hand*, information. They enabled the learned compilers of the notes, with the addition of Sadlier's itinerary and Arab information, besides other still vaguer sources, to construct a map, and with some approximation to accuracy to lay down the positions of certain towns. The value which MM. Jomard and Langlès themselves placed on their labours, their own estimate of what remained to be done, is best told in their own words:—“Without doubt,” they say, “we are far from being able “to fill this great void in geography, “even to a limited degree;” and they sum up thus:—“We conclude this explanation of the bases of the new map, “by a little table of the positions as-



"signed to the principal places, all imperfect as are yet the determination of these positions . . . . As regards the interior of the peninsula, we do not possess, up to the present time, anything more exact than the itinerary of the army of Ibrahim-Pacha, and the information given by Cheykh-Abd-er-Rahmân . . . . The very imperfection of this work will have an advantageous result in this respect, if it should call attention to the geography of Central Arabia, and perchance induce a European power to profit by the favourable inclinations of the governor of Egypt, so as to cause this country to be explored."—a prophetic wish, which Mr. Palgrave has fulfilled as no other had done before him. A detailed account by an eye-witness was what these writers desired; their information was derived from "accounts necessarily wanting in fulness and precision."

But Mengin's book is obscure, recedite, known only to book-worms. He and his collaborateurs were Frenchmen. The critic, however, brings a great English authority on the field. No one was more surprised, we should think, than Mr. Layard when he found three unpretentious paragraphs about the Jebel Shammar, "brief as the docket of a despatch," cited from his "Nineveh and Babylon" as containing "the substance of nearly all that Mr. Palgrave has told us of that district and its chief, Ibn Rashid." The portion of Mr. Palgrave's book which refers to the Jebel Shammar, extending, be it remembered, over 112 pages. The entire quotation given in the *Quarterly Review* is as follows:—

"Of late years Ibn Rashid, a chief of the Gebel Shammar, has by his courage and abilities acquired the whole of that district; and has rendered himself sufficiently powerful to hold in check the various tribes which surround it. Pilgrims under his protection could therefore again venture to take the shortest road to Mecca. . . . The chief punctually fulfilled his engagements, and the caravan I have described was the first that had crossed the desert for many years without accident or molestation. It was under the charge of Abd-ur-Rahman, a relation of Ibn Rashid; I frequently saw him during his short residence at Hillah,

and he urged me to return with him to Jebel Shammar. . . ."

"Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman described Gebel Shammar as abounding in fertile valleys, where the Arabs had villages and cultivated lands. The inhabitants are of the same great tribe of Shammar who wander over the plains of Mesopotamia.

"Ibn Reshid was described to me as a powerful and, for an Arab, an enlightened chief, who had restored security to the country, and who desired to encourage trade and the passage of caravans through his territory."

On referring to Mr. Layard's book we find that the following words, in continuation of the first paragraph above cited, have been omitted by the *Quarterly* critic:—"It was with great regret that I felt unable, on various accounts, to undertake a journey into a country so little known and so interesting as Central Arabia."

"Such were the accounts of Nejd," adds the reviewer, "which had been laid before the European public previous to 1860," and then follows the passage already quoted about the "most extensive, various, and minute information."

We confess we were taken a little aback at this garbled extract, occurring in a periodical of the standing of the *Quarterly*; not only garbled, but enforced by comments which Mr. Layard's opinion, if it had been inserted in its place, would have refuted. But, on reflection, what better could be expected from a writer who, although he confesses, in this very place, that he knew nothing of Central Arabia when Mr. Palgrave's book appeared, that it "was at first taken (by ourselves among others) upon his authority to be a blank to be filled up in the map of Asia, an unknown and virgin soil," yet ventures to assail, with accusations of literary dishonesty and falsehood, a man who had by long years of residence in the East prepared himself for travel in a land of which his assailant knew nothing until he read his narrative,—a writer who relies on one book—Mengin—suppresses the admissions of deficiencies which it contains, and is unaware that a third volume was published some sixteen years after the first date of publication, containing

further notes by M. Jomard, some corrections of his former conclusions, to the extent of removing whole districts from one province to another, and expressions of regret at the imperfection of our knowledge of Arabia?

Mr. Palgrave, we have seen, is accused of having suppressed the names of his predecessors. By a singular perversity he is also accused of being in ignorance of them, else, we are told, he would not have started on his enterprise in the belief " (like most people) that "Arabia [*i.e.* Central Arabia] was almost "exclusively the territory of nomades, "and that the fixed population must "be comparatively small and unimportant," acting on which he equipped himself with articles of merchandise suited to Bedaweese.

The twin reviews which we are noticing are at one on this point. They both lay great stress upon it. Now letting pass the obvious inference that Mr. Palgrave is here telling the truth, that he had no possible object in affecting ignorance, still less in encumbering himself with useless baggage, it will be worth while to ascertain whether the point has any value whatever. It is stated more fully in the latter attack, and we will therefore refer here to the writer in the *North British*.

In describing his first audience of Telal, the chief of the Jebel Shammar, Mr. Palgrave recalls, from memory, some of his own reflections. He interpolates them—carefully changing the tense from the past to the present—with a paragraph referring to his predecessors. Whereupon the reviewer comments in this wise:—"It is impossible to conceive "that any one who had read the works "referred to could have supposed Arabia "or Central Arabia to be 'almost exclusively the territory of nomades.'" Here follows mention of Wallin, Niebuhr, and Burekhardt, and the inference drawn is that either he knew these travellers' works and dishonestly concealed his knowledge, or that, on the other alternative, "his elaborate account of the reflections that occupied "him during his audience of Telal would

"be resolved into an elaborate fiction; "and we could not tell how much more "might be of the same character."

Now it is impossible to imagine that any honest critic could read the passage in question, and suppose it to be other than an interpolation. But let us assume that it is not interpolated; that all these reflections did pass through Mr. Palgrave's mind in Hayil. The question then arises, Will a perusal of the writings of Niebuhr, Burekhardt, and Wallin, support the inference the reviewer draws from them? Do they lead one to suppose that the settled Arabs greatly outnumbered the nomade or Bedawee portion of the population?

Of the Nejd, Niebuhr says:—"The "greatest part of this province is inhabited by the Bedouins, or wandering "Arabs."

Burekhardt writes:—

"Nedjed is celebrated throughout Arabia for its excellent pastures, which abound even in its deserts after rain; its plains are frequented by innumerable Bedouins, who continue there for most of the year, and purchase corn and barley from the inhabitants.

"Nedjed is peopled by small tribes of Bedouins, who never leave it, and by settlers intermarried with them.

"To acquire a perfect knowledge of the Bedouins, it would be necessary to examine them in Nedjed, where their manners continue unaltered by conquest, and retaining all their original purity. . . . For this reason I consider Nedjed and the mountains between Tayf and Sanaa as the most interesting portion of Arabia, affording more objects of inquiry to a traveller than any other part of the peninsula."

Wallin's "Memoirs" touch only a portion of the Jebel Shammar, itself but an outpost of the Nejd, of which that traveller had an incorrect idea; as we may gather from his remark that "on account of its rocky nature, Nejd has "scarcely any water, and may be characterized as one of the most sterile and "desolate parts of Arabia." It would be difficult to learn from his itinerary that the Jebel Shammar contains few Bedaweese. He continually mentions them, describes how Desert villages, or settlements, gradually take root, and very distinctly informs us that the settled



Arabs, and the nomade Arabs, are often one and the same people :—

“Towards the close of spring, when water and pasture are scarce in the Nufod, every tribe draws nearer to its own town or village, and in the time of the date harvest, they generally pitch their tents close to the walls of their respective towns. . . . Their mode of living [at Gubbé] is quite the same as that of the nomadic Bedawies, excepting that they dwell in fixed abodes or houses. . . . Both Aga and Selma abound in wells and springs, around most of which palms and cornfields are cultivated by Bedawies.”

But that which would probably deceive a reader unacquainted with Arabia, is this traveller's use of the word “Bedawie,” as synonymous with Arab. He frequently—we had almost said generally—speaks of settled townfolk as Bedaweess. Mr. Palgrave might have read Wallin, and yet have laboured under his “strange delusion” that the Arabs are mostly Bedaweess.

It is impossible to escape from the conclusion either that the reviewer has not read the works of these travellers, on whose evidence he pretends to condemn Mr. Palgrave; or that having read them, he advances deliberately false charges.

Such being the state of the evidence in support of the first charge, it will not surprise us to find the witnesses for the prosecution equally *trustworthy* when they speak for the second—to wit, that Mr. Palgrave has put forward a history of the Wahnábees of his own invention. Selecting a portion of his narrative, the *Quarterly Review* observes of it,—“By ‘perverting almost every historical incident, by assuming what there is not a ‘title of evidence to substantiate, by ‘attributing impossible motives, and ‘by drawing upon his own imagination ‘or that of his Arab friends for such ‘materials as the facts did not supply, ‘he had made up a picturesque story ‘which he intends should be accepted ‘as history. . . . He cannot account for ‘these singular misstatements by saying that he was misled by his Arab ‘informants.”

The *North British Review* in like manner uses the Wahnábee sketch

against Mr. Palgrave, taking it as a test of the credibility of “what we do not know,” by comparing it with what “we know from authentic sources,” although Mr. Palgrave is careful to discriminate in his preface and throughout his book between what he *saw*, what he *inferred*, and what he *heard*. This particular hearsay story is prefaced by a carefully explicit statement, which it is impossible to believe that the first-named writer could have overlooked. While the critic of the *North British* quotes a portion so as to put it in a false light, we give it as follows in its integrity :—

“In the following sketch of the Wahnábee dynasty, its wars and revolutions, its fall and its restoration, I shall simply and exactly follow the account given me by the people of the land. That such an account may contain several discrepancies in dates, and even in persons, from what has been by others reported or published on these topics, I well know; nor yet do I intend to claim for it the merit of superior accuracy, though it seems to me in some points clearer, and possessed of greater intrinsic probability. . . . In the following historical digression I shall merit neither blame nor praise, giving merely what I have heard, without attempt at examination, analysis, or distinction.”

This appears to be a sufficient answer to the accusation that it is “intended to be accepted as history.” But what are the “authentic sources” from which the twin reviewers would make the public believe that they have demolished Mr. Palgrave's book and his credibility together? Has a history of the Wahnábees been written, and are there half a dozen dates in it which are undoubted? Any Orientalist worthy the name would answer these questions in the negative; and the reasons he would give we will take from the pages of Burckhardt, than whom none knew better the crookedness of the Arab mind :—

“Nobody takes notes of daily occurrences, and the dates of them are soon forgotten. Some few persons, well informed of what has passed in their own neighbourhood, know but little of distant transactions; and before a complete and satisfactory account of the Wahaby affairs could be compiled, it would be necessary to make a journey through every part of Arabia.”

Since these words were written, no account such as they define has been attempted. What have been written amount to merely tentative essays, in which the further the narrative recedes into the past, the more indistinct does it become, until the actual founder of the sect is a subject of doubt. We are, for instance, told to believe by two of the leading Quarterlies of this learned nation, that Mohammad Ibn-'Abd-El-Wahháb, and not 'Abd El-Wahháb himself, was that founder. If the reviewers had read Niebuhr, as they profess to have done, they would have learnt better. He was in Arabia about the time at which the events referred to took place, and he is explicit on this point. Burckhardt, with his usual accuracy, names the father, and Mirza Aboo-Tálib Khán corroborates the fact. But the essays of M. Rousseau and M. Corancez confounded father and son, their doubtful narratives appear to have received the sanction of the writer of the historical appendix to Mengin, and the originator of the creed of the Wahhábees is involved in the perplexity that characterizes all the Arab history of the last century.

For their information about the Wahhábees both reviewers rely chiefly on Mengin; but on the principle, we suppose, of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, the *North British* introduces, besides, "A Brief History of the Wahauby," by Sir Harford Jones Brydges. This gentleman, we are informed, from having been, during many years of the Wahhábee wars, at Baghdád, and sometime British Resident, was able, "by reference to "his official correspondence at the time, "to fix, with great precision, the dates of "these events. The following is his "account of the surrender of Mekkeh, "and of the assassination of Abd-ul-"Azeez." To enable our readers to ascertain *whose* account this, purporting to be Sir Harford Jones Brydges', is, we give it together with extracts from Burckhardt's much fuller narrative, which was published some years previously.

"It was in this year also (1802) that the Syrian caravan which departs from Damascus,

and comprises the pilgrims from all parts of Asia Minor, Constantinople, and the two Iráks, Araby and Agemy, performed its pilgrimage for the last time; for in 1803 the Wahauby had effected the complete conquest of the Hedjaz, having in the early part of that year laid siege to Mecca, which was bravely defended by Shaik Ghaleb, the shereef; who at last contrived to leave the town with his family, having previously set fire to such part of the furniture of the palace as he could not carry away. Mecca then submitted to Abdul Aziz, whose troops, on entering the sacred city, committed no excesses. The shops were opened next day, and everything was purchased by the troops with ready money. These events took place in April and May; and on the 13th November following, Abdul Aziz was assassinated while at his prayers, by a Persian whose relations the Wahaubys had murdered at Kerbela. Abdul Aziz therefore did not live to see the complete conquest of Hedjaz, which was effected by his son Saoud.

"In speaking of these transactions, I speak of them as the transactions of Abdul Aziz, he being then the head of the Wahaubys; but they were principally conducted by his son Saoud, who succeeded him, and who placed at the head of the Meccan Government the brother of the fugitive Shereef Ghaleb." (Sir Harford Jones Brydges' "Brief History of the Wahauby.")

"The Syrian caravan performed its pilgrimage for the last time in 1802. . . . In 1803 the Wahaubys effected the total conquest of Hedjaz, and their power then extended beyond all former bounds. Saoud, the son of Abd el Azyz, and Othman el-Medhayfe, had collected early in that year a strong force, and, after several battles with Sherif Ghaleb, the Wahauby host approached Mekkeh . . . he [the sherif] left the town with his own people, carrying off the whole of his family and baggage, having previously set fire to such furniture of his palace as was not easily portable. . . . Not the slightest excess was committed. On the next day all the shops were opened by order of Saoud, and every article which his troops required was purchased with ready money . . . Abd el Azyz survived the taking of Mekkeh, but did not witness that of El-Medinah. He was assassinated in the latter end of 1803 by a Persian, whose relations the Wahaubys had murdered."

"The brother of Ghaleb, Abd el Magen, was placed by Saoud at the head of the Meccan Government." (Burckhardt's "Notes on the Bedouins and Wahaubys.")

The authentic and official information, therefore, which the *North British* reviewer obtains from Sir Harford Jones Brydges, is simply borrowed from Burckhardt's "Notes on the Bedouins and Wahaubys." It is needless to ex-



amine this new authority any further, nor should we desire to do so lest we should find ourselves involved in the *verata questio* of a certain celebrated mission to the Court of Persia, connected with the names of Sir Harford Jones Brydges and Sir John Malcolm.

The currently-received Wahhábee history having no beginning, it will be unnecessary to go into the details of the subsequent narrative. Suffice it that the dates and the so-called facts on which the reviewers rely are as frequently open to question as not, that scarce any can yet be accepted as proved until we reach the Egyptian invasion, and that then all we know—except from Mr. Palgrave—is the Egyptian side of the story. Both the *Quarterly* and the *North British* quote this pseudo-history against Mr. Palgrave, without reservation or suggestion of error.

Thus much for the state of our historical knowledge in this matter. Of Mr. Palgrave's account we may say broadly that it is not reconcilable with the other published histories, and we believe that it contains grave inaccuracies. But dates, as we have said, are notoriously untrustworthy in *all* Arab stories—be they on the authority of Mengin, or those for which Mr. Palgrave disclaims any responsibility. For example, the period of the accession of a ruler and all questions concerning the duration of his power are subject, in popular Arab belief, to various complexities. An Arab does not so much inquire who is the head of a tribe, as who was leader of the marauding party that pillaged and murdered his own people. Thus So'ood was known as the great Wahhábee chief long before his father, 'Abd El-Azeez, was assassinated in 1803; his uncle 'Abd-Allah was on that event appointed governor of Ed-Dir'eeyeh, and his son 'Abd-Allah shortly afterwards (in 1805) named his successor and general-in-chief.

We have mentioned these points because they bear on some of the discrepancies alleged against Mr. Palgrave. If ever his assailants make themselves

better acquainted with Arab history they will discover that the more important an event the more numerous are the discrepancies in dates and other details regarding it. At the risk of being tiresome we will adduce one instance in point.

Mr. Palgrave says that the siege of the Wahhábee capital Ed-Dirreegeh lasted twenty-two days. M. Mengin, on the information obtained from the Egyptian army, put it at *six months*, and he is probably correct in his dates. But in the third volume of M. Mengin's "*Histoire*," M. Jomard appends a short account of some of the events in Wahhábee history by "Cheykh A'ous of the suite of Abou-Noqtah," with this note, "I think it right to publish it because of its *authenticity*, as having been written on the spot, and as the work of a man of the country, an *eye-witness* of the events."

This witness states that the siege lasted *four years*.

Whatever may be the value of the various existing accounts of the Wahhábees, Mr. Palgrave's has the merit of being, as we believe, a native account of the transactions of the past hundred years, and as such it has a certain value, which only those who have tried to unravel the perplexities of Arab history can appreciate.

We come to the last reserve which the enemy brings up. Colonel Pelly, who visited Riád since Mr. Palgrave, and whose brief narrative was published in the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society last July, must surely be an important witness. We may safely assume that all that can be produced from his paper has been produced by our critics, and that no contradictions of Mr. Palgrave remain behind. But what is the result? We have a quotation from Colonel Pelly's account of the Wahhábee chief, and of his minister, Mahboob, upon which the reviewer observes that it "does not much resemble the picture drawn by 'Mr. Palgrave,' and adds, 'yet it appears that Mr. Palgrave was present at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, at which Colonel Pelly

"gave the account of his visit to Riad, "and his interviews with the Wahaby chief, from which we have taken the "above extracts, and that he had "nothing to object to the statement."

We will not insist on the fact that while Colonel Pelly commenced his remarks by mentioning "Mr. Palgrave's excellent paper"—the reviewer begins his extract at the *next sentence*—but will rather state two or three considerations which make it highly improbable that the accounts of these two gentlemen should agree in every respect. Colonel Pelly had an audience of the Wahhabee Chief Feysal in the character of a British envoy, to whom the old man would display all the dignity and courtesy which he still possesses, which, moreover, are easily assumed by an Oriental. Mr. Palgrave's description of him in his so-called *dotage* is derived from private sources, the belief of the market-place, and the talk of the palace. It is quite as likely to be true as the other, and fills in a portion which is deficient in many similar pictures. It enables us to see the descendant of the great Wahhabee leaders in his private as well as his public character. We had not need, however, to go to Colonel Pelly for this information; Mr. Palgrave's own narrative supplying it in words that are very similar to Colonel Pelly's. He is describing a public audience at the palace-gate.

"It was a scene for a painter. There "sat the blind old tyrant, corpulent, "decrepit, yet imposing, with his large "broad forehead, white beard, and "thoughtful air, clad in all the simplicity of a Wahhabee; the gold-hafted sword at his side his only "ornament or distinction."

Colonel Pelly observes:—"He had "not had the opportunity of seeing "much of the manners and customs of "the natives generally, but he had the "honour of three interviews with the "chief, and found him one of the most "remarkable chiefs he had ever met "with in Asia—a man of exceeding "dignity, self-confidence, and repose."

If, however, the remarkable characteristics of this chief here alluded to are

mental, and not merely corporeal, we can only say that the reported scraps of conversation which are given do not rise above very common-place Arab twaddle, quite consonant with Arab *dotage*. He was at any rate unable to prevent "the ill-disposed men who surround" him from annoying his guest; thus confirming, as far as it goes, Mr. Palgrave's report that he is now a mere *fainéant* ruler. It is true that this traveller says he is blind, and equally true that Colonel Pelly does not mention the fact; but we cannot be expected to believe that the omission proves a negative, while we have affirmative evidence to set against it.

The description of the minister Mahboob, given by Mr. Palgrave, coincides with that which is given by Colonel Pelly, with the difference that one sees him with the eyes of a man learned in Eastern habits and modes of thought, who made his acquaintance in the character of a Syrian doctor; the other, with those of a British officer who is apt to regard Easterns with prejudice.

There is only one other point in which Colonel Pelly's and Mr. Palgrave's observations are said to contradict each other. It is prominently put forward as tending to discredit his information on other more important matters. "Snakes in "Nejed are no less rare than in Ireland "or Malta," says Mr. Palgrave. "In the "narrative of Colonel Pelly's journey "from Koweit to Riad," says the *North British*, "we find it stated that snakes, "lizards, and insects abounded." Being, from experience, suspicious of quotations in the review in question, we referred to Colonel Pelly's paper, and read, without any surprise,—"Soon after leaving "Koweit all traces of road cease. . . "Snakes, lizards, and insects abounded, "but no human habitation was seen "until they reached Nejed proper, and "only a single tree and one group of "wells." On turning to the map of Arabia, and tracing the respective routes of Colonel Pelly and Mr. Palgrave, we find that they did not coincide by many miles in any one place until the former reached the high land of the Nejd; and that the portion of his track to which



his remark about snakes, &c. refers is the low sandy desert lying between Koweyt, on the shore of the Persian gulf, and the Nejd, which he was ten days in crossing. Thus, the quotation brought forward with much pretension against Mr. Palgrave is not only mutilated, but does not refer to any part of Arabia which he visited. Surely such pitiful garbling as this is unworthy of the respectable name of the *North British Review*.

Had the authors of the two articles which we have been considering shown any personal knowledge of Arabia, or the smallest acquaintance with its language and literature; had they attacked any but the portions of Mr. Palgrave's book which may be compared with other European writings; above all, had they made use of fair and straightforward criticism, they might have put forward some pretence for a hearing. But nine-tenths of his two volumes are untouched; no portion of his sketches of Arab history but what may be found in Mengin is assailed. With strange candour their ignorance of all this is confessed. They judge of what they do not know by what they do know from "authentic" sources.

The authenticity of those sources, and the manner in which they have been used, we have sufficiently exposed.

A residence of many years in the East, with few opportunities for the study of European authors, prepared Mr. Palgrave for doing just what he has done. He has given us a narrative which possesses the strange charm of complete freshness without a *souçon* of paste and scissors, or any Frankish apparatus, written with rare vigour and instinct with life. "Of European works "regarding the lands of the East, of "travels in Arabia and its vicinity, I "have read but little, from want, not of "will, but of leisure." His aim was not to collect, criticise, or sum up, the works of past authors (not themselves eye-witnesses), nor to give an "Encyclopædia" volume on Arabia; but merely to say what he himself personally happened to have seen or heard when there. The value of his contribution to our knowledge of Arabia and its inhabitants has been determined by our Orientalists; of his truthfulness, the public, with the facts which we have given them, are quite competent to judge.

E. S. P.

## PARLIAMENT BEFORE EASTER.

TWO MONTHS' NOTES BY AN OBSERVER.

THE beginning of a Session, and still more the beginning of a Parliament, is watched with eager interest, which afterwards subsides. Special causes of excited interest have existed this year in the circumstances of the Ministry and the promise of a measure of Parliamentary Reform. When a new Parliament meets, old forms and usages present themselves anew, and are novelties or forgotten facts for many; and, before touching upon politics, we will jot down a few notes on some rules and customs which present themselves to view in the early days of a new House of Commons.

### ELECTION OF A SPEAKER.

When the members of the new House came together for the first time, on the 1st of February, they found a link of continuity with the past in existence. In one sense it may be said that the House of Commons "never dies." The Clerk, Serjeant-at-Arms, and all other officers and servants of the House survive dissolution: and when the members of a newly-elected House of Commons gather together for the first time for business, and begin it by electing their Speaker, the Clerk is at the table with his assistants, and virtually pre-

sides at the election. The Clerk is an officer appointed by the Crown for life; the Serjeant-at-Arms is also appointed by the Crown.

While the inauguration of the new Parliament is yet fresh in memory, a few historical notes as to the Speakership and the election of Speakers will be interesting; but we by no means profess to exhaust the subject. The Speakership of Mr. Seymour, better known as Sir Edward, in Charles the Second's reign, brings out some curious points of constitutional history. Seymour was first elected Speaker in February, 1673. It was then a novelty that one who was not a lawyer should be elected Speaker. This is the Seymour described or rather painted by Macaulay, in the Parliament of James the Second, he being then no longer Speaker, and opposing the Court,—"the chief of a dissolute and high-spirited gentry, with the artificial ringlets clustering in fashionable profusion round his shoulders, and a mingled expression of voluptuousness and disdain in his eye and on his lip."<sup>1</sup> Since Seymour's day more lawyers than country gentlemen have been chosen Speakers; legal education and habits of mind forming necessarily, in conjunction with other qualities, an additional recommendation; the present Speaker however is of that class of country gentlemen which first invaded the lawyers' monopoly in the person of Sir Edward Seymour nearly two hundred years ago.

The Speaker is now always made a Privy Councillor immediately after his first election; but to be a Privy Councillor now is to hold a mere formal and titular honour. Since Seymour's time, several Speakers have held office: Harley was Speaker and Secretary of State; Sir Spencer Compton was Speaker and Paymaster of the Army. But it has now become the established practice of the Constitution that the Speaker shall

not be a member of the Government. Impartiality is a requirement of his position; his dignity demands independence. A Speaker of modern times, Sir Charles Manners Sutton, having been elected with the support of the Whig Government after the Reform Act, was opposed and set aside by the Whigs in 1835, because he had given aid in the construction of the Tory Ministry.

The history of Seymour's Speakership furnishes another remarkable incident. Seymour was again elected Speaker on the meeting of the Parliament in 1679. It had been the invariable custom for the Speaker, when submitting himself after election for the approval of the King, to make excuses for himself as unequal to the office, and to pray his Majesty to direct another choice. When Seymour had gone through the common form of insincere excuse in 1673, the Chancellor (Shaftesbury) had ingeniously replied: "You have spoken so very well in this short excuse of yourself from the place of a Speaker, that, if his Majesty had not so well known you before, this had sufficiently proved your ability for that place." When Seymour was re-elected, in 1779, he was not on good terms with Danby, the imperious chief minister, and he knew that it was settled that the King should refuse sanction of the election. Seymour, to prevent what was designed, omitted in his speech the usual excuse. But the Chancellor (Finch) was ready for him. He began by admitting that, "the approbation which is given by his Majesty to the choice of a Speaker would not be thought such a favour as it is and ought to be received, if his Majesty were not at liberty to deny as well as grant it; it is an essential prerogative of the King to refuse, as well as approve of, a Speaker;" and he ended by saying that the King designed Seymour for other employment, and thought fit to ease him of this, and commanded the Commons to make another choice. This refusal to confirm the choice of the Commons created uproar among them.

<sup>1</sup> "History of England," vol. i. p. 515. "He was the first Speaker of the House of Commons," says Burnet, "who was not bred to the law." "History of Own Time," vol. ii. p. 70, ed. 1823.



What the King now, for the first time, claimed as an essential prerogative had become by a long course of invariable practice a mere form; the Commons claimed the election of Speaker as a time-honoured privilege. Long debates and many remonstrances followed. The King, advised by Danby, was firm, and rudely replied to a respectful representation of the Commons. His curt, uncourteous answer was: "All this is but loss of time; and therefore I command you to go back to your House, and do as I have directed you." To another representation, the King replied: "I will return you an answer to-morrow;" and the next day he prorogued the Parliament for two days. When the House met again after this short prorogation, two leaders of the independent party, Lord Russell and Lord Cavendish, proposed and seconded another member for Speaker, Mr. Serjeant Gregory. Sir Thomas Meres had been the candidate whom the Court desired when Seymour had been re-elected; and the expedient hit upon was to propose a third person. Lord Cavendish explained that the Commons did not give up their claim of privilege. "By the prorogation," he said, "the King seemed rather to yield to us, by admitting that the point in difference could not be decided in any other way. The King's denial of the Speaker that we chose is not entered into the Lords' books. Therefore, in respect to the affairs of the nation, let us choose our Speaker, and I second the motion for Serjeant Gregory." Serjeant Gregory was chosen without a division. "Then," says Mr. Anchitel Grey, the worthy member who made reports, "Lord Russell and Lord Cavendish took him by the arms and led him to the chair, which he did not in the least resist."<sup>1</sup>

A later Speaker, Harley, Earl of Oxford, is reported to have said of this contest about Seymour's election, that all that the Commons got by it was that the Speaker might be moved for by one

who was not a Privy Councillor.<sup>2</sup> Lord Russell, who proposed Serjeant Gregory, was not then of the Privy Council. But from that day it has been the invariable practice for the Crown to accept the Speaker elected by the Commons; and a rejection would never now be thought of. Seymour's omission of excuses also became a precedent. When, later in the year, on the meeting of the next Parliament in October, Mr. Serjeant Williams was elected Speaker, Algernon Sidney notes that he made no excuse for himself.<sup>3</sup>

On this occasion, Mr. Monsell, member for an Irish county, and a Privy Councillor, was selected to propose, and Earl Grosvenor, heir of the Marquis of Westminster, to second, the nomination of the Speaker, which, it was known, would not be opposed. The selection of the proposer and seconder rests with the leader of the House of Commons; and two supporters of the Government, distinguished by Parliamentary standing and social position, were selected in accordance with custom. Mr. Disraeli complained for his followers of the Opposition that one of them had not been asked to second the proposal; but this would have been an unnecessary stretch of courtesy; for it may be assumed that the Opposition would have put forward a rival candidate for the Speakership, if they had had a majority in the House of Commons. There would have been more reason in a complaint from the body of gentlemen "below the gangway" on the ministerial side, that both proposer and seconder were taken from what is more peculiarly the old Whig connexion. The selection of Mr. Monsell, an Irish Roman Catholic member, to take the lead had doubtless for object to conciliate the Irish Roman Catholics; and the same gentleman has, doubtless for the same reason, since been appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade.

The members for the City of London

<sup>2</sup> Speaker Onslow's note on Burnet, vol. ii. p. 195.

<sup>3</sup> Algernon Sidney's "Letters to Henry Savile," p. 159.

<sup>1</sup> Grey's "Parliamentary Debates," vol. vii. 2.

claim by ancient custom the privilege of seating themselves on the Treasury Bench on the day of election of Speaker. Two of them were seated there on this occasion—Mr. Crawford and Alderman Lawrence. Mr. Göschel had ceased to be member by acceptance of office, and Baron Rothschild was absent from illness. It used to be the custom for the four members for the City to appear on this day in scarlet robes of Aldermen; and this custom probably continued till the Reform Act. Mr. Rutt, the editor of Burton's "Diary," mentions it as in existence in 1828.<sup>1</sup>

Deviating from custom, and yet not straying far from the subject, Mr. Bright introduced before the Speaker's election a suggestion which, sooner or later, will probably be acted upon, that members should be permitted, if they choose, to attend the Speaker's dinners and levees in plain clothes. It was a nervous shyness, and not affectation or presumption,—qualities entirely foreign to his nature—which prevented Mr. Cobden, to the day of his death, from putting on a court-dress to pay his respects to the Queen or to the Speaker. No strict etiquette of dress stood in the way of audience for him from the French Emperor. Whatever may be said for retaining full dress in the palace of the Sovereign, the Speaker for the members of the House of Commons is but *primus inter pares*. When the members go in a body to present an address to the Queen, they have the right to go in plain clothes; why should they not be permitted so to present themselves before the Speaker?

#### THE QUEEN'S SPEECH AND THE ADDRESS.

For five days after the re-election of Mr. Denison as Speaker, there was nothing but swearing-in of members, till, on the 6th of February, came the Queen's Speech, read on this occasion

<sup>1</sup> "Diary of Cromwellian Parliaments," vol. iii. p. 4. On the election of Speaker at the meeting of Richard Cromwell's Parliament, January, 1659, the diarist notes, "Mr. Speaker being thus placed, four Aldermen of the city of London came together into the House in scarlet gowns and took their places."

by the Lord Chancellor in the Queen's presence. On the previous evening four great political banquets had been given, according to custom: by Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, the leaders for the Government, and by Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, the leaders of the Opposition, in the two Houses. At the dinners given by the leaders for the Government the guests appear in full dress; but in the cold shade of Opposition plain clothes are the custom. At all the four banquets the Queen's Speech, to be delivered on the following day, is read to the assembled guests; for it is an established courtesy of political warfare for the Government to communicate the Speech on the previous evening to the leaders of the Opposition. The movers and seconders of the Address to be proposed in the two Houses the next day, in answer to the Queen's Speech, are among the guests of the Government banquets; and next day these movers and seconders appear in the two Houses in full dress to perform the parts assigned to them,—they alone so caparisoned.

The selection of the mover and seconder of the Address in either House rests with the Government leader, and is always a little affair of state-craft. Generally peers of promise or importance who have nearly succeeded to their titles, and hopeful new members of the House of Commons, are selected. To undertake the task of moving or seconding the Address is understood to indicate decided approval of the Government. In the House of Lords, the mover is always of higher rank than the seconder; in the House of Commons the mover is generally a county member, and the seconder a borough representative. Thus, on this occasion, the mover in the House of Lords was the Marquis of Normanby, who, on succeeding to his title, proclaims his continued adherence to the political party which his highly-favoured father had latterly abandoned; and the seconder was the Earl of Morley, a young nobleman fresh from college, and entering public life under circumstances



of much hope and promise. In the Commons, the mover of the Address was Lord Frederick Cavendish, member for the North-West Riding of Yorkshire, and one of four sons of the Duke of Devonshire, who all represent counties in this Parliament; and the seconder was Mr. Graham, the new member for the city of Glasgow, returned at the head of the poll. Ireland had been attended to in Mr. Gladstone's selection of the proposer of the Speaker, and the seconder had come from Chester near the confines of Wales; and the mover and seconder of the Address have represented England and Scotland.

Though it is usual to select new or young members to move and second the Addresses, there have been, under particular circumstances, deviations from the custom. When Sir Robert Peel met Parliament in 1846, having determined to repeal the Corn Laws, and expecting the anger of a large portion of his party, he selected two old and experienced, as well as most influential, members, Lord Francis Egerton (afterwards Earl of Ellesmere), and Mr. Edmund Beckett Denison. For the House of Lords the Duke of Wellington had, on that occasion, very great difficulty in finding a seconder; and only two days before the meeting of Parliament he wrote to Sir Robert Peel a characteristic letter, declaring his determination, if at the last moment he had no one, to second the motion himself, and state the reason.<sup>1</sup>

#### NEW WRITS—CABINET AND MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

Fourteen days after the 6th of February arrived a critical day in the House of Commons. The House allows four-

<sup>1</sup> "Sir R. Peel's Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 268 :—

"LONDON, *January 20, 1846.*

"MY DEAR PEEL,—I enclose a letter received from Lord ——— since my return to London this morning. I will endeavour to find a noble lord who will second the motion for the Address to the Queen, which will be difficult at this last moment. However, if I should not succeed, I will second the motion of Lord Home myself, and state the reason.

"Ever yours, most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

teen days from the first day of business for the presentation of election-petitions. No writ can be issued for a new election for a vacancy caused, since the general election, by death or acceptance of office or elevation to the peerage, until the time for presenting election-petitions has passed. On the 21st many members' minds had been made easy, and a batch of new writs issued: among them one for filling the vacant place of Lord Palmerston, and one for Leominster occasioned by the double return for that borough and for Oxford University of Mr. Gathorne Hardy,—the only member who, at the late general election, was returned by two constituencies. A petition presented in one of the last days against the return of Mr. Chichester Fortescue for the county of Louth, and claiming his seat for another candidate, prevented the issue of a new writ for the vacancy caused by his appointment to be Secretary for Ireland. Many circumstances excited the suspicion that this petition was meant to cause embarrassment to the Government by keeping Mr. Chichester Fortescue out of the House; and this was confirmed by its subsequent withdrawal and Mr. Fortescue's easy re-election. A new writ was moved for North Lancashire in the room of Lord Hartington, who had been appointed Secretary of State for War, on the transfer of Earl De Grey to the India Office as successor to Sir Charles Wood. The Duke of Argyll had been long regarded as Sir Charles Wood's probable successor as Secretary of State for India, but it was important not to diminish the number of heads of great departments in the House of Commons. Lord Hartington, a member of the Lower House, could not have succeeded to the Duke of Argyll's office of Lord Privy Seal, which must be held by a peer; nor would such an arrangement, which might have been made possible by making a peer of Lord Hartington, have answered the purpose of preserving the existing proportion of Secretaries of State in the House of Commons. Earl De Grey, who is not yet forty and has held high Cabinet office for three years,

and Lord Hartington, the heir of the Duke of Devonshire, who has now become a Cabinet Minister and Secretary of State at an age little above thirty, are examples of the rapid political advancement which high rank procures for abilities not more than respectable. The Duke of Argyle, one of the most favourable specimens possible of aristocracy, became at once, without any official apprenticeship, a Cabinet Minister at thirty, when Lord Aberdeen formed the coalition administration of 1853. It has latterly been given to a young City merchant to emerge in like manner at once a complete Cabinet Minister, like Minerva full-grown from the head of Jupiter; but accident, and perhaps some caprice, have procured for Mr. Goschen's merits the sudden recognition which ducal ability would obtain without occasioning surprise, while the Forsters and Stansfelds are required to serve an apprenticeship out of the Cabinet. It is, however, matter of much congratulation that Mr. Stansfeld has been selected to be Under-Secretary for India; as the suspicion of the cause of the delay in restoring him to office was growing into a national reproach. As the law at present stands, four out of the five Secretaries of State, and four out of five Under-Secretaries, may sit at the same time in the House of Commons.<sup>1</sup> The present distribution between the two Houses consists in three Secretaries of State (Home, Colonies, and War) in the Commons, and two (Foreign Affairs and India) in the Lords, and four Under-Secretaries in the Commons, with one only, Lord Dufferin, now Under-Secretary for War, in the Lords. Sir Charles Wood is now Viscount Halifax; he has chosen this title because he long represented the borough of Halifax in Parliament. The title has been borne before him by two distinguished English

statesmen, not related to each other, nor either of them to the new Lord Halifax; one the witty, brilliant, and versatile George Savile, successively Viscount, Earl, and Marquis of, Halifax, on whose character Lord Macaulay has dwelt with such delight; and the other, Charles Montague, who joined respectable literature with respectable statesmanship, and had been, like our new peer, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Forster and Mr. Stansfeld, who have lately been appointed Under-Secretaries, and Mr. Childers, who, since the general election, succeeded Mr. Frederick Peel as Secretary of the Treasury, have not vacated their seats, and writs were not issued for new elections in their cases. The law makes a distinction between offices received directly from the Crown and offices received from some officer of the Crown. Members accepting offices of the latter class do not vacate their seats by acceptance. The Under-Secretaryships of State and the Secretaryships of the Treasury and Admiralty are received from the heads of the respective offices, and not from the Crown. The Act 6 Anne, c. 7 (1707), which is the governing Act on this subject, provides that all offices "under the Crown" in existence before October 25, 1705, shall, with the exception of certain offices named as disqualifying, be compatible with a seat in Parliament, but that all new offices under the Crown created after that date shall disqualify for Parliament; and it further provides that offices under the Crown, of origin anterior to October 25, 1705, which are received direct from the Crown, shall vacate the seats of members of the House of Commons who accept them, the acceptors being re-eligible. The various Under-Secretaryships and the Secretaryships of the Treasury and Admiralty are all regarded as offices in existence before 1705. There were, indeed, before that time only two Secretaries of State and two Under-Secretaries: but the law knows only one Secretary of State, and regards the five Secretaryships of the present day as so many divisions or departments

<sup>1</sup> This provision is in the Act of 1858, which transferred the Government of India to the Crown, and created a fifth Secretary of State for India. In the session of 1864, it was found that a strange oversight had occurred, and that five Under-Secretaries had been sitting for some time in the House of Commons. An Indemnity Act was passed.



of one office.<sup>1</sup> Such are some of the technical minutiae of our Constitution.

#### ELECTION PETITIONS.

Sixty election-petitions in all had been presented when the fourteen days had expired. One of them was Mr. Smollett's petition in consequence of the double election for Dumbartonshire, where the two candidates had an equal number of votes; but as the other candidate, Mr. Stirling, declined to contest the petition, Mr. Smollett has obtained the seat without the necessity of an Election Committee. The remaining fifty-nine petitions affected seventy-one seats; forty-eight of members classed as Liberal, and twenty-three of Conservative members. Some of these have been already withdrawn, and more will probably vanish before the moment of trial. Petitions are often presented on both sides by the zealous and not over-scrupulous agents of political parties, with a view to effect by negotiation withdrawals on the other side. Such was, probably, the secret history of the petition against Mr. Chichester Fortescue, for whose speedy return to the House the Government might have been expected to be willing to make some sacrifice. The known and natural greater activity of the agents for the Opposition probably accounts for the larger number of petitions against Liberal members; but it does not follow that there is the same greater proportion of *bonâ fide* petitions against them. As yet, Committees have been appointed to try only five petitions. The remainder will be disposed of after Easter. The general result will probably leave the balance of parties in the House of Commons much as it is at present. But it is still impossible to say what will be the value, under the altered circumstances since Lord Palmerston's death, of any calculation yet made of

balance of parties, when any question like Parliamentary Reform or Jamaica shall lead, after Easter, to a marshalling for battle of opposing forces.

Bribery and corruption have been charged in the election-petitions against fifty-two constituencies. It is notorious that corruption has prevailed in a large number of constituencies for which there are no petitions; the difficulties of detection and proof, the expense of petitions and the uncertainty attendant on them, and the great defects of the tribunal, are so many props and pillars of electoral corruption. When constituencies are placed on their trial before Election Committees, some of the same causes prevent searching inquiry and full exposure. The art *celare artem* is successfully cultivated by the bribery experts of innumerable boroughs, where corrupt practices are ancient institutions. The futility of all recent efforts (and they are many) to legislate against electoral corruption proves, in the opinion of some, that laws are for the most part ineffectual against this evil, but really proves that the subject has never been properly handled, and is a standing reproach against the competency, if not against even the sincerity, of our legislators.

#### CATTLE PLAGUE AND IRISH CONSPIRACY DEBATES.

Seldom has a session begun with so much serious work and business-like labour as were witnessed during the month of February in both Houses. The urgent question of the Cattle Plague, — *quæ cura bovum*, — and the necessity for instant severe repression of Fenian insurrection in Ireland, have both served to bring forth the earnestness and business-like capacity of both Houses. In both debates, Mr. Mill took an early opportunity of showing his determination to endeavour to impress principles on the House without striving at rhetoric or stage-artifices. Mr. Bright, who has taken in this session the position of a leader, made a speech on the Bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, which, while it struck many

<sup>1</sup> "See 'Commons' Journals,' March 19, 1801, on the appointment of Lord Hawkesbury to be Third Secretary of State, and the debate in Hansard's 'Parliamentary History' on Sir Joseph Mawbey's motion on Lord George Germain's appointment to be Third Secretary of State, March 11, 1779.

out of doors as perhaps the greatest speech he ever made, and as almost a sign that Radicalism was outbursting itself, and catching sight of a theory of politics and of the duties of Government hitherto almost repudiated by the Radical creed, but, if once accepted, applicable certainly no less to England and Scotland than to Ireland—was nevertheless, with regard to the precise moment selected for its delivery, open to the retort administered by Mr. Roebuck. If successive ministers for years past are not statesmen, because Ireland is not yet contented and tranquil, what, Mr. Roebuck implied, is Mr. Bright himself? If ministers, burdened, as Mr. Bright said, with administrative duties, have done nothing for Ireland, why has Mr. Bright himself, during upwards of twenty years of Parliamentary life, done nothing or proposed nothing? Mr. Roebuck's terseness and skill and vigour of reply hardly ever appeared to more advantage than when, on this occasion, he followed Mr. Bright.

#### THE PARLIAMENTARY REFORM BILL.

The interest of the early part of the session has culminated in Mr. Gladstone's exposition of the ministerial measure of Parliamentary Reform, and the two nights' debate which followed. The elaborate array of reasons produced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to prove why time would not admit of including in a Bill to be passed this session more than the question of franchise, can only be regarded as a constrained effort of an unrivalled ingenuity. It is well known that the circumstances of the Cabinet are the cause of this restriction. It has been necessary that Lord Russell's Government should propose something: some of his colleagues have consented to a reduction of the borough and county franchises, but their want of reforming zeal rendered it impossible to go into other questions. It is pretty certain that the pressure of colleagues, aided by the conclusions apparently to be drawn from the electoral returns which have been collected, effected the change to 14*l.* and 7*l.* from the 10*l.* county and 6*l.* borough fran-

chises which had been proposed in Lord John Russell's Bills of 1854 and 1860. The new electoral statistics have caused great surprise by the evidence produced of the numbers of the working classes already in possession of the franchise,—twenty-one per cent. of the existing electoral body of about 900,000. It has been suggested that the accuracy of this part of the returns is not perfect; but, making fair allowance for some exaggeration in the estimate, it is clear that the present state of things is far from the exclusion of the working classes which Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone had imagined. Working men are already a not inconsiderable part of the electoral body; the case, then, as it had been presented, for a measure confined, as this is, to the franchise question, is weakened: but the same returns furnish also a good weapon against the assaults on the Bill of Mr. Lowe and other alarmists, for they prove that the possession by a large number of the working classes of the franchise has not prevented a state of political society and a working of the Constitution which they describe as perfect; and there cannot be the danger which, in an ignorance of the real state of things shared with Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe and Lord Cranborne have prophesied as certain to arise from the admission of any number of working men to the electoral body. The returns, probably, prove that Mr. Lowe's existing Utopia contains, to his surprise, full as many artisan electors as he had expected to come in through a 6*l.* borough franchise; a franchise which, in 1859, he thought indispensable, and which, in 1860, being a member of Lord Palmerston's Government, he supported, but against which, as indeed against any reduction of the existing franchise, he has even raved, since he ceased to be an official in 1864, with a vehemence the more surprising as it was not on account of any scruples about Parliamentary Reform that he quitted the Treasury Bench and Whitehall.

Earnest parliamentary reformers will probably unanimously regret that the



ministerial measure is not a comprehensive one, and that it does not deal with the questions of electoral corruption and of the distribution of seats. Coupled with good proposals on these two subjects, the proposed extension of franchise would have had far greater value. Without in the least underrating the importance and desirability of increasing the electoral body, it may be said that improvement in the conduct of elections, and a re-arrangement of seats, with a view to a fairly proportionate representation of interests, are even more important matters. The excellent and timely speeches of Earl Grey and Mr. Bouverie, early in February, probably awakened the attention of the Government to these subjects, and showed them that leading public men, entitled to be heard on the question of Parliamentary Reform, would not be content with their "single-barrelled" measure. But it was then too late, especially as the Cabinet was neither united nor hearty enough to extend the measure; and Mr. Gladstone promises further measures next session. But he gives no pledge, and explains no particulars. Reformers will perhaps not scan closely or judge uncharitably shortcomings which are, after all, owing more to the state of Parliamentary parties, and the absence of excitement out of doors, than to the fault of Mr. Gladstone; and may not refuse, if the alternative is this Bill or nothing, to support a measure adding 400,000 to the present 900,000 electors. But the Opposition, aided by the few very busy gentlemen of the ministerial side of the House who are showing such a suspicious zeal against their old political tenets and friends, will make the most, and they may make much, of the incompleteness of the measure, and their ignorance of what is to follow. And it will be difficult even for Mr. Gladstone's ingenuity to explain why, if the passing of the present measure is not to be followed by a dissolution, and if the newly-enfranchised electors are to wait for an exercise of their new rights till the present Parliament shall have disposed in future sessions of supple-

mental proposals; why, if this be so, the Franchise Bill need be passed this session, and may not be postponed, to be considered with the other measures which are intended. Let it be remembered also, that if boroughs are henceforth to be disfranchised, the Government are now creating a certain number of electors whom another measure will suppress. A Commission might in the mean time make full inquiry as to the representation of interests in the existing constituencies, and as to bribery, corrupt practices, and expenses of elections; the present electoral returns, said in some respects to be inaccurate, might be subjected to revision; full knowledge might be obtained for Scotland and Ireland, for which, as yet, there are no returns whatever, as well as for England and Wales; and next session Parliament might, with ample materials, at the very beginning of the session, earlier than the 12th of March (which, however, except for an argument, is not so late), begin the consideration of a comprehensive measure, embracing the whole of the United Kingdom.

The parliamentary returns lately published show 37 boroughs in England and Wales, returning, in all, 54 members, which, with the proposed 71. household franchise, not calculating the other proposed franchises, would have each less than 500 electors. A constituency of less than 2,000, and not more than 1,000, electors would be liberally provided for, as a rule, by giving it one member, which is all that is now given to Salford, Birkenhead, Aberdeen, or Dundee; and might not 1,000 electors be reasonably made the *minimum* for a member? The enlargement of constituencies is an anti-bribery measure. It is well understood that the Government has been shy of touching the question of disfranchisement, on account of the probability of losing the votes of members sitting for boroughs which might be threatened. But such a fear as this affects the morality of Parliament, and an earnest and courageous statesman would treat the idea of such a danger

with defiance; he would aim to lead public opinion against it, and scorn a compromise with transparently ignoble motives.

No ex-Cabinet Minister of the Opposition benches spoke on the motion for leave to introduce the Bill; but the speeches of Mr. Whiteside and Lord Cranborne pointed to the probability of a movement from the Opposition against the second reading of the Bill. One Conservative member, Mr. Harvey, the new member for Thetford, frankly and fairly declared in a few words his disposition to support the Bill. His speech and even his name did not appear in the *Times*. Other fair and independent Conservatives may follow this example. The malcontents on the ministerial side are thought to be not much more numerous than those who are known by prominence and pertinacity of speaking. On the whole, it is expected that the Government will carry the second reading of the measure by a small majority. Then they may perhaps consider their honour saved, and some expedient may be found of inquiry or mutual compromise which, even with postponement till next session, may ensure a settlement of the question. If the Bill now proposed is compared with the Bill of Lord Derby's Government of 1859, and if Mr. Walpole's and Mr. Henley's desire at that time for a 10% borough franchise, and Mr. Disraeli's declaration in 1860 of his readiness to entertain with sincerity a reduction of the borough franchise, are also borne in mind, it will be strange, and it will seem as if party feeling predominates over public spirit, if an arrangement cannot be come to, in what is called "a Committee upstairs," which may enable both parties to acquiesce in a settlement of a question which has been so long unsatisfactorily agitated. What were the chief provisions of the Bill explained by Mr. Disraeli to the House of Commons in 1859? A 10% occupation franchise in counties; no reduction of the 10% borough franchise (but Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley wished to reduce this franchise to 8%,

and retired from the Government when unable to obtain the consent of their colleagues); a 60% savings bank franchise, a 20% lodger franchise, with other "fancy franchises;" fifteen seats taken from fifteen small boroughs now returning each two members, and these seats given—eight to Yorkshire, South Lancashire, and Middlesex, and seven to new boroughs. What is proposed now by Mr. Gladstone? A 14% county franchise, and 7% borough franchise; 50% savings bank franchise, and 10% lodger franchise; redistribution of seats postponed. Cannot the patriotism of parties get over this difference of "Tweedledum and Tweedledee?" Mr. Disraeli and his party would do wisely to come to an agreement on this question, as they have already, in the short period of the session which is past, "transacted" on the Parliamentary Oaths Bill, and shown a decided disposition to accept a "transaction" on the question of Church Rates.

The two nights' debate of the 12th and 13th of March was a good one. The difficulties of Mr. Gladstone's position probably depressed the tone of the speech in which he opened the debate; but his speech, notwithstanding, as well as the speeches which followed from Mr. Laing, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Bright, differing in opinions and in character of speaking, were all of a high order. Mr. Lowe especially, massive in his sophistry, and mingling fun with seriousness, and Mr. Bright, who probably never before shone so much in temperate argument and polished and playful attack, achieved great oratorical triumphs. Mr. Villiers, if not eloquent, was pungent and sensible in his reply to Mr. Lowe; Mr. Whiteside was, as always, the partisan speaking with Irish wit and volubility from a brief; Lord Cranborne was dull and tiresome. It may be mentioned that in this debate Captain Grosvenor, the new young member for Westminster, made a maiden speech of considerable ability and real promise, and that the youngest son of the late Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Arthur Peel, who has entered the House of Commons for the first time at the



late general election as member for Warwick, gave evidence, in another maiden speech, of the hereditary ability so largely distributed in his family. Mr. Marsh is a gentleman who has made a fortune as an Australian squatter, and has come home terrified by the working of extended suffrage in New South Wales; but he loses sight altogether, as does also his leader, Mr. Lowe, of the many great elements of stability which exist in the old country to counteract mischiefs for which there are no corrections in a new colony. The circumstances of England are widely different from those either of Australia or of the United States. Mr. Acland, who for many years sat on the Conservative benches, but followed Sir Robert Peel when he broke with the bulk of his party, who has since been a moderate-Liberal candidate for Birmingham against Mr. Bright, and who now represents, as a Liberal, one of the divisions of the county of Devon, made a declaration of trust of the working classes, which came with peculiar force from one of the most earnest, thoughtful, and instructed of English country gentlemen.

When members re-assemble after the Easter holidays, the tug of war, if war there is to be, will soon begin. The second reading of the Bill is fixed for the 12th of April. On the course taken by the House with regard to the Bill, on the division on the second reading, the future of the session and the fate of the Government depend. It is not likely that Government will dissolve a House newly elected, which must be considered to have been convoked by itself. The rejection of the Bill would probably terminate Lord Russell's Ministry. But if the Bill pass, the Ministry is not likely to remain long as it is at present constructed; Lord Russell's feeble health would alone render it impossible for him to continue as Prime Minister, and it is generally believed that Sir George Grey has long desired to

retire from office. After the passing of a Reform Bill there might perhaps be no difficulty in constructing a stronger Liberal Ministry, with Mr. Gladstone as Premier. But if the Bill does not pass, and the Government resigns in a body, the formation of a coalition government is not improbable. Into such a government it is not likely that Mr. Gladstone would enter; Lord Clarendon would be very likely to be its head; and a Ministry under his presidency, including perhaps some of the ablest of the leaders of the present Opposition, as Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stanley, and Sir John Pakington, including also Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bouvierie, and retaining, with Lord Hartington, some of the younger Ministers in the other House, the Duke of Somerset, Duke of Argyle, and Lord De Grey, would be very likely to be strong in the present Parliament, might perhaps effect some settlement of the Reform question, or, should it be unable to agree in the matter of Parliamentary Reform to what would satisfy a Liberal party out of office, would carry on with ability the administration of affairs till the country showed itself determined to have a Gladstone Ministry and a thorough Parliamentary Reform.

P.S.—Since the above was written, the aspect of affairs has been much changed by Lord Grosvenor's announcement of the resolution which he intends to move as an amendment on the second reading. Lord Grosvenor will probably be supported by many Liberal members, who are not afraid of extension of the franchise, but dissatisfied with this measure because it is restricted to the franchise-question, as well as by the Opposition almost in a mass; his resolution will therefore probably be carried. Its being carried will probably break up the present Government. But it will not necessarily prevent, and indeed may aid, a settlement of the question in the next session.

## CHARLES DE SISMONDI.

SISMONDI was spoken of lately, in a very graceful notice of his "Lettres Inédites," as one whom the world had not half enough appreciated. There are several very obvious reasons why we Englishmen should fail in appreciating either the writer or the man, some of which are as much to our own disadvantage as to his. Most of the graces which we principally look for in French writings are in him "conspicuous by their absence;" he is neither a subtle nor a brilliant writer, and of the many French sentences which crowd upon the memory wherein some thought is expressed with the delicate sharpness of a cut gem, perhaps we might seek in vain through his voluminous works for a single specimen. They would not be called dull if they were written in English; but we are so accustomed to expect the piquant flavour of latent epigram when we are reading French, that perhaps, in spite of the translucent clearness of Sismondi's style, and the easy flow of his narrative, the general impression is that his works are heavy reading. As a man, there is much in him which is, both for good and for evil, specially adverse to our taste. He was not a dignified character. He had not the virtues we idolise; he had the defects we judge with harshness; he was one, in short, whom in order to estimate rightly, we must extend our range of taste. We have some pet canons—prejudices crystallized into *soi-disant* principles—which lie in the way of a fair and liberal judgment of characters opposite to our own. Such, for instance, is the notion that pride is the fault of a noble character, vanity of a contemptible one, a maxim which, if such general dicta had any value in them at all, might be reversed with equal truth. Pride, and not vanity, is the contrary of humility, and it is humility which is the true test of greatness of character, a test which may be successfully applied

to many a mind which is vain enough. Nevertheless, as we consider ourselves proud, and pique ourselves upon being so, we are very hard upon the vain man, and it cannot be denied that Sismondi had a considerable share of vanity, and not a tinge of pride to conceal it. Hence he was accessible to flattery, and his estimate of other people was always liable to a deduction on this score (a necessity strikingly exemplified by the effect of his interview with Napoleon); hence he occasionally used expressions about his own writings which, though they are often just, one cannot read without a smile. There are other ways in which he sinned against our canons of judgment. "Pour le foule, la réussite "a presque le même profil que la suprématie," says V. Hugo, with that exquisite subtlety which spoils us for mere good sense in French; and Sismondi inverted the common mistake. We give success the reverence due to "suprématie." He hardly granted to the last the honour which is so unjustly given to its copy. Such a character, with all its defects, is worth our study. It is well to lay aside all national prejudice, and forget small divergence of taste, when we have to do with a mind so full of a pure love of freedom, of sympathy with the weak and oppressed, as was that of Charles de Sismondi.

The following extracts from his unpublished letters are therefore given to the reader as worth reading for the light they throw on his own mind. The first, indeed, may claim an independent interest. A glimpse, however scanty, of a historian's hopes for the future has an interest of its own. Sismondi's prophetic chapter of the history of France needs no special interest in the writer to make an interesting study. Time, in turning that letter to mournful satire, has not robbed it of its interest. Perhaps the transition from the conditional mood to the past tense would have



a similar change on the predictions of more discriminating politicians than Sismondi; perhaps, too, the prophecy had its grain of truth. The assertion that the reign of Louis Philippe would be a blessing to humanity in impregnating the French people with his own spirit of progress, may not sound quite so strange to posterity as to us. At all events, in 1817, when the letter was written, the Duke of Orleans, then about forty-four, was the goal of all the aspirations after some representative of the liberal ideas which were then active in France.

"PARIS, September 8th, 1817.

"I did not write to you from Geneva, madam, as, after being disappointed in my hope of a farewell visit, I thought that, after all, a letter from Paris would be more satisfactory to you—at all events if I succeed in conveying any of my own impressions on arriving here. What is peculiar in them is the contrast between the absolute calm of the moment, and the universal presentiment of a dull fermentation—between the complete liberty of opinion, words, and deeds which every one is enjoying, and the frequent accounts one hears of the most extravagant acts of violence. For instance, there is a general belief that there was nothing against those unfortunate soldiers who were executed yesterday (whose heroic behaviour on the scaffold has excited general sympathy) except that they had given a bust of the king a pair of moustaches! Against these executions, and those which take place every day in France, is to be contrasted the mild sentence on the assassins of General Rancel, and the fifty-franc fine on a soldier who had not cried 'Vive le Roi.' All this is not only unjust and cruel, but more imprudent than anything one ever heard of, except the Concordat. Here are the elections, and people are all busy canvassing, and reading pamphlets (of which some have appeared of considerable merit); and yet in all this political movement there is a want of life, a disposition to turn the mind in other directions, to drop the subject of politics, and live for the day, which is

perfectly astonishing to any one who has seen former times, or who merely recalls our hearty Genevese hatred. . . . I saw the Duke of Orleans on Saturday, who was amiable enough to talk with me for more than an hour. Though it is some time now since all my aspirations after a champion of liberal ideas have centred in him, I was not prepared for the lofty principle and high-mindedness which I found in him, and for his great knowledge of the needs of the age and their remedies. In an introduction of a work by him on the French Revolution, which he showed me, he dwells on the spirit of liberty as exhibiting itself in the Reformation, and thereby creating the need which it afterwards satisfied in the domain of politics, the spirit of investigation confronting every authority in turn, and forcing all authority to prepare to meet it. He does not conceal a profound contempt for all this *charlatanerie* of decorations and titles, and, judging Napoleon quite impartially, he considers that it is by this puerile fancy, this *parvenu* style of vanity, that he ruined himself and France. He shows as much respect for the moral dignity of man, and for all that will truly develop what is valuable in him, as contempt for all this tinsel, with which he is so well covered himself. What a blessing it would be for humanity, if one so well fitted for a high place were able to exercise his authority, and impregnate the French people and government with that spirit of progress which he so completely possesses! Now he has but little influence; he is treated with consideration, but not consulted, and in fact there is so much difference between the line things are taking and that he would have them take, that his advice could hardly be of much use even if people would listen to it. 'Change yourselves,' is the first thing to be said to them.

"It has been no small gratification to me, you will easily believe, to have had two such confidential conversations as this one and that two years ago.<sup>1</sup> Many other people have talked to the two men,

<sup>1</sup> Evidently with Napoleon.

no doubt ; but no one else, neither wishing nor fearing anything from them, has discussed with each of them his own conduct and principles, and has been admitted to see so much of a head and heart so worthy of observation."

The reader will not need to be told that no work now exists by Louis Philippe on the French Revolution. What a curious and interesting study we have lost in the comparison of the two literary works of the two successive rulers of France ! The motives which led the former of these to suppress his production are not difficult to conjecture, but I know of no allusion to them anywhere. Some of the expressions in the foregoing letter are amusingly like the account which Louis Philippe's governess, Madame de Genlis, had given of him thirty years before he met Sismondi. "M. le Duc de Chartres," she tell us in his thirteenth year, "has nothing of the 'frivolity of his age, and heartily despises every kind of finery and ornament, and all the trifles which occupy 'young people.' His education was modelled on Rousseau's Emile, which perhaps would not be a training always to steer clear of priggishness. Louis Philippe loved reason, his governess tells us, as much as most children love frivolous stories, 'and grew passionately 'fond of me because he always found 'me consistent and rational,'—an alarming child ! That little touch is more illustrative of Victor Hugo's account of him than of Sismondi's letter, but one sees very plainly that quality in the mind of the historian which would turn with sympathy to the full-grown Emile, and believe no more was wanted to a king of France than liberal ideas, and a contempt for every kind of "finery and ornament," moral and intellectual as well as physical. Yet Sismondi had a full sense of some of the needs of political life, as is shown in the impression made upon him by the languor of France at this period after her thirty years' fever. In his "History of France," he quotes the trite saying, "Heureux le peuple dont l'his-

toire ennue," only to remark, "It is a great error;" and the following extract from his letter to a friend exhibits the same views as they showed themselves when turned to the Lilliputian scale of Swiss politics.

"FLORENCE, March 8th, 1820.

"... I am very glad to see that political animosity is gone to sleep [at Geneva], always supposing that this is not the sign of general drowsiness on public affairs. There is plenty of this drowsiness in the other Swiss cantons, and after our outburst of squabbles I should not be at all surprised at our falling back into lethargy. I have heard you say it was a good thing to fall out with one's friends now and then, by way of keeping oneself alive ; 'tis an expensive amusement, no doubt, but ennui is as bad a disease in the social as the political world, and though one would rather prove oneself to be alive through agreeable sensations, yet in their default let us welcome others—for the one thing needful *is to live.*"

But it is to the intensely affectionate nature of Sismondi that what remain of his letters owe their chief interest. Here again, no doubt, his was an un-English character : it would be said in reading many of his letters that it is not so much that Englishmen feel less keenly, but that they express their feelings much less openly, than he. Much might be said on the other side. There is plenty of reason to doubt whether on the whole a rigid habit of suppression does not rather chill than husband affection. One may apply to this habit of reserve the often-quoted sentence about absence,—that, like a puff of air, it "puts out a candle and blows up a fire," and there is no question that we have more candles than fires. Reserve may condense a strong feeling, it withers a weak one, and strong feelings are not so common as weak ones. Sismondi's affections were perhaps too clinging for a manly nature, but they were singularly tender, delicate, and constant. His sufferings on the death of his mother (when he was already an



elderly man) are as unquestionably sincere as they are unusual in men of that age on the loss of a parent. The following letters, written to his wife as he was hurrying to his mother's death-bed—the one on his journey, the other after he had arrived too late for the last adieu—are to me very touching in the expression they give of a somewhat wearied nature, which needs to economise grief, as distinguished from the sorrow of youth, which cannot have enough feeling of any kind. The longing which mingles with his own sorrow, that it should be softened to his wife (who was many years his junior) by all the dilution that expectation can give, is perhaps not the feeling of a very judicious mind, but it is the anxiety of a very tender and loving heart.

“October 12th, 1821.

“... It seemed to me that I needed the thought of her as a guardian over my own welfare, half the strength that helped me out of any danger or trouble came from my dread of paining her. From *you*, on the contrary, such sensibility would destroy all my courage. Those who stood before us in the ranks of life are falling now, and the next arrow from death must reach us. I was necessary to her life; I do not wish to be necessary to yours, and can contemplate your future without that agonising anxiety which was inspired by any possibility of her surviving me. Let us beware of existing in each other. Let our love manifest itself in our appreciation of the present, not by regret when the present has become past. Love me, my J., as I love you, as I shall always love you—alas, how soon uniquely? But let us accustom ourselves to the idea of separation; never let me feel, in contemplating it for you, the terror that it inspired for her. We submit to the order of nature; it is only what inverts this order that overwhelms the soul. I was prepared for all that I am suffering now; be you in your turn prepared for the summons that the order of nature will next bring to me, and do not embitter my anticipa-

tions of our separation by the dread of suffering for you, to whom I would fain bring nothing but happiness.”

“October 17th, 1821.

“I have not written to you as I promised, my child, but my need of you was never keener than it is now; my heart never turned from its own desolation more longingly to seek comfort in you. I feel crushed by suffering; it seems to grow upon me. I have spent two days at Vancluse, reviving every recollection of my mother, retracing all her steps, calling upon her. These long-unaccustomed tears have weakened and exhausted me; I can bear no more; I must come back to you. Death is everywhere in this house; the rooms that we shared together, and that took their grace and order from you, are desolate now, the clock has stopped, the furniture is covered with dust, and in the garden the paths are overgrown with weeds, and the water from the fountain overflows its basin; dreariness and disorder are everywhere. This house seems destined to desertion now—my sister does not want it. I have asked myself if we could not come and live among these obejets that were dear to my mother, if we two could not watch the flowers she planted; but I see no chance of it. I know we are called upon to live elsewhere. If I return here, it will be to protect my sister. I must prepare myself for fresh suffering when I leave this house for hers. *She* has fears no less heartrending than her regrets, and these too pierce my heart for her. Immediately after my mother's death—which took place in her arms, while she was reading the prayers for the dying—she went into the room where her children were assembled, and entreated them to give her the only consolation which at that moment of anguish she was capable of receiving. ‘My children,’ she said, ‘I declare to you that I will live and die a Protestant; promise me that, when my last hours are come, you will not take advantage of bodily infirmity to attack my mind, and extort from my weakness

and confusion the abjuration which will never be given while I retain possession of my faculties ; let me die in peace, as my mother has just died !' Her sons were silent, and after an interval, during which she had left the room, she asked them again, ' Will you not promise me not to trouble my last moments ? ' ' No,' replied her eldest son, the priest, who had, no doubt, discussed the matter with his brothers, and perhaps with his father ; ' we cannot make that promise.' This answer has given her a terror, which I share with her ; every night I have dreamt of it. This morning I advised her to take advantage of the increase of fortune which has come to her through my mother's death to set apart a fixed sum for a journey to Geneva, that, whenever she is warned of the approach of death, she may come to us, and end her days in peace. But what poison these priests infuse into people's minds ! If it is true that Voltaire, in the initials found in several of his letters, *écr. l'inf.* meant *écrasez l'infame*, i.e. Catholicism, was he not in the right ? That religion is not one to be judged from a distance, or from books ; those only can fully understand the horror inspired by it who have watched its operations in the internal relations of a family, and been actually submitted to its influence. My sister, however, tries to put her sons' behaviour in the best light before me, and makes the most of the signs of feeling shown by them. True, they have mourned for her loss, but so they would have done if it had been that of a dog or a horse ; their religion teaches them, indeed, that it is much better to have no soul, as an animal, than to have one only to lose it, as a heretic. I have tried in vain to persuade her to visit her daughter in the convent ; she is convinced that it would be impossible to speak to a nun without either offending her or distorting the truth. If she does not go to Florence, neither shall I ; you are all I want to see, my darling ; every one else I only wish to avoid. Perhaps I shall be able to start before receiving your answer to this letter ; be careful, therefore, to write

it so that my sister may open and read it if I am gone. How I long to be with you ! but I must stay a little with her, since my presence brings her some support, and some consolation.'

There are several different kinds of interest in that letter ; it has its value as the picture of an Italian household—perhaps as correct a picture now as it was when it was first taken—but the predominant interest is the light it throws on the historian of France. One requisite for a complete fulfilment of that character was certainly wanting to the man who wrote that account of Madame Forti's request to her children—he could not sympathise with bigotry. We may almost say he could not understand bigotry. Certainly it takes no great stretch of tolerance to acknowledge that, whether or not that feeling would be silenced in the breast of a son watching his mother's death-bed by a mightier logic than ours, it could only be strengthened and intensified by this deliberate and uncalled-for defiance. To take in what an ultramontane Roman Catholic means by any one dying a Protestant, is to see that he ought never to forego his right to do his utmost to prevent it. And whoever cannot see this cannot be just to Catholicism. But if, on the one hand, we see what deductions to make from the value of Sismondi's judgment on a great national struggle, by observing his incapacity for strict justice when confronting this struggle as it divided his own family ; on the other hand, this very incapacity, thus exhibited in its true nature, as the suffusion of thought with feeling, acquires a certain value of its own.

Any estimate of the two great bodies which divide Christendom, resting exclusively on a sympathy with individual freedom, is a very incomplete one ; but any estimate which wholly excludes this point of view would be still more incomplete.

If it would be dangerous to test, by its influence on domestic happiness, any religion professedly derived from Him who "set a man at variance against his



father," it would be yet more dangerous for presumptuous mortals wholly to ignore this result in forming their judgment on the claims of this religion to Divine authority, and neglect in this judgment the fact that a particular creed, honestly and consistently translated into life, makes it impossible for a son to grant his mother's entreaty, that in her last hours she may be left alone with God. This lively sympathy with individual claims, which clouded at times Sismondi's just appreciation of the aspect of large questions, is his strength and weakness as a historian. We can never forget that a nation is made up of individuals, each one of whom can suffer profoundly. Hence his histories are always real, always human; but the exclusive contemplation of this side of national life is enough to account for the depressing effect of the larger part of his writings, and condenses itself into the doubt, expressed in some verses written towards the close of his life, whether the record of so many crimes is really the fitting occupation of a lifetime. The conviction which should balance this feeling, that, encircling this individual life, and not in any degree interfering with it, is the life of the nation, that history has to trace the purpose of Heaven towards the larger unity, and therefore in some sense to accept success as an indication of that purpose—this conviction did not enter into Sismondi's mind. Putting genius out of the question, and regarding merely the moral attitude of the two writers, I should call him the antitype of Mr. Carlyle. The two historians represent the two views of history which perhaps no one original mind could combine, but which we need to combine by studying both ends of such a contrast, if we desire to learn the meaning of the great epic. And Englishmen, who are apt to look upon all history as a "parallelogram of forces," may not unprofitably lean rather to the side which this view excludes, and remember that, though energy has a natural affinity with truth, the two things are separable, and that we may

follow the path of success without digging a channel for our sympathies to flow into. Perhaps Sismondi tended too much in the opposite direction. His sympathies were always with the oppressed and the vanquished; weakness of every kind had a claim upon him, to which he was never slow to respond. "The man who gave nine or ten hours a day to the past," wrote one who knew him, "was able to bring 'himself entirely into the present when 'ever a misfortune was to be redressed,'" and an instance recorded in the following letter of this expansive feeling, as exhibited towards the sorrows of a child, forms a fitting conclusion to the foregoing notice:—

"Monsieur Sismondi, mamma tells me you have taken care of several things for me, and I thank you for it; you have been very kind to me, and I wanted kindness very much. I want so much to go home; we are so dull here; even hearing Talma is not enough of a pleasure to prevent my feeling so dull. I don't know what I should have done if you had not come to L—, for you were the only person who spoke a word to me; now I am quite deserted; nobody speaks to me. I am rather angry with —; after having told her she was the only person I loved best after mamma, I thought she would have a little more confidence in me. I don't want her to tell me any secrets that would be wrong, but to talk to me about what I do know; and not to turn off all my questions with a joke, and treat me as a person to be scolded and taken care of, who must not venture to think whether the people she cares for are happy or happy. How different you were! how you tried to comfort me! you did not hide these misfortunes from me, but showed me how to behave under them, and made me hope I should some day be useful to mamma. I am so grateful to you for your kindness at this time. Good-bye, Monsieur Sismondi."

Conceive the delight of a little maid whose elders regarded her as a "person"

to be scolded and taken care of, at falling in with a real grown-up gentleman, who would talk rationally to her, and hold out hopes of her being useful to mamma ! That makes a good place to leave off. His tenderness for all that was weak was a part of his nature on which it is well to rest ; it came out to

the poor as much as to children, and the present writer recalls, after more than twenty years, the emphasis of unquestionable sincerity with which a humble friend, who showed his house and garden, summed up his *éloge* with the deeply-felt words, " He was a good man."

## WILLIAM WHEWELL.

### In Memoriam.

THE name of "Whewell," confined to a few households in the North of England, had never been borne by any one of note till he whose death we are now deploring made it famous among all English-speaking men. He himself believed it to be identical with "Wyvill," but we are not aware that there is any ground, beyond this questionable etymology, for connecting his lineage with that of a family which dates from the chivalry of the Middle Ages. Be that as it may, the proudest "Sir Marmaduke" of them all need not have blushed to acknowledge, as his descendant, one who was so stalwart in body, so fearless in spirit, so ready to maintain the right, to redress the wrong, and to do battle with all comers for his country and his faith.

William Whewell was born at Lancaster on May 24th, 1794. His father, a house-carpenter—not, as has been said, a blacksmith—was a man of probity and intelligence. His intellectual strength came from the mother's side. She is still remembered as a person of remarkably powerful and cultivated mind, though she never attempted any literary task beyond the humble one of contributing annually enigmas and charades to the *Lady's Diary*. Of such trifles her son was fond to the last. To both his parents he was always dutiful and affectionate. The family consisted of two sons and three daughters. The other son, a child of remarkable promise, died at the age of ten. From his earliest

years, William Whewell was passionately fond of books. At a very early age he had read through all the volumes in his father's little library, which included, among others, the "Spectator." Addison may thus have contributed to form his excellent English style. He was always reading. He who as a man took such keen interest in all the serious pursuits of men, as a boy never shared in the amusements of boys. This was attributed—and the cause will surprise those who only knew him in his robust and vigorous manhood—to the bodily langour produced by ill-health. He suffered from an obstinate derangement of the digestive organs, which was finally removed by the treatment of a Cambridge physician. He was educated first at the grammar-school of his native place, and afterwards at Heversham, whither he removed in order to be qualified for holding an exhibition to Trinity College, Cambridge, connected with that school. Having gained this exhibition, then worth about 50*l.* a year, he commenced residence at Trinity as a sub-sizar in October, 1812. The same exhibition had been held fifty-eight years before by Watson, subsequently Bishop of Llandaff. There are those still living who remember Whewell as he first appeared at Cambridge, a tall, ungainly youth, with grey worsted stockings and country-made shoes. But he soon became known in the college as the most promising man of his year.



He was elected in due course to a foundation sizarship and to a scholarship. In his second year he gained the Chancellor's medal for the best English poem, on the subject of Boadicea. In the mathematical tripos of 1816 he graduated as second wrangler, the first place being gained, contrary to general expectation, by Jacob of Caius College. The Smith's Prize examination gave the same result. Whewell is said to have consoled himself by an apt quotation: "Is he not rightly named Jacob, for he hath supplanted me these two times?" His rival abandoned science for law. In the same year, Graham, of Christ's, afterwards Bishop of Chester, was fourth wrangler and senior medallist; Hamilton, of Trinity, the present Dean of Salisbury, was ninth wrangler; Sheepshanks, founder of the exhibition which bears his name, tenth; and Blunt, of St. John's, the loved and lamented Margaret professor, fifteenth. Fourth in the the senior optimes was Elliott, author of "*Horæ Apocalyptice*." Another honoured name, which does not appear on the mathematical tripos of the year, was that of Julius Charles Hare. He was elected fellow the year after Whewell, and was one of his dearest friends. Twenty years later, in dedicating to him his "*Sermons on the Foundation of Morals*," Whewell writes: "I turn to the speculations which these pages contain with a more cheerful and kindly spirit, because they carry me back to the days in which you still resided in our much-loved Trinity College; when I had the delight of constant intercourse with you, and such themes were not unfamiliar to our conversation."

Whewell was elected Fellow of Trinity in 1817, and soon afterwards commenced lecturing on mathematics as assistant-tutor, at the moderate salary of 75*l.* per annum. His earliest book seems to have been a "*Syllabus of an Elementary Treatise on Mechanics*," published in 1821. This was followed by "*A Treatise on Dynamics*," 1823. These two works were the bases of many successive volumes on mechanics, vari-

ously recast, expanded, and subdivided by their author. In conjunction with Peacock, afterwards Dean of Ely, who was three years his senior, he laboured zealously in reforming what he considered to be the defects in the system of mathematical teaching then followed at Cambridge. His text-books were deficient in arrangement and method, and have long since been superseded; but at the time they exercised a very beneficial influence on University studies. Only five years after taking his B.A. degree he was elected fellow of the Royal Society, which in 1827 awarded him the gold medal—the "Royal," not the "Copley" medal—for his investigations on the subject of Tides.

As tutor, I am told that his multifarious literary and scientific pursuits somewhat impaired his efficiency. To be a thoroughly good tutor, a man must be content to write only on fleshly tablets. Whewell's heart was with his books and his speculations rather than with his pupils. Yet it cannot be doubted that his example was a great stimulus to them, while his growing reputation continued to attract students to his "side." On all important occasions he was both kind and just, but he was impatient of minor details, and an unwilling listener to what he thought trivial complaints. Add to this that he wanted the royal faculty of remembering faces. His memory, wonderfully accurate as regarded books, failed him as regarded men. Thus, his pupils were sometimes mortified at finding that he did not recognise them. The same thing happened to the Fellows of his College after he became Master, and not unnaturally gave great offence to men who coveted his friendship in proportion as they admired his genius.

He was ordained soon after taking his M.A. degree. He became tutor in 1823, and continued to discharge all the duties of the office alone till 1833, when he associated with himself Mr. Perry, the present Bishop of Melbourne. He remained tutor till 1839. During all this time he took an active share in College and University business. He

never refused to serve on syndicates and committees, mastering every subject with wonderful rapidity. He was one of the founders of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and was an active correspondent of other scientific societies elsewhere. The long catalogue of his contributions to their "Transactions" attests his ardour in diffusing knowledge of all kinds, and I have before me, as I write, evidence of his industry in accumulating it. This consists of a vast body of notes on the books which he read from the year 1817 to 1830—books in almost all the languages in Europe, histories of all countries, ancient and modern, treatises on all sciences, moral and physical. Among the rest is an epitome of Kant's "*Kritik der reinen Vernunft*," a work which exercised a marked influence on all his speculations in mental philosophy.

He was made Professor of Mineralogy in 1828, and held the office till 1832, when he found a worthy successor in Mr. Miller.

He was one of the most active founders and promoters of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. At the request of that body he undertook a new series of experiments on tidal phenomena, which displayed in a high degree his ingenuity and acuteness, and led to important discoveries. But it is rather as a historian of science than as an original investigator that his name will be remembered. In 1837, he published his *magnum opus*, the "*History of the Inductive Sciences*." In the composition of this work he sought and received assistance from a number of men eminent in their respective departments. The letters written to him on this occasion have been carefully preserved among his papers, and will, it is hoped, be published. For range of knowledge, for depth and grasp of thought, for lucidity of style, the "*History*" has few rivals in modern times. It will doubtless long continue to be the standard English book on the subject, enriched and amended by the comments of successive editors. In a book which takes a bird's-eye view of all science, numerous inaccuracies

must of course be apparent to microscopic investigators, and further corrections and qualifications will be required by the growth of each branch.

"The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," which he regarded as the moral of the former work, was published in 1841. It was not so successful as its predecessor. Many thinkers were unable to accept the ultra-Platonic hypothesis on which it was based, but none could fail to find in it much that was suggestive and instructive if not convincing, and many brilliant guesses at truth, if not clear discoveries of it.

The excellence of the book as a whole is wonderful, if we consider the rapidity with which it was composed. We learn on good authority that it was sent to the press chapter by chapter as it was written. He worked with the hot haste of a parliamentary reporter. For this haste there was no apparent reason; no reason indeed, except such as sprang from his own ardent temperament. Other yet unexplored fields of knowledge were tempting him, and he was eager to be done with the mechanical drudgery imposed by the task in hand. He had none of that "long patience" which, according to Cuvier, is "genius." But few will deny that he had genius, and his example alone would suffice to prove that Cuvier's definition is not universally true.

In 1837, he preached before the University four sermons on the foundation of morals, in which he developed and illustrated the doctrine of Butler, which rests moral obligation on the teaching of a divinely-given and divinely-enlightened conscience. This doctrine was not with him a school thesis, but a profound and, if I may use the term, passionate conviction. Butler was the master whom he followed in moral speculation, as Bacon and Newton were his masters in other branches of philosophy. He was an ardent opponent of the utilitarian theory, and laboured long, and at last successfully, to oust *Paley* from among the text-books of University teaching. With this object, probably, he accepted, in 1838, the Professorship of Moral



Philosophy. So he preferred to call it, in place of the singular title given by its founder, "Moral Theology and Casuistry." His chief works on this head were, "Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England," "Lectures on Systematic Morality," and "Elements of Morality, including Polity," published in 1845. The direction given to his thoughts by the latter portion of his subject led him to study international law. He published "*Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis*," with a condensed translation, and in his will left to the University a munificent bequest for the purpose of founding a Chair of International Law, with scholarships for students of the subject. The rents of his new hostels attached to Trinity College are to be devoted to that purpose. Thus is explained the inscription which he placed over the gate of his first building, "*Paci sacrum*."

The year 1841 was a marked epoch in his life. In the summer he married Miss Cordelia Marshall, and in October was made Master of Trinity on the resignation of Dr. Wordsworth. There were some who feared that the new Master would be imperious and overbearing, but their fears were dissipated by the result. His government was, with scarcely an exception, the government of a constitutional monarch, not a despot. Of his rights and privileges he was tenacious enough, but he preferred to delegate the active exercise of power and its consequent responsibility to the several college officers, and was best pleased when all went smoothly without any reference to him. He did not interpose *nisi dignus vindice nodus*. The Lodge was the scene of generous hospitality, and received a constant succession of distinguished guests. Among others, the Queen and Prince Consort stayed there in 1842. In domestic life he was thoroughly happy. His wife, though she appeared cold to strangers, showed to those who knew her an equable temper, a noble generous spirit, and an affectionate heart. She became devotedly attached to the college, and since her death has been annually com-

memorated among its benefactors. She had suffered for several years from a painful illness, during which her husband's anxious care had been as unremitting as his grief was profound when all was over. It was, I believe, to divert his thoughts during this time of affliction that he wrote his most popular work, "*Of the Plurality of Worlds*." He treated the subject as he used to treat subjects in his table-talk. He loved to get hold of some commonly-received opinion, and demonstrate its fallacy in all sorts of ingenious ways. Sometimes he was borne on the wings of his eloquence into the regions of paradox. It had been assumed both by the impugnors and defenders of revelation since Fontenelle and Voltaire, that the existence of other inhabited worlds was probable. Whewell began by showing that it only rested on doubtful analogies and hypotheses; then, warming with his theme, he pleaded as an advocate the cause of the habitable globe *versus* the rest of the universe, and treated planets, stars, and nebulae with a graduated scorn exactly proportioned to their distance from the Cambridge Observatory. The book was published anonymously, but the characteristic style revealed the author. Any one marking its buoyant and joyous tone would have supposed it to be the ebullition of a happy spirit, not, as it was, a violent reaction from anxiety and sorrow.

After the death of his wife he commemorated her in a volume of Elegiacs, privately printed, some of which, especially those entitled, "*Recollections of the Burial Service*," have a deep pathos for us as we read them now with the recollections of another burial service so fresh in our minds.

"So we enter the gates where *we* so often  
have worshiped.

She, pure worshipper here, worships in Paradise now.

Yet the sable bier, in the midst of the sorrowing circle,

Makes us to feel, even yet, sense of communion with her.

Then ascends the voice of the Psalm of trust and of meekness:

Voice of the Temple of old; voice of the Churches of Christ:

Voice whose solemn sound has, in many a  
grief-stricken bosom,  
Soothed the wildness of woe: O! may it  
soothe it in ours."

And, again, when he speaks of the  
return from the funeral:—

"So we turn us away,—and the heart-strings  
crack with the motion,—  
Back to the desolate world, blank of the  
light of our eyes.  
And with leaden feet, to our home, to our  
life, we return us;  
Home that no longer is home, life that no  
longer is life."

Mrs. Whewell died in December, 1855. On the first Sunday after the college re-assembled in the following term, the Master preached a funeral sermon in the chapel, taking for his text the first three verses of the third chapter of the First Epistle of St. John: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure." He poured out his whole heart as a father speaking to his children,—all his love, all his sorrow, all the Christian hope that saved him from despair. Then, I think, for the first time we knew him as he was, and from that hour were fond as well as proud of him. None heard him without emotion, few without tears; yet it was only once that his voice faltered.

For months afterwards he used to be seen going alone to the cemetery, "to the grave, to weep there." It was long before he recovered his cheerfulness.

A visit to Rome, which he then saw for the first time, finally dispelled the cloud. There, in the intervals of sight-seeing, he devoted himself to the improvement of his Italian, taking lessons and writing exercises like the veriest schoolboy.

In 1858 he married Lady Affleck, widow of Sir Gilbert Affleck, and sister

of Robert Leslie Ellis, one of Mr. Spedding's coadjutors in his edition of Bacon. On this occasion he preached a wedding sermon—one which none who heard it will forget—telling us of the renewed happiness of his hearth, his joy, and his thankfulness to the Giver of all good.

Lady Affleck won all hearts by her gentleness and kindness. When she died in 1865, all who knew her shared the sorrow of her husband. His passionate grief at her funeral was most sad to witness; yet a few Sundays later he nerved himself to preach a funeral sermon. Next to his Christian hope, he found his best consolation in the sympathy of those who, as he now knew, loved, as well as honoured him.

After some months of solitude and sorrow, he was cheered by the company of an attached relative, and began once more to mingle cheerfully in society, and to take an interest in his old studies. One of the fruits of this renewed activity was the article on "Comte and Positivism," which appeared in the last number of this Magazine. Every one was pleased to see the kindness and courtesy which he displayed in it towards his old antagonist, Mr. Mill. A paper on Grote's "Plato," which is to appear in the forthcoming number of *Fraser*, was his last work. The last book which he read was Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's "Tales of Miletus."

The accident which happened to him on Saturday, February 24, and its fatal issue on March the 6th, have been so fully chronicled in the newspapers, that the details must be familiar to all. The most authentic account will be found in the *Lancet* of March 17, from the pen of Professor Humphry, who, with Dr. Paget, attended him throughout. It seems that the brain had shrunk, so that it was fatally injured by a concussion which did not injure the skull. It is remarkable that he had shown no sign whatever of failing power, unless it was an increased somnolency. He would fall asleep in the morning quite suddenly, in the very middle of a discussion in which he had just taken an animated part. But, in the natural



course of things, he might have been spared at least long enough to witness the completion of the great building which he had just commenced in realisation of a long-laid plan.

I may here mention a few details of his last days, not yet published. He was never delirious nor entirely unconscious. His mind ran much upon things he had intended to do and not done, particularly upon a bust of J. M. Kemble, which had been offered to the college, but not yet formally accepted, and upon his unfinished article on Grote's "Plato." One day, when his attendant had left the room for a few minutes, he got out of bed, and was found seated at a table writing, or attempting to write, some additions to it. When some favourite book was read to him, if the reader made a mistake he would murmur the correct word. On the day before his death he received the Sacrament from Professor Lightfoot, and audibly repeated the responses. On the day of his death, when sinking fast, he was heard to mutter "The Great Court," which his attendants interpreted as a wish that they should open the window-shutters, to let him look once more upon the place he loved so well.

On Saturday, March 10, he was buried with all possible pomp and solemnity in the ante-chapel. His former pupil, the Duke of Devonshire, and his old friends, the Bishops of Worcester and Ely, Sir J. Herschel, the Provost of Oriel, and the Astronomer Royal, with many others, followed him to the grave.

To quote one couplet more from his own Elegiacs:—

"Blessed the dead that die in the Lord: they  
rest from their labours.

So the Spirit said. This be our solace and  
joy."

It only remains for me to supplement this imperfect sketch of his life, by a still more imperfect sketch of his character. Any one may point out his failings, which were accidental and external; but a man must be as great and strong as he was adequately to gauge his essential greatness and strength.

In the judgment of all who knew him, his life was throughout one of exemplary purity. The temptations of youth left him unscathed and unstained. Pure indeed, he was also pure in word. Even in his youth, when a bad fashion corrupted many, he religiously abstained from the use of profane oaths, and from the utterance of any word unbefitting Christian lips. Such consistency can come only from the heart, and we doubt not that he was one of those to whom it is promised that "they shall see God."

Bold and confident as he was in all that he considered legitimate matter for speculation, he was humble and reverent in matters of faith. His orthodoxy was the expression of a sincere and unwavering belief. At the same time he was tolerant and charitable towards those of a different creed, and never was heard to impute unworthy motives to men who doubted what he believed. He was too sure of the goodness of the cause and of its ultimate triumph, to employ any arms but those of celestial temper.

His integrity and truthfulness were above all suspicion. He was incapable himself of all *finesse* and intrigue, incapable, indeed, of suspecting it in others. I was about to say that he would have made the worst diplomatist in the world, but when I reflect that he held so tenaciously to what he believed to be right that it was impossible to overreach him, I incline to think that in a good cause he would have made the best.

He was essentially magnanimous, just, generous, and forgiving, incapable of malice towards those who had offended him, or (what is still more rare) towards those whom he had offended.

With all these great and noble qualities, it is not to be denied that he was in former years very unpopular. The causes of this anomaly are not far to seek. He was deficient in tact and not careful enough of the feelings of others. He never sought to temper acts of authority by the *suaviter in modo*. He was so prominent among the governing body of the University that the blame

of any unpopular measure fell chiefly upon him. At one time his appearance in the Senate-house was always the signal for a storm of disapprobation from the galleries. He bore all these insults with unflinching scorn. Inwardly, it may be, he was wounded more than he cared to show. When he entered the Senate-house for the first time after the death of his wife (being then Vice-Chancellor), and had nerved himself to face the usual demonstrations, the undergraduates, with instinctive good taste, received him with profound silence, and then suddenly burst into enthusiastic cheering. This expression of sympathy completely overcame him, and he wept.

Of late years he had outlived, or rather lived down, his unpopularity, and the sight of his white head towering above the rest was always greeted with loud applause.

His munificence was extraordinary. Though no one could charge him, like the Cardinal, with being unsatisfied in getting, yet in bestowing he was, like him, most princely. Besides devoting the main part of his fortune for the benefit of the University and the College, he gave largely in private charities, and lent considerable sums to persons who had as little claim upon him as prospect of repaying.

In politics he was too independent, too fond of thinking for himself, to be a partisan. In fact he cared more for "polity" than politics. As to particular measures, such as Catholic Emancipation, he held with the Liberals, but his general sentiments and predilections were staunchly Conservative. He loved the historical traditions of England, and revered the constitution in Church and State as their visible outcome. His feelings towards the Queen and Royal family were those of an enthusiastic worshipper. He had the most sincere respect for rank, but this was as far removed as possible from servility. He held his own against a duke or marquis with the same pertinacity as he would against a junior Fellow who had ventured to contradict him.

In society his encyclopædic know-

ledge, his fluency of language, his wit, his readiness in illustration and repartee, and, we may add, his loud voice, gave him always the lead in conversation, if that can be called conversation, where one man talks and the rest listen. The general effect was well expressed in a letter written to him by Sydney Smith: "When are you coming to thunder and lighten at the tables of the metropolis?" He was fond of quoting this remark. He reminded people of Dr. Johnson, and was sometimes, like him, "a tremendous companion." Dr. Johnson's stereotyped reply, "Well, sir, no," not inaptly expressed the general combativeness of Dr. Whewell. Yet I have seen him sit for hours a pleased and patient listener to Lord Macaulay's monologues, till Nature claimed her rights, and he fell asleep.

As a preacher, he marred excellent sermons by the delivery. He was frequently unable to read what he had written, *more suo*, in haste: and he could not modulate his voice properly. Yet, at times, in delivering a passage which especially interested him, he rose into true eloquence.

He was a man of undaunted courage, moral and physical. Yet he had none of the coolness and self-possession which usually characterize courage. Had he been a soldier, he would, if required, have stormed a breach or charged a battery alone; but every pulse would have throbbed and every nerve quivered with excitement.

The only exercise to which he was partial was riding. The last fatal accident—and he had had many previous falls—reminds us that he used to be called "a bold, bad rider." This is unjust. Bad he was not, but very careless. He might often be seen lolling rather than sitting in his saddle, with one if not both feet out of the stirrups. That he was not, in the ordinary sense, a bad rider, the following example will show. Once, when he was staying at the then Lord Fitzwilliam's, his host said to him at breakfast, "We are all going out hunting; how will you amuse yourself, Mr. Whewell?" He answered: "I



have never been out hunting, *and* I should like to go too." Lord Fitzwilliam accordingly mounted him, and, of course, mounted him well; and, pointing out the huntsman, said: "If you keep behind that man, you can't go wrong." The hounds went away across a stiff country. The huntsman looked round from time to time, expecting to see a divorce between the college don and his horse; but no. After clearing an unusually high fence—"That was a rasper, sir," said the huntsman. "Indeed," replied the other; "I did not observe anything remarkable." So he followed till, worn out with the pace and the weight of his load, the horse came to a stand-still in the middle of a ploughed

field. At dinner Lord Fitzwilliam asked his guest how he had enjoyed himself. "Exceedingly," he replied; "and I have learned for the first time that the powers of a horse are not inexhaustible."

This characteristic anecdote was reported to me on the best authority. I have been led on, almost unconsciously, to mention it, and now I feel inclined to obliterate it as unsuitable to the sad occasion. But the truth is, I cannot yet think of him as gone for ever; I cannot associate all that bright and exuberant life with the darkness and stillness of the grave.

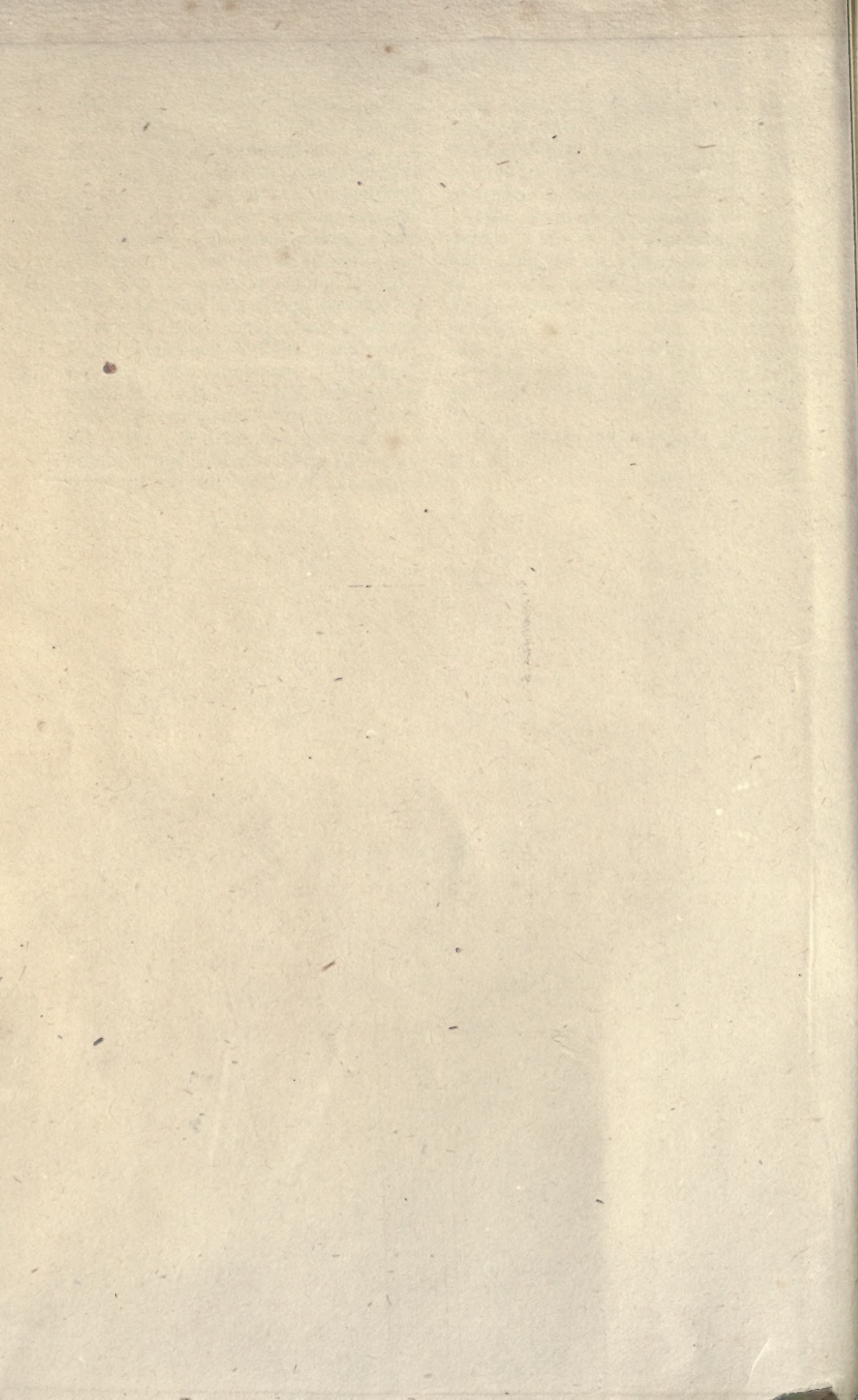
He will be long missed, and never forgotten.

W. G. CLARK.

END OF VOL. XIII.







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